

THE ROVER:

A

WEEKLY MAGAZINE,

OF

Fables, Poetry, and Engravings.

VOL. III.



NEW YORK.

1844.

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OF

TALES, POETRY, AND ENGRAVINGS,

ALSO,

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL, HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

EDITED BY SEBA SMITH.

VOLUME III.

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THE ROVER.

YOUTHFULNESS.

BY A. J. H. DUGANNE.

A joyful form is frolicking
In beauty round me now,
With cheek of rosy loveliness,
And fair and open brow.
It sporteth now around my feet,
In gambols free and wild—
A thing of youth and gentleness,
A lightsome, winsome child.

He spieth now a butterfly,
And boundeth o'er the green;
The daisies and the buttercups
He heedeth not, I ween.
His little hands he clappeth,
By the winged sprite beguiled,
And laugheth in his gladness,
The happy, thoughtless child.

Now back he sadly turneth,
For the butterfly is gone,
With wings so light and beautiful,
That in the sunlight shone.
He creepeth to his mother's side,
His mother fair and mild,
And telleth with a troubled lip,
The sorrow of her child.

The mother's hands are parting now,
His bright and wavy hair,
His sunny brow she presseth
And a love-kiss lingers there.
My heart grew youthful as I saw
How sweet that infant smiled—
Oh, I would barter wealth and fame
To be a trusting child.

LOVEWELL'S FIGHT.

BY SEDA SMITH.

WITH AN ENGRAVING.

"Old men shall shake their heads and say,
Sad was the day and terrible,
When Lovewell brave 'gainst Paugus went,
With fifty men from Dunstable."

OLD NEW ENGLAND BALLAD.

LET us turn for a moment from the airy creations of fancy and imagination, which make up so large a portion of our periodical literature, to the contemplation of a sober historical incident. I do not believe that our fair readers will grudgingly descend from the regions of romance and poetry to review with me a stern passage in real life. The earlier history of our country abounds in incidents of romantic and thrilling interest, which are scarcely surpassed in the brilliant regions of fiction, and which, though floating in loose and ill-digested masses in pamphlets, public addresses and old records, will one day become embodied in a history of uncommon value and unrivaled interest. The long and bloody catalogue of Indian hostilities which have marked every section of our territory, from the time the English settlements were commenced at Jamestown and Plymouth down to the present day, presents scenes of heroic daring, toilsome endurance, poignant

VOLUME III.—No 1.

suffering, and sanguinary conflict, which may challenge the world for parallels.

Lovewell's Fight, of which we propose to give a brief account at this time, occurred one hundred and nineteen years ago; May 8, old style, 1725. The scene of the action was in the present town of Fryeburg, in the State of Maine, about fifty miles inland from Portland, and thirty or forty from the White Mountains of New Hampshire. That part of the country at that time was one deep and wide wilderness. There were a few scattered settlements along the coast of Maine, south of the Kennebec; but at the time of Lovewell's fight, it is said there was no white inhabitant residing within fifty miles of his battle ground. For many years the white inhabitants had suffered exceedingly from the incursions of the savages. The Penobscots, the Norridgewocks, the Androscoggins, and the Pequawkets had continued the most cruel and bloody excesses year after year upon the defenceless inhabitants of Maine and the frontier settlements of New Hampshire. Incited by the French settlers of Canada as well as their own warlike and blood-thirsty natures, they had broken up settlement after settlement, murdering most of the inhabitants and carrying off the rest into tedious and almost hopeless captivity. These outrages roused the government of Massachusetts, who at this time had jurisdiction over the territory both of New Hampshire and Maine, to more vigorous measures for the protection of the inhabitants. Men and money were liberally furnished for this purpose, and to give a stronger impulse to the exertion of the volunteer companies, a hundred pounds sterling was offered for every Indian scalp that should be brought in. A volunteer company of brave, daring and determined spirits, was organized in the town of Dunstable, New Hampshire, under the command of Captain John Lovewell, in the spring of 1725. In their first excursion they found a wigwam containing one Indian and a boy. They killed and scalped the Indian, and carried the boy captive to Boston, where they received not only the reward offered by law, but a handsome present besides. On their second excursion they discovered a party of ten Indians asleep round a fire in the night. They killed every one, and with the ten scalps stretched on hoops and elevated on poles, they entered Dover, N. H., in triumph on the 24th of February. They then proceeded to Boston and received a thousand pounds out of the public treasury. Stimulated by success, Lovewell now conceived the bold design of marching a hundred miles in the wilderness and attacking the Pequawket tribe at their principal village on the Saco, where now stands the pleasant village of Fryeburg. His company seconded him with zeal, and all things were soon in readiness for the important and daring campaign. In this enterprize of so much hazard and solemnity they were accompanied both by a surgeon and chaplain. The chaplain's name was Jonathan Frye, a young gentleman of liberal education, who had been graduated at Harvard College two years before, and was much beloved for his amiable qualities, and for his pious devotions for the company during the battle, and while dying of his wounds. The other officers under Captain Lovewell were Lieutenant Farwell, Lieuten-

ant Wyman, and Ensign Robbins. But few of the names of this brave band have been preserved to us. The primitive muse however, from which we have already quoted at the head of this article, has handed down one other name to us in a marked and particular manner, mainly, it would seem, on account of his domestic relations. The strain is as follows—

"With Lovewell brave, John Harwood came;
From wife and babes 'twas hard to part;
Young Harwood took her by the hand,
And bound the weeper to his heart.

"Repress the tear, my Mary dear,
Said Harwood to his loving wife;
It tries me hard to leave thee here,
And seek in distant woods the strife.

"Thus left young Harwood babe and wife,
With accents mild she bade adieu;
It grieved those lovers much to part,
So fond and fair, so kind and true."

The whole company numbered forty-six, including surgeon and chaplain, and all things being in readiness, they marched from Dunstable on the 16th of April into the deep wilderness. After they had made some progress in their march, two of the company became lame and returned; and when they reached within about twenty-five or thirty miles of Pequawket, another fell sick and was unable to proceed. Here they stopped and went to work and built a small stockade fort, both for the accommodation of their sick companion, whom they must now leave behind, and for a place of retreat, of which they might avail themselves should circumstances require it. Here they deposited a good portion of their provisions, and in a most noble, heroic and benevolent spirit they left their surgeon to accompany the sick man, although going right into battle themselves. They also left eight of their soldiers for a guard. Thus reduced to thirty-four in number, this forlorn hope again set forward in search of their ferocious and blood-thirsty foe. When they approached near the Saco river they came to a pond and encamped for the night. Early next morning, which was the eighth of May, (or nineteenth, N. S.) and the day which was to decide the fate of their daring enterprize, while they were at their morning devotions, they heard the report of a gun, and on looking round beheld an Indian about a mile distant on a point of land running into the pond. Suspecting that they had been discovered, and that the Indian had been placed there to decoy them, they concluded the hour of conflict was at hand, and prepared for action. They divested themselves of their packs, which they piled together and left without a guard, and supposing a body of the enemy to be in the woods between them and the point of land where the straggling Indian stood, they marched forward with loaded muskets toward the point. The conjecture, however, was erroneous, and was the means of leading them into a position of extreme peril, attended with the most severe and melancholy consequences. While on their march through the woods they encountered a single Indian, who proved to be same one they had seen upon the point. Some of the party fired upon him without effect. The Indian returned their fire, and wounded Captain Lovewell and one of his men with small shot, his charge having been prepared for shooting ducks on the pond. A second fire brought the Indian lifeless to the ground.

History and song both agree in giving the honor of this first victory to Lieutenant Wyman. Our ancient and unknown bard gives the record thus—

"Seth Wyman who in Woburn lived,
(A marksman he, of courage true,)
Shot the first Indian whom they saw,
Sheer through his heart the bullet flew.

"The savage had been seeking game,
Two guns and eke a knife he bore,
And two black ducks were in his hand,
He shrick'd and fell to rise no more."

Having taken the scalp of the Indian, and finding no more of the enemy in that direction, they turned back to the spot where they had left their packs. In the meantime a party of Pequawket hunters and warriors, headed by their chief, Paugus, returning from a scouting tour down the Saco, had fallen upon the trail of Lovewell's march, which they followed till they came to the packs. These they counted, and inferring from the number that the force of the enemy was much inferior to their own, they placed themselves in ambush and waited to attack them on their return. When Lovewell's party came up to the spot where they had left their packs, they found they had been removed. In the moment of consternation, when they were casting round to see if they had missed the spot, or if their packs were any where in sight, the savages rose and rushed toward them, rending the air with their shrill and horrid war-whoop. Again the old ballad helps us on with our description.

"Anon there eighty Indians rose,
Who hid themselves in ambush dread;
Their knives they shook, their guns they aimed,
The famous Paugus at their head.

"Good heavens! they dance the Powow dance;
What horrid yells the forest fill!
The grim bear crouches in his den,
The eagle seeks the distant hill."

A severe and hot battle now commenced. This was about ten o'clock in the morning. A well directed fire was opened on both sides with great spirit and deadly effect. Captain Lovewell and eight of his men soon fell dead on the battle-field, and Lieutenant Farwell and two others were wounded.

"John Lovewell, captain of the band,
His sword he waved, that glittered bright,
For the last time he cheered his men,
And led them onward to the fight.

"Fight on, fight on, brave Lovewell said,
Fight on while heaven shall give you breath;
An Indian ball then pierced him through,
And Lovewell closed his eyes in death."

The Indians also suffered severely from the galling fire of Lovewell's gallant band, and many of them fell to rise no more. But being much superior in numbers, they now endeavored to surround the remnant that remained of their foe, which the little band perceiving they retreated to a more favorable position by the side of the pond. Here they had the pond on their rear, on their right was a deep brook, on their left a rocky point, while their front was partly covered by a deep bog and partly exposed to the approach of the enemy.

Here the forlorn hope took their ground and renewed the battle. The enemy pressed hotly upon them and galled them in front and flank, and had the Indians understood well how to use the advantages they possessed, not one white man would have escaped to tell the melancholy story of their misfortunes. Captain Lovewell being dead and Lieutenant Farwell wounded, the command devolved on Lieutenant Wyman, under whose direction the retreat had been effected, and whose judicious management helped to keep his little band in resolute countenance through the remainder of the day. The fire was kept up on both sides without much cessation till near night. The Indians several times invited them to surrender, but they preferred death to captivity and resolved to fight to the last. One of Lovewell's men by the name of Chamberlain was personally acquainted with Paugus and some of his tribe, having in times of peace been with them on hunting excursions. Chamberlain and Paugus hailed each other several times during the battle and threatened each other with death. At last Chamberlain, who carried a long heavy fowling piece, was as good as his word and brought Paugus to the ground. Our favorite bard has not forgotten to record this passage of the action.

"'Twas Paugus led the Pequas' tribe;
As runs the fox, would Paugus run;
As howls the wild wolf would he howl,
A large bear-skin had Paugus on.
"But Chamberlain of Dunstable,
One whom a savage ne'er shall slay,
Met Paugus by the water side,
And shot him dead upon that day."

The fate of the young and accomplished chaplain seems to have excited peculiar sympathy. He fought by the side of his companions with great determination and courage till about the middle of the afternoon, when he received a mortal wound that disabled him from further action. Still he exerted himself to cheer and encourage the little band, and several times prayed aloud with much fervor for their preservation and success. He had a tender conversation with Lieutenant Farwell; told him he was mortally wounded, and desired him, should he escape, to convey his dying blessing to his parents and comfort them in their affliction. The closing scene of this interview is touchingly described in the fine old ballad from which we have already so largely drawn.

"Lieutenant Farwell took his hand,
His arm around his neck he threw,
And said, brave chaplain I could wish
That heaven had made me die for you.

"The chaplain on kind Farwell's breast
All languishing and bloody fell,
Nor afterwards said more, but this,
I love thee, soldier, fare thee well."

Harwood was not permitted to return to "wife and babes," whose sad and tender parting has already been described.

"John Harwood died, all bathed in blood,
When he had fought 'till set of day;
And many more, we may not name,
Fell in that bloody battle fray."

By the skillful and unceasing firing of Lovewell's men, the Indian forces were gradually thinned off dur-

ing the day; their war-cries became fainter and fainter, and just before night they yielded the field, carrying off their killed and wounded, and as evidence of their weakness and brokenness of spirit they left the dead bodies of Lovewell and his men unscalped. It was afterward ascertained that forty-five of the Indians were killed during the engagement, and many more wounded. The little heroic band came off with victory at last; but what a victory!

"Ah, many a wife shall rend her hair,
And many a child cry 'woe is me,'
When messengers the news shall bear
Of Lovewell's dear bought victory."

The remnant of the company at the close of the day, collected themselves together, and found there were nine only who had escaped unhurt. Eleven of the wounded were able to march, but the chaplain, and Lieutenant Farwell, Ensign Robbins and one other had not strength to leave the battle-ground. There was no alternative, and painful as it was, these must be left to die alone in the woods. They thought it probable the Indians would return again in force the next day, and Ensign Robbins desired them to lay his gun by him charged, that in case he should live till they returned he might be able to kill one more. After the rising of the moon the little band, with the consent of their dying companions, left the battle field, and made the best of their way toward the fort where the surgeon and guard had been left, hoping to recruit and return with fresh hands to look after the dead and dying. But when they reached the fort, to their great surprise, they found it deserted. It turned out that one of the company in the first onset of the battle, seeing Lovewell and eight of the men fall, supposed that all was over, and fled to the fort with the news that the company was cut down, and "he alone had escaped" to bring the sad tidings. Upon which the inmates of the fort speedily set out upon their homeward march. The returning company found some provisions at the fort, which saved them from famine, and after thus being recruited they pursued their slow and painful march in separate detachments according as they were able to move, and with the exception of some of the wounded who died on the way, reached at last the frontier settlements and their homes.

This bold and severe battle had such an effect upon the Indian tribes, that they did not renew their hostilities in that quarter for many years afterward. The centennial return of this hard-fought day was celebrated, May 19, 1825, on the battle ground, by the inhabitants of Fryeburg and the adjacent country, and an elegant address was delivered on the occasion by Charles S. Davies, Esq., of Portland.

It is one of those events in the earlier history of our country fraught with too much interest to be forgotten. The name of the lamented Frye lives in the name of the town which the white men have built up on the fair domain of Paugus, and the unfortunate Lovewell has bequeathed his cognomen to the little lake whose waters were stained with his blood. We take leave of the subject in the full belief that the following prophetic language of our bard will be true prophecy for many a century to come.

"With footsteps slow shall travelers go
Where Lovewell's Pond shines clear and bright,
And mark the place where those are laid,
Who fell in Lovewell's bloody fight."

SONG.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

Whisper love at star-light hour,
When the hush is deep around,
And the dew upon the flower
Callevh incense from the ground.

Whisper love, when recent tears
Dim the lustre of mine eye—
When the smile, delaying, fears
Sorrow yet be lurking nigh.

Whisper love, at holiest eve,
When the lips are fresh from prayer—
Never woman might deceive
Him who knelt beside her there.

Truth is hid in every star—
Grief hath no deluding tone—
And the holiness of prayer
Blends two spirits into one.

THE DESTINY OF WOMAN.*

BY C. F. HOFFMAN.

"For thou art WOMAN! in that word
Life's dearest hopes and memories come;
Youth, beauty, truth in her adored,
And earth's first paradise restored
In the green bower of Home!"—HALLECK.

THERE'S as much of the sage as of the poet in those lips of yours, Mr. Halleck; and though we do not write in stanzas and stomachers ourselves, we may be permitted to thank you for them in the name of the whole sex. You are dear to them as one of those who have sprung to throw the agis of genius around those gentle virtues which, in this age of faction and radicalism, are in danger of being worn away or uprooted by the fierce "onward movement" of society. You must forgive us, however, if, catching something from the utilitarian spirit around us, we view your words in a light other than the sentimental one in which they were uttered. But, to say nothing of "memories," we do indeed believe that in "that word—woman" "life's dearest hopes—the world's dearest hopes are centred.

The danger that most threatens society in the present "march of intellect," and American society especially, where that march is most perceptible, is the neglect of the *soul* while cultivating the understanding, the entire subjugation of the heart to the head. We are convinced from statistical data, to which, as they are within the reach of every one, we need not more particularly refer, that, so far as mere mental acquisition is concerned, our rising generation is perhaps the most intelligent that the world has yet seen. Yet we are hardly the less convinced that we are engaged in educating a nation of intellectual sharpers. The *quo animo* of everything, as referred to utility solely; the eager pursuit of wealth, not as a means, but an end; the mean homage accorded to its possession, and the respect that is paid to talent viewed only in the light of *capital*, and valued according to the interest it produces, all indicate that a hard, coarse, brassy film is growing over society, beneath which every gentle and generous emotion withers and dies. Schemes of benevolence indeed are rife throughout the land; and the

* The Education of Mothers, by L. Aime Martin. The Study of the Life of Woman, by Madame Neckar. Philadelphia Lea & Blanchard.

fires of fanatic zeal are reflected from the glaciers of wide-spread selfishness. But the tempered warmth of true philanthropy, the charity and considerateness which are its essential attributes, the ties that should bind the young, and the respect that should accompany old age—these are becoming *expunged* from our systems of thought and teaching, and scorned as the old womanish prejudices of a by-gone age—the fantastic drapery of a blind condition of society, with which we with our new lights have nothing to do. And thus those lights, themselves healthful and inspiring, as they often are in their origin, shine upon us with distorted ray, and the bigotry of the zealot too often gives baleful influence to the happiest suggestions of the too trustful enthusiast by refusing to consider man as he *is*, in some absorbing scheme of making him as he *might* be. The world, in *fact*, would seem to be going round faster than formerly, and to gather each moment a centrifugal force which sends us farther from each feeling and association that once clustered around the magic circle of "home." Woman, we believe, is destined to be the centripetal power to counteract this one-sided influence. Her position in modern society, is, after all, the only undeniable superiority which it possesses over that of the classic ages; and notwithstanding all the boasted improvements of modern days, the advocate for the ancients might plausibly argue that mankind moved only in a cycle, if our scheme of civilization did not, for the first time, *pretend at least*, to embrace the better half of the human race. We say "pretend," for whatever may be our private views as to the expediency of placing women upon the same equality with men, which we are told by Gov. Colden formed so singular a feature in the policy of that singular people, "the Six Nations," there can be no question as to the actual fact of their dependance—a dependance as thoroughly defined by both the law and opinion, as is the southern serfdom which so often calls out female declamation in public places. Whether that dependance, thus stringently enforced, be just or not, future generations only can decide. For that dumb half of the human race have only spoken for themselves within the last century, and they are still so surprised, pleased and confounded by the sound of their own voices, that they have not yet learned to speak to the full purpose — if they ever will. That they are *naturally* dependant, nature and the Bible teaches. And so nature and the Bible teach that some men are *naturally* noble; but neither of these guides us to set apart a class of men, and constitute them into an artificial aristocracy. Women, as a whole, are *naturally* dependant only in a state of barbarism, through their physical weakness; in a state of civilization, only through their affections, which in the true woman are child-like to the last. She never comes *of age* in the matter of loving, and consequently, according to the chancellor, to custom and to common sense, never ought to have the exclusive control of her own fortune or earnings—never! For does not affection incapacitate the understanding?

"You are ironical," quoth the reader.

And how better than with irony can you meet inconsistency and absurdity? For me, my tastes and fond associations lean so to conservatism, that I hate to approach any of these disputed questions, in which the sterner convictions of my judgment teach me that the practice of society is founded upon shallow sentiment,

if not radically wrong. Why trust women with our honor, if they cannot be trusted with their own money?

"Surely! But next you would be for admitting the sex to the full privileges of the elective franchise."

Well, perhaps I would; the exercise of the prerogative would indeed offend those tastes I have spoken of; but its existence is consonant to my infelt sentiments of justice. The Iroquois women, if we believe tradition, had more refinement than any of the sex among the aborigines of the continent; yet among that wisest race of barbarians, their votes were taken at the council fire, and you may still read their names affixed to the most important treaties among the documents in the State Department.

"But an ambitious female politician figuring at the hustings!—wouldn't it prove—"

It would prove only that she had no feminine needs of tenderness to give her a personal interest in the eyes of our sex. If she chose to seek her happiness in an election broil, why let her seek it there—why shouldn't she? so long as she doesn't throw brick-bats, break heads with a shalaleigh, or tamper with the ballot box. Your electioneering woman is an exception to the generality of her sex. She was not formed to love or be loved. But is that a reason why other paths of happiness should not be opened to her? Turn the thing the other way. It would be awful for every man to be compelled, simply because he wore pantaloons, to be squeezed and crushed, nolenis volens, in a mass meeting.

"You are in favor, then, of Female Moral Reform Societies, and all such petticoated demi-political associations for re-modeling society?"

Far from it—far from it. I suspect that woman instantly who steps out of the neglected vineyard of well-doing among her own sex, to meddle with the purient evils of ours. Raise but the character of woman, not by compressing her with external laws into some given mould of excellence—not by hedging her in with peculiar legislation for her especial protection or especial depression; raise the character of woman by the internal culture of her moral strength, and the infelt sense of moral freedom, and she—*she who always gives its first impulse to the mind of the present generation, acting upon the mind of the next*, will ultimately render man all that he is capable of being here upon this earth, if not all that the best friends of the race would wish him to be.

"My dear sir, do you believe in Fourierism? The so-called 'rights of women,' if I mistake not, are particularly cared for in that scheme."

The experiment has my sincerest wishes for its success. Its feature of fanaticism is only the attempt to preach up "association" as a system for perfecting man—for refashioning the whole of society. I regard it as an admirable scheme for the safe formation of independent communities, which may by ministering to the comfort of many whom society unavoidably oppresses, diminish that portion of evil which is more or less attendant upon every good—I accept the plan as an alleviation of existing evils—I reject it as a substitute for present good. It is only fools and madmen who exchange the lights of experience for those of imagination, and launch with all their valuables upon an unknown sea of discovery,

"You forget Columbus, my good friend."

Not at all. He took but a handful of comrades with

him to search out his new world of refuge. Had he floated off all Spain to seek the fancied shore, which he afterward really found, not even his glorious success could have excused the rashness of the attempt. But I confess myself ignorant of any special plan which "association" holds out for ameliorating the condition of woman; and however promising that plan may be, I would not have the clear and crying claim she has upon society for such amelioration, mixed up with, or dependant upon, any problematical scheme of general reform. The price that she is to be paid for a shirt or a sonnet, depends upon the full acknowledgment in the first instance, of her equal rights and free agency in everything relating to the acquisition, the holding and the transfer of property; of property I say, for all our laws, except those of suffrage, and for the protection of life are based upon this principle only. *Acquisitiveness* is the only organ in the human brain for which we have any consistent legislation among us. It is the beginning and the end of our legal code, and he who would elevate the condition of woman without first upheaving society from its present basis, must seek only to bring her within this golden pale. The actor, the author and the woman, enjoy now the results of their industry only upon sufferance. The first is still a vagabond in the eye of the law: the second is obliged to take out a patent for a few years, exclusive use of his own works: the privileges of the third are to be hunted up among the exceptions, in the law books, where infants, women and insane people are committed to trustees and chancellors. All of these will be paid more (and consequently, in the present condition, of society respected more) when they are patronized less. And as for woman, if it be indeed her instinct to cling for protection and support to others, she will best learn discrimination, as to the object, when she is not only taught to develop and value the fruit she can bring to the trellice, but when she also feels that she leans there not for mere physical sustenance but for a far nobler and gentler want of the soul!

But, sincere and beloved Aime Martin, are we not forgetting thee? Not for a moment! Thou teachest that that influence which was rejected by the community builders of old, must hereafter become the corner stone of the edifice; and according to a well approved American mode of laying new foundations under old buildings, one may venture to suggest the mode of getting in the foundation stone which you would so nicely chisel, without disturbing the tenants in the upper story. But the famous remark of Madame Campan to Napoleon, which suggested your admirable labors, beloved Aime, has more than once been echoed here by the gifted of her own sex.

"Of what unspeakable importance," says Mrs. Sigourney, "is her education who gives lessons before any other instruction—who preoccupies the unwritten pages of being—who produces impressions which only death can obliterate, and mingles with the cradle-dream which shall be read in eternity!"

And where shall that education begin? or wherein, would we have it different from that which is now given to the sex? We would have women taught more about themselves. We would have their own characters developed and trained—their moral and intellectual faculties brought out as a part of themselves, not fashioned to some given standard of taste and culture, thereby impinging upon them, as it were, a double

character; the secondary one being often in absolute contrast to that which nature gave them. We would have them single-minded and real—ever conscious of the relation between feeling and expression—between sentiment and action; their education, instead of fostering that winning hypocrisy, which springs unconsciously from the desire to please, should counteract it as far as possible. Their dominant instinct is for "the beautiful." We would cultivate their capacity for "the true."

We would not have them forego one attraction in their intercourse with our sex; but we would have them taught discrimination as to the tribute they were willing to receive, independent of the social position, or other external advantages of him who offered it. We would teach them, above all things, that as the destiny of a woman lies in her affections, and true sentiment is the very nutriment of her soul, she whose levity adds one to the number of male sceptics is guilty of the cruelest treason toward her own sex. For the wholly reckless ones on either side are ever made so in the first instance by suffering from duplicity. There is a generous credulity, a blind spirit of self-sacrifice in every human heart when first it truly loves. It is so filled with truth itself, that there is no room for suspicion of the truth of another. But when the mind has once been defrauded of its trust, it too often learns to regard faith in "the good" as a weakness, and gives way, with little remorse of conscience, to every gratification of vanity in trifling with, what it deems, the levity of others. And thus the originally well-meaning, but really unprincipled, of both sexes, with the most beautiful sentiment on their lips, but the shallowest frivolity in their hearts, will often in mischievous unconsciousness put out the light of God's fire upon the altar of the soul. Yet the instinct of woman is thought to be so unerring in all that regards true sentiment, that Aime Martin "calls upon her to fulfill her mission by taking charge of that superior education which comprises the developement of the soul." Perhaps, to use the expression of another; the monitor within does not deceive her, but her education is at war with its dictates; an education, which begins by teaching her that whatever is *legalized* is *right*, and ends by referring everything to "what will the world say?" Well does Mrs. Child urge "that culture in women, as in men, consists in the full and free developement of individual character, regulated by their own perceptions of what is true, and their own love of what is good." This education of character, so far as it can be promoted by books, will find no more efficient aid than in the admirable work of Aime Martin; and we would regret that this rambling disquisition has already run to a length which prevents us from dwelling upon it more particularly, were we not convinced that a treatise which has received such warm commendation abroad, would be eagerly seized upon and examined by every enlightened person in this country, who feels an interest in its all-important subject. The principles it inculcates are those of truth, and not of expediency; they are of universal application, and intended for all time, and their diffusion and acceptance in society cannot but have a most wholesome and far reaching influence upon the *destiny of Woman*.

SOME valuable original articles, intended for this number, are postponed on account of length.

THE SEA-BIRD ON SHORE.

BY C. DONALD MCLEOD.

BIRD of the wild wave! born on the deep!
Child of the crested seas!
Why art thou sunk to a tree-rocked sleep?
And lulled by an inland breeze?
Nursed where the moaning tempest grieves
O'er the ocean's blue expanse,
What dost thou here, where the merry leaves
Of the dark green forest dance?

"Oh, I swept o'er the deep when the countless waves
Were still, on the sea's broad breast;
When the storm-winds slept in their rock built caves,
Like hawks in a mountain nest.
And a ship came bounding proudly by,
As the winds obeyed her beck;
And hearts beat warm and the hopes were high,
That morn, on her stately deck.
And two there leant apart from all,
And watch'd the wave-crests curl;
The one was a youth, high-browed and tall,
And the other a dark-eyed girl.

"But I heard the step of the tempest King,
And I felt his breathing warm;
And that frenzy thrilled through my heart and wing,
That comes with the coming storm.
The mad wind chaunted its wild, wild song,
And it filled my heart with glee:
I topped the wave, or I skimmed along
Through the rifts of the maddened sea.
But there came a cry, and the stately ship
Was trembling on the sea;
Then the cheek waxed pale, and the quivering lip
Grew white in its agony.
Her sails were rent, the timbers creaked,
And the seams yawned to the strain;
And even the voice of the tempest shrieked
Through the rattling cords amain.
Then up the sky the mad scream thrilled,
The groan and the dying prayer;
Then the waves rushed o'er her and all was stilled,
Save the whirlpool circling there!

"When I looked I noted but two of all
That swept in that eddying whirl;
The one was a youth high-browed and tall,
And the other a dark-eyed girl."

THE CITY BELLE.

BY A SIMPLE COUNTRY LASS.

BEING a simple-hearted, unassuming country girl, neither calculated to excite envy nor alarm jealousy, I was invited by a good city aunt, to spend a season with cousin Julia. Before I attempt any description of my cousin, it will be as well to tell you something about myself. Well then, my head is covered with a profusion of chestnut hair; according to my looking-glass, my features are regular and delicate, my complexion clear, my cheeks pink, and my eyes blue. I am of middling stature, with round limbs, and a small foot. I use nothing to beautify my complexion, but soap and water, have no need of perfumery, corset lines, hip-pers, paddings, false teeth, or hair. In short, I invariably appear just as nature saw fit to make me, covered with garments comfortable, adapted to the season, and what is of equal consequence, conformable to my cir-

cumstances. If convenient, the cut is fashionable; if not, I never trouble my brains about it.

It was morning when I arrived in the country stage at the elegant mansion of my aunt. I had often heard that Julia was a beauty, a belle, quite the ton, &c. I own I was somewhat disappointed in her complexion, but then her eyes were large, dark and expressive, and her morning dress very becoming. She didn't look just as I expected a belle to look, but still I thought her pretty, and there was an indescribable ease in her manners, and grace in her motions, that partly justified my expectations. I was soon told that there was an engagement for the evening, and most of the day was spent in assorting colors, arranging dresses, ornaments, &c. While thus employed, I ventured to ask Julia what had become of Henry—whom I knew to have been at one time an admirer of hers. "Henry," said she musingly, putting her little fore-finger to her temple, "Henry—dear me, he was here nearly two years ago. I had nearly forgotten him. Very strange, really, he created such a sensation here. He was quite a hero—dignified, enthusiastic, poetical and loving. I must confess I should have liked him vastly well, only he was so poor. At any rate he made a charming lover. I remember he wrote a pretty sonnet to my eyes. And, after walking a few times by moonlight, (one always feels sentimental by moonlight, and looks so, too,) he ventured to make me an offer of his handsome person, and noble heart. The gift was tempting, but beauty won't supply bread and butter, nor fine sentiment keep the chimney warm; and who would covet such charming qualities, and the privilege of starving into the bargain?"

"But, Julia, Henry will be respected anywhere, and his talents will always ensure a competence."

"A competence! bless me, cousin, that will do for romantic little girls, who dream of love in a cottage. Competence! to be sure, that will never do for me."

"But you could not reject Henry?"

"I did, though. But I owned I dreamed of him a few times, and missed his arm greatly at a promenade. Henry walked majestically. But the next time we met was at a ball. Henry bowed coldly, almost scornfully. The little interest I felt in him, and which began to be troublesome, was soon dispelled; which was very fortunate; for an air of melancholy, if well sustained, is sometimes becoming, but the reality is too moping, too gloomy."

I dropped my work into my lap, and looked up, astonished at the heartlessness of my cousin. Julia threw back her ringlets, and laughed heartily at the expression of my face.

"Well done, coz. I should think you were yourself in love with the immaculate Henry. Why, coz, you will afford me a fund of sport. Nothing can be more ludicrous than a girl from the country. Her face a perfect glass for her mind; we have only to look upon it to know all that is going on within. Why, cousin, you must get rid of this sensibility; every lady will know you are a fresh importation. Never appear too much astonished, at least, not enough to discompose your features." It was now my turn to laugh.

"I fear, Julia, you will find me a dull pupil; I shall never remember half you recommend."

We now separated to arrange our toilet. Mine was soon completed, and I took a book while waiting for Julia. Occasionally one of Julia's admirers would peep in, but seeing my unfashionable occupation,

would content themselves by scribbling my cousin's name on bits of paper upon the table, in arranging dickey and whiskers by the glass, and rattling the keys of the piano. If I was disappointed at Julia's appearance when I arrived, I was gratified, almost bewildered at her beauty when she made her appearance prepared for the evening engagement. I could scarcely repress an exclamation indicative of my delight, but I remembered the little homily she had been preaching, and I kept silent. Julia read my thoughts, and her fine eyes beamed with renewed animation. Nothing could have been better arranged than her dress. Not an ornament, shade or fold could have looked well had it been placed in any other way. Julia's taste was faultless. I learnt that it is contrary to etiquette for a lady to appear surprized or very much pleased, but quite the reverse for the gentlemen. One of Julia's admirers who had been impatiently waiting her appearance, was very far from concealing his admiration, and his studied and graceful manner of expressing it was very far from being disagreeable to my handsome cousin. In the course of his gallantries, he begged a ringlet of her fine hair, and she actually severed as beautiful a curl as ever adorned a pretty head, and gave him with an air of sentiment, that in Julia quite surprized me. But I remembered the morning lecture, and was convinced she assumed this as she would anything else she thought becoming. I soon felt the difference between myself and a belle. I blushed, trembled, and almost stammered at every word I uttered. Julia, on the contrary, was all ease, elegance, and self-possession. Gay, but always within bounds; familiar, but perfectly delicate and dignified, uttering the most common remark with an air of navite that made it perfectly charming. Surrounded with admirers, yet not in the least discomposed or elated, and doing and saying everything in such a charming manner that made her perfectly fascinating. I am sure Julia had not a more ardent admirer than myself. I knew that every motion, every word was studied, still it was beautiful, it appeared natural. I set Julia down as a girl of fine talents, spoilt by flattery, and trained into utter heartlessness by fashion and indulgence.

When we retired for the night, it was determined that Julia and I should occupy the same room. Here again I was taught the difference between myself and a belle. In the simplicity of my heart I had never dreamed of the thousand and one requisites for the dressing-table of a belle. A stand of water, napkins and soap, were the "ultima thule" of my desires in that respect; what then was my astonishment to observe the array of lotions, dentifrices, powders, washes, jars, vials, et cetera, upon the table of my cousin. There seemed a thousand little conveniences, of which in the simplicity of my heart, I had never dreamed. My own simple garments were soon removed, my hair rolled up and night-dress donned, and I stood waiting for Julia, who had sunk into a reverie before her glass.

"Julia, let me assist you to roll up these ringlets."

She burst into quite an unfashionable laugh. Taking out one little black crooked pin after another, she shook the whole mass upon the table.

"Why coz! remember the curl you gave to Mr. —"

She laughed still heartier, and shook her almost bald head, and her fine eyes danced with merriment.

"Mr. — and I are equal, for his hair is false, too, but he thinks I don't know it."

Unfastening her dress, I looked aghast upon the pad-

dings, waddings, &c., artfully inserted to conceal a distortion of the spine, and to give roundness and proportion to the figure. Two shapeless little things were fastened below the belt to give the requisite fullness to the lower part of the person. I witnessed the removal of these articles in blank amazement. Under the inflection of a damp towel, the peculiarly soft red and white complexion disappeared, and cousin Julia looked a little sallow. She saw my astonishment with mirth that now, at least was real, for there was no need of acting for effect. She threw aside her usual air of well-bred gayety, and easy good humor, and actually threw back her head, and laughed as heartily as a country girl. In doing so, the wire that confined one or two false teeth, loosened, and the teeth came near dropping into her throat.

"Cousin Julia!" I exclaimed.

"Cousin Bet!" she responded; and rising up, she stood before the looking-glass. What a metamorphosis! She contemplated herself with a bitter laugh.

"Well, well," she at length uttered, "if the world is so easily gulled, it is no sin to gull it."

Oh, let me be content, thought I, to be amiable and beloved, without aiming at the distinction of what is called a belle, to dazzle by her beauty, and awe by her splendor of wit and talent; to be courted, envied, flattered, and finally neglected and despised. Let me be anything, rather than this—anything, rather than the cold, heartless, artificial slave of fashion—anything but a belle.

BETSEY GREEN.

HAFED AND HIS MOTHER.

BY LAWRENCE LABREZ.

"Fear and grief

Convulse us and consume us day by day,
And cold hopes swarm like worms within our living clay."

SHELLEY.

Oh! cold and dark the soul must be
That prizeth not a mother's love!
Its awful, deep immensity—
The mystic springs that doth it move—
The beating heart—the tireless care—
Each evening's solemn, lonely prayer,
So eloquent, so meekly given,
That consecrates her child to Heaven!

It was a lovely dell where dwelt
Young Hafed with his doting mother,
And, roam the wide earth o'er and o'er,
Man's gaze ne'er greeted such another.
With music from a thousand things,
And perfume from a thousand flowers,
And the joy-gushing carrollings
Of many birds, and fairy bowers
That most would tempt a Peri's eyes
To wander from its Paradise;
And limpid streams, and gurgling brooks,
Reflecting Hafed's happy looks
And Heaven's empyreal blue;
And he would seem while gazing there,
With laughing eyes and golden hair,
Some angel peeping through!
And maidens, as they passed him by,
Would turn to gaze with wistful sigh;
And their fond looks would half confess
How more they were than passionless;
And they long'd to clasp in warm embrace
That lovely form and beaming face,

For they ne'er had dream'd that aught so fair
Drew breath in this terrestrial air—
So full of beauty and of love
Had other birth than in Heaven above!

Hafed was all his mother's pride,
Next to her God her only joy,
Nor aught of worldly form beside
Seemed half so glorious as her boy!
And as she gazed upon his face,
And mark'd the lustre of his eye,
The fervent kiss, the warm embrace,
The look of blissful ecstasy,
More eloquent than poet's song,
Or seraph's music borne along
Upon the balmyest gale of even,
Told the vast joy that mother felt
As on her boy her fond gaze dwelt,
And she almost wish'd him safe in Heaven!
For she had watch'd his growing years
With smiles, at times—at times with tears,
E'er dreading, as a thief the light,
Danger's unsated appetite.
And thus they lived; and Hafed grew
To youth's voluptuous prime—
His heart all bright and joyous
As his own beloved clime;
And earth, and flowers, and sea, and air,
And Heaven's sparkling sheen,
And singing birds, and blithesome things,
And Nature's garb of green,
Did each unto his glowing heart
A thrilling sense of bliss impart.

Oh, that our life could ever be
A never-ending rhapsody!
A fairy's dream, a gladsome song
In mid-air sweetly borne along!
An unembodied source of bliss,
Like Love's first rapture-stolen kiss!
Vain wish! man's heritage is sorrow,
While Hope, expectant, waits the morrow.

Time fled, and the mother's step grew weak:
The rose's lovely hue
Had faded from her once fair cheek,
Her smile seemed sadder, too;
Her voice assumed a softer tone,
Her eye appeared less bright,
And Hafed felt an awe beneath
Its sad and mellow light;
And often when the gorgeous Night
Her canopy of stars unfurl'd,
Her waning eyes seemed fondly fix'd
Upon some distant world.
Ah! when o'er Hafed's happy thoughts
The first sad feeling came,
He felt an utter misery—
An inward-feeding flame!
He knew his mother must depart—
He knew the barb was in her heart,
There was no cure—no balm!
He knew there was no hope 'neath Heaven,
And his despair might be forgiven—
'Twere impious to be calm!—
Chafe the great deep with angry wind,
Heaven's power alone its waves can blind—
Its fury can disarm.
He knelt beside his mother's couch,

Her thin hand on his head;
A faint caress, and one word to bless,
And the spirit it had fled!

Misery, lean and gaunt, doth come *
Like a city's ceaseless hum;
Like the never-resting motion
Of the mighty untamed ocean;
Like the desert's dread simoom
Sweeping to a burning tomb;
Like the wind, which no one knoweth
No one listeth where it bloweth,
Ever with its wanton breath
Bringing pestilence and death;
Like the watchful bird of night,
Darkness dimmeth not its sight;
Merciless as serpent's fang;
Dismal as the fetters' clang;
Horrid as the piercing cry
Rack e'er forc'd from agony;
Cheerless as the polar snow;
A vast embodiment of woe!
Gorgon-visaged Misery,
What a wail o'er earth for thee!

Oh, this is but a dreary world,
And Joy a fleeting thing;
And Sorrow, like an albatross,
E'er keeps a tireless wing;
And Hope, and Peace, and dreamy Love
Are shy as e'er a billing dove,
When to its mate, with plumage swelling,
Its tale of tenderness is telling.
And Life is but a weary load
The panting soul must bear.
And Happiness a bubble
On an ocean of despair!
Our body but a vessel frail,
At mercy of the fickle gale;
And for each one that passes safe
O'er Life's tempestuous sea,
A thousand strike on hidden rocks,
And sink in misery!

Many a day did Hafed weep
Beside his mother's lonely tomb;
And morn, and noon, and twilight gray,
And midnight's wilderness of gloom,
Was sure to find the mourner there,
So spell-bound was he by despair;
For, since her peerless soul had fled,
It seemed as all on earth were dead,
And he deprived the bliss to die—
Doomed to live on eternally!
They say that youth and time will wear
Away the most corroding care—
That sorrow will not always seem
Like the dread spectre of a dream—
That Hope, like a bright angel, comes
To shed her radiance o'er the soul,
And bid the blackest clouds of grief,
Back from the prisoned spirit roll!
Not thus with Hafed. Though so young,
In vain did Nature's tempting tongue
Forbid him ever thus to brood
O'er Memory's waste of solitude;
His eyes ne'er wept their fountains dry,
His grief ne'er softened to a sigh.

* The following thirty-eight lines were published in the *Sunday Mercury*, about three years ago, as an extract.

It was a blissful eve when last
He knelt before his mother's tomb
And prayed, and thought her spirit smiled—
That thought was sunshine to his gloom!
His heart grew lighter, happier far;
His mother's spirit seemed a star—
A beacon to his wandering eyes—
A glittering gem of Paradise!—
A cynosure of hope and love—
A pleading saint for him above!
He breath'd a prayer! he lisp'd her name,
He kiss'd the cold stone at her head;
"O, mother! I am thine again!"
The murmuring spirit sigh'd, and fled!

DEATH OF THE HALF-BREED.

BY S. D. G.

It was after the battle of Dorchester, when the victorious Partizans, successful in their object, were bearing away with them the prisoners whom they had rescued from a felon's death, that a Half-breed came to the field of battle and for sometime remained turning over and carefully examining the bodies of the slain. It was Blonay, and he was looking for the body of his greatest enemy—Bill Humphries. They had been enemies from boyhood, and a blow given Blonay, by Humphries, had fixed their hatred for life. Humphries was a soldier in Marion's company; Blonay a half-breed Indian, who wandered and skulked about from place to place; sometimes pretending to be on the American side, and at others friendly to the Tories. He went anywhere and did anything to serve his own ends; but all his actions, all his life seemed centered in one object—revenge. He had sworn—deeply and fearfully sworn—never to rest until he had tasted the heart's blood of Humphries. He had pursued him from place to place with untiring vigilance; he had followed him to Dorchester, where he last saw him in the fight. After the battle he searched the field hoping that he had fallen.

"He's not here!" he muttered to himself. "No matter; I'll chew a bullet for him yet!"

Thus saying, his search seemed to take another direction, and he now proceeded to inspect the ground on which the battle had taken place. In particular, he traced out upon the soft red clay, which had retained every impression, the various marks made by the hoofs of the shodden horses. One of these he heedfully regarded, and pursued with an air of intense satisfaction. There was a peculiar mark on the shoe, as if it had been completely snapped in twain, and the parts slightly separated. The Half-breed viewed it with the keen eye of delight, and uttering a suppressed yell, sprang off across the fields in the direction of the Americans. He was not long in discovering which path they took, and he followed close at their heels.

Day after day, night after night, and month after month, did Blonay watch for an opportunity to glut his revenge, but none was offered. It is true, he might often have sent a bullet whizzing through the brain of his victim, but then he was always in company, and his own life might be the sacrifice, as there would be no chance to escape; therefore he patiently waited for a time when he should find him alone.

Humphries was aware of the danger he was in, from the fact of having seen Blonay skulking around the camp. He hated the savage as much as he was

hated in return, and being aware that Blonay was dogging his steps for the purpose of taking his life, he determined, if possible, to save himself by taking that of the Half-breed.

One morning Humphries and a companion, by the name of Davis, attended by a faithful black servant belonging to Marion's camp, were standing on a small hill near the encampment, when a strange dog suddenly appeared through the bushes, at the sight of which Humphries seized his rifle which stood against a tree, and lifted it instantaneously to his eye. The black was about to express his surprise at the sudden ferocity of manner exhibited by his companion, when, motioning them to be quiet, the trooper lowered his weapon, and pointing to the dog, asked Davis if he knew him.

"I do; but where I've seen him I can't say," replied Davis.

"And what do you say Tom?" he asked of the negro in tones that startled him—"Don't you know that dog?"

"He face is berry familiar, Massa Humphrey, but I loss de recollection for ebber."

"That is the cur of Blonay, and the blear-eyed rascal must be in the neighborhood."

"Do you think so, Bill?" asked Davis.

"Think so! I know the dog, and why should he be here if his master were not? Tom!"

"Sa."

"Hit the critter a smart blow with the stick, hard enough to scare him off, but not to hurt him; and do you move to the edge of the creek, Davis, as soon as the dog runs off. His master must be in that direction, and we must see to him."

Thus ordering, he called two of the men, and sent them on the path directly opposite to that taken by Davis. He himself prepared to strike the creek at a point equidistant from the two. He then gave the signal to Tom, who, with right good will, struck the dog a heavy blow, and with such force as sent him howling into the swamp, taking as had been expected, the very path in which he came.

Blonay, however, was not to be caught napping. He left the advanced point from which he had watched the camp, and running in a straight line about fifty yards above, turned suddenly about and kept a forward course in the direction of the spot at which he had first entered the swamp. But he did not take these precautions without some doubts as to their adequacy to his concealment. He muttered his apprehensions of the keen scent of the dog, which he feared would too quickly find out his track, and lead his pursuers upon it. He hurried on, taking the water at every opportunity, and leaving as small a trail as possible. But he fled in vain from the sagacious and true scent of the animal. From place to place, true in every change, the cur kept on after him, giving forth, as he fled, an occasional yelp, as much probably from the beating he had received as from not finding his master.

"Aroint the pup! there's no losing him. Now if I had my hand on him, I should knife him, for that's my best caution," exclaimed the Half-breed, as the bark of the dog on the new trail he had made, attested the success with which he pursued him. Blonay rose upon a stump, and distinctly beheld the head of Humphries, who was still pressing on earnestly, led by the cries of the dog.

"I can hit him now," muttered Blonay. "Its not

two hundred yards, and I've hit a smaller mark than that at a greater distance before now."

He raised his rifle, and brought the sight to his eye. He would have fired, but in the next moment Humphries was covered by a tree. The dog came on, and Blonay could now hear the voices of his pursuers. To merely kill his victim, and to run the risk of perishing himself, was not the desire of the Half-breed. His Indian blood sought vengeance by safer means. At this moment his dog reached him.

The faithful animal, unconscious of the danger in which he had involved his master, now leaped fondly upon him, testifying his joy by yelling at the highest pitch of his voice. His clamors would guide their pursuers upon the true path of the fugitive. The moment was full of peril, and everything depended on decision. The savage and ready mood of the Half-breed did not long delay in a time of such necessity. He grasped the dog firmly by the back of the neck, and as the skin was tightly drawn across the throat, with a quick movement of his hand he passed the keen edge of his knife but once over it, and thrust the body from him. With a single cry and a brief struggle the animal lay dead in the path of the pursuers. Sheathing his knife, and seizing his rifle, he again set forward. He pushed onward till he gained a small but impenetrable underbrush. His pursuers now reached the spot where lay the body of the dog, which seeing, they considered further pursuit as almost hopeless.

At this moment the shrill sounds of the trumpet, fell upon their ears, being the signal for them to return to camp. Humphries told his companions to obey its summons, but avowed his determination of still pursuing Blonay—that being upon his track he would not give up the pursuit until one or the other had fallen. After parting from his companions, he again set forward in search of his enemy. He walked fast in the direction which he supposed Blonay had taken, and ere he had proceeded far he discovered his track in the mud, which he followed for a long way, till at length he lost it among the leaves, and darkness coming on, he gave up the chase, until next morning. That night both slept in the swamp, not more than two hundred yards apart, but each unconscious of the other's locality. In the morning, Humphries was the first to awake. Descending from the tree where he had slept, he carefully surveyed the place thinking what course he should pursue. While he stood thus, a slight noise reached his ears, like the friction of bark; the noise was repeated a little more distinctly—enough so to indicate the direction whence it came. His glance rested upon an aged cypress which stood before him. Could he be there? The tree stood in the water. Its trunk was hollow, but seemingly not large enough to admit a human body. Of a sudden something prompted him to look upward, and in the sudden glance which he gave, the glare of a wild and well known eye met his gaze, peering out upon him from its enclosed retreat. With a howl of delight he raised his rifle, and the drop of the deadly instrument fell upon the aperture, but ere he could draw the trigger, the object had disappeared. It was Blonay, who, the moment that he perceived the aim of Humphries' piece, sank himself into the body of the tree. His enemy tried every plan that his brain could suggest to draw him from his retreat, but the Half breed was too cunning to give up the advantage which he had gained.

"Come out and meet your enemy like a man," ex-

claimed Humphries, "and not like a snake crawl into a hollow, and lie waiting for his heel. Come out, you skunk! You shall have a fair fight, and your own distance. It shall be the quickest fire that shall make the difference of chances between us. Come out if, you are a man!"

Thus did he go on in his fury; but a fiendish laugh was the only answer the Half-breed made him. He next tried to cut his legs with his knife; but a bend in the tree, a sort of knot, on which Blonay rested, prevented him. At length a new plan suggested itself to his mind. He selected from some limbs, which lay scattered around him, one of the largest, which he carried to the tree, and thrust it into the hollow, seeking to wedge it between the inner knobs on which the feet of the Half-breed evidently rested. But Blonay soon became aware of this new design, and opposed it, as well as he could, with a desperate effort. For a long time he baffled the efforts of his enemy, until enraged at length, Humphries seized upon a jagged knot of light-wood, and thrust it against one of the legs of Blonay. Using another heavy knot as a mallet, he drove the wedge forward against the yielding flesh, which became dreadfully torn and lacerated by the sharp edges of the wood. Under the severe pain the feet were drawn up, and Humphries suffered to proceed in his original design. The miserable wretch in the tree, thus doomed to be buried alive, was now willing to come to any terms with his enemy, and he agreed to accept his terms of fight; but Humphries refused him, exclaiming:

"No you dont, you cowardly skunk! You shall die in your hole like a varmint as you are; and the cypress shall be your coffin, as it has been your house. Here you shall, stay, if hard chunks and solid light-wood can keep you, until your yellow flesh rots away from your bones. Here you shall stay till the lightning rips open your coffin, or the hurricane in September tumbles you into the swamp!"

And thus he left him and returned to the camp—left him to perish in the deep forest recess, wild and tangled, where no human aid could reach him; and thus, alone, buried alive, shut out from the world, perished the revengeful Half-breed.

LENA, THE FLOWER OF ASHTON GLEN.

BY E. A. BRACKETT.

COME sit thee down upon this mossy rock,
Within the quiet shade of these old trees,
And I will tell thee of a fair haired girl,
With sunny face, and merry voice, who loved
Through all the live-long day to tread these paths.
It seems but yesterday that she was seen,
Reclining on the banks of yonder stream,
Bathing her fairy feet; or heaving up
The full round pebble from the waters edge.
Where now, fair girl, I asked, as with light step
My path she crossed, one day, at early dawn.
She smiling said, "I go to gather flowers."
They were so beautiful that morn, so fresh,
And wet with dew, she thought that angels had
Ten out all night, with golden cups and sprigs
Of fern, to bathe the swelling bud—the rich
Green leaves and waving grass, that they might grow
More beautiful. "You love the flowers," she said,
And tossing back her waving hair, she sprung
Over the rocks away.

Then poured she forth
Her warbling voice. From twig to twig the birds
Leapt with new life. They by her presence were
Made glad, for her sweet innocence did tend
To soothe all living things. There in her joy,
Adown yon rough and shady glen, a straw
Thatched cottage stands. The thistle, and the brier,
In clusters round it grow—and beautiful
Green moss hath wrapt it all about. A brook,
A merry brook runs by the door, and all
The summer day, sends up its gladsome voice.
The birds have built their nests beneath the eaves,
And one lone willow, with long trailing arms,
Doth stoop to shelter them from noon-day heat.
Go, enter, look within; dost see aught there?
No living thing. How silent; yet so green
And beautiful without. This was her home,
Here with her gentle brother, Lena dwelt;
But he was ill, and went not out with her
To roam through forest and green fields. At noon,
And eve, she brought him flowers, and sang to him
Her sweetest notes, so wild and warbling, that
You might have deemed, (as she would sometimes say)
She learned her music from the birds, "for they
Alone could sing."

Thus Lena lived, a light
And happy girl, until her brother died.
There is a sphere of influence, that like
Reflected light, sends forth its rays, by which
We know the presence of great good or ill—
An emanation of the mind, the soul;
A stirring of the inner man, by which
We feel a double life, two beings in
One mantle clad.

So much her soul
Was wrapt in his—so interwoven was
Their thread of life, that, with the same calm breath
She passed away, and they that watched, knew not
That she was dead—change came not o'er her form,
Save that her face was upward turned in prayer.

Didst ever dream of fairy land—of scenes
Where music was the breath of thought, and flowed
Like gold and silver light throughout all space—
Where birds and flowers were but the gems of love,
And truth, a record of all holy things,
The language of the soul? Such dreams I've had
Of late, and ever foremost in a band
Of spirits, that seemed guardians of that land,
Young Lena was.

SPRING TIME,

A Sentimental Expostulation.

BY OUR DOLLY.

O, GOTHAM! Gotham! "the spring time of the year" is upon thee, and now thou goest the "whole hog" in thy odorous beauty. How do thy ten thousand scavengers root and wallow in the gutters, and send up perpetually the warm steam of their redolence. With ears erect, and nose penetrating the deep profound, and that most exquisite of all sounds, inasmuch as it indicateth perfect content, a blended grunt and squeal, they monopolize thy streets, and waddle upon thy side-walks.

Many are the visions that come to my mind as I look upon thy swinish multitude. In a moment thy three hundred thousand inhabitants seem to stand before me, man, woman and little child, each with a hog or

an innocent pig by his side, and I behold three hundred thousand knives elevated by so many hands, and one long, deep, universal squeal breaks forth, succeeded by a torrent of blood, enough, and more than enough, to float our exploring expedition, even unto the far Antarctic.

O, Gotham, Gotham! many are the hectacombs slain upon thine altars. Dost thou immolate such victims because they are symbolic of thy people? Dost thou delight to behold them wallowing thy streets, inasmuch as they remind thee of thy politicians going the *whole figure* for the sake of party, or as a gentle damsel once said, "going the entire swine?"

Ay, keep thy appropriate pets, typified as they most assuredly were by the "herd of many swine feeding," in Holy Land. And who shall say for what great event thou art accumulating thine interesting gruntings. Surely thou canst be rid of them only after the manner of the olden time, when Satan entered their progenitors, and drove them down a steep place into the sea. Dwelling upon those things, my thoughts very naturally brake forth into verse, even as it is the nature of all elevating subjects to wake the tuneful nine.

'Tis spring, 'tis spring, I know it is,
For the little pigs are out;
They squeal in every gutter round,
And spatter the swill about.
The old hogs grunt in the steaming air,
With a look of perfect peace,
And the butcher man as he passes by,
May judge of the pounds of grease.

'Tis spring, 'tis spring, I know it is,
For the signs are gathering fast—
And the sweet south wind is laden now
With more than the desert's blast;
The duster bobs, and sashes shake,
And carpets flap on high,
And the water drips and spatters down
On the heads of the passers by.

'Tis spring, 'tis spring, I know it is—
For the rubbish thick is spread
In smoking heaps by the pavement side,
And their sweets on the air are shed.
From door and window, echoing forth,
The house-maid's voice rings loud,
And the mop is splash'd, and mat hung out,
In the face of the smothered crowd.

'Tis spring, 'tis spring, I know it is,
For the doors are open wide,
And the children making mud-cakes, too,
Are out by the green road side.
They scream and kick the dust about,
And out on the pavement sprawl—
Oh, the music born of the sweet spring air,
Is that of an infant's squall.

MEN OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY MRS. H. L. PERKINS.

SMILE not, my dear *lady* readers, as you glance at the above title; for, let me tell you, the subject is well worthy of your consideration. Brave, generous, enterprising, and noble-hearted;—would that an abler pen than mine might speak their praise! Have we not our champions? Where is our warm friend and advocate, John Neal, with many others that have spoken

so well and nobly in our behalf! Do not our hearts beat with grateful emotion at the very mention of their names? Without doubt: and, I would observe, that the reason why the merits of men of the present age are not duly appreciated is simply this—a limited acquaintance, or a knowledge of merely one or two classes of them. This leads us to form erroneous ideas of the remaining portion. With all due, humility, I will venture to lay before my readers a few classes that have come under my own especial observation.

First, in order and importance, is the *Lady's Man*. See—yonder he stands with parasol in hand, shawl on his arm, and a smile of bewitching sweetness illuming his delicate countenance. You will find him ever ready amid cloaks and bonnets, to assist in their arrangement on the shoulders of their fair owners; always waiting on the gentle sex, and paying them a thousand delicate attentions—altogether, rendering his society quite indispensable.

In the second class comes—the Dandy—the *brightest ornament* of the sex. Without him, society would no longer have a charm. *Tailors, Barbers, and Shoemakers* would pine for sufficient employment, while *goose, razor and avel* would sink into disuse and be forgotten by the ungrateful world. Broadway is his element, and there, when the skies are propitious, he is ever seen. What perfect symmetry is there! What inimitable grace! Do you see the bright gem that glitters on his little taper finger, or the brilliant diamond sparkling on his bosom? Who, I pray, could e'er withstand such powerful attractions? (unless indeed, they chanced to inquire if any were *paid for*.)

Turn we from this *dazzling vision*, and gaze for a moment on one who comes in the next class—the Merchant. With a hasty stride and brow o'ershadowed with deep thought, he hurries by. How bright and keen the glance of his dark eye! How quick his every motion! The genius of trade claims him for his own. Admire him for his zeal, and pass him with a low obeisance, as an acknowledgement of his worth and an humiliating sense of our own ignorance as to the vast importance of *dollars and cents*.

The fourth class embraces the set denominated *Old Bachelors*. (What did I say! I entreat the pardon of my *bachelor* friends for such familiarity, and will substitute the word "includes" for "*embraces*" in order to spare their blushes.) This class of men is pretty well known, yet still most shamefully abused. Who could enter the room of an old bachelor and not be delighted with the comfort therein displayed, and even visible on his *smiling* countenance! Seated before a bright fire, industriously *darning* (excuse the word,) a pair of well-worn stockings, he awaits the pleasure of the hissing tea-kettle, and ever and anon looks with great complacency at the cup, saucer, spoon, plate &c., (washed the week before) that are neatly arranged upon a small table by his side. Gently my friends! Be not too envious! Yet we must all acknowledge the wisdom of his plan. Without that expensive *incumbrance*—a wife, no noisy children to disturb, or bustling servant to annoy him, he lives in what is truly termed a state of "*single blessedness*." Surely, he is the happiest of human beings! Does not the heart of every *married* man respond to that sentiment?

In the fifth class we place the *Widower*. You will know him by his mournful sigh, as he mentions the name of his "*dear departed companion*;" the deep pathos of his voice as he proclaims her many virtues and

graces, (discovered after her decease)—and the ready tear that trembles in his eye, at the thought of his irreparable loss. If, when "time has soothed his anguish," he should venture again to seek for an "help-mate," the happy being that obtains him for a husband will be doubly blessed, as she is daily told of the perfect perfection of his "dear sainted wife," now lost to him forever. Kind reader, he has met with a loss that might render him miserable for life, yet you will observe that he is resigned, and meekly submits to the stern decree of fate. Give him all the credit he deserves for his christian fortitude, and drop a tear of sympathy for his great misfortune.

The *Married Man* (whose name I mention with profound respect) comes next in order. But soft! I'm treading now on dangerous ground, and must proceed with cautious step, lest my "liege lord" should call me to account for some misdemeanor; therefore dear friends, I dare not tell you what are the principal characteristics of this class; (they don't always like to be known,) I will only venture to assert, that they are rather incomprehensible, and then, like a dutiful wife, say no more on the forbidden subject.

These are the principal classes, but there are others, of which I might speak had I time. There is the order of *Shoemakers*, but they should always be at the last. Then there are *Tailors*—but 'tis said that nine of them are only equal to one man, and as I cannot boast of so extensive an acquaintance with them, it naturally follows that I do not know one man belonging to this order. They will pardon me if I pass them over, as well as many others who are well worthy of mention, being unacquainted with their respective merits. Are there any of my readers so totally insensible to true worth, as to consider man inferior to the other sex? Surely none! Should there be any such, however, let them remember the solemn declaration that "all men are created free and equal," meaning, of course, equal to woman.

Will not some more experienced goose quill fly to aid the persecuted, defend them from their slanderers, and proclaim their talents, usefulness, &c., to the unbelieving ones? That these few hints may call forth a more worthy champion, and restore each man to the good graces of the female part of the community, (old maids in particular) is the sincere wish of the sympathizing writer.

"SIC TRANSIT GLORIA MUNDI."

BY ARTHUR MORRELL.

HUMAN life! what a theme for the pen of the poet!
Its vanity! who in its true light can show it?
We follow a shadow—'tis gone ere we know it—

"Sic transit gloria mundi."

The hero, when age overtakes him at last,
And his country's ingratitude blights like a blast,
Sheds a tear as he thinks of the glorious past—

"Sic transit gloria mundi."

The orator, who in his youth has erected
A monument which his proud genius protected,
In age is forgotten, unknown, and neglected—

"Sic transit gloria mundi."

The vain politician, who sought but for power,
And courted fair Fame for the sake of her dower,
Sees fortune upon his declining days lower—

"Sic transit gloria mundi."

The patriot statesman, whose wisdom directed
The counsels of state, and their errors corrected,
He, too, in his old age is sadly neglected—

"Sic transit gloria mundi."

The poet and scholar, so fondly aspiring
For Fame, proud ambition their energies firing,
At last find themselves in a garret expiring—

"Sic transit gloria mundi."

The ambitious soldier, who seeketh for glory,
And listeth with pride to each veteran's story,
Anon loses life in his first paltry foray—

"Sic transit gloria mundi."

The doctor, he looks at his rich patient dying,
(Whose illness has been but a short one,) and sighing,
He turns to the mourners, death's havoc decrying—

"Sic transit gloria mundi."

The lawyer, who pliously reneeth the will,
And finds not his name in the last codicil,
Has one consolation—he'll lengthen his bill;
But ere he can do it, Death shortens his quill—
And the doctor aforesaid has ta'en his own pill—

"Sic transit gloria mundi."

And so goes on the world; we are all born to sorrow;
We are here with to-day, and we're gone ere to-morrow;
Not a moment can time of eternity borrow—

"Sic transit gloria mundi."

LETTER FROM MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

To my old friend, Seba Smith, editor of the *ROVER*, Magazine,
New York.

DOWNINGVILLE, away down east, in the State of Maine,
March, 15, 1844.

My dear old friend, I never feel happier than I do when I get through my day's work, and have gone into the house and sat down with pen and paper before me to write you a letter. There's nothing else brings back so kind of clear to my mind them grand duins we used to have in the General's time, when the Bank shook the whole country like an airth-quake, and the General and I shook the Bank like a mouse-trap; that is, jest as a boy shakes a mouse-trap that has got a live mouse in it, and he shakes till he shakes the breath of life out of him. Jest so we fixed the Bank, and it never come tu arterwards. Speaking of the Bank makes me think of poor Biddle. I see by the papers he's gone, too; and now he's gone it makes me feel kind of ugly to think of the squabbles we used to have with him, for Mr. Biddle was naterally a kind-hearted man, and didn't want to do nobody any hurt, only he was a good deal set in his way, and that was what made him sich a hard match for the General. I wish I could see the General now, for I think he feels pretty much as I do about it. He didn't use to think Mr. Biddle was the worst man that ever was, and I think he used to really like him the better because he was sich a hard fighter.

I see you sent my letter to the General two or three weeks ago in the *ROVER*, and I am much obliged to you for the kindness. I haven't got any answer to it yet, and we are all waiting here very impatient to get an answer, so as to know who is the republican candidate for President. Uncle Joshua is very mum on that subject now. If any body asks him who he's going for, he folds his arms and looks very wise, and says it isn't time to speak out yet; and then he turns to

me, and says he, "Major how long is it since you writ to the General? seems to me it's time for an answer." But when we get the General's letter, we shall know jest where we stan, and we shall take hold and pull like a strong team.

I got your letter containing the proof sheet of your new cover for the *ROVER* day before yesterday. I like the cover very much. It seems to me it'll take the shine off the other magazines like a silver sixpence to a leather button. That portrait of mine, that you've got on the cover, is pretty fair considerin'; but I wish you'd give my respects to Mr. Thompson and tell him I think he has slicked the hair down a leetle too much. I wear it a good deal more in the Rococo fashion now days. But cousin Nabby says it is a good likeness, only she thinks I ought to a had my uniform on. She says it would look decidedly more rococo.

What a melancholy thing that was at Washington when the gun blew up. And what a lucky man the President is, aint he? I declare such luck as he has sometimes almost makes me think he's cut out for the next President yet. By the way, I see that Mr Davis, that goes about the country *calling himself* me, was aboard the Princeton when the great gun blew up. Now this rather hurts my feelins, and I wish you'd be so kind as to see him and speak to him about it, and tell him if he's agoing to be running about in such dangerous kind of places I must go right off and get my life insured. But if he'd only remain at home and be quiet I might save all that expense.

I think some of publishing a *library* down here at my literature deepo; for if you'll believe me we cant get books fast enough here at Downingville for the folks to read. I suppose I avarage now about a cord a day of the cheap literature, besides the bound volumes. But that dont seem to be hardly more than a taste for em; and it seems to me the more they get, the more hungry they grow. So I've been thinking I'd go to work and stuff em with *library*. Some think that would be the most clying sort of food I could give em. But we are stuck a little about what name to give it. I've had two or three talks with Uncle Joshua and the rest of em about the name, but we cant seem to agree. Uncle Joshua wanted I should call it the republican library; that's a word he sets more by than any other in the American language. I told him if I give it a political name I must call it the Jackson library. Aunt Keziah said for her part she thought I better call it Harper's plecter bible library. "Well," says I, "cousin Nabby, you haint gin us your opinion yet; what do you say?"

"Well, I think," says cousin Nabby, "the best name you can give it, and the only name worth a having, would be to call it the *coco-nut library*. If folks would n't bite at that, there's no use in tryng to get any name at all." So you see the difficulty I labor under about a name; but I'm determined to publish a library, and when I get it under way I shall want you to be my New York agent to sell it.

Send me a copy of all the libraries as fast as they are done, smokin hot right off the griddle, the *Mirror* library, the drawing-room library, and the home library, and the coco library, and the library for the million. I believe I shall put em all together and boil em down for my library.

Uncle Joshua desires his best regards, and I remain your old and true friend,

MAJOR JACK DOWNING

THE REIGN OF TERROR IN FRANCE.

BY H. B. SHORTFELLOW.

"The services of religion were universally abandoned, and the pulpit deserted throughout the revolutionized districts; baptism ceased; the burial service was no longer heard; the sick received no communion; the dying, no consolation. The village bells were silent; the sabbath was obliterated; infancy entered the world without a blessing, and age left it without hope."—ALISON'S HISTORY OF EUROPE.

The sabbath bells no more boomed out,
Where once they echoing swung;
The monk's deep chaunt no more was heard
Those gothic aisles among!

No mass was said, no beads were told
For those whose soul's had parted
From cherished ones, they'd loved on earth,
But left them broken-hearted.

'Twas then those bindings of the soul,
E'en lovers' vows were broken,
And mothers' prayers for infant hearts
Were but in whispers spoken.

The solemn bell of Notre Dame
Swung heavily on high;
But it seemed to utter, as it rolled,
The sad, sad words—"to die!"

No sexton then the chill grave made,
Nor had they a winding sheet,
But were borne away by the murky Seine,
Where river and ocean meet.

There, where the sea-bird lonely wheels,
Where the swaying surges leap,
There rest they now 'neath ocean's tide,
Full a hundred fathoms deep.

THE DARK SIDE OF LIFE.

BY R. F. GREELEY.

I HAVE mingled—I have mingled
With the world, and borne my share
Of its joys, and pains, and troubles,
Its pleasure and its care;
I have known the ties of friendship
Long enough to prove them weak,
And, though strongly yet how vainly
I have striven, let others speak.

I have struggled with the boldest
One bright object to attain,
I have breasted many a danger—
Have vanquish'd many a pain:
And if hope and dauntless courage,
And a heart that quailed at nought,
Could have won that object for me,
I had gain'd the boon I sought,

But, though friends, as then, surround me,
And the days are long and bright,
Hope's cheering ray has fled me,
And to me day is but night;
For my faith in life is broken,
As the rose-tree by the storm,
And cold and sad forever
Is the heart that once was warm!

THE ROVER OMNIBUS.

CONTENTS OF THE PRESENT NUMBER.—ORIGINAL.

Lovewell's fight with Paugus, by Seba Smith.
 The Destiny of Woman, by C. F. Hoffman.
 Boston Correspondence, by a Boston Rover.
 The City Belle, by a Country Lass.
 Death of the Half-breed, by S. D. G.
 Men of the 19th century, by Mrs. H. L. Perkins.
 Sentimental expostulation to Gotham, by our Dolly.
 Letter from Major Jack Downing.

POETRY.

Hafed and his Mother, by Lawrence Labree.
 Song, by Elizabeth Oakes Smith.
 "Sic transit gloria mundi," by Arthur Morrell.
 Reign of Terror in France, by Hiram Benson Short-fellow.
 Youthfulness, by A. J. H. Duganne.
 Dark side of Life, by R. F. Greeley.
 Sea-bird on shore, by C. Donald McLeod.
 Lena, the Flower of Ashton Glen, by E. A. Brackett.

ORIGINAL NUMBER.

THIS number of the Rover is *entirely original* except a portion of the article which illustrates the engraving of Paugus. It contains eight *original poems*, eight or ten *original prose articles*, a new illuminated cover, engraved on wood from an *original design* and stereotyped, and a very beautiful *original engraving* from an *original design* made expressly for the Rover.

Thus much for the *originals*; and we allude to them more particularly and more emphatically, because the impression prevails among some that the Rover is *lacking* in original matter; not, of course, among those who *read* it, for they know better. The truth is, every number of the Rover for six months past has had a good portion of original matter in it, and we might often make the numbers *entirely original* were we not well aware that we can make a better and more interesting magazine by giving a portion of selected matter. We have original matter enough on hand now to fill several numbers of the Rover, and as good articles, too, as are to be found in the best magazines in the country. But our rule is to aim at making the best and most interesting magazine we possibly can, and it matters little in our estimation whether the *new* has been read out of some of the articles before we give them or not.

Every number of the Rover, however, will always contain a good portion of original matter, and some of our correspondents we think possess a vein of originality that is seldom surpassed.

THE CHEAPEST MAGAZINE, COMPARED WITH ITS MERITS, EVER PUBLISHED.—Reader, look at the beautiful illuminated cover of the Rover, look at the two exquisite steel engravings, and more than a dozen valuable original articles in prose and poetry, and all to be sold for *six cents*, and if you are not convinced it is the cheapest magazine ever published, we'll reduce the price.

PAUGUS.—The engraving in the present number of the Rover, representing the Indian chief Paugus, has been pronounced by some of the best judges of the art in the city to be one of the best specimens of engraving that have ever been published in an American magazine.

TERMS OF THE ROVER.—Single numbers six cents. One copy for one year three dollars, two copies five dollars, five copies ten dollars; the money to be paid in advance and free of postage.

Postmasters are authorized to frank letters enclosing subscription money.

(Boston Correspondence of the Rover.)

BROTHER COLVER AND THE ODDFELLOWS.

BROTHER COLVER, a Baptist minister of this city, has been, for the last two weeks, stirring up the subject of Oddfellowship. He has gone into it with all of his physical powers which are mighty, and with all of his mental capacities, which (in his own opinion) undoubtedly are immense. In describing the initiation of a candidate into this mysterious order, he says, after they have been tortured by spears and variously terrified—(the naked sword not being brought into play "*as it used to was*") the conductor next addresses the brethren, and says "shall we proceed to *torture the victim*, or shall we *mercy show*?" All the lodge with one voice exclaims, with a low guttural tone "proceed!" The conductor then calls for the *galling chain*, and *binds the victim fast*. After some further ceremony he cries again, "*Light up the furnace, and make it ten times hotter!!*" Mr. Colver is not an oddfellow; then how can he declare all of those absurdities, which he has reported, to be true? He says that, "*Ministers and Christians in this city tell me it is true!*" Verily, some men are born with long ears, some achieve long ears, and some have long ears thrust upon them! If "*Ministers*" and "*Christians*," will take such a dreadful oath, as the following, which Mr. Colver repeated, and says is administered, and then violate it by revealing those "awful mysteries," you can not admit that Mr. Colver is a very far sighted, shrewd man, to place confidence in them. Here is the oath which according to this divine functionary, has been taken and then broken by "*Ministers and Christians?*"

"I. A. B. of my own free will and accord, solemnly declare and swear in this lodge of independent oddfellows, that I will always hail, forever conceal and never reveal any of the secrets of this order of independent oddfellows to any person in the known world, *except* to a lawful brother, that I will not write it, stamp, stain, hew, cut, carve, mark, or engrave it upon anything hard or soft, movable or unmovable, under the canopy of Heaven, whereby the secrets of this order shall become unlawfully obtained by any being in the universe; binding myself under no less penalty than to have MY LOWER JAW SCREWED OFF FROM MY FACE, MY BODY QUARTERED AND MY LIMBS scattered to the four quarters of the globe.

To all which I do, most solemnly and sincerely, promise and swear, without the least equivocation, mental reservation, or self-evasion of mind in me whatsoever."

This will be new and interesting to your *evenfellow*, but more especially to your *oddfellow* readers. The following are some extracts from a poem, on the above subject, published in the "Times" of this city, entitled

THE CLERICAL CRUSADE.

A PIOUS BALLAD.

Being drops of holiness from the coat-tail pocket of a preacher against Oddfellowship, found by an o'clo' man, on Monday, February 26.

"Twas at the dead of night, when even sinners pray,
 That a band of humbugs met in clerical array;
 'Twas a fearful, fearful scene of darkness and of gloom,

And one tallow candle sent a light through that sepulchral room."

This pious ballad proceeds to make dark insinuations about gin-slings and the like. Also to describe the righteous indignation of one of the Clerical Crusaders, who exclaims in his wrath against the oddfellows, that,

"They've thinned my congregation, and emptied Israel's tents,
And now the contribution box is only filled with cents;
In vain I beg supplies to help convert the Jews,
Buy flannel shirts for niggers and tooth-picks for Hindoos."

He goes on to say that one of the lodges refused to receive so much piety as himself into its bosom; but had the impertinence to advise him to

"Purchase a green umbrella, but first go shave his head."

The present thought of which so exasperated the pious gentleman that he exclaimed

"This is enough to make a bald man tear his hair,
And if I don't have revenge"—A brother said—
"don't swear."

"The brother stood rebuked—but seemed exceeding loth

To swallow down his words—so he only looked an oath."

But he goes on with his christian-like spirit of retaliation, and he says

"I've got some poetry put in about 'initiations'—
And wont these 'diabolons grin' at these insinuations?
I've learned about the 'naked sword' the thumping of the shoulder,

The pressing of the spear, that makes the candidate grow colder.

"And how they tell the stranger, there's fire behind—below,
That's crowding on my pea-patch, for I tell people so."

"The conclave rose—the brother then hied him to his task :

And from that sinful fellowship he drew the smiling mask.

And oh! he poured his bile out like liquor from a cask,
And he flared up like a 'buster' when he's drained a brandy flask.

"Oh when I heard that holy, holy, holy, holy man,
I thought he went a notch beyond the godlike Dan;
If honey hung on Plato's lips, molasses stuck on his'n—

And says I, another Daniel to judgment has arisen.

"The saints that came before him he's destined to eclipse,
For even falsehood falls delicious from his lips." &c.

It will seem astonishing to every oddfellow that Brother Colver, in his description of the initiation, neglected to speak of the *gridirons* which is believed to form the most horrible part of the "tortures."

BOSTON ROVER.

SCULPTURE.

I HAVE just been to see Crawford's embodiment in marble of Byron's Bride of Abydos. It consists of nothing more than the head and shoulders, being what is technically called a bust. The first impression that it

made upon me was not at all favorable, because of the presence of too much ornament. The head is loaded with dress; it is bound with a very stiff wreath of very small flowers, carved with a minuteness that is actually painful. In short the puerilities are entirely too imposing; for one is likely to find themselves admiring the exquisite carving of a flower, forgetting that it ornaments the head of Giaffir's daughter. The front view of the face is most unsatisfactory. The eyes, which are extremely large have an exceedingly uninteresting stare, with nothing of that expression which is "in itself a soul." But in taking a side view of the head I was at once surprised and delighted. The profile is surpassingly beautiful, and presents to the mind all that the poet has described in Zuleika.

"Who hath not proved how feebly words essay

To fix one spark of beauty's heavenly ray?

Who doth not feel, until his failing sight

Faints into dimness with its own delight,

His changing cheek, his sinking heart confess

The might—the majesty of loveliness?

Such was Zuleika—such around her shone

The nameless charms unmarked by her alone;

The light of love, the purity of grace,

The mind, the music breathing from her face,

The heart whose softness harmonized the whole—

And, oh! that eye was in itself a soul!"

It is a most singular feeling to turn from the prospect of that which satisfies our sense of the beautiful,—from the counterpart of our own ideal, to view the same subject in another, and a very unfavorable light. It is like gazing at a beautiful soap bubble which more than likely will burst and fly in our eyes, producing a sensation not at all pleasant. Such is the effect in turning from the contemplation of the profile of Crawford's Zuleika to the front view of the same. By the side of the Bride of Abydos, there is a bas-relief piece representing Christ blessing little children. This is also from the chisel of Mr. Crawford. When looking on the very milk and water representation of the Saviour, I could but think of a verse by Peter Pindar.

"Was our Redeemer like that wretched thing

I should not wonder that the cunning Jews

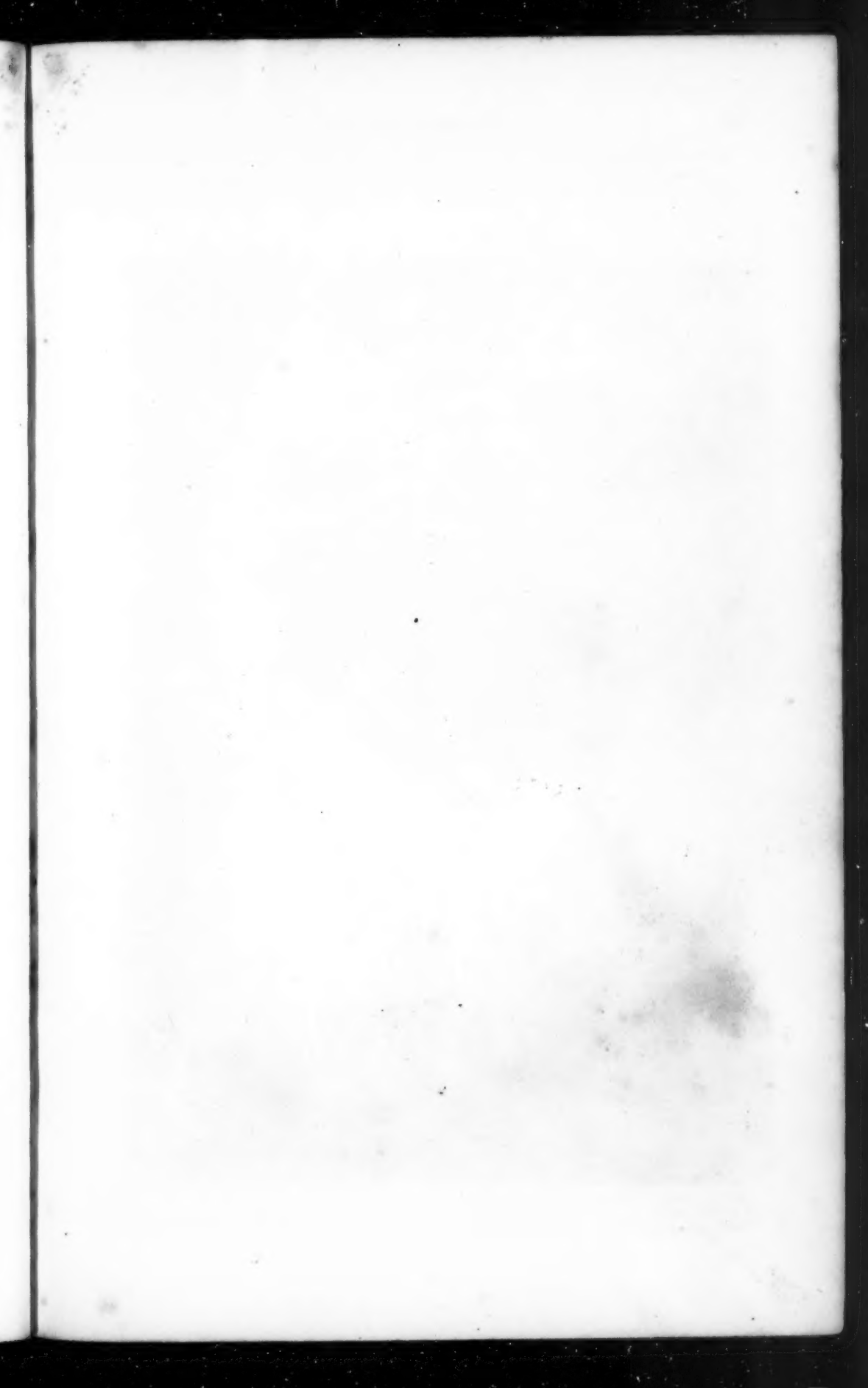
Scorned to acknowledge him for king."

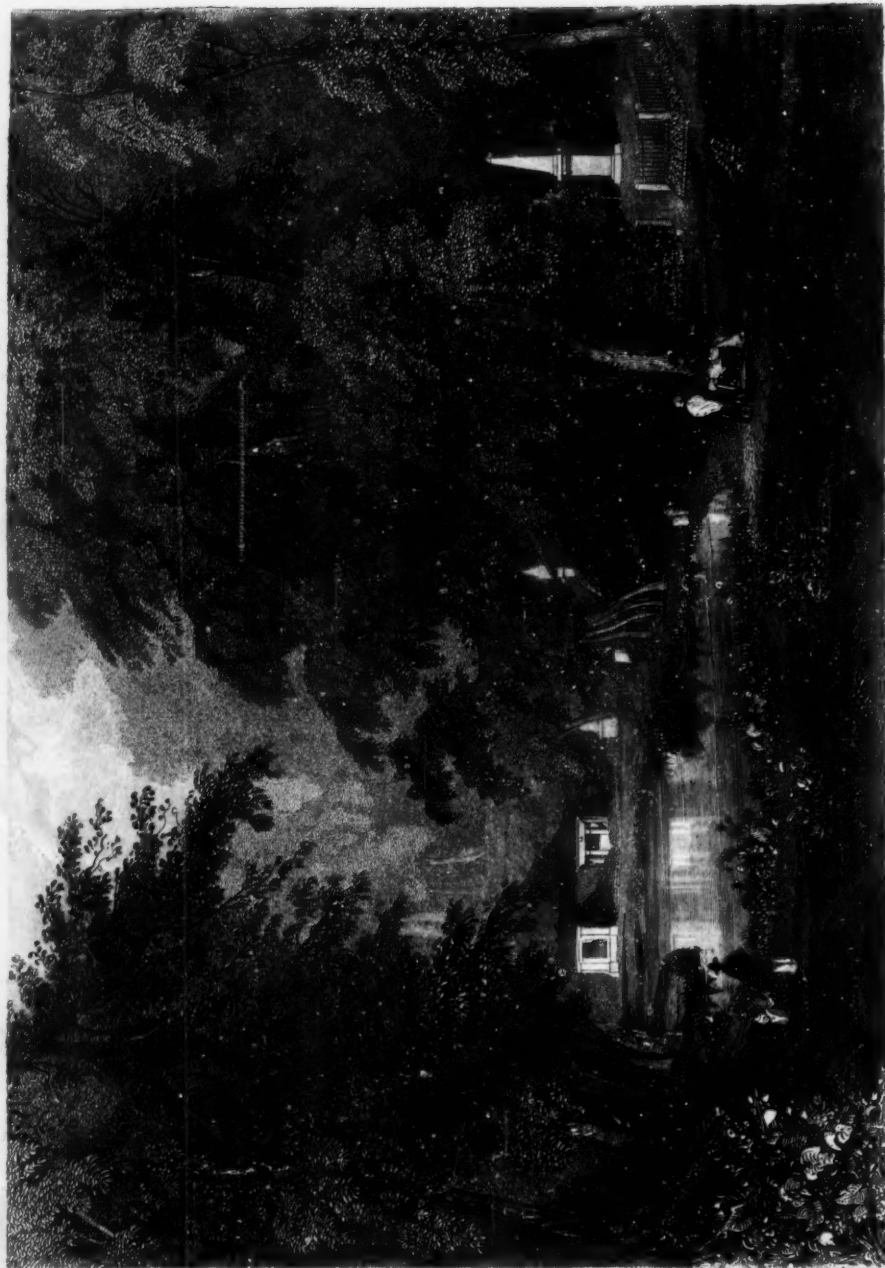
It is quite time that we should discard the idea of the Saviour of mankind wearing that expressionless, effeminate countenance so often awarded to him. There is a vast difference between the calm majesty of conscious power, and the placid insipidity of weakness.

BOSTON ROVER.

THE ROVER BOOK-TABLE.

KENDALL'S SANTA FE EXPEDITION.—Harper & Brothers. Two very neat and very interesting volumes with the above title have just been issued by the Harpers, being a description of a tour through Texas and across the great south-western prairies, an account of the sufferings and final capture of the Texans, and their march as prisoners to the city of Mexico. The volumes are illustrated with several fine and spirited engravings by Jordan & Halpin, and Dick. Mr Kendall was, and we believe still is, one of the editors of the New Orleans Picayune. He was one of the party in that romantic and eventful expedition, and describes well the remarkable scenes and incidents they met with. "All of which he saw, and part of which he was."





CEMETERY OF MOUNT AUBURN.

THE ROVER.

CEMETERY OF MOUNT AUBURN.

Our engraving this week gives a fine view of a portion of the beautiful cemetery of Mount Auburn, which, as most of our readers doubtless already know, is situated about three miles out of Boston, and is decidedly the most interesting and lovely spot appropriated as a resting place for the dead in the whole country. Greenwood cemetery in Brooklyn, about three miles from New York, perhaps has capabilities as great as Mount Auburn for building up a beautiful city of the dead, but it is yet comparatively new, and much less improved. Mount Auburn has been occupied we believe something like a dozen years. Its first tenant was the celebrated authoress, Hannah Adams. Spurzheim, the phrenologist, and many others both distinguished and humble rest there.

As an accompaniment to the engraving we are disposed to add the following simple lines, which in spite of their simplicity, or it may be on account of their simplicity, have had a great popularity. They were written more than twenty years ago, and were suggested by real incidents that occurred at the time, and all substantially as related. The "three little graves" were in the beautiful burying ground on Mount Joy, in Portland, Maine; and we may add now, that the mother mourner, who "came to weep," sleeps by the side of her children. The lines were published anonymously at the time in a Portland paper, and were immediately taken up and circulated in newspapers, magazines, school books, and collections of poetry. They never appeared with the author's name till within two or three years. They have been widely circulated in penny books for children, always anonymous, and the writer has been delighted on more occasions than one, and in more cities than one, by hearing little children, who were utter strangers to him, repeating them in the streets and in by-ways. Seeing a pile of these little books lately in one of the largest wholesale bookstores in the city, we asked, "do you sell these little things here?"

"Yes ever so many of them, every year," was the reply.

THE THREE LITTLE GRAVES.

BY SEBA SMITH.

'Twas autumn, and the leaves were dry,
And rustled on the ground,
And chilly winds went whistling by
With low and pensive sound;

As through the church-yard's lone retreat,
By meditation led,
I walked with slow and cautious feet
Above the sleeping dead.

Three little graves, ranged side by side,
My close attention drew;
O'er two the tall grass, bending, sighed,
And one seem'd fresh and new.

As lingering there I mused awhile,
On death's long dreamless sleep,
And morning life's deceitful smile,
A mourner came to weep.

VOLUME III.—No 2.

Her form was bow'd, but not with years,
Her words were faint and few;
And on those little graves, her tears
Distill'd like evening dew.

A prattling boy, some four years old,
Her trembling hand embrac'd;
And from my heart, the tale he told
Will never be effaced.

"Mamma, now you must love me more;
For little sister's dead;
And t'other sister died before,
And brother too, you said.

Mamma, what made sweet sister die?
She lov'd me when we played,
You told me if I would not cry,
You'd show me where she's laid."

"'Tis here, my child, that sister lies,
Deep buried in the ground;
No light comes to her little eyes,
As she can hear no sound."

"Mamma, why can't we take her up,
And put her in my bed?
I'll feed her from my little cup,
And then she won't be dead.

For sister'll be afraid to lie
In this dark grave to-night;
And she'll be very cold, and cry,
Because there is no light."

"No, sister is not cold, my child;
For God who saw her die,
As he look'd down from heaven and smil'd,
Call'd her above the sky.

And then her spirit quickly fled
To God, by whom 'twas given:
Her body in the ground is dead;
But sister lives in heaven."

"Mamma, won't she be hungry there,
And want some bread to eat?
And who will give her clothes to wear,
And keep them clean and neat?"

Papa must go and carry some;
I'll send her all I've got;
And he must bring sweet sister home;
Mamma, now must he not?"

"No, my dear child, that cannot be;
But if you're good and true,
You'll one day go to her; but she
Can never come to you.

'Let little children come to me.'
Once the good Saviour said;
And in his arms she'll always be,
And God will give her bread."

AMBITION'S VICTIM;
Or, the New England Physician.
A TRUE TALE OF REAL LIFE.

BY MRS. LUCY K. WELLS.

All that the majesty of mind commands—
All that the heart of man insatiate craves,
Is found in Hope's bright page;
And yet the mighty majesty of mind,
Ambition, Fame, are mixed with earthly leaven.

ANONYMOUS.

"A most incongruous title" methinks some arrogant favorite of fortune exclaims, with a scornful curl of the lip. "A physician, engaged each day in the performance of his quiet duties, can surely be little exposed to the allurements of ambition." And is it indeed so? Is there nothing in the pursuits of medical science to rouse the energies of the noblest minds? Surely it is something to explore the hidden riches of nature, and the researches of science and bend them all to the beneficent aim of alleviating human sufferings—something to clear the clouds of gloomy despondency from a gifted mind, prostrated to the dust from sympathy with a diseased body—something to arrest the fleeting spirit when just ready to depart from its earthly tenement, and give back the loved one to the embrace of friends—to receive the blessing of those who were ready to perish, and to cause "the widow's heart to sing for joy" when the daughter who was the sunbeam of her home, or the son who was the stay and staff of her declining years, is restored to her after hope had taken its last lingering look, and all but the skillful, untiring physician had abandoned the sufferer in utter despair. So thought Edward Ralston as he folded in his arms his young sister who had just been rescued from death by the persevering skill of her medical attendant. Edward was a tall, awkward looking boy of fifteen. He was the youngest of four brothers, who had all, except himself, left the paternal home to seek their fortunes in the far west. His father, a small farmer in Connecticut, had set his heart upon this son as the one who should guide his tottering steps down the hill of life. For some years every tree he had planted or pruned, had been for his favorite boy. The neat stone walls with which his farm was enclosed, had been built for him—and as he looked around on the fruits of his industry he would say to himself, these things will remind Ned of me when my gray head is laid in the grave. Hitherto Edward had silently acquiesced in his destination. The capacities of his soul were yet unawakened; and secluded as he was from the world, he hardly suspected there could be a nobler occupation than digging the earth for a subsistence, yet he was thoughtful, and observing of the operations of nature to a degree, which exposed him often to the ridicule of his rough and boisterous school-mates. Where is Ned? would be the inquiry on the play ground; for the kindness and gentleness of his nature made him a universal favorite. "Oh," said a brawny, red-headed fellow, "the last time I saw him he was counting the colors on a butterfly's wing, and bottling up a handful of bright looking bugs that he had been more than an hour collecting in the garden—and he tried to make me believe they were beautiful, forsooth, the simpleton! I believe he expects to get a living by birds and butterflies, and bits of curious colored stone, and strange outlandish herbs and flowers; for I heard his old father fretting about his filling the kitchen garden full of them." A loud laugh and clapping

of hands from the merry group, bore testimony to the truth of their play-fellows's portraiture.

Such had been the pursuits of Edward's leisure hours hitherto. His father sometimes, scolded and sometimes ridiculed him; but as he was obedient and industrious he generally suffered him to pursue his own course in quietness. But the time had now come which was to give coloring to his future destiny; and when he said to himself "I will be a physician," he fixed his eye upon the star which was to guide his course through life. The capacities and aspirations of his soul which had been a sealed fountain now burst forth, and the stream flowed sparkling on, in equal purity and increasing brightness, to the end of his short but brilliant career. From this moment the employments of the farm became a galling slavery. He procured, I know not how, some simple elementary works on natural philosophy, and the structure of the human frame, and over these he poured day and night. He soon began to make experiments in the profession he had chosen. Not a bruised foot or wounded finger could be bound up without his help—the lame old horse who had been a faithful servant of the family fifteen years, was subjected to many a surgical operation by the young enthusiast in the full belief that he could make him young again; and the gray goose and an unlucky sheep, who had each a broken leg, afforded fine opportunities for the display of his new powers. While his experiments were confined to such cases, his father endured his vagaries with the patience of a martyr; though he had sometimes muttered between his teeth that he believed Ned was going crazy. But unluckily an epidemic among the sheep gave the young devotee an opening for his skill in the *Materia Medica*. Six of his patients soon rested from their cares and sorrows, and the patience of his much enduring father was buried in the same grave with them. "There Ned," he exclaimed in wrath as they witnessed the dying struggle of the seventh, "take your books and be a doctor, and then if men are fools enough to take your drugs, the sin is their own; but for these poor innocent dumb beasts, I will not let them suffer for your learning."

Ned's pale face grew yet paler, and his full black eyes looked as if they would start from their sockets at this mortifying rebuff. But he stole away to his little chamber, and soon lost the memory of his defeat in speculations on the cause why prescriptions so highly recommended for men, should not prove equally salutary for sheep. In the evening he seated himself as usual by the bright kitchen fire. His mother whose face beamed the very spirit of kindness, pursued her knitting quietly; though Ned thought she now and then cast an unusually sorrowful glance toward him. His fair young sister, whose delicate frame, and lovely intelligent countenance, suited ill with the homely scene, was nestled close by her side, arranging with the taste of a painter the various colors of her "patch-work bed-quilt," and often looking from her work to cast glances of deep tenderness around on the only beings she had yet learned to love. His father, with spectacles on his nose, was seated at a little round table, with the Bible, a volume of Fox's Book of Martyr's a Treatise on Freedom of the Will, and the last newspaper before him. Each was tried in turn, and thrown aside with an expression of impatience, till at last with a reverend air, he opened that holy book, which had been his guide as he toiled up the hill of

life, and whose hopes and promises were his solace now that he was descending the vale of years. For some moments he seemed to be reading, but perhaps an acute observer, would have seen that his thoughts were far away, even from the sacred pages. At length closing the book, he pushed back his spectacles, and said in a hoarse voice, which showed that he was struggling to subdue strong emotion,

"Ned, my boy, I believe your heart is not here in your old father's home, and our little farm, as it used to be."

Ned tried to answer, but his tongue was palsied, and refused to move.

"Well my boy, I see how it is; you want to be pushing your way upward in the world. God knows I have spent many a weary day and night for my boys, and I hoped for one of you, to watch over me and your old mother, when we are children again. But I never yet tied the hand of my boys. If you want to try your skill with the rest in swimming on the current of life, why then go. 'Tis little your mother and I can do for you, but that little you shall have, and our blessing too."

He paused, and a slight twitching around the mouth of the stern seeming, but kind-hearted old man, alone told what a struggle it cost him to give up the cherished hopes of years. The mother silently wiped a tear from her eye; and Ned after many attempts to speak, finally articulated: "Father you shall never be ashamed of me," and then retreated to his own room to give vent to his full heart. And now the way was cleared before him, and he proudly threw back the black hair which hung in masses over his broad forehead, and said, I will be something or nothing—I will rise in the world, or—I will not live to be taunted with my fall.

He soon placed himself under the care of the parish minister, a man of polished mind, though unpretending manners, who yet cherished a love for literature and classic lore. He possessed a well furnished library, to which the young scholar had free access, and here while the noble, and the learned of ancient days passed before his mind's eye, he formed that high standard of intellectual and moral excellence, which he ever afterward pursued with unabated action. Here, too, while poring over the songs of the olden bards, was awakened that deep enthusiastic love of the beautiful, and that intense thirst for perfection in his pursuits, which is ever the concomitant of high genius. When his thoughts turned aside from the one purpose to which his highest energies were devoted, he luxuriated in dreams of loveliness such as exist only in the fancy of the poet. But all these imaginings were buried deep in the recesses of his own bosom, for hitherto no kindred spirit had awakened the sympathies of his soul. His books were his world, and he shrunk with the instinctive delicacy of an imaginative and gifted mind from all communion with the uncongenial beings by whom he was surrounded. The preparatory college studies were mastered with a rapidity which astonished his aged teacher, and drew from him many a fond prediction of future eminence. Alas! he knew not that he was thus fanning the flame which was to consume him.

His college life wrought a wonderful change in the silent recluse. He found there those who could understand and sympathize with him; and from the shy, awkward boy he became an intelligent noble looking young man. Yet there was even then a careworn

look, which to a practised eye, told of midnight vigils by the pale light—of hours stolen from needful slumber to explore the exhaustless mines of intellectual wealth, which were then opened to his enraptured gaze. The day when he left his Alma Mater was a proud day for him. He left with the highest honors; and his father and young sister were there to hear the rapturous plaudits which his performance called forth. The old clergyman, who was his earliest teacher, was there, and the applause of others was unheard when the young student saw his face light up with an exulting smile, and then beheld him brush the unbidden tear from his eye. "Were you satisfied with me?" he whispered to the delighted old man as they dispersed among the crowd. "Yes, I was proud of you; but remember my boy, that earthly honors will not purchase a seat in heaven. Don't make fame your idol, and worship it, for you will find it but a faithless friend upon a death bed. "I know it well, my dear Sir, he replied—I will remember your advice, and seek a heavenly treasure—but now—I must press forward—I cannot pause now to think of eternity. When I am established in my profession I shall be satisfied, and then I will follow your kind counsel." Oh, how many a young heart has thus silenced the whispers of conscience, and lulled their souls asleep with the vain hope that the time would come when they should be satisfied with wealth, or fame, or pleasure, and be ready to turn their thoughts toward heaven. Did they but know that it is at Bethesda's fountain alone that the heart can find rest, or the fevered longings of the deathless mind can be allayed, they would not turn scornfully and ungratefully from the voice of heavenly compassion which says *If any man thirst, let him come to me and drink.* * * * * *

The traveler who is passing through Vermont is arrested in his course by the beautiful situation of a little village, on a high swell of land two miles from the Connecticut. In the aspect of the hamlet itself there is nothing remarkable. A few neat quiet looking dwellings are dispersed around a verdant square; while the ample church, which opens its doors as a refuge appointed by heaven to point the weary and the broken hearted to that home where sorrow and sighing shall flee away; and the air of quiet and repose which hang as a broad mantle over the scene, tell that there, if any where on earth, every warring passion in the breast of man should be hushed. It was there that young Ralston fixed his residence, among a people simple indeed in their manners, but possessed of sufficient intelligence to estimate and feel

"The power of thought, the magic of the mind."

They possessed, too, that refinement and delicacy of feeling which results from moral culture. On the Sabbath, every nook, and hill, and valley sent out its inhabitants, and all, from the gray haired patriarch down to the unconscious infant, were assembled in the house of prayer. The purifying and softening influences of public worship were not lost upon that unsophisticated people. Their religious teacher was a man of more than ordinary intellectual power. He was ardently and devotedly pious, and possessed that singleness of mind and energy of purpose which gives unlimited sway over the minds of others. His people had grown up under his teaching—they loved and venerated him as a father. I knew him well, for that quiet hamlet was the residence of my maternal relatives. Often in

my childhood and early youth did I listen to his instructions, and the tones of mingled kindness and severity with which he would reprove the erring and recal the wandering to the path of duty, yet ring in my ear. I remember, too, the intelligence, the acute discriminating mind, and the delicacy of perception which would gleam out like sunbeams through a mist, from beneath the antique garb and the unpolished exterior of many of his parishioners. Perhaps the scenery by which they were surrounded was not without its influence upon their minds and hearts.

They who habitually look upon nature in her loveliness and grandeur, especially if they have been taught to see in the wonders of creation the hand of unerring wisdom united with untiring love, and infinite power, can hardly become enslaved by the base and degrading passions of our nature. The Connecticut flowed beneath them, bordered by meadows which rivaled in beauty and fertility the vale of Tempe; the curtain of mist which hung over it in the morning, was festooned in ten thousand fantastic shapes along the sides of the richly wooded hills, now hiding, now revealing to view, some deep glen or some quiet cottage scene, and lighted up by the rising sun, reflected the gorgeous hues of the rainbow; while far away in the distance, the White Mountains, rising high toward heaven, carried the thoughts to Him who dwelleth in light unapproachable.

Here young Ralston commenced his professional career. There was no rival to obstruct his path, for his superior powers and profound knowledge in his profession, placed him at once far above all competitors in his vicinity. For a time his progress was gradual, and while needful slumber was allowed, and the Sabbath could be to him a day of rest, he bore up against the anxiety which his sensitive mind endured when he felt the lives of others entrusted to his care. He was constant in the house of prayer, and there the overtaken brain, turned to yet higher and nobler themes, could rest from the depressing and exhausting toils of the week. Oh, the Sabbath is indeed one of Heaven's best gifts to man; not less necessary is its holy rest to the cultivated intellect and the polished mind, than to him who eats his bread in the sweat of his brow. Then in the house of worship, in the presence of the great and beneficent Parent of all, the petty rivalries of literary strife are forgotten, the aspirations of ambition are hushed, and the soul feels the nothingness of earthly cares and hopes when placed in competition with the interests of eternity.

But soon with success came an increase of labor and anxiety—labors more exhausting, anxieties more depressing, because the best feelings of his heart, as well as the energies of his mind were all enlisted in the profession he had chosen. And now fame began to breathe its seductive music in his ear. Not in the coarse notes of flattery from which a delicate mind shrinks instinctively, but it came

"Like the perfumes on the wind
Which none may stay or bind"—

In the half-muttered "God bless you" of the mother who clasped again to her bosom her little one, that seemed to her as one raised from the dead—in the respectful look and kindly words of the uncultivated tiller of the soil, a homage whose sincerity could not be questioned—in the eloquent though brief acknowledgments of the richly endowed and polished mind from which

he had lifted the pall of despondency and gloom, cast over the soul by a diseased body; and in the soft though fervent tones of woman's admiration and woman's gratitude which sounded sweet in his ears as his gentle sister's voice. Thus lured onward, he paused not in his career; pressing on, and reaching forward to yet higher distinctions without consciousness that he needed rest. His professional cases and duties absorbed his whole soul. He formed none of those gentle and kindly ties which, by dividing the thoughts and awakening the affections, tend to silence the clamors of ambition, which ever cries "give, give!" No wife welcomed his return to the domestic fireside, no little ones clung fondly around him; a boarding house was his home, and when rest and relaxation were in his power, books were his only resource. But the softening influence of domestic charities were not all his spirit needed. The hallowing influence, the calming as well as exalting hopes of the christian, were strangers to his heart. He drank only of earth's troubled fountains, and though he had not yet found their gall and bitterness, for life's cup still sparkled for him, he drank but to thirst again and again. Some years thus passed away in unremitting labors on his part, rewarded by unrivaled fame within his own circle, and it was not a narrow one.

At this period a young man of brilliant talents and fascinating manners, offered his services as physician in the vicinity of Ralston; and soon after a severe and wide spreading epidemic called for renewed exertions, while, at the same time, it awakened fears that his more showy rival would have it in his power to supplant him. He now knew no repose either of body or mind. The day was spent in administering to the sick—the night in making prescriptions, and consulting his books. He became emaciated, and looked pale and care-worn. His step once firm and vigorous was now at times alternately hurried, or feeble and unsteady; and some, more observant than others, noticed that he often pressed his hand upon his brow, as if thought and recollection cost him a painful effort. These appearances were however only momentary. On the contrary, there was never before a time when his efforts and success were so brilliant. He seemed indeed like a being all soul, all spirit. There was a dazzling brightness in his eye, a quickness and vividness in his perceptions, which inspired both admiration and awe. After a time, a shadow of unutterable gloom would pass for a moment over his countenance, and he began to whisper to the very few friends whom he trusted, of strange fantasies; he hinted of plots formed against him; and wild and groundless suspicions of his younger rival haunted his imagination. His friends knew not what to fear, but listened in silent wonder. At length, after a day of intense exertion, he returned home at a late hour to his lodgings, and entering with a pale and haggard look sunk apparently exhausted in a chair. "There, he has done it at last," he muttered in a low tone, "I have received a violent blow upon the top of my head which knocked me off my horse. How long I lay insensible I know not—Oh! there is such a weight here," he whispered faintly, putting his hand to his head.

His kind hearted hostess administered such simple remedies as her very limited knowledge could supply; but he seemed sinking, wasting—and the powers of his fine mind seemed rapidly decaying. An incident, trifling in itself, first gave his friends to fear that the

spirit which had been like a powerful and sweet toned harp, vibrating at the slightest touch, was now hopelessly unstrung and shattered. It was a lovely evening in June. Supported on the arm of his hostess' son, a young man whose life he had saved, and in whom he felt a deep interest, he was walking in the garden and enjoying the balmy freshness of the evening air. The hour and the scene softened his heart, and removed for a time the guard he habitually placed over the expression of his feelings. He spoke of his early home—of his father's worth, of his mother's kindness, in tones of deep emotion; and when he named his sister, and dwelt on her deep tenderness and love for him, his voice faltered. He then alluded to his own history—to his brilliant success—to the fame he had acquired—but, he continued:

"I have been pursuing a shadow. There has been no rest, no quiet at my heart. If I could but know that peace which beamed in my beloved mother's face, when she returned to us from her sacred hour of secret communion with her God, how gladly would I lay down all—all I have been toiling and struggling for years to obtain. I am like that child," he continued, pointing to a little girl who was forming a bouquet of flowers, "see, she has just grasped a—a"—he paused, and pressed his hand upon his brow—"oh, I cannot remember the name—what is that flower which is surrounded with thorns?"

"A rose?" inquired his companion.

"Yes, yes—a rose; she has just grasped a beautiful rose, but the leaves have all fallen at her touch, and the thorns have wounded her hand. But how strange I could not remember a name so perfectly familiar to my memory. The truth is," he continued in a tone of deep and melancholy foreboding, "I am not, I shall never again be what I have been. I feel that I am prostrated. At times I think little of it—I suppose at such times all my powers are alike inert; but when a part of my mind revives, so that I feel the extent of my weakness and decay, my anguish is such that insensibility is preferable."

This conversation was reported to some of his friends, and alarmed them. At that time Dr. Nathan Smith, whose skill and knowledge gave him a power like intuition, was in the meridian of his fame. A messenger was despatched for him by Ralston's friends, who had no doubt his own impressions were correct, and that he had been injured by a blow upon the head. He came and questioned, and examined the sufferer; and then beckoning the landlady out of the room, asked her of his former habits—of his application—his hours of repose; and his appearance when perplexing cases were under his care.

"I cannot tell you, Doctor," replied the old lady, "how he seemed in other places, but I can tell you, for I shall never forget how he looked and appeared when my dear boy was sick a few weeks since. He is my only child—the hope and stay of my heart since his poor father was laid in the grave. My own doctor was absent when he was taken sick of the violent fever which has laid so many young heads low. With a heavy heart I sent for old Doctor K., but Robert grew worse every hour, and in three days his cure was pronounced hopeless—no more could be done for him. Ah, these were heavy tidings for me! I prayed for submission—prayed that I might be willing to give up my last earthly treasure, and go down to my own grave alone, with no one to wipe the cold death-damps from

my brow. And I thought I was willing—thought I could say from the heart 'Not my will but thine, oh God, be done.' But when I sat down by my boy, and stroked back the curly hair from his pale forehead, and felt that all that I could do was to moisten his parched lips, and listen to his quick low breathing, oh, doctor! my heart swelled and rose, and I thought I should suffocate. I had sat thus by him twelve hours; he had not opened his eyes nor spoken, and I had no hope of again hearing that voice which had been my sweetest music. I was bending over him and listening to his faint breathing, when I heard a well known step. My heart bounded—it was my own dear physician. But when he opened the door a death-like sickness came over me. 'Oh Doctor,' said I, 'you are too late. Had you come yesterday you might have saved him, but he is dying now.' I looked up at him, and he looked so pale, and shrivelled, and weary that I was frightened. 'You are sick yourself,' said I.

"No, no," he replied impatiently; 'what are you doing for Robert?'

"Why, I am only wetting his lips; they told me he must die."

"Die," he replied, in a voice so deep and stern that I started, 'any body would die so. There, take these,' handing me some bitter drugs, 'put them in hot water and bring them to me immediately.'

He then threw off his coat, and began rubbing my boy with something—I forget the name—but I know it is very powerful; this he continued till I brought him the preparation he had ordered. When I returned to the room I was startled at the change in the doctor's appearance. He looked no longer pale and shrunk as before—I cannot tell you what I thought, but it seemed as if the spirit within had changed him to another man. There was no look of weariness, but he stood erect and firm; his face was flushed, and his eyes so bright that I shrunk from his gaze. He now took his station by the bed-side, and with the fingers of one hand pressed upon the pulse of the sufferer, he continued to give him, once in a few moments, what I had prepared for him. For some time there was no change. I felt scarcely a gleam of hope; and there was something so strange in the doctor's appearance, he looked to me so like a bright spirit, that I almost left caring for my boy in wonder and anxiety for him. I at last ventured to urge him to take some refreshment; but he bade me desist in a manner so different from his usual kindness and gentleness toward me, that I was ready to weep afresh.

"My good mother," said he, in a tone which seemed to crave forgiveness for his apparent harshness, 'I can swallow nothing now. I have often,' he continued with a sad smile, 'gone without food twenty-four hours when attending upon my patients, and now when our dear Robert's life hangs by a single hair—'

Just at that moment the sufferer drew a deep sigh, and opening his eyes whispered in a low voice 'dear mother.'

"I was at his bed side in a moment, and oh how my heart beat! But the doctor put his finger on my lip, and motioned me to be silent. Such a glad joyous smile as passed over his countenance for a moment as he looked at me—I shall never forget that look—and then turning his head from me I saw the tears fall drop by drop on the floor. My son is raised from the dead; he is mine again—but he who saved his life"—

"He must die," said Dr. Smith, in a suppressed

voice. "I see plainly how it is; there is no hope, for his own fervid spirit has consumed him. The brain has been over-wrought—*there*, was the only blow he ever received, and he has been in truth his own destroyer."

And it was indeed so, the remainder of his sad story is soon told. He never recovered from that shock. There were indeed occasional gleams of brightness, which served only to render more dreary the mental darkness that had settled down like midnight gloom over that brilliant intellect. There were times when he seemed struggling with the incubus that weighed him down; when he strove to arrest the thoughts which flitted like shadows across his mind, and when he made painful efforts to give expression to emotions that seemed for a moment to be struggling for utterance. But it was all in vain; and in a short time even these momentary efforts ceased. Mind and body wasted gradually and almost imperceptibly away; and before the scene closed he was reduced to almost child-like imbecility. A simple monument in the village burying ground now marks the spot where, at the early age of thirty-two, Edward Ralston was laid in his long last home.

Portland, Maine.

SONG.—WHAT MELODY!

BY ARTHUR MORRELL.

What melody, what melody,
Though angels wake the strain,
Can e'er afford a charm for me,
Till Mary sings again?
At early twilight—blessed hour!
Each moment, ah! how dear—
I hasten to my Mary's bower,
Her song of love to hear.

The robin's merry note of glee,
It joyed me once to hear;
The nightingale's sweet melody
Once pleased my list'ning ear;
But the robin's song, though blithe it be,
And the nightingale's sweet strain,
Are warbled all in vain for me,
Till Mary sings again.

The dulcimer, the mellow flute,
When heard at midnight hour—
The trilling sounds of harp and lute,
O'er me have lost their power.
No melody, no melody,
Though angels wake the strain,
Can e'er afford a charm for me,
Till Mary sings again.

MY DOUBLE;

Or, the Man who is not Colonel Blank.

BY C. F. HOFFMAN.

THERE are some griefs—some sources of serious annoyance, I would say rather—which we can only alleviate by turning into a jest—a jest or a magazine article, which many people consider nearly the same thing. Like most quiet and inoffensive people I am myself the object of one of these whimsical evils, and time and again I have been upon the point of pouring my sorrows into the ear of the pensive and sympathizing public through some similar channel to that I have

here chosen. In fact there must be now among my papers, somewhere, a melancholy lucubration written some ten years since, and bearing the same title as that which I have here adopted. Yes, I have once before made an agonized effort to disburden by bosom of the perilous stuff that weighs upon it. But even as the testament of tears was placed in the hands of the printer an incident so startling, so utterly appalling, came between the shuddering testator and the unconscious devisees, that I withdrew the document in dismay. Reader, a London magazine arrived here on the very day on which my appeal to you had passed into the printer's hands; a magazine which contained an article bearing exactly the same title as this before you, and proving—I don't know what it proved—I *could* read only the title, and I remember only that at the words "my double" I shrunk aghast at the accumulative horrors of having a *QUADRUPLE*!

Well, years have passed away, and I come now more boldly before you, indulgent and sympathetic reader, with the clear revelation of my troubles.

"My troubles!" quoth ye; who is I?"

If you will not call upon me to parse the latter limb of that last sentence I will tell you.

My name is Brown—John Brown—(a distant relation of the Browns of Middlesex and Surrey, England.) I am a square built, tight little fellow, with nothing peculiar about me save what some might deem an excess of that physical characteristic which pre-eminently distinguishes the descendant of the pure Anglo-Saxon from his Norman brother. I have very short legs, very long arms and very red hands at the extremity of the latter. The rareness of this conformation among my American countrymen might indeed attract more attention to my person in New York than in London; still it cannot be said to amount to a deformity, much less to annoy me with any particular consciousness of personal peculiarity. For years I walked the streets with all that happy indifference to surrounding objects which is the rare privilege of the unknown and the unobtrusive, and which I still think, from the freedom that attends it, is worth more than all the attentions and privileges that are accorded to the most favorable notoriety.

I am social, reader, very social—but I like to make my own law of intimacy—to take off the mask of worldliness only when and with whom my individual tastes or the humors of the moment shall determine. We all of us have an *incognito*! for all of us, however dear may be the opinion of some of our fellow-men, (and fellow-women,) we all of us, I say, at the bottom of our hearts have something which we love much better—our individual freedom—our right to move hither and thither among the crowd, bearing no burden of responsibilities save such as attach to every orderly citizen of the mass. In short, to most men of sense I presume the privacy of their *personality* is at least half as dear as the privacy of their souls. A man may be of so frank and candid a humor that it is his delight to fling open the portals of his soul as freely as those of day—may delight so to fling open these portals himself, yet be vastly disquieted when a stranger hand would intrusively raise a window. In short, however women and dandies may wish *digito monstrari*, (to be pointed out with a parasol,) men—or at least thinking men—have enough within to remind them painfully of their individuality, even in a crowd, and that when

they wish most to assimilate unnoticed with objects, emotions and people about them.

Why, oh why hath this delightful impersonality—this invaluable independence of obscurity—why, alas, hath it been reft from me? I never spoke at a "mass meeting"—I never delivered a public lecture—I do not belong to the militia—I never sat at a board of directors—I am not an autioneer, nor yet am I president of any association for doing any possible sort of good to mankind. How lost I my glorious freedom as an abstract quantity, an unnamed unit of "the people?" Who struck the fatal blow at my independence? Who singled me out from the happy multitude of unnotables—stamped me with an ineffaceable impress and sent me forth the walking label and advertisement of another—who?

My Double!

My dear madam, you need not seem so shocked. I mean no allusion to that angel, my wife. Mrs. Brown herself would smile with disdain at your unworthy suspicion.

My double! who is he?—why, you, ma'am, and you, sir, both know him perfectly well; you have both often mistaken me for him; you, fair lady, thanked me in his name for a prayer book I handed across the pew to you at evening church last Sunday; and you, respected mister, looked thundergusts at me one day before the Astor House, because I would not accept a letter to him that a Chicago correspondent had entrusted to your care. My double, ladies and gentlemen, is none other than my prototype—a man whose dapper form fits exactly into my bottle green frock—whose long arms swing over exactly the same number of square inches of Broadway flagging, and whose one red hand (he always carries both gloves in the other,) corruscates in front of the Astor precisely at one o'clock, post meridian, every day in the year. Every one knows him—every one speaks to him—certainly they do—everybody must of course exchange a bow with Colonel Blank of the New York state artillery. Yes, I see now you know to whom I allude. You have known him at concerts, perhaps, or as chairman of a society for ascertaining the condition of popular geographical knowledge at the time when Shakspeare, in his chart of the Winter's Tale, ventured to lay out a sea-port in Bohemia because there were *serfs* upon the borders of that ancient terratime kingdom. You do know Colonel Blank!

Well, (you ask,) and is it such a misfortune to resemble so worthy and popular a character as Colonel Blank?

A misfortune! good heavens, madam, is it no misfortune to be known everywhere and pointed out everywhere as the man who is not Colonel Blank?

It is not, I say, a positive calamity to have people put upon their guard against speaking to you by mistake? to be marked, watched and warned against as a sort of unhappy natural swindler, the counterfeit presentment, the notorious double of another man?—a fellow that goes about as it were in a second-hand body—a form at least so modeled after that of another that nature would seem for the once to have used an old mould in a fit of economy?

It exasperates me that you can't see the mortification of the thing! Don't you see—can you not understand that after all which I have endeavored to convey to you about the love of my own independence and the unobtrusive but strong affection I have for my own

individuality of character—don't you see that this Colonel Blank not only raises the window of my privacy, but having the greater claim of the two to notoriety, stamps me at once as *his* double? Don't you see, in a word, that while from the quietude of my habits not a breathing soul perhaps, save my own wife, will ever speak of him in reference to me as "the man who looks so much like John Brown," curiosity points to me everywhere as "the man who is not Colonel Blank?" Don't you see—my pen quivers with emotion as I write it—do you or do you not see, sir, that I am necessarily therefore nothing more than something pertaining to him—that I am—am *his* double, not *he mine*—in fine, that the possessive pronoun in the title of this article has properly no business there?

Ah, it breaks upon you. You do see it all, and your feelings begin to respond to my appeal to your sympathy.

"What do I mean to do about it?" Why, that is the all-important question! What can I do about it? One thing only is clear to me; I must banish my constitutional dislike to publicity as I best can, and get personal notability or notoriety by any means in my power—my individual privacy is gone for ever, and the great object of my efforts must now be to establish in some way or other an individual identity. I really, at times, am disposed to compromise the matter in any way; to be "The Ginger-bread Man," "The man in the claret-colored coat," be any kind of *mas per se*, rather than the mere shadow of another; "The man who is not Colonel Blank."

'Sdeath, young gentleman, you laugh, but how would you like to be thus designated to your beloved! Her features attracted your gaze at Niblo's; you have twice checked your horse to get a fair look at her form as she galloped by you among the beautiful glades of Greenwood; you were her vis-a-vis in a quadrille at Brighton; you were dying to encircle her waist in a waltz, your friend advanced to ask permission to introduce you. They whisper together—she looks at you—she seems to recognize you. Has she heard your name favorably before? and has she been previously interested by your personal appearance? Stay! she is asking your friend to repeat your name—with what well-bred unconsciousness you try to catch her sweetly murmured comment. "Brown—John Brown, is it—well, I've been dying for years to know that man's name; every one in our set knows of course that he is not Colonel Blank."

'Sdeath, sir, I repeat, would you not feel at once like making "a set"—a world—an atmosphere of your own? Would you not be ready on the instant to plunge into space in search of some planet where no such duplicates of humanity were suffered to exist? You would—I know you would, had you one spark of true manhood about you!

But you, sir, why do you sneer?—you, I mean, "talented" author of "Manure for Radicalism, or the Growth of Jacobinism made Easy." How can you—how dare you, sir, sneer at my sufferings?—you, who with such astute knowledge of the world, and such all embracing love of your fellow-men, have taught the sublime truth that "the mass is everything—the individual nothing;" you, whose bold and energetic mind would consign to priests and old women the stale preachment that "there is more glory in heaven over one soul," &c.—you, who with a pen of fire would marshal us on to "attack and and break down the in-

dividual, but cherish and husband the mass;"—how, I say, how dare you deride my griefs at being taken forcibly from that "mass" and made a man of note—a quasi aristocrat in my own despite—a patrician shadow—a stalking horse to "the Democracie?"—"a man that is not Col. Blank," but so much like him that he would do to Lynch instead!

I well know that I have now no personal rights—that I deserve to have none—that I lost all privilege as a man the instant I ceased to be an integral portion of "the people." I know this, I say, to be a great natural fact—a primordial principle. But in the name of general—not individual freedom—in the name of the genius of UNIVERSAL FREEDOM, I demand to know the right that any one has thus to sever and cut me away from my natural affinities with liberty-breathing obscurity?

"The mass" may indeed, justly, at their will, denounce, detach and ostracise any particular member of their own enlightened body. But "the people" have for wise purposes delegated this extreme power to certain executive officers, chosen from themselves by means so mysterious that when these solemn officers appeal to "their own strong sense of public duty and awful responsibilities of position," we all of us feel that the hand of Providence itself must have had to do with their election; and we feel in our very souls that the same inquisition of "public opinion" through its holy and infallible ministers, clothed in the undefiled vestments of the daily press, is alone competent to this office of moral lynching! The newspapers—not the patricians of the Broadway pavement—the newspapers which, regardless of their own prosperity, always study, "the greatest good of the greatest number"—they alone had the right to single me out from among men—to strip me of all my privileges as one of "the majority" and brand me in the public streets as "*The man who is not Col. Blank.*"

But, alas, it is in vain to rebel against a destiny so peculiar—a destiny more terrible even than that of the ill-starred *Peter Schenck*! He was only robbed of his shadow—I—I have been defrauded of my very self as it were. Yes, cheated out of my personal identity, and made the shadow, the "phantom double" of another—a forged chirograph of humanity, a "copy of an original done by a pupil"—a spoon of "german silver," a plaster cast, an involuntary dagguereotype, a natural imposter who dare not say that his soul is his own!

A YANKEE boy and a Dutch boy went to school to a Yankee school-master, who, according to usage, inquired, "What is your name?" "My name is Aaron." "Spell it." "Great A, little a, r-o-n." "That's a man—take your seat." Next came the Dutch boy. "What's your name?" "My name is Hauns." "Spell it." "Great Hauns, little Hauns, r-o-n." "That's a man—sit down."

A STORY is told of a preacher, who always borrowed a five dollar bill on Saturday night, and returned the identical bill on the Monday following. He was asked by his friend the reason why he borrowed and invariably returned the same bill. "My dear sir," said he, "I can preach a great deal better when I have in my possession a little *worldly independence.*"

LYMAN GRUBBS:

An Autobiography at a Lamp-Post.

BY LAWRENCE LADREE.

LYMAN GRUBBS was a most singular genius—of that species that will *bear watching*. Standing in his shoes, he was about six feet one inch and a half, and not overburdened with flesh. He was not an industrious man—Nature never intended him for work, and his worthy parent, paternally, left him in early life to shift for himself—the sainted spirit of his "anxious mother" had departed while he was but a "puling infant;" consequently he was compelled to labor in the service of a master; (he had apprenticed himself to a button maker—not John Jones, for he might have learned very naughty things;—) but when he was "free"—when he became his own master, (which he did in advance, during a fit of "precipitation," [how convenient, sometimes, are these inverted commas and parentheses to help an author out! of an obscurity,]) when he became his own master, work was with him but a secondary consideration, pleasure and dissipation being first on the role of his duties; consequently, again, he was often "tight;" or "strapped," *Anglice*—"out of brads." The first time I saw him (I learned his history afterward) he was a picturesque ruin—seedy, very seedy. He had on a pair of not-the-cleanest drab pantaloons that fitted very closely his small legs, strapped tightly over boots that were shockingly down at the heel; a rusty black coat buttoned up to the chin; a very high stock, buckled round a very small and long neck; a white hat that had seen better (and whiter) days; a sandy beard of seven days' growth; a monstrous kind of hungry stare, and an attitude of angelic resignation. Poor fellow! how I did want to sketch him; but he was off ere I had time.

The last time I saw him, it was nearly the same picture, but set in a much worse frame. He looked so dismally sad, that I really asked myself if it was possible for anything with an immortal soul to become so degraded. It could not be that he had a solitary friend on the earth—a completely desolate being. It was a night in December. The wind whistled round the corners of the streets, myriads of bright stars twinkled in the heavens, and the cold moon poured her refulgent glory over the sleeping city. Mr. Grubbs was standing on the corner of a street, leaning against a lamp-post. His hat was pulled well over his ears, and his bony hands were thrust deeply into his pockets. The small twigs upon the trees in the park did not tremble in the cold wind more than did unfortunate Lyman Grubbs. I was passing at the time, and hearing a voice, and recognizing Lyman, I was induced to listen. He was in a *blue study*—studying alone, however. I never before knew him to be melancholy or meditative; but the sequel of this may account for it.

"Seems to me," said he, "this is a very cold night; but I s'pose there's no helpin' it, so I must put up with it; but it's nothin' to me—no! As to that matter, the world's as foid naturally, I take it, as a cake of ice; and I dont see no use stoppin' in it any longer. I've seen a good many ups and downs, *that's* a fact; but lately, somehow or nother, it's bin 'nothin' but down, down all the time with me. I've stood on this ere corner a good many nights afore this, but I never felt so miserable like as I do now. I dont pretend to know how it will end; but somehow or 'nother I feel kind o' sartain o' somethin'. It cant be much worse, however, nohow; that's one consolation, I take it.

"The fust time I stood on this ere corner was the night I run away from Master Buttonmould, arter I stole his gold watch. That warn't only ten years ago. It was jest sich a night as this—wery cold—wery. He'd gin me a jawin' that day, or I shouldn't ha' done it. Masters has a good 'eal to answer for, I take it. Cruelty and oppression drives many an honest boy to ruin that might ha' made someth'n; but what's the use of my talkin' now? It's too late. I didn't make hay when the sun shined; and now the sun don't shine. It's a good while past sunset with me; and what makes it worse, it's wery cloudy—wery. I haint got no moon to shine as this ere moon does—no, not so much as a star. I may think myself lucky if there aint no storm a brewin'. I lay my misfort'n all to bein' tempted by that gold watch. Master shouldn't a had a gold watch, I take it; he shouldn't a jawed me, anyhow; that was the fust start. I remember. I come and stood on this 'ere wery corner, and asked myself if I should take the watch back. I was a good mind to; but then I was afeard of gittin' a lickin', and so I didn't. I've got a sperit above bein' licked. Its degradin' human natur' to lick any man; and him as does it is worse than a beast, I take it. Well, while I was thinking what to do, a woman come along. I always loved the sex. I stopp'd her, and we had a chat. I asked her where she lived, and she asked me where I lived. She told me she kept a boardin' house; I told her I hadn't got none. She perposed to board me. I made a bargain—the gold watch for three months' board. I went right away with her, and when we got to her house, she stuck me up in the attic. I heard strange noises that night. Next mornin' I found it was a strange sort of a boardin' house; but I soon got kind o' reconciled. Howsomer, fore a week was over, there was a reg'lar row. Of course I was in it—it was 'fore-ordained I should be; so I got kicked into the street, and what's worse, had someth'n wery unpleasant thrown right into my face. I didn't like that a bit, so I darned 'em right up, and cleared out. Since that time my fort'n's bin wery warygated—wery, I take it. So the watch turned out a bad speculation—I lost on it; and I wished I hadn't ha' stole it, jest to spite the boardin' house woman. A funny circumstance happened next day, though; but it come wery nigh makin' a melancholy endin' of me. Somehow or 'nother when I think on it now, I kind o' wish it had.

"You see, I met some old friends, and they asked me to go sailin' with 'em down the bay. I was kind o' feard of water all the time, for I never liked it much; but I knowed if I told 'em so, they'd laugh at me; so I went. Noth'n wery partic'lar happened till we started to come home, when a white squall, or a black squall, or some squall or 'nother, tipped us all into the water. I don't know exactly how it was done, but I never seed nothin' of my friends arter that. Fust I knowed, I found myself upon the deck of an oyster-boat, and a dirty old chap tryin' to pour some suspicious brandy down my throat. I thought it better to rewive than take the brandy, so I jump'd up. At that they all laughed out; so I sprung ashore, and made myself scarce as soon as possible. That wery night I stood by this wery identical lamp-post, and thought seriously upon the wariuous wicissitudes of human life, and on jinin' the Moral Reform Society.

"Now, was I to call my life a meller drammer, this 'ud be the end o' the fust act, calculatin' on the fillin' in

of the low comedy parts. I wish, somehow, that the green curtin had dropped on it. I wish I was a nigger. I don't b'lieve they care so much what 'comes on 'em as white folks does. They aint naturally so 'feard o' nothin'. But, nigger or no nigger, its time to begin the second act—and that's a'scrouger, or I aint no judge o' nothin'.

"Well, now, let's ring up the curtain for the second act.

"Arter my naughty-call experiment, I found cily life precar'ous—wery; so I cruises into the country, or out of the country, for I went to Jersey. I got along pooty well for some time, seein' as how I was among the natives, but I soon got so I knowed some on 'em right well, 'ticularly the gender fair sex. Sometimes I wonder how I did git along; but then I come to New York once in a while; and sometimes I poked over a green 'un; besides, I had a little joker what was friendly to me sometimes, arter a fashion.

"Well, bimeby I fell in love. I've seen the day when my heart was wery susceptible, 'ticularly to female loveliness. The object of my ardency was a little Dutch built gal, plump as a punskin, and twice as large, and she could love more natural-like and stronger 'n any gal what I ever did know. To cut a long story short—for 'ts gittin wery cold, wery—the day was fixed for our weddin'. Here was a fix, for the old folks was in a mighty hurry. What didn't make it wery disagreeable on my part, the old 'un had plenty of tin. Well, I wanted some little things to make my outward man look someth'n like. I didn't wish to be troublesome. Howsomer, I helped myself to what was wantin', in my own way, and didn't ask no questions. There's where the mistake laid. Some people what was wery 'ficious—p'rhaps they was jealous—said if I'd do so and so, they shouldn't wonder if I'd steal if I got a chance. I wouldn't ha' minded it had I bin in New York, 'cause I could ha' got off there in a way I knows on; us chaps allers has plenty o' sympathizing friends round the Tombs, in the shape of nasty, contaminatin', ignorant, low-bred, onnat'ralized, make-b'lieve lawyers—fellers and hangers on what's too darn'd lazy to work for a livin', and too mean and cowardly to be decent or respectable thieves—these 'ere chaps are allers ready with their straw bail, as it's called, if they can make a red cent out of a wictim. They know how its done. But country judges never knows nothin'; so I was put in an old jail to keep from spillin'. I dont know what my pertended said when she hearn tell on it, but they said it had an effect on her. Poor critter! I was sorry; but I wouldn't ha' cared so much, though, if I could only got a holt on some of the rino. But a jail couldn't keep me long; I was bound to be spilt. Ha, ha!—oh, how wery, wery cold it is! It was an old rack of a thing, that jail, and by a geed 'eal of perseverance, I made out to escape from the second story winder by jumpin' to the ground. The noise started somebody as had no business to be awake, and I run and they run arter me. Shakspeare says everybody as runs the swiftest dont go the fastest; it was jest so with me. I hadn't run fur, when ker-slosh I went right into a muddy ditch. 'That's the time I got you, my beauty,' sings out the feller what was comin' arter me, as he jumped forerd to catch me. 'No! you knows on,' says I, as I slung a han'full of mud right slap in his eyes. Then I laff'd right out, and afore he could git the mud out of his eyes, I was strepkin' through the tall grass like a white-head. Self-defence, I takes it,

is kind o' natural, but I hope the feller didn't lose his eye-sight. Jersey mud is terrible nasty stuff, any how, 'ticularly in the eyes.

"The curtin may as well come down agin here, I take it, makin' a tablax of the ditch, though this ere is a short act. There's a good many things cowed into it, though. It took me a good while to play it. U-ugh! u-u-ugh! It's wery cold—wery chilly! I wonder that the corporation don't provide some way to keep folks from freezin'. It would be wery comfortable—wery acceptable, and they wouldn't miss it. They don't mind spendin' money Fourth of July for fire-works. I wish they'd keep their fire-works for winter—or the money they cost. Oh! how many wretched critters it would keep from freezin'. Freezin' is a terrible death!—to be so cold! Oh! I wouldn't like to die such a death!—it wouldn't be natural; besides, folk's dont pity you—they say you died so easy! Oh! they dont know, sittin by their comfortable fires. But folks is ignorant and unfeelin' now to what they used to be. I dont think I'd be so—I know I aint naturally hard-hearted. Oh! how chilly the wind blows! I s'pose I must stand here and freeze, for I dont know what to do nor where to go. I've bin turned out doors three or four times to night, and I haint got the heart to try agin. U-u-ugh! u-u-ugh! it is wery—wery cold! Zero must be at the freezin' pint. But I s'pose I must go on with another act—the third—the last. Maybe it'll warm me. It oughter; there's a good 'eal of blue fire in it.

"Well, Fate would have me throw myself in the city agin—I couldn't help that, you know. I've hearn say it was a good thing to have friends. I dont know that. They never did me no good. They was allers takin' the "benefit" of my acts. Well, it was night when I come into the city, and I comed right to this 'ere wery identical lamp-post to cogitate upon what was to be done. Howsomever, I hadn't ha' bin here long 'fore 'long come Sam Bevins—I shall allers remember Sam, 'cause he lick'd me once. 'Hullo!' says Sam. 'Hullo yourself!' says I. 'Whar ye go'n'?' says Sam. 'Nowhere in p'tic'lar,' says I. 'What'er'y up to?' says Sam. 'Nothin'.' says I. So he told me of a plan to rob a store. I jined in in right down airneast, 'cause I had the shorts most awfully; besides, I knowed I shouldnt lose nothin' if I got nabbed. So I went along. We got into the store, sto'd an old coat, a pair of trowsees, a hat, a few pennies and a counterfeit dollar bill. We didn't take none of the goods, 'cause they was all iron—we didn't know that afore, though; but mistakes will happen sometimes, that's a fact. Well, we'd got along pooty slick so fur, but jest as we was comin' out, I was laid holt on by a stupid leather-head, whose grip warn't none o' the tenderest. 'So my covy, I've got you now;' and he fetch'd me a swat over the head that made me think I heerd the bells ringin' for fire! Sam he run'd away, and as he run'd away he laff'd. I didn't take the joke; but I thought, somehow or 'nother, that I seed Sam put his thumb on his nose, and sling out: 'O Lime! what a green un!' I couldn't help that, you know. I hadn't done nothin' mean. I never done but one mean act—that was to steal five dollars to go the 'Boz Ball,' but then I got an introduction to Boz, and danced with Missis Boz; but I didn't ask him to take nothin', and so I s'pose he didn't like it; that's why he wrote his book, I haint a doubt—it stuck in his crop, so. However, they say he was mighty perlit to the servants and

niggers—'specially niggers—and carried away their good will. It's expected, *when* he gits money enough, if he dont love the 'almighty dollar' too much, that he will purchase freedom for all the slaves of the south! I haint got no faith in it, though. It's all wery well in its place—wery. I've hearn that he's bin sick ever sence he's bin home, and that he's bin throwin' up terribly. I never seed much manners in him, nohow. That's nothin', though. You can't take folks from the kitchen and put 'em into the pailor, and expect 'em to act like somebody. You can't come to me and tell me what's what.

"Well, fort'nately, the result of the buglery was to be sent up. I didn't care so much about the sendin' up part; it was the disgrace of the thing what I look'd at. But I served my time out like a reg'lar, and no mistake. When the state couldn't afford to keep me no longer, I was let loose agin on society, as they calls it. So down I come to New York, for I know'd there warn't no other place where I would stand a chance to git a livin' in. But warn't I surprized when I got here, though? Ruther, I takes it. Folks didn't seem to notice the ewent at all. There warn't no turn out no where, nor no guns fired when I arrived. I expected they would ha' fired, for I allers understood it was a way they had, and I didn't like to be disappointed, for I made great calculations on it—it kind o' s'ported me, like, through my grievous confinement. I understood arterwards, though, that the thing was proposed in the Common Council, and would ha' bin carried, but for a foolish old alderman, what had more patriotism than brains, who said,

"If a gun was fired on sich a disgraceful occashin, he'd be d—d if it should ever be fired agin on a Fourth of July—he'd have it thrown off the dock, fust!"

"What a blasphemous idee! I shouldn't wonder if that 'ere man was made mare, yit, for the people are jest darn'd fools enough.

"Well, folks by this time begun to notice me more. I use' to see my name in the papers; so bein' nat'rally modest, I made up my mind to retire into obscurity, for bein' the author of many things what some folks said warn't no credit to me! I didn't like to put myself in the way of its bein' made a 'personal matter' on; so to make my obscurity sart'n, I raised a fierce pair of nasty lookin' moustaches—for they is nasty, and no decent person won't wear 'em. I lost character by 'em, I take it. I hadn't no sooner got a plenty of hair on my upper lip, than every body kind o' seemed to cross over when I went along, and a kind of a sort of a feel-all-over-their-pockets like expression about 'em. However, I lart one thing about moustaches—a man what what wares 'em was never known in this city to have his pockets pick'd, 'cause why?—gentlemen as does that business never has time to throw away on nothin'. One thing, though—I haint comed down to be a beggar, yit. I despises a beggar—I'm above that, anyhow. I allers got my livin' without askin' for it. I'd die before I'd stoop to beggin'.

"Arter I come down from Sing Sing, I got along pooty well for a time. But lately—that's the picter I don't like to look on. Fust in the watch-house, next in the Tombs—I like to ha' got et up in the Tombs by the rats—next agin on the Island. Its all the one to me, though. It dont make no great difference where I am. I aint proud—'taint in the family to be stuck up 'bout nothin'. I've seen my day, though. I've run the gauntlet. I haint got no more capital—I'm broke. I'm

actu'ly suff'rin'. My heart is broke, too, I know—
'heart and pocket broke together, long time ago.' I
haint got no heart to do noth'n' no more. I'm freezin',
too—and haint got no where to go—turned out of eve-
rywhere—and I daresn't pray, 'nother; it wouldn't
seem nat'ral like in me—besides, I don't know as I'd
know how. I doubts if I has any soul to pray for. It's
cold—it's wery cold. If I could git someth'n' to drink
it might do me good; but it's no use wishin'—it wont
come no sooner for it. I b'lieve I'm goin' to die here
—might as well die when I can't run no longer. It's
cowardly, though, when I can't help myself. I'll will
body to the corporation to pay the expense of berrin'
me. Maybe, though, they wont take me out of the
street—they might as well let me stay with the rest of
the rubbish—cats and dogs—'twould save trouble, per-
haps. They wont take me up for dyin' in the streets,
'taint likely; so I aint afraid. If I had some brandy
—oh, if I had some brandy! Hark! I hear a singin'
noise—and my head feels so big! My heart—my
heart—oh! how it pains me! What is the matter
with me?—I feel so! How dark it is gittin'—I am
numb—I am fallin'! O God! what is the matter?—
what!—what! Am I dyin'? No!—no!—don't let
me die!—I can't die—not yet! I'm afraid—I aint
ready—not yet! What do I see? Oh, what shapes
—what horrid things! No!—no!—have mercy—mer-
cy—mer—

Did the angel come? The spirit had fled. The de-
based form had fallen to the earth. The "green cur-
tain" had dropped on the last act of the sad drama of
the life of Lyman Grubbs. Dare we hope? If so,
may we not hope that the last agonizing cry for mercy
which echoed from the dying wretch's lips may have
wiped out years of transgression? Oh, melancholy is
the fall of such!

It is a poor rule that wont work both ways. In the
last week's ROVER we had a spirited poem, address-
ed "to a sea-bird on shore." As a pleasant contrast
to that, we give this week "the land-bird at sea," by
Mrs. Sigourney.

TO A LAND-BIRD AT SEA.

BY LIDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

BIRD of the land! what dost thou here?
Lone wanderer o'er a trackless bound,
With naught but frowning skies above,
And cold, unfathom'd seas around;

Among the shrouds, with heaving breast
And drooping head, I see thee stand,
And pleased the coarsest sailor climbs,
To clasp thee in his roughen'd hand.

And did'st thou follow, league on league,
Our pointed mast, thine only guide,
When but a floating speck it seem'd
On the broad bosom of the tide?

On far Newfoundland's misty bank,
Had'st thou a nest, and nurrlings fair?
Or mid New England's forests hoar?
Speak! speak! what tidings dost thou bear?

What news from native shore and home?
Swift courier o'er the threatening tide?
Hast thou no folded scroll of love
Prest closely to thy panting side?

A bird of genius art thou? say!
With impulse high thy spirit stirr'd
Some region unexplored to gain,
And soar above the common herd?

Burns in thy breast some kindling spark
Like that which fired the glowing mind
Of the adventurous Genoese,
An undiscovered world to find?

Whate'er thou wert, how sad thy fate
With wasted strength the goal to spy,
Cling feebly to the flapping sail,
And at a stranger's feet to die.

Yet, from thy thin and bloodless beak,
Methinks a warning sigh doth creep—
To those who leave their sheltering home,
And lightly dare the dangerous deep.

THE PRIVATEER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CRUISING IN THE LAST WAR,"
THE "REEFER OF '76," ETC.

I REMAINED but a short time in the Arrow after we
sailed finally from the port of —; for happening to
fall in with and capture a rakish little schooner, Cap-
tain Smyth resolved to arm and send her forth to cruise
against the enemy on her own account. A long Tom
was accordingly mounted on a pivot amid-ships, a
complement of men placed in her, and the command
given to our second lieutenant, with myself for subor-
dinate. Thus equipped, we parted company from our
consort, who bore away for the north, while we were
to cruise in the Windward Passage.

For several days we met with no adventure. The
weather was intensely sultry. He who has never wit-
nessed a noontide calm on a tropical sea, can have no
idea of the stifling heat of such a situation. The sea
is like molten brass; no breath of air is stirring; the
atmosphere is dry and parched in the mouth, and the
heavens hang over all their canopy of lurid fire, in the
very centre of which burns with intense fierceness the
meridian sun. The decks, the cabin, and the tops are
alike stifling. The awnings may indeed afford a par-
tial shelter from the vertical rays of the sun, but no
breeze can be wooed down the eager windsail; while,
wherever a stray beam steals to the deck through an
opening in the canvas, the turpentine oozes out and
bolls in the heat, and the planks become as intolerable
to the tread as if a furnace were beneath them.

I was on one of the hottest days of the season, and
about a fortnight after we parted from the Arrow, that
we lay thus becalmed. The hour was high noon. I
stood panting for breath by the weather railing, dress-
ed in a thin jacket and without a cravat, feverishly
looking out across the ocean to discern, if possible, a
mist or a cloud, or other evidence of an approaching
breeze. My watch was in vain. There was no ripple
on the deep, but a long monotonous undulation heaved
the surface of the water, which glittered far and near
like a mirror in which the sun is reflected vertically,
paining and almost blinding the gaze. The schooner
lay motionless on the ocean, the shadow of her boom
shivering in the wave, as the swell undulated along.
Silence reigned on the decks. To a spectator at a dis-
tance, who could have beheld our motionless shadow
in the water, we would have seemed an enchanted
ship, hanging midway betwixt the sea and sky.

Noon passed, and the afternoon drew heavily along,

yet still no breeze arose to gladden our listless spirits. Two bells struck, and then three, but the same monotony continued. Wearied out at length I was about turning from the weather quarter to go below, when I fancied I saw a sail far down on the horizon. I paused and looked intently in the direction where the welcome sight had been visible. For a moment the glare of the sun and the water prevented me from distinguishing with any accuracy whether what I saw was really a sail or not, but at length my doubts were removed by the cry of the look-out on the fore-castle, and before half an hour it became evident that the vessel to the windward was a square-rigged craft, but of what size or character it was impossible to determine.

"They must have had a puff of wind up yonder," remarked the second lieutenant to me, "or else they could not have come within sight so rapidly."

"But the breeze has left them ere this," I said, "for they have not moved for the last quarter of an hour."

"We shall probably know nothing more of them until nightfall, for the wind will scarcely make before sunset, even if it does then. He has the weather gauge. Until I know something more of him, I would rather change positions."

"He is some fat merchantman," I replied; "we will lighten his plethoric pocket before morning."

During the afternoon the calm continued, our craft and the stray sail occupying their relative positions. Meantime, innumerable were the conjectures which we hazarded as to the character of our neighbor; and again and again were our glasses put in requisition to see if anything could be discovered to decide our conflicting opinions. But the royals of a ship, when nothing else of her is visible, give scarcely any clue as to her character; and accordingly hour after hour passed away, and we were still altogether ignorant respecting the flag and strength of our neighbor. Toward sunset however, signs of a coming breeze began to appear on the seaboard, and when the luminary wheeled his disc down the western line of the horizon, the sea to the windward was perceptibly ruffled.

"Ah! there it comes at last," said the second lieutenant; "and by my halidome, the stranger is standing for us. Now, if he will only keep in his present mind until we can get within range of him, I am no officer of the United Colonies if I do not give him some hot work. By St. George, the men have had so little to do of late, and they long so eagerly to whet their palates, that I would venture to attack almost twice our force—eh! Cavendish! You have had such a dare-devil brush with the bucaniers lately that I suppose you think no common enemy is worth a thought."

"Not altogether," said I; "but I think we shall have our wish gratified. Yonder chap is certainly twice our size, and he carries his topsails as jauntily as a man-of-war."

"Faith! and you're right, Harry," said my old messmate, as he shut the glass with a jerk, after having, in consequence of my last remark, taken a long look at the strange sail, "that's no sleepy merchantman to windward. But we'll ewagger up to him, nevertheless; one doesn't like to run away from the first ship one meets."

I could not help smiling when I thought of the excuses with which the lieutenant was endeavoring to justify to himself his contemplated attack on a craft that was not only more than twice our size, but apparently an armed cruiser, for I knew the case would

have been the same if this had been the hundredth, instead of the first vessel he had met after assuming a separate command, as no man in the corvette had been more notorious for the recklessness with which he invited danger. Perhaps this was the fault of his character. I really believe that he would, if dared to it, have run into Portsmouth itself, and fired the British fleet at anchor. In our former days, when we had been fellow officers on board the Arrow, we had often differed on this trait in his character, and perhaps now he felt called on, from a consciousness of my opinion, to make some excuse to me for his disregard of prudence in approaching the stranger; for, as soon as the breeze had made, he had close-hauled the schooner, and, during the conversation I have recorded, we were dashing rapidly up toward the approaching ship.

As we drew nearer to the stranger, my worst suspicions became realized. Her courses loomed up large and ominous, and directly her hammock nettings appeared, and then her ports opened to our view, six on a side; while, almost instantaneously with our discovery of her force, a roll of bunting shot up to her gaff, and, unrolling, disclosed the cross of St. George. There was now no escape. The enemy had the weather gauge, and was almost within closing distance. However prudent a more wary approach might have been hitherto, there was no longer any reason for the exercise of caution. It would be impossible for us now to avoid a combat, or to get to windward by any manœuvre; and to have attempted to escape by going off before the wind would have been madness, since of all points of sailing, that was the worst for our little craft. Gloomy, therefore, as the prospect appeared for us, there was no hesitation, but each man, as the drum called us to quarters, hurried to his post with as much alacrity as if we were about to engage an inferior force, instead of one so overwhelmingly our superior.

The moon had by this time risen and was calmly sailing on, far up in the blue ether, silvering the deep with her gentle radiance, and showering a flood of sparkles on every billowy crest that rolled up and shivered in her light. Everywhere objects were discernible with as much distinctness as under the noon-day sun. The breeze sang through our rigging with a joyous sound, singularly pleasing after the silence and monotony of the day; and the waves that parted beneath our cutwater rolled glittering astern along our sides, while ever and anon some billow, larger than its fellows, broke over the bow, sending its foam crackling back to the foremast. Around the deck our men were gathered, each one beside his allotted gun, silently awaiting the moment of attack. The cutlasses had been served out; the boarding pikes and muskets were placed convenient for use; the balls had already been brought on deck; and we only waited for some demonstration on the part of the foe to open our magazine and commence the combat in earnest. At length, when we were rapidly closing with him, the enemy yawed, and directly a shot whistled high over us.

"Too lofty by far, old jackanapes," said the captain of our long Tom, "we'll pepper you after a different fashion when it comes to our turn to serve out the iron potatoes. Ah! the skipper's tired of being silent," he continued, as Mr. Vinton ordered the old veteran to discharge his favorite piece, "we'll soon see who can play at chuck-farthing the best, my hearty. Rowse away, boys, with that rammer—now we have her in a line—a little lower, just a trifle more—that's it—there

she goes;" and as he applied the match, the flame streamed from the mouth of the gun, a sharp, quick report followed, and the smoke, clinging a moment around the piece in a white mass, broke into fragments and eddied away to leeward on the gale; while the old veteran, stepping hastily aside, placed his hand over his eyes, and gazed after the shot, with an expression of intense curiosity stamped on every feature of his face. Directly an exulting smile broke over his countenance, as the fore-top-sail of the ship fell—the ball having hit the yard.

"By the holy and thrue cross," said a mercurial Irishman of the old veteran's crew, "but he has it there—hurrah! Give it to him nately again—it's the early thrush that catches the early worm."

"Home with the ball there, my hearties," sung out the elated veteran, "she is yawing to let drive at us—there it comes. Give her as good as she sends."

The enemy was still, however, at too great a distance to render her fire dangerous, and after a third shot had been exchanged betwixt us—for the stranger appeared to have, like ourselves, but a single long gun of any weight—this distant and uncertain firing ceased, and both craft drew steadily toward each other, determined to fight the combat, as a gallant combat should be fought, yard arm to yard arm.

The wind had now freshened considerably, and we made our way through the water at the rate of six knots an hour. This soon brought us on the bows of the foe. Our guns, meanwhile, had been hastily shifted from the starboard to the larboard side, so that our whole armament could be brought to bear at once on the ship. As we drew up toward the enemy a profound silence reigned on our deck—each man, as he stood at his gun, watching her with curious interest. We could see that her decks were well filled with defenders, and that marksmen had been posted in the tops to pick off our crew. But no eye quailed, no nerve flinched, as we looked on this formidable array. We felt that there was nothing left for us but to fight, since flight was alike dishonorable and impossible.

At length we were within pistol shot of the foe, and drawing close on to his bows. The critical moment had come. That indefinable feeling which even a brave man will feel when about engaging in a mortal combat, shot through our frame as we saw that our bowsprit was overlapping that of the enemy, and knew that in another minute some of us would perhaps be in another world. But there was little time for such reflections now. The two vessels, each going on a different tack, rapidly shot by each other, and, in less time than I have taken to describe it, we lay broadside to broadside, with our bows on the stern of the foe, and our taffereel opposite his foremast. Until now not a word had been spoken on board either ship; but the moment the command to fire was passed from gun to gun, a sheet of flame instantaneously rolled along our sides, making our light craft quiver in every timber. The rending of timbers, the crash of spars, and the shrieks of the wounded, heard over even the battle, told us that the iron missiles had sped home, bearing destruction with them. A momentary pause ensued, as if the crew of the enemy had been thrown into a temporary disorder—but the delay was only that of a second or two—and then came in return the broadside of the foe. But this momentary disorder had injured the aim of the Englishman, and most of his balls passed overhead, doing considerable injury however to the

rigging. Our men had laid flat on the deck after our discharge, since our low bulwarks afforded scarcely any protection against the fire of the enemy, and when, therefore, his broadside came hurdling upon us, the number of our wounded was far less than under other circumstances would have been possible.

"Thank God! the first broadside is over," I involuntarily exclaimed, "and we have the best of it."

"Huzza! we'll whip him yet, my hearties," shouted the captain of our long Tom; "give it to him, with a will now—pepper his supper well for him. Old Marblehead, after all, against the world!"

With the word our men sprang up from the decks, and waving their arms on high, gave vent to an enthusiastic shout ere they commenced re-loading their guns. The enemy replied with a cheer, but it was less hearty than that of our own men. Little time, however, was lost on either side in these bravadoes; for all were alike conscious that victory hung, as yet, trembling in the scales.

"Out with her—aye! there she has it," shouted a grim veteran in my division, "down with the rascally Britisher."

"Huzza for St. George," came hoarsely back in reply, as the roar of the gun died on the air, and, at the words, a ball whizzed over my shoulders, and striking a poor fellow behind me on the neck, cut the head off at the shoulders, and while it bored the skull with it in its flight, left the headless trunk spouting its blood, as if from the jet of an engine, over the decks. I turned away sickened from the sight. The messmates of the murdered man saw the horrid sight, but they said nothing, although the terrible energy with which they jerked out the gun, told the fierceness of their revengeful feelings. Well did their ball do its mission; for as the smoke eddied momentarily away from the decks of the enemy, I saw the missile dismount the gun which had fired the last deadly shot, scattering the fragments wildly about, while the appalling shrieks which followed the accident told that more than one of the foe had suffered by that fatal ball.

"We've revenged poor Jack, my lads," said the captain of the gun—"away with her again. A few more such shots and the day's our own."

The combat was now at its height. Each man of our crew worked as if conscious that victory hung on his own arm, nor did the enemy appear to be less determined to win the day. The guns on either side were plied with fearful rapidity and precision. Our craft was beginning to be dreadfully cut up, we had received a shot in the foremast that threatened momentarily to bring it down, and at every discharge of the enemy's guns one or more of our little crew fell wounded at his post. But if we suffered so severely it was evident that we had our revenge on the foe. Already his mizzen mast had gone by the board, and two of his guns were dismounted. I fancied once or twice that his fire slackened, but the dense canopy of smoke that shrouded his decks and hung on the face of the water, prevented me from observing with any certainty, the full extent of the damage we had done to the enemy.

For some minutes longer the conflict continued with unabated vigor on the part of our crew; but at the end of that period the fire of the Englishman sensibly slackened. I could scarcely believe that our success had been so decisive, but, in a few minutes longer, the guns of the enemy were altogether silenced, and di-

no little reputation, and while we remained in port we were lionized to our hearts' content.

Eager, however, to continue the career so gloriously begun, we staid at Charleston no longer than was absolutely necessary to repair our damages. In less than a fortnight we left the harbor, and made sail again for the south.

CHILDHOOD AND HIS VISITORS.

Once on a time when sunny May
Was kissing at the April showers,
I saw fair childhood hard at play
Upon a bank of blushing flowers;
Happy—he knew not whence or how;
And smiling—who could choose but love him?
For not more glad than Childhood's brow,
Was the blue heaven that breathed above him.

Old Time, in most appalling wrath,
That valley's green repose invaded;
The brooks grew dry upon his path,
The birds grew mute, the lilies faded,
But Time so swiftly winged his flight
In haste a Grecian tomb to batter,
That Childhood watched his paper kite,
And knew just nothing of the matter.

With curling lip and glancing eye,
Guilt gazed upon the scene a minute,
But Childhood's glance of purity,
Had such a holy spell within it,
That the dark demon to the air
Spread forth again his baffled pinion,
And hid his envy and despair,
Self-tortured in his own dominion.

Then stepped a gloomy phantom up,
Pale, cypress-crowned, Night's awful daughter,
And proffered him a fearful cup,
Full to the brim of bitter water;
Poor Childhood bade her tell her name,
And when the beldame muttered "Sorrow,"
He said—"Don't interrupt my game,
I'll taste it, if I must, to-morrow."

The muse of Pindus hither came,
And wooed him with the softest numbers
That ever scattered wealth and fame
Upon a youthful poet's slumbers;
Though sweet the music of the lay,
To Childhood it was all a riddle,
And, "Oh," he cried, "do send away
That noisy woman with the fiddle."

Then Wisdom stole his bat and ball,
And taught him, with most sage endeavor,
Why bubbles rise, and acorns fall,
And why no toy may last forever;
She talked of all the wondrous laws
Which Nature's open book discloses,
And Childhood, ere she made a pause,
Was fast asleep among the roses.

Sleep on, sleep on!—Oh! manhood's dreams
Are all of earthly pain or pleasure,
Of Glory's toils, Ambition's schemes,
Of cherished love, or hoarded treasure;

But to the couch where Childhood lies
A more delicious trance is given,
Lit up by rays from seraph's eyes,
And glimpses of remembered heaven!

THE ROVER OMNIBUS.

CONTRIBUTORS TO THE ROVER.

WHILE we have the satisfaction of counting among our contributors some of the best writers of established reputation in the country, it is with equal pleasure that we find we are drawing around us a new set of writers, many of whom write exclusively for our pages, and some of whom will yet write their names high on the scroll of fame. If our little bark continues to be wafted onward with the favoring breath of public opinion, we trust the day is not very far distant, when the ROVER will be especially noted for the beauty and originality of its pictorial embellishments, and the richness and variety of its original literature. We are no boasters on our own account, but we know too well what manner of stuff our contributors are made of, not to speak with some boldness on their behalf.

Among the original articles in the present number of the Rover, the New England Physician, by Mrs. Lucy K. Wells, is a graphic and interesting description from real life. The poetry of Ernest Helfenstein is full of strong and deep thought, and Morrell's is marked for its liquid flow of versification.

Communications from Hiram Benson Shortfellow, W. P. N. and others, too numerous to mention, are on hand and will be attended to in due time.

P. S. Perceiving there is a slight stagnation in the cheap literature business about these days, we hope our friend Major Jack Downing will find breathing time enough to write us soon, and at some length. And we also take this occasion to present our compliments to cousin Nabby, thanking her for her poetical description of the Rhinoceros in the twenty fifth number of the last volume of the Rover, and solicit a continuance of her favors. Uncle Joshua is very kind, and merits our hearty thanks for franking these communications to us from Downingville. We consider it no sin against the post office law, till Congress complies with the reasonable request of the people to reduce the postage.

THE HUTCHINSON FAMILY, the minstrels from the granite state, gave their farewell concert in this city at the Tabernacle in Broadway, on Thursday evening of last week. Every part of that capacious edifice was thronged, and the performances were received with great applause. Music seems to be the most saleable commodity in market these days. It is having a run almost equal to cheap literature.

COUNTRY EXCHANGE PAPERS.—Editors with whom we have exchanged for the past year, as well as others in all parts of the country, who will advertise the title, terms &c., of the ROVER, as borne on the first page of the cover, and occasionally notice the work editorially, will be entitled to an exchange for the year which commenced with the last week's number.

BACK NUMBERS.—Full sets of the ROVER from its commencement can still be obtained of the publishers, either in single numbers or bound volumes.

We find the following very beautiful little poem in the London Illuminated Magazine.

MY PHILOSOPHY.

Bright things can never die,
E'en though they fade—
Beauty and minstrelsy
Deathless were made.
What though the summer day
Passes at eve away,
Doth not the moon's soft ray
Silence the night?—
"Bright things can never die,"
Saith my philosophy,—
Phœbus, though he pass by,
Leaves us his light.

Kind words can never die—
Spoken in jest,
God knows how deep they lie
Stored in the breast;
Like childhood's simple rhymes,
Said o'er a thousand times,
Aye—in all years and climes,
Distant and near.
"Kind words can never die,"
Saith my philosophy—
Deep in the soul they lie,
God knows how dear.

Childhood can never die—
Wrecks of the past
Float on the memory
E'en to the last.
Many a happy thing—
Many a daisied Spring,
Flown on Time's ceaseless wing
Far, far away.
"Childhood can never die,"
Saith my philosophy—
Wrecks of our infancy
Live on for aye.

Sweet fancies never die—
They leave behind
Some fairy legacy
Stored in the mind—
Some happy thought or dream,
Pure as day's earliest beam
Kissing the gentle stream,
In the lone glade.
Yet though these things pass by,
Saith my philosophy—
"Bright things can never die,
E'en though they fade." C. H. H.

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INSCRIPTION ON THE TOMB OF NAPOLEON.—The following record of events in the life of the Emperor is inscribed on the socle of his tomb at the Invalides:

"Born on the 15th of August 1769; captain of a squadron of artillery at the siege of Toulon, in 1793, at the age of 24; commander of artillery, in Italy, in 1794, at 25; general in chief of the army in Italy, 1796, at 27; general in chief of the expedition of Egypt, in 1798, at 29; first consul, in 1799, at 30; consul for life after the battle of Marengo, in 1800, at 31; emperor of the French in 1804, at 35; abdicated the throne after the battle of Waterloo, June 1815, at 46; died in exile at St. Helena, May 5, at 52."

THE MYSTIC LAMP.

BY ERNEST HELFENSTEIN.

"At the same time was discovered an ancient cave, wherein was found one of those lamps, that cannot be put out, and burns continually without any addition of oil, by an invention that is lost." [PROPHECIES OF NOSTRADAMUS, 1555.]

WILDEST dreams of love and rapture,  
Wildest dreams upon me throng—  
But my lips are sealed to silence,  
Save I utter them in song.

Silent thou—not forgetting!  
Unto whom my spirit turns—  
Distance may not, Time, nor Absence,  
Quench the love with which it burns.

Sages tell of magic torches,  
Kindled once by wondrous power—  
Ages since those lamps were lighted,  
Burning quenchless at this hour.—

Burning on, undimmed forever,  
Hidden deep in cavern lone;  
Sealed from human skill and searching,  
Though the stars their kindling own.

Dim that faith, oh! blind the fancy;  
Wildering, luring thought astray—  
For the flame thus lighted, deathless,  
Was but Love's eternal ray.

Mine the heart, in silence shielding  
Love, like flame in cavern damp—  
Thou the Star, whose kindred beaming,  
Found at once the Mystic Lamp.

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THE ROVER BOOK-TABLE.

HARPER'S PICTORIAL BIBLE.—The second number of this great work has been out about two weeks. It fully sustains the expectations that were formed by the appearance of the first number, and the enterprize bids fair to be attended with almost unparalleled popularity. The only difficulty about it yet, has been, that the publishers could not make them fast enough to supply the demand. In consequence of having to reprint the first number, the subsequent numbers have been delayed. Two large editions of the first number have been exhausted, and a third still larger is now going through the press. Hereafter the numbers will appear in more rapid succession.

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NEW MUSIC, published by F. Riley, 297 Broadway. "A woman's love deep in the heart." The music founded on a beautiful air from the opera of Norma. African Quadrills, selected from the most admired Negro melodies, and arranged for the piano forte by J. C. Scherpf, Professor of the piano and guitar. The melodies comprise "Going over de Mountains," "Boatman's Dance," "Dandy Jim," "Old Dan Tucker," &c., &c.

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MORE THAN VERIFIED.—A strong-fisted servant girl in Albany, recently flogged two pitiful scoundrels named John and Elam Miles, who insulted her in the street. The old proverb—"A miss is as good as a mile"—was here more than verified; for a *Miss* proved to be as good as *two Miles*, and a little better.

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THE HUNTED BUFFALO.

A scene in the Plains.

1864

THE ROVER.

THE HUNTED BUFFALO.

BY M. C. FIELD.

WITH AN ENGRAVING.

SILENCE beneath the noon-day sun is keeping
Watch o'er the distant praries of the West,
Where myriads of buffalo are sleeping,
Or grazing on the green earth's flow'ry breast;
And their low bellowing doth the stillness break,
As the wind booms along some Northern lake:—

Or like the gentle surging of the sea—
Or like the murmur of a storm retiring—
Or like the South wind in some hollow tree—
Nor roar, nor bellowing, but a short resprings,
Which, made by millions, low, yet awful, seems
Like distant thunder heard through fitful dreams.

Count in the milky way each little star,
Then number the wild monarchs of the scene;
For all around to the horizon far,
The wilderness is black instead of green;
Millions and myriads, unseen, unknown,
Rove freely o'er the wilderness they own.

But hark, a moment! Other sounds are near;
See far away the alarm soon spreads along,
Throughout the herd some wild and sudden fear
Moves like a storm-lashed sea the mighty throng;
The lazy bulls, rising in sudden fright,
Stretch forth their heavy limbs in hasty flight!

The cause! the cause! Look to the sky afar;
See you the dust rising in sudden clouds?
Hear you the red man's piercing scream of war?
Mark the wild steed mixed with the frightened crowds;
See the swift arrows, flashing on the sight,
As stars fly through the clear blue heaven of night.

A thousand hunters on their fiery steeds,
With barbed arrows and with bended bow,
Shrieking as each new victim falls and bleeds,
Are dealing death among the buffalo.
See the wild herds, swift tossing as they fly,
Their armed heads in terror to the sky.

See the Camanches, with a fiend-like ease,
Flying on half wild steeds across the plain;
Their long, dark scalp locks streaming in the breeze,
Flaunting the sunbeam with vermillion stain;
Now distant far, now instant flashing nigher,
Like lightning bolts, or mounted flames of fire!

And see the phrenzied buffalo at bay,
After his savage hunter madly rushing;
Vainly he fights or tries to run away,
With the red stream from his wide nostrils gushing!
He pauses, staggers, pants, and glares around,
Then headlong falls upon the reeking ground.

Goring the earth, gasping a feeble breath,
And spouting blood, he falls upon his side;
And soon the quivering agony of death
Leaves his limbs stiff, and eyeballs staring wide;
But yet he holds the parting breath of life,
And only yields it to the hunter's knife!

VOLUME III.—No 3.

Thus fall the untamed monarchs of the waste;
But centuries shall seek eternal rest,
Ere the last lonely buffalo is chased
From the wild grassy gardens of the West.
Then, like the mastodon, some upturned bone
Shall be the relic of a wonder gone.

THE AWAKENED HEART.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

My schoolmate, Lizzie L., was one of those gay, thoughtless, light-hearted beings, whom everybody likes, but who rarely awaken a deep and abiding interest in one's heart. Before we can truly love our companions we must have wept as well as laughed with them, they must have called forth the hidden sympathies of our nature; we must share their sorrows no less than their joys, and this is as true in childhood as in later life. Now, Lizzie's heart was always so full of joyousness, that those of a less gladsome temper were often oppressed and overpowered by her gayety. Her susceptibility to outward impressions was so great, that it gave her the semblance not only of fickleness, but even of insincerity; and they who sounded the depths and shallows of her girlish character found no anchorage ground for their faith. Her parents had died when she was little more than an infant, and Lizzie would have been thrown upon the cold charity of the world, had it not been for the kindness of a gentleman who had been her father's bosom friend from boyhood. He took the child to his house, and placing her under the charge of a sister, who presided over his bachelor's household, avowed his determination to protect and provide for the orphan. Had Lizzie been older when these circumstances occurred, a sense of gratitude might have given more depth to her feelings, but the effect now was rather an injurious one, since it exonerated her from those claims of tenderness which naturally spring up in the relation between parent and child. She had no ties of blood to any living creature, and as the unbroken prosperity of her benefactors deprived her of all opportunity of making those daily self-sacrifices which, under other circumstances, her gratitude might have suggested, she grew up toward womanhood without having one deep emotion awakened in her bosom. Gentle, sweet-tempered and joyous, she yet seemed totally deficient in the power of earnest feeling. She resembled one of those beautiful Chinese drawings, where bird and flower and butterfly are delicately drawn and exquisitely colored, but where the total absence of all shadows so fatigues the eye, that it gladly turns to some less resplendent and more softly-tinted picture.

After leaving school I lost sight of Lizzie for about two years, when I met her at a fashionable watering-place, attended by her guardian and his sister. Mr. Weldon was one of those well-preserved specimens of manly beauty, which seem to defy all attempts at "verifying dates." A stranger might have thought him somewhere about five-and-thirty, while those who remembered his face about town for the last twenty years, knew that he must be much older. Yet the absence of all those daily cares which wear so much upon the physical frame, had enabled him to retain

much of his youthfulness of appearance, while a judicious use of the convenient appliances of art, enabled him to supply the ravages of time. He was handsome in person, grave and dignified in manners, affluent in his circumstances, liberal and good-natured in disposition, and remarkable for nothing so much as his tendency to abstract speculations, and his fondness for books, which he devoured with a voracity that effectually prevented all healthy digestion of their contents. Naturally studious in his habits, his large patrimony had left him without a motive for active exertion; and his veneration for true genius led him to despise the temporary reputation of popular authorship. He had, therefore, given himself up to the pleasure of literary idleness, and contented himself with enjoying the fruits of other men's labor, without putting forth his hand to scatter the seed which might have grown up into a stately tree, for the overshadowing of some future wayfarer in the rugged path of learning.

His sister, Miss Weldon, was a real old-school spinster. Tall, thin, and as upright as if her back had never been allowed to repose its perpendicularity during the last half century, with a face of most decided ugliness, but full of benevolent expression, she was as rigid and unbending in character as she seemed in person. Extremely exacting in small matters, but remarkably liberal in all important ones, she would reprimand a servant with excessive severity for neglecting to brush away a cobweb, while she would exercise the utmost charity toward a moral failing. In short, she was one of those persons who so often shock our instinctive sense of justice, that their opinions become at length of little importance, and their influence is rather injurious than beneficial to those of more impulsive character.

Lizzie had grown up very beautiful, but her infantile expression of countenance had gained no shadow from the impending duties of womanhood; and it was easy to perceive that the light-heartedness which characterized her early days, was still her prevailing trait. Her cheek was as round and rosy, her lip as bright, her blue eyes as full of mirth as in childhood; but her golden hair had a tinge of deeper brown upon its rich curls, her brows were darker and more firmly pencilled, and the long black lashes which fringed her laughing eyes, gave a new and pleasing softness to their expression. Her extreme beauty attracted around her all those butterflies of fashion, who flutter their brief season in the sunshine of gay life; and the wealth of him whom the world considered her father by adoption, gave new zest to the admiration which her loveliness excited. I thought, however, that I could perceive something like disquiet in the watchfulness with which Mr. Weldon regarded Lizzie and her admirers. Indeed, the evident annoyance which he once or twice displayed, when her sylph like form was whirled through the mazes of a waltz, in the arms of a tall, black-whiskered beau, convinced me that there was something more than paternal fondness in his prudent care of her.

I was little surprised, therefore, when, in the course of the following winter, I received an invitation to attend the nuptials of Mr. Weldon and his beautiful ward. Lizzie was certainly one of the loveliest of brides, and though she looked rather like the daughter than the wife of him to whom she plighted her faith, yet there was a gentle reverence in her manner toward him, which seemed to promise more happiness than usually results from such unequal marriages. The truth was,

that Mr. Weldon, early in life, had met with one of those disappointments, which often freeze for ever the deepest fountain of affection. He could never again love with the fervor which had characterized his first attachment, but he was kind and affectionate in his disposition, and his regard for Lizzie, while it was almost paternal in its character, yet derived something of earnestness from the absence of all ties of actual kindred between them. He saw that her position in society was a dangerous one, and mingled with his disinterested wish for her future welfare, was a natural emotion of jealousy toward those who aspired to her favor. He finally persuaded himself that Lizzie's happiness could be best promoted by a continuance of the guardianship which had watched over her childhood; and, after sundry serious deliberations with his sister, it was finally decided that he should make Lizzie his wife. It is true he was thirty years her senior, but this disparity only made him a safer guide for her inexperience, and the subject was at length referred to Lizzie; but less in the form of a *proposition* than as the final arrangement of a long settled project. Lizzie was somewhat startled at the first development of the scheme. She reflected upon it gravely for at least an hour—a long time in Lizzie's calendar of thoughtfulness—and finally, having come to the conclusion that it was a duty which her benefactors seemed to expect of her, that Mr. Weldon was one of the handsomest men she knew, even if he was not very young, and that she really liked him better than any one else in the world—she avowed her consent to the marriage.

Like all persons, in whom a strong sense of inner life has never been developed, Lizzie was keenly alive to all the pleasurable excitements of external circumstances. In compliance with her wishes, Mr. Weldon purchased a new house, furnished it in the most luxurious manner, and, installing his sister in her wonted dignity as housekeeper, commenced a style of living as different as possible from his former plain habits. Lizzie was just like a petted and indulged child; she caressed and coaxed her husband with so much girlish grace and sweetness that he never could refuse any request, however unreasonable it might seem to his better judgment. Her good temper enabled her to yield so easily and so becomingly in all small matters, that she was always sure to have her way in everything which seemed to contribute to her real gratification, and she was thus enabled to indulge her taste for gayety and expense, without in the least degree impairing the harmony of her pleasant home. Proud of his beautiful wife, pleased with the respect and deference with which she always treated him, confiding implicitly in her really good principles, and conscious that her affections never wandered from her duties, Mr. Weldon found his highest pleasure in anticipating her every wish. His sister sometimes remonstrated and reproved, but her opinions had but little weight, and Lizzie was allowed to acquire habits which were only fitted for a life of self-indulgence; while her years fleeted by without affording her the experience which the ordinary chances and changes of time bring to all.

I saw but little of Lizzie during this period, for the dissipation in which she lived, did not harmonize with the quiet in which my heart found happiness. I heard continually of Mrs. Weldon's splendid parties, of her costly equipages, of her extravagance in dress, of her brilliant success in society, and of the singular attachment which subsisted between the young wife and her

elderly husband, undisturbed as it seemed by all the allurements of society, on the one side, and the increasing distaste to gay life on the other. But a few years passed away, and all was changed. Mr. Weldon died suddenly, and a will, which bequeathed his fine fortune to be equally divided between his wife and sister, was found in his desk, *without signature*. Miss Weldon, however, produced a will of much earlier date, legally executed several years previous to his marriage, which gave to his sister his whole estate, and Lizzie now found herself totally unprovided for. Upon further investigation, it was found that there had been an understanding, many years previous, between the brother and sister, respecting the disposition of the estate; and that each had executed a will which secured to the survivor the whole amount of their large and undivided patrimony. The manifest injustice of such a will, after his marriage, had suggested itself to Mr. Weldon, and he had intended to satisfy his conscience by an equal division, but he had deferred the fulfilment of his design until death came to set his seal upon that which was already done.

When I heard of Lizzie's misfortunes, all my former interest in her was renewed, and I was among the first who visited her in her seclusion. I found her looking very lovely in her grief, for she retained at five-and-twenty, much of the fresh beauty which had characterized her at fifteen; and, as her sweet young face looked out from beneath the heavy and ungraceful widow's cap, she seemed to be enacting some piquant part in a masquerade. But she did grieve heartily and truly for her kind husband, and her total ignorance of the want and value of money, led her to pay little attention, as yet, to the provisions of his unjust will. I could not but lament the fate of one who had lived in an atmosphere of luxury until, it seemed to me, she was unfitted for any other; and, when I saw her total unconsciousness of the unfortunate predicament in which she was placed, I could not but deprecate the injudicious indulgence which had left her now with a character but half formed, and a mind but half developed, to struggle with the exigencies of life. But, Miss Weldon, touched by Lizzie's genuine sorrow for the dead, and her apparent indifference to the change in her fortunes, determined to fulfil, in part, the evident wish of her brother. With a cautious degree of liberality, which certainly did credit to her prudence, she proposed to continue their splendid establishment, on the same scale of magnificence, and offered to share with Lizzie the income derived from Mr. Weldon's estate; thus making the widow seemingly independent, while, in fact, all the luxuries which use had now made necessary to her comfort were held only at the good will and pleasure of the spinster. This mockery of wealth might have been rejected by a more sensitive mind, but Lizzie had never felt any very delicate scruples on the subject of self-indulgence, and knowing that her husband would have wished her to continue the companion of his sister, she seemed quite content to accept Miss Weldon's offer. Indeed she possessed too generous and liberal a spirit to feel that there was any dependence in her position, for she never dreamed that Miss Weldon could feel she was conferring, as an obligation, what her sense of justice must have dictated to her as a duty. So Lizzie continued to indulge her habits of indolence and luxury without a single fear for the future. The protracted morning slumber, the late breakfast served in her dressing-room,

the perfumed bath, the attendance of a well-trained dressing-maid at her toilet, and all the thousand wants and whims which unlimited wealth and the command of a train of obsequious servants could create, were still allowed to fill up the measure of her days.

Among my few tried and valued friends of the opposite sex, was one who afforded a living proof of the doctrine of compensations; since Heaven, in denying him all the appliances of fortune, had bestowed upon him every thing most desirable in the human character. Frank F—— possessed the richest gifts of a commanding and powerful intellect, his brilliant imagination, his sparkling wit, his fervid fancy, his clear judgment, his correct taste, were equally exhibited in his writings and in his daily conversation; while his fine genial qualities, his kindness of heart, his warm affections, his tenderness of nature, and his susceptibility to all generous impulses, made him one of the most attachable as well as one of the most admirable of men. His person was remarkably fine, his head would have charmed a phrenologist, and his sparkling, vivid, expressive countenance left one no opportunity of criticising the irregularity of feature which would have marred a less noble face. He had passed the green spring time of youth, but was in the very prime of manhood, and had I been called to depict the character which came nearest to my beau-ideal of the sex, I should have drawn the portrait of my friend Frank.

Such was the person who accidentally met Mrs. Weldon, when, in the third year of her widowhood she discarded the more ungraceful portion of her weeds, and returned to the gay scenes which she had once adorned. Her long seclusion, and the quiet touch of sorrow, had given a softness to her manners which added new charms to her beauty, and Frank soon became deeply and desperately in love with the gentle widow. I must confess that I was both disappointed and grieved by this untoward chance, for I estimated Frank too much to contemplate with patience his attachment to so frivolous a character. The devotion of such a heart to such an idol seemed to me little better than desecration. But the voice of reason has little influence over the dictates of passion, and though I availed myself of the privilege of long-tried friendship, in my remonstrance against the folly of such an attachment, I found all my arguments of no avail.

"You do not know Mrs. Weldon," said Frank to me, one day, when I had been discoursing at some length of her utter incapacity of loving as he deserved to be loved; "you do not know her, if you believe her to be incapable of strong emotions. There are some hearts, in which, as in the burning soil of a tropical climate, passion-flowers spring up spontaneously, but there are others where are found only the sweet wild-flowers of the gentler affections, until culture brings forth the perfumed blossoms of a sunnier clime. The full strength of Lizzie's womanly nature has never been called forth. The joyousness of temper which to you seems an evidence of frivolity, is but the overflow of a deep and living spring of tenderness which lies unstirred within her bosom."

"And can you believe, Frank, that in all the changes which come over woman's character from childhood to youth—as a maiden, and a wife—can you believe that those deep affections could still remain hidden, if she really possessed them?"

"Surely, surely," was his earnest reply; "she never knew the strong love which binds a daughter to the mother who watches over her infancy, and to the father who guards her youth; a feeling somewhat filial, but less devoted in its character—a feeling of mingled respect and gratitude bound her to her husband; the maternal instincts, which in so many hearts supply the place of passionate emotions, have never been awakened in her heart; her duties have all been performed without the need of earnest affections; her character is but half-developed."

"And now, at eight-and-twenty, you expect to discover and bring to light these precious treasures?"

"I do; nay more, I have already succeeded in inspiring emotions such as never before disturbed the calm current of her life."

"Wait till the moment of self-sacrifice comes, and then test the value of that which you deemed fine gold, Frank; if she could relinquish all her selfish indulgences, and adapt herself perfectly and entirely to your fortunes, I might give her credit for some energy of feeling and action, but her position places her above the reach of such a trial, and you will be more likely to be spoiled by the luxury with which your marriage will surround you."

"Good heavens! my dear madam, is it possible you do not know the penalty attached to her union with me? Miss Weldon, upon whom her husband's sudden death left her entirely dependent, has declared that in the event of a second marriage, she shall withdraw the allowance she has hitherto permitted her to derive from the estate."

"Can it be possible? What then is to be done?"

"For my part, I am glad of it, since it obviates my only objection to wedding the object of my tenderest love. I would not have the world give me credit for a prudential marriage, and when we are united Lizzie will be as poor as myself."

"And has she consented to be your wife at such a sacrifice?"

"I have a great mind not to satisfy your ungenerous doubts. We are to be married next week."

"But what will you do, Frank, with so perfectly useless a wife?"

"I am going to settle in the West, that Eldorado of all imprudent and unsuccessful people."

I laughed heartily at this wild project. "What take Lizzie to a log-cabin, and expect her to cook your bacon and knead your bread? Why, Frank, she never rises in the morning till eleven o'clock, and then cannot breakfast except upon French chocolate, served up in Sevres china."

"She will learn better, and be all the happier in the novelty of a different kind of life."

I shook my head with a most knowing expression of doubt and dissatisfaction, and our conversation ended.

A second time I saw Lizzie arrayed as a bride, and if she had lost some of the freshness of her glad youth, I fancied she had gained something more elevated and noble from the daily contemplation of moral excellence in her lover. But when I looked on Frank, and remembered that he was, now, in the very lowest ebb of fortune, and that he was uniting to his own the destiny of a creature nursed in the lap of luxury, I could have wept at my own melancholy forebodings.

Miss Weldon fulfilled her threat, for her indignation at Lizzie's second marriage knew no bounds, and the

gentle widow was a portionless and penniless bride. A few weeks were given to the enjoyment of society, and then the newly wedded pair wended their way to the Far West.

Twelve months had elapsed after their departure, when I was gladdened by a letter from Frank F.

"How you would wonder," he said, "if you could look in upon us now. Lizzie is actually cooking a piece of bacon for my dinner, and its savoury smell mingles with the rich steam of the corn-bread which she has just placed smoking upon the table. Our house is divided into two apartments—one is our parlor, kitchen, and hall—the other is our bed-chamber, and Lizzie's taste has contrived to give an air of comfort to the desolate dwelling. Instead of rising at eleven, Lizzie is up with the sun, and her first care is to bring me a cup of soft warm water for my toilet, (for she insists upon my shaving every day, though in this part of the country it is only a weekly luxury.) While I am performing this operation, she prepares our breakfast, and though it is not made of French chocolate, nor drank from any more costly cups than common white delf, yet we enjoy it with an appetite such as only health and happiness can give. I wish you could see how sweet Lizzie looks in her calico dress and clean check-apron. She is a little browned by the sun, and her hands are sadly spoiled, but she is lovelier than ever. I wish you could see her, if it were only to convince you of the truth of my prediction. The fountain of affection has been unsealed, its waters have found a channel broad and deep, and never did man drink from a purer and more refreshing stream."

"Wonders will never cease," said I to myself, as I folded the letter; "Lizzie F— cooking, baking, waiting upon her lazy husband, wearing check-aprons, and—pshaw, it is nothing but a lover's exaggeration."

By and by another letter brought me tidings of an addition to their happiness. Lizzie was a mother; her baby was a sturdy boy, as pretty as its mother, and with every promise of being as robust as its father. "How will all the baking and boiling go on now," thought I, "with this new claimant upon Lizzie's time?" But there came no murmurs in the frequent letters which I received from both my friends, and I must confess, that the refined and intellectual tone of Lizzie's epistolary communications struck me with surprise. She seemed to have undergone a complete metamorphose, and, excepting in her sunny cheerfulness, I could discern no trace of the light-minded, frivolous, indolent woman of fashion.

Seven years passed away, and then another change came over the fortunes of the twain. Miss Weldon was afflicted with a lingering illness, which, while it brought death to watch beside her pillow, still allowed her time to lay aside her prejudices and animosities. She had no relative to inherit her wealth, and the remembrance of the child whom she had reared from infancy, came to her like a gentle vision. She would fain have summoned Lizzie to her sick bed, but it was too late. She did all that she now could, however, and with the news of her death, which I was deputed to convey to my friends, I was enabled also to make them acquainted with their accession to a large and unincumbered property. Of course the log-cabin was speedily abandoned, and among the list of arrivals at the Astor House was soon numbered the name of Frank F—, Esq., and family. I hastened to offer

my congratulations, and I hope I may be pardoned if a little curiosity to witness time's changes in Lizzie, mingled with my better feelings. But Lizzie was one of those happy creatures whom Love renovates faster than Time can despoil. Her person had acquired a noble fulness, without losing the slightest portion of its grace, and her face was as radiant in its fresh beauty as if she had numbered only weeks instead of years, during the latter half of her life. She showed me her three children, fat, chubby little creatures, full of life and animal spirits, as all healthy children should be, and the pride which sparkled in her eye left me in no doubt as to her maternal feelings. She spoke of her husband with a degree of enthusiasm, which charmed me, and, when he entered, and I saw the bright heart-beam which flashed across her face, as she looked upon him, I readily acknowledged in my own soul that Frank had proved a true seer. Love had wrought out his mighty work—the beautiful statue had been vivified by his touch, and the heart which had so long slumbered in quiet apathy, now throbbed with the firm, strong healthful pulsations of self-forgetting and devoted womanly tenderness.

Lizzie still lives in comfort and affluence, the idol of her husband, the beloved of her children, admired and esteemed by all who know her, and affording by her daily life, a beautiful testimonial of Love's magic.

Reader, there are hundreds of women who live and die with energies but half awakened, and characters but half developed. The oracle within their souls is dumb, or only utters those unintelligible words which require the interpretation of the prophetic voice of Love or Sorrow ere they can be fully understood.

A LONDON LYRIC.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

WITHOUT.

THE winds are bitter, the skies are wild,
From the roof comes plunging the drowning rain;
Without—in tatters the world's poor child
Sobbed aloud her grief, her pain!
No one heareth her, no one heedeth her;
But Hunger, her friend, with his cold gaunt hand,
Grasps at her throat, whispering huskily,
"What dost thou in a Christian land?"

WITHIN.

THE skies are wild and the blast is cold,
Yet Riot and Luxury brawl within!
Slaves are waiting in crimson and gold,
Waiting the nod of the child of sin.
The fire is crackling, wine is bubbling
Up in each glass to its beaded brim;
The jesters are laughing, the parasites quaffing
"Happiness," "honor," and all for him!

WITHOUT.

SHE who is slain 'neath the winter weather—
Ah! she once had village fame,
Listened to love on the moonlit heather,
Had gentleness, vanity, maiden shame;
Now all her allies are the tempest howling,
Prodigal's curses—self-disdain,
Poverty—misery;—well, no matter,
There is an end to every pain!

THE harlot's fame was her doom to-day,
Disdain, despair; by to-morrow's light
The ragged bearers and the pauper's pall;
And so she'll be given to dusty night,
Without a tear or a human sigh,
She's gone—poor life and its "fever" o'er,
So—let her in calm oblivion lie,
While the world runs merry as heretofore!

WITHIN.

HE who yon lordly feast enjoyeth,
He who doth rest on his couch of down,
He it was who threw the forsaken
Under the feet of the trampling town;
Liar—betrayed—false as cruel—
What is the doom for his dastard sin?
His peers, they scorn? high dames, they shun him?
Unbar your palace and gaze within.

THERE—yet his deeds are all trumpet-sounded,
There upon silken seats recline
Maidens as fair as the summer morning,
Watching him rise from the sparkling wine.
Mothers all proffer their stainless daughters;
Men of high honor salute him "friend;"
Skies! oh, where are your cleansing waters?
World! oh, where do thy wonders end?

WE advise all the Captain Flints and the Mrs. Captain Flints throughout the country to read the following article.

CONFESSIONS OF A KEYHOLE.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.]

I AM a native of London, and was bored about a century ago. I am not ashamed to say that originally I was of a circular form, and of a size quite inconsiderable compared with my present dimensions, being intended simply to give effect to the spring of a latch; but a change came o'er the spirit of the house (I believe this is the modern style) with which I am connected, and some interesting events rendering a lock necessary, I was subsequently raised to the dignity of a keyhole.

The great powers that govern alike the destinies of keyholes and kings, may be supposed to have little favored me. It was certainly not my fate to be cut in solid fine mahogany, or glorious old oak; to be fashioned in any substance resembling ebony, ivory, or mother of pearl; to be wrought in the precious metals, or even to be encircled and set off with fanciful ornaments, bronze or gilt: I have heard of silver keys, but no key of that kind ever came near me. I cannot boast of being the medium of a statesman's entrance to his study, or of a beauty's entrance to her boudoir. Plain uses and plain appearances are all I pretend to.

I am as far removed, however from the gloomy hovel of one district as from the gloomier hell of another; and I ever thanked fortune, from the moment when the air of heaven first found a clear passage through me, for having placed me among the middle classes; neither in a parish union nor a palace; neither in a miser's chest, nor a church door; not so high up as the garret of a philosopher, nor so low down as the cellar of a five-bottle blockhead; neither in the prison of an honest debtor, nor in a grinding usurer's country-box.

I may add, if a little more breath may be allowed me on this point, that although it is the luck of one key-

hole to be cut in the door of a harem, and of another in the door of a green-room—while this has its lot in the gate of the foundling-hospital, and a second gapes in the door of some sworn bachelor's cold and comfortable dormitory—these opposite situations, abounding as they may with the means of gratifying curiosity, and awakening moral reflections, are in truth anything but enviable. To a keyhole of a sensitive turn a post in a quiet family is the most desirable; at a distance, on the one hand, from the dreary still-life and newless monotony of a deserted barrister's chamber, unlocked once a day; and on the other, from the wear and tear attendant upon a connection with an elderly lady's cordial closet, opened every ten minutes.

But it must be owned that there are a thousand positions more favorable than my own to the picking up of secrets, and the whispering of strange news. What mysterious and heart-rending revelations—what tender and exciting confessions—what unexpected and terrible disclosures, might myriads of my brethren make if they disburdened themselves of that secret information which is stored in their small but wonder-treasuring recesses!

In the case of a poor-box the keyhole might have no story to tell; a jingling note resounding through it now and then would be as much as it could give tidings of. But let it be the strong-box of a savings-bank, and if it gave forth any sound at all, what affecting, what ennobling histories should we hear of! daily, hourly acts of self-denial and abstinence; of industry and toil the most patient, hopeful and unresting; of constant struggles with want, and frequent triumphs; of hard but cheerful efforts to withhold from the eager clutch and hungry maw of the present a morsel for the hurrying future—of resolution heroically held through all temptations, and a spirit of independence unconquerable even in the most trying condition of servitude!

Or say that it be the tin japanned box of a lawyer, having the date of the year painted on it, with two or three initials, contrived to explain nothing. Of what broken fortunes do those mortgage-deeds speak! of what broken hearts perhaps those marriage settlements! Or suppose it to be the jewel-box of the wife referred to in those matrimonial documents; when with feverish, trembling hands and signs of bitter anguish, remorse, and fiercely struggling pride, she locks up its horrible emptiness, to conceal from a suspecting husband the absence of those love-gifts now gone to pay the humiliating debt of reckless dissipation, or vainly to purchase at treacherous hands a temporary security for shivering honor.

Or imagine it to be the writing-desk of the suspecting husband himself, with its epistolary store of profound secrets—the correspondence of the last divinity that had won him, all susceptibility, to her worship—or the confounded packet of long bills just discharged on the score of Mademoiselle.

If instead of relating my own experiences it were my purpose to speculate on the secrets which other keyholes may have collected, tragedies as dire, and mysteries as blood-curdling, as any ever acted in Blue-Beard's chamber, might be found lurking near very unlikely locks, and whispers of them might be caught coming through very ordinary looking apertures. It might be by no means necessary to repair for appalling tales of suffering, told only in sighs and groans, to the keyhole of the condemned cell, with its lonely inmate, or to the gate of the many-peopled and yet more deso-

late hospital. No, by the common till, the cash-box of a pawnbroker, opened every minute in the day—at the closed inner door of a gambling-house, past which one continual stream of life flows unobscuringly on forever—at the locked and sealed up lid of a Minister's red-box, borne by a heedless and insensible official to its sacred destination; but with any secrets in this latter quarter it is best perhaps to have nothing to do. When the contents transpire in the regular way that will doubtless be quite time enough for most people.

What hidest thou in thy treasure caves and cells—thou keyhole in the door of the cabinet council-chamber. Yet catch thou not the question. Curiosity stops her ear as a draught of communicative air steals murmuringly through, and Wisdom ventures not to peep out at even the most cautious corner of his eye!

Make revelations of the exclusive doings ye witness, of the muttered irregularities within, ye keyholes of vestries held with closed doors, public assemblies where reporters are Marplots!

And oh! ye privileged keyholes, peculiar to snug little tea-parlors where eternal Gossip loves at appointed hours to assemble her clacking chattering crew over the uninebriating three cups—give up your hosts of little secrets, and take a breath of fresh air for the first time these forty years.

You too, keyholes cut in quiet back drawing-rooms, and dressing-rooms where privacy is ever securely lodged—in those safest and most comfortable corners of the house, be they high or low, wherein Slander is best pleased to ensconce herself, and whisper to one edified disciple, or to a wondering, worshipping dozen, as the case may happen, all the foreign and domestic news of the dressing, dining, dancing world around—give out now but an echo of the myriads of unwritten and incredible novels packed up in the air that fills you.

The groans of unfortunate reputations stabbed ruthlessly in your presence, the last dying speeches of spotless and irreproachable characters suddenly cut off in their bloom, the heavy sighs of the more tender-hearted proselytes of scandal, compelled (by their regard for truth) to ruin the fair fame of a family they are really so much attached to—these, with the sound of a half-suppressed giggle, and the exclamation "What a shame!" in a serious elderly tone now and then, are among the precious secrets with which, all ye keyholes, ye are stored—as a shell is with sea-music when held close to the ear.

I may here close my introductory speculation with the general remark, that as no human face divine ever passed before the mortal gaze that was not well worth looking at, for some odd reason or other, so no keyhole in Christendom or out of it was ever cut, bored, or chiseled, that was not, for some similar odd reason, worth peeping into or listening at. It is a conviction in this truth that encourages me to proceed with my narrative.

The apartment to which I was an appurtenance, and in behalf of whose tenants in endless succession I was to discharge such important and necessary functions, was at first let with outer rooms as lodgings. I remembered the workmen coming to fit up and furnish, and from them I heard the praises of the tenant, even before he had taken up his abode in my vicinity.

He was a prodigious favorite with everybody; that was evident before he appeared. Captain Flint smile-

ed, spoke, moved, lived, only to fascinate. High and low were alike caught—the great marquiss and the poor mechanic. There was a general conspiracy among the tradesmen to have the place completed—not half finished by the appointed hour; they would not disoblige so sweet-tempered and affable a customer for twice the amount of the profits. Curtains should be put up and carpets down, whether there happened to be time enough or not. As for Peggy, who was dusting everything as if for sheer pleasure, prematurely, before the workmen had departed; she vowed by her quarter's wages she would dust the tip of her fingers off rather than leave a single speck anywhere within sight, to offend the dear, smiling blue eyes of a captain, who seemed to have collected whatever was brilliant, handsome, and seductive in the whole British army, into that one pair of gracious sparklers.

But it was not merely Peggy and the work-people who were smitten; the landlord came up with an eager and anxious countenance, as if he were looking for his rent beforehand; but in truth he only came to hurry on proceedings, lest so kind and charming a lodger should find anything to complain of. And yet what an idle thought, said the good man to himself. *He complain!* with such a face as that! I defy him!

On one thing, or rather two, as I could plainly overhear, all the gossippers were agreed; and these were—that whereas my master was by far the sweetest-tempered, the most affable, and the most amiable of mortals then existing, his wife was assuredly altogether as sour—an icicle too cold to be melted by the sunbeam she had married—a shrewish thing unconscious of the rare felicity of her lot in possessing with the husband for life, the fond perpetual lover—a knowing hypocritical little fury, obstinately bent on remaining insensible to the blessings of having an angel for her lawfully-wedded partner.

"A real angel," cried Peggy, perfectly bewitched, "if he's a man!"

And at length when all was complete, up came the expected lodgers, ushered in by "my landlord;" the captain in his turn introducing half a dozen friends, who came to favor him with their opinions touching colors, contrasts, patterns, and proportions.

A general cry of "beautiful!" "charming!" conveyed at the first survey of the apartment a verdict of approval, and several glowing faces turning rapidly from this side to that, expressed in looks the same decision wherever their glances fell. What the captain's face said, however, I could not see, for his back was toward me; but just at the moment I caught that which could scarcely be less expressive than his best holiday looks—the tones of the sweetest, softest, silveriest voice conceivable, and yet withal quiet manly and unaffected.

"My dear," said the beautiful winning voice, "I hope you will find something to approve in the arrangement. It is not complete, you know, until you sanction it with a smile."

The dulcet words were addressed to his wife—and Mrs. Flint did smile; she did more, for she delivered her opinion in a low quiet voice, as if not much moved by the exhibition which delighted others, and indeed little addicted to raptures at any time, to the effect that she thought it all very pleasing, and quite as it should be; an expression of approval which certainly did not harmonize exactly with the chorus of "charming!" "perfect!" and therefore had a rather cold and dissatisfied twang in it.

The face of my mistress was visible to me as she spoke, and a very pretty face—nay, a lovely one it must once have been. I use the past tense, for although it had still youth in it, it had seen its best days. What could have left it young, and yet have stripped it of the glow and the grace of the early time, when the heart's freshest hues flush the beautiful cheek, and the whiteness of the unsinful soul has its outward and visible sign on the fair, lovely open brow—when the hope that lights up all within is seen in the sunny smile, and the leap of the happy blood is in the giddy, sudden, joyous laugh!

Can it be, I mused within myself—can it be her indomitable shrewishness that has cast the pale premature shadow upon her brow, that is giving by rapid degrees a sunken form to her cheek, that invests her pretty mouth with a sadness not untouched with pain, and conveys into her eyes—no, there is nothing like the spirit of a shrew lingering in those patient, passionless orbs, which reveal so little of any emotion or trouble in the inner nature, and tell rather of faded fires than flashes and gusts to be dreaded. It must have been a raging volcano to have burnt out so soon. Perhaps she helped to put it out with floods of savage tears on finding herself unable to spoil her doting husband's temper. Her flames have turned to ice, and she is simply cold, sullen, and discontented—ah, I said so, she is at this moment finding fault.

"If I may," remarked the lady of the lodgings, at that moment, in the same quiet tones, "suggest an improvement, I think it might be effected by hanging the picture lower—at present it is in a false light, and the effect is disadvantageous."

"The picture" thus adverted to by Mrs. Flint was no other than a portrait of the captain, an acknowledged likeness of the All-admired, and the company with one accord turned to look at the master-piece. Each gazed with rapturous admiration, as each had done a hundred times before, at the brilliant canvas whereon rested the placid and undelighted eyes of Mrs. Flint; and then each directed a glance at the face of that pensive critic, in which there was no touch of idolatry expressed, and what awakened their wonder more, no character of scorn or disgust either.

"How astonishingly she contrives to hide her hatred and malice," said each of the company in significant looks to the other. "The portrait is in the very happiest light, and with that demure visage she proposes to destroy its effect! Well, of all the women in the world."

But of all men in the world, Captain Flint, at that instant looked the handsomest and the happiest. As he, too, turned toward the portrait his face flashed in the direction of the door, and if a sunbeam had darted through me, I could not have felt more suddenly illuminated. His countenance, it is no exaggeration to say, was suffused with the light of an enthusiastic, an unclouded mind. It was—if a keyhole may be allowed the expression—it was one smile. It had been dipped in rose-water, and it caught not only the sweetness of the flower but the tints of it. With what a glow of pure affection and gratitude it recognized the tender interest which Mrs. Flint had taken in the position of his worthless portrait—yet not wholly worthless since she had bestowed her first inquiring thoughts upon it, and wished to see it more advantageously placed.

He did not utter a syllable, for words, though deli-

vered in the most melodious tones, must have feebly expressed his emotions; but he thanked her in more eloquent silence with his eyes—such eyes! and then with his hands; between which he pressed for a moment one of hers, that trembled a little as he raised it almost reverentially to his lips. In fact I expected for a brief second to see lips meeting lips; but perhaps his ardent feelings were restrained by the presence of company—or he might have been deterred by the calm look which his wife bent upon his fond and beaming face, as she gently turned aside her head, and, still unmoved, appeared to be tracing the intricate pattern of the new carpet.

All eyes observed the graceful action of the captain, the air of devotion, of idolatrous affection even, which he assumed as if by an instinct of his superior nature; and no eyes then save those of the wife herself, were deficient in very obvious signs of admiration.

And now, as though raised beyond his ordinary spring of spirits, by a feeling of hilarity on taking possession of his new residence, by the well-understood sentiment with which his gentle wife had hallowed the hearthstone by which he was to sit, and by the presence of friends, willing not only to be pleased, but charmed, he gave loose to his powers of entertaining. With inexhaustible variety he led from one form of pleasantry to another, and touched in turn on the topic most acceptable to each of his guests. The rich chocolate, the fine wine, the dainty liqueur, wanted sparkle and fragrance in comparison with his jest and sentiment. The current of his gay humor was a constant flow, yet a constant change; so that the listener might break in at any point he pleased and join in the rattle—or sit contentedly and laugh. He dealt out compliments, impromptu, equal almost to Mr. Pope's, and if Sir Richard had been there, he would have started off home earlier than the rest to write Tattlers from recollection.

But the real charm of his wit consisted less in its brilliancy than in its delightful temper. It was the suavity, more even than the mirth and gayety of his manner, that flung its spell over the room, and made life, where he was, a comedy on which there was no curtain to fall. Mere wit may become wearisome, but good humor and joyous frankness never.

In the exercise of these qualities, in the easy display of a series of delicate and polished courtesies, felt rather than observed, the time flew; and the guests, forgetful of the playhouse and Ranalegh, protracted their intended visit of an hour far into the evening; when amid a shower of merry laughs and anticipations of the coming housewarming, mingled with more formal ceremonials and adieus, they broke away, to sing to the world the praises of Captain Flint; adding to these, their especial wonder, that a creature so perfectly enchanting should be so perfectly enchanted with his wife—and such a wife.

No sooner had the last parting word been uttered, no sooner at least had the door been closed, than a shadow fell across the apartment, gloomy as it was sudden—as though the lights had all gone out with the guests. I peeped round, curious to know the cause, and saw it in the altered visage of my master. Yes, his face literally darkened the room. I felt a shiver run through me at the startling and fearful change.

It was not to the glittering play of fancy and the flash of merriment, an expression of weariness had succeeded—that the bright eye looked sleepy, that the

smiling mouth had fallen under the influence of a yawn; that the human machine had been screwed up a little too high, so that the reaction had come heavily and at once. There was no trace of this ordinary exhaustion of the animal powers in that scowling brow and coarse sullen mouth. On the contrary there was an indefinable quality in them that denoted vigor and full consciousness, and seemed to say that *this* was the natural character of the face.

Could it be, then, that as the glad, frank, fine-tempered air which had for hours overspread his features, disappeared with his visitors—a mere mask had fallen off! Was the man visible now, while the actor only had appeared before! If so, there was nothing fabulous about Spencer's bird that transformed itself into a hedgehog. But a minute ago he was state-coachman to Cinderella, mounted on the box of a fairy chariot, and now behold him nothing but a large rat.

That model of politeness and prince of goodfellows, Captain Flint, having placed his back to the fire for a few seconds, and directed a few supercilious glances round the apartment, settled his look at length upon his silent partner, who sat with a resigned air and lids bent downward at a respectful distance. With that mysterious sympathy which enables people to feel that they are being looked at, she then raised her eyes to meet the gaze of her guardian adorer, the man whom all the world said she had positively bewitched; but although there happened to be nothing in his features just then that could possibly delight her, there was evidently nothing to surprize. Whatever character they wore, it was an expression she seemed used to; and she merely dropped her eyes again, without evincing any emotion, unless the lowest faintest sigh in the world, which I could only just hear, might give token of some inward feeling.

He was then subject, perhaps daily subject, to terrible bodily spasms, contortions of the countenance, which gave him the appearance of being in a devil of a temper! Little did the admiring world know how its favorite suffered—how he hid his throes. So frequent were his attacks, that his wife it was pretty clear, regarded them as things of course.

In a frame of mind, judging from appearances, that strongly disposed him to break the looking-glasses, my master now took the room at two strides, seized a book, flung himself into a chair, and commenced a "calm course of reading," with knit brows and lips violently disposed to denticulate one another. But before he had settled himself, my mistress broke silence—yet scarcely so either—by a meek enquiry, it might be relating either to supper or bed—but at all events it elicited no answer, and the favorite of society politely busied himself, or affected to do so, in his book.

Heaven help the author—for he had no gentle or courteous reader! After some rapid turnings of the page, and a mere inarticulate criticism, the volume was tossed away, and a yawn testified to its effects. This seemed a good sign; the paroxysm was nearly over; and thus encouraged, my mistress, who had ventured a word or two unavailingly before, followed up this invasion of the silence, by seeking to recall her lord's attention to their newly-furnished abode—timidly remarking as before.

"I think, sir, the portrait which hangs so high may—"

But there was not time to complete the suggestion; for the gay and gallant captain, speaking now to his

adored wife for the first time since the departure of his guests, said,

"Damme, madam, you are always so monstrous full of complaints; now the picture, even as it hangs, has at least the merit of being silent."

With these words and a second yawn, together with a candle snatched from the nearest table, but without a syllable to announce his intention, my admired master took his departure for the night; yes, so it was indeed—he returned no more.

Now, hearing what I had heard, and seeing what I had seen of my master before his visitors departed, had he, when left alone (that is, reckoning my mistress as nobody) proceeded to take his handsome features to pieces, one by one, as easily as he took off his wig—had he placed his eyes in one drawer, his teeth in a second, unscrewed one of his legs, and laid his severed head on the table, ready for Peggy to take up into his dressing-room, I could not have been more astonished, nor could the alteration have been greater than the change between his countenance for company and his private one—his social and domestic manner—in short, his artificial and his natural self.

But none of this astonishment marked the demeanor of my mistress, when of the score of merry musical good nights which he had bestowed on his parting guests, not an echo was heard to survive for her—when, without word, look, or sign, he left her to follow him, as solitude or sleepiness might move her. To her it seemed but one of the regular anticipated events of the evening.

As he quitted the room, her eyes followed him, momentarily, with a reproachful expression; then their look became merely sorrowful, until they slowly filled with tears, and her face hidden in her hands, a suppressed sob was the only sound to tell that there was anything either to resent or to forgive.

She soon arose calm as usual; the sigh as she left the apartment for the sleeping-chamber was as low, being habitually hushed, as though hearers had been nigh, and in her quiet eye there was now not a trace of tears. It was a picture of Resignation.

The next day I was again on the look-out, and just as quick to listen; but the various considerate speculations I had entertained in order to account for the phenomenon witnessed the evening before—viz., that the captain and my mistress had quarreled violently, that he was jealous of her and assumed a cruel manner in the hope that she might betray herself in resenting it—that she was [naturally] chilly and insensible which provoked him to madness—that she was a termagant of an untameable sort, and that he was working out a desperate experiment—lastly, that he was a victim to some spasmodic affection, too acute for flesh and blood to bear with a bland aspect and an amiable deportment—all these vanished as my experience grew.

However fierce and dark the spell that bound him, the presence of a third person was sure to dissolve it; however sweet, however potent the charm that influenced him in society, it perished at the approach of solitude or his wife.

Nothing went right with him that morning, nor any other during the months he resided under that roof. Everything was out of its place and in his way; a conspiracy against his peace prevailed on all sides, and his wife, if he happened to think of her at all, was at the bottom of it. But the instant another face appeared

on the stage, then his became another too; the scowl cleared off, the sullen rigid lips relaxed into a smile, the sallow cheek even seemed to brighten, and a marriage-bell was not livelier than the pleasant chimes of his conversation.

"Ah!" said his sagacious admirers, as they shook hands with him after a chat that had put them in good spirits for the rest of the day, "Flint may well remain the favorite; one can never catch him out of tune; he's always in one happy humor the whole year round—and yet with such a wet-blanket of a wife!"

So he still went on; reserving (to liken to the substance that bears his name, and is supposed to be the raw material of some men's hearts) all his brilliant sparks for society, and all his sharp cutting corners for his home.

So, too, the deception was still kept up. Even Peggy, though looking daily as it were over his very shoulder, was deceived. However surly his visage, or snarling his tone, the instant before to his wife, when Peggy entered smiles spread over the face, and sweetness stole into the voice; and worlds could not have persuaded Peggy out of her first conviction that Captain Flint was the kindest, the gentlest, and the most even-tempered of all mortal lodgers. Ah! foolish Peggy—had you but been where I was!

But Peggy after another twelvemonth or so was obliged to seek another idol; for the lodgers removed; the silent self-controlling passively-obedient wife to the churchyard, and the seductive captain to country quarters. For solitude in his old apartments had now become more trying to his temper, more disagreeable every way, and especially more productive of painful indications of the countenance, than of late had been to him the presence of his pale partner and unapproaching companion—the libeled and lawful victim of his double-faced and heartless vanity—the martyr to secret griefs and cruel scorn, who perished uncared for and unregretted, while her assassin went forth as usual to cheat and be cheated—to play his gay part in the hollow pageants of life, and bow to its mockeries as if he knew them to be real.

Lodgers in plentiful succession, single and married, took up their abode in the house, and occupied the same suite of apartments, after the widower quitted them; but of these at present I am not the historian.

I pass to a later period of my experiences—many years after, when a gentleman who had come to inspect the lodgings, was shown into this very apartment. He had already seen the others, and appeared indifferent about them, but that might be the result of manner, or the consequence of age—for some would have thought him too old to care much about the style of the room he was to live in now. Yet he was by no means unconcerned on this point, and gazed around him from wall to wall on every side with eyes of lively interest. From floor to ceiling his mild searching glances ranged; and it was in soft sweet tones, and with a profound serenity of manner, as though his heart felt at rest, that he said,

"Yes, I will come and live here—come and die here."

There was on his calm aspect as he spoke a beautiful smile, which to his noble and venerable appearance added a charm singularly captivating. He agreed to enter upon possession at once, and the same night various articles of property were brought in and deposited in

this apartment, which he carefully locked on retiring for the night.

In the morning the key was applied to *me*, and the old man entered and stood alone in the room surveying every object, and calmly and thoughtfully his head drooped, yet this but rendered his air more dignified; and he seemed a man in whom all vain thoughts and violent passions were dead—in whom alone some sweet, and some, perchance, very bitter memories now survived.

He busied himself, as well as his little strength would permit, about the room in arranging the articles brought in; and when he had placed them to his satisfaction, he sat apparently contemplating some object among them of particular interest, what it was I could not see. After some hours thus spent he retired, and again locked the door.

The next day he returned, and the next, and every day; and on the same spot he always sat, sometimes reading, sometimes in meditation, with eyes looking inwardly into himself, but most frequently with his gaze fixed on some object placed before him, with which he seemed to converse silently, securing invariably there a dear and tranquil companionship that rendered loneliness impossible.

A few weeks, months indeed, passed away, and my curiosity had never been gratified by a single word, not a syllable that might explain the old man's mysterious visits and sacred communings in this room, into which no foot save his own was permitted to enter; when I began to note that his thin pale hand trembled more as he applied the key, and his step grew more feeble as he walked to his chair, and I thought his look became still calmer though fonder too as he gazed on the treasure (for such it must be) before him.

The feebleness visibly increased—the visits became briefer—and then they stopped. The old man returned not again, and a knell from a neighboring spire told why.

Some weeks after his death, when a new occupant had taken the rooms, some articles of property were removed—and among them, as they were carried out a picture became for an instant visible. I recognized it as one that had hung long since, in that same apartment, and from the canvas still looked down those meek and patient eyes which had so often turned on the vanity and self-will of Captain Flint, lessons not learnt in time, but yet not finally lost.

LUCK IS EVERYTHING.

BY JOSEPH R. CHANDLER.

THE course of true love, it is said, did never yet run smooth; and those who have had experience on that turnpike of the affections, or rather rail-road, as it is soon run over, bear testimony to the jolts, "runnings off," and mashings up alive, of which the poets speak. We have no great taste, in this time of politics and perplexities, to dabble in "fancy stocks," and risk our reputation for gravity; yet the illustration of an aphorism of admitted truth, may be considered seasonable, and the moral deduced from the illustration may compensate some for the time of reading it.

In the year 1814—we remember the time well, because a part of the incidents of the story were connected with a great event, an event not likely to be forgotten—well, in the year 1814, a young man, who, to a visionary mind and a consequent want of employ-

ment, added a most desperate affection for a young lady, quite too good for him if his business pursuits were alone considered, but just his match, if confiding affection, purity of mind, and innocence of purpose, are the reward of large endowments, strict integrity, and a desire for honest competence, without the means of obtaining it.

There was no more pleasing young man in the thriving village than Henry Bradford; and everybody agreed with his neighbors, that he was the most agreeable person, and the best educated about. But he did not study law, he despised medicine, and did not take to the church; he had frequently thought of "merchandize," but that required a capital, which he could not raise, and so he did not get ahead, though he was forever on the brink of some wonderful success which he certainly would have secured, if he had only entered upon the enterprise.

Mary Carver evidently loved Henry Bradford; for knowing that, excepting his handsome person, pleasing manners, and good character, he had nothing to offer, she would not otherwise have been deaf to the offers of so many young men, whose character and positions rendered them desirable to the family. These offers were repeated so often, and hints so strong were given to Mr. and Mrs. Carver, that it was deemed proper, after a serious deliberation in cabinet council, to admonish their daughter that Henry was in no business, and was not likely to be in a way to maintain a family.

Mrs. Carver opened the diplomacy with her daughter, and after two or three conferences, retreated under the laugh of Mary, who declared that she did not doubt that Henry one day would be rich enough to take care of both, for he had had a dream that he should be. Mrs. Carver had no disposition to laugh in such a serious mission, and no desire to be angry with her daughter.

Mary, however, knew that when her father came to negotiate, she would have to use other arguments than laughter, and therefore she admonished Henry of the approaching storm. Henry thought of it two or three days, an unusual time for him to devote to any thing like his personal affairs.

At length the family was honored by a formal offer from a clergyman in a neighboring town. He was learned, pious, rich, and respected, and such an offer was not to be slighted. It was not slighted. Old Mr. Carver took the subject to heart, and Mrs. Carver gave her sheer muslin cap a double clear starching upon the very idea of becoming mother-in-law to a minister. Mary pondered these things in her heart. She saw the improbability of Henry's ever attaining a situation that would warrant matrimony. She was listening to her mother's account of his want of application to business, his apparent disregard of all the ordinary means of attaining competence, and of his utter lack of what is called common sense; and the old lady concluded her homily with a remark, that she believed Henry Bradford would think more of a dream of wealth twice repeated, than of the best prospects that ever presented business preferment.

"Mother," said Mary, "Henry is not a fool."

"No," said Mrs. Carver, hesitatingly, "he is not a fool, certainly."

"Why then do you talk so of him?" asked Mary. "But there he is coming now," continued the girl.

"Speak to him plainly, my child," said Mrs. Carver.

Mary made no answer, for she was a little mortified at the ludicrous turn which her mother had given to Henry's rather dreamy proposition, though she never had heard him build any castles in the air out of such materials.

Henry came with his usual pleasant humor, and sat down by Mary, and after a few words, he perceived that something was wrong.

"Mary," said he, "have you been reading the Sorrows of Werter?"

"No, Henry, but I have been listening to mother's sorrows—her lamentations over you. She says—"

"Never mind what she says, Mary, as I perceive it is not very good; just listen to what I have to tell."

"Well what is it Henry? I hope it is good."

"Excellent, capital: it will be delightful."

"Do, then, tell me what it is."

"Why, last Sunday night I dreamed that—"

"Dreamed?" exclaimed Mary, with a most dolorous sigh.

"Aye, dreamed."

"Well, go on."

"I dreamed that I had drawn ten thousand dollars in the Plymouth Beach Lottery."

"Well, what then?"

"Why, I dreamed the same on Monday night, and on Tuesday night, and the numbers were 5, 4, 3, 2. Well, I sent right to Boston on Wednesday, and purchased the ticket, and here it is; you shall keep it, Mary, and when I go up to Boston for the prize, you shall go with me."

Poor Mary smiled mournfully and reproachingly. Henry left the house, and went home satisfied that he had made a right disposition of the ticket.

Day after day did Henry watch at the Post Office, to read the first report of the drawing; but day after day passed without the desired information.

At length one of the young men was heard to remark that Henry Bradford had shot out of the Post Office, as if he had received some strange intelligence.

"Mary," said Henry, "here is your father's paper, and look at the returns, No. 5, 4, 3, 2—TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS."

Mary turned pale—the news was unexpected.

"Let's go to Boston," said Henry, "and get the money."

"The prizes are payable thirty days after drawing," said Mary, looking at the bottom of the ticket.

That night Mary told her mother of Henry's luck.

Mrs. Carver seemed rather startled.

"Are you not pleased, mother?" asked Mary; "do you wish to oppose other obstacles to our union?"

"Mary," said Mrs. Carver, "do you recollect the most uncompromising hostility which your father has to lotteries—his utter abomination to money thus distributed? This prize will be worse to him than poverty. Ever since they refused to make him a manager in the Plymouth Beach Lottery, he has set down the whole as gambling, and every prize as the devil's gift for mischief; and to say the truth, most people begin to hold opinions with him."

"Why, mother, everybody did not ask to be made a manager in the lottery."

"No, no; but people may, like your father, arrive at correct conclusions from selfish considerations, and

good opinions may become general without any special motive for change."

The next day Mary gave back Henry his ticket, with an account of the conversation of her mother.

Henry was mortified at the result; he understood and appreciated the feelings of the "old folks," and in any other person's case he might have approved of it.

"But what does your father want?" said Henry. "Does he suppose that the mode adopted to build churches, endow schools, and finish public works, is too impure to supply the needy purse of one who wishes to be his son-in-law? He is more nice than wise."

"My father," said Mary, "may not think himself called upon to be as particular about what concerns the public charities, corporations, or indifferent individuals, as he is, and is bound to be, in what concerns the respectability of his own family."

"But if I acquire wealth by lawful means—"

"Henry, father never asked that you should be wealthy: he thought it proper, and he makes it a condition of our marriage, that you should have some respectable business, since you have not wealth."

"And your father is right," said Henry; "but how I am to get clear of the odium of my lottery prize, I can neither see nor guess."

"Perhaps you will dream it, though," said Mary, archly.

"I can dream of nothing but schooners, brigs, and ships," said Henry.

"Oh, if you only owned a good vessel," said Mary, "I do not know but father would almost forgive its coming as a prize."

"A prize to the privateer," said Henry, "but not in a lottery."

Henry wandered down toward the wharves and unoccupied ship-yards. The war allowed of little or no work among the ship-builders. The hull of a fine brig lay at the wharf. She had been launched a year, and there was none to purchase her. She was too, clumsy for a privateer.

"Mr. Holmes," said Henry, "what is that vessel worth?"

"She is worth twenty thousand dollars," said the owner and builder; "she cost that as she is, and she will bring twenty-five thousand the very hour peace is declared."

"Would you like the money for her at a cash price?"

"Nothing would be more acceptable. But there are not fifteen thousand dollars in the country."

The remarks of Mary about her father's respect for a ship owner had been running in Henry's head ever since they were uttered, and he beckoned aside the owner.

"Mr. Holmes," said Henry, "I have a commission to fulfil, and, as you know I am not much of a business man, I must ask you to consider a proposition which I am about to make to you, and to answer me explicitly."

"Let me hear the proposition."

"I will give you ten thousand dollars for the brig as she now lies."

"And the time of payment?"

"Within forty days. You cannot want the money sooner; the river is frozen over, and you could make no use of the cash before that time."

Mr. Holmes turned to Bradford and said—"You

know, Henry, that I am aware that you have not the means of payment, and also that you are not a person likely to be employed as an agent in such business, and yet I have every confidence in your word."

Henry explained fully to the ship owner the state of his affairs, and exhibited to him the lottery ticket, No. 5, 4, 3, 2.

"But," said Mr. Holmes, "there may be some mistake about the matter, or some failure of the lottery, by which I should lose."

Henry explained his motives and wishes, and in two hours he held in his hand a bill of sale of the brig *Helvetius*, which, as the papers were not obtained, he immediately re-named *MARY*. The condition was, that Henry was to hold the vessel for forty days, and if, within that time, he should pay ten thousand dollars, she was to be his; if not, she was to revert to Mr. Holmes, who, in the meantime, held the ticket as a sort of collateral. The bill of sale, as I saw it, bore date the 5th of February, 1815. Henry felt like a new man. He was a ship owner in a place where that character was a sort of aristocracy. He went day after day to look at his brig, wishing for the time to pass away for the prize to be paid, but he said nothing yet to Mr. Carver.

One evening, while Henry was walking with Mary, she asked him what he intended to do with his vessel when the forty days were up?

"Rig her, bend her sails, and then sell her, or send her to sea."

"Why, Henry, it took the whole of the ticket to buy the hull and the standing spars, and it will take half as much more to rig her and find canvass; and besides that, how can you sell her for more than Mr. Holmes could?"

Henry hesitated: he had not thought of that; but he did not doubt but it would all come right yet.

Henry was sitting the next day on the quarter rail of his brig, looking at the masts, well covered with snow and ice, and thinking of the better appearance she would make when the rigger had done his duty. At length he felt the hand of Mr. Holmes upon his shoulder.

"Henry," said the latter, "I am sorry to have bad news to tell you. Read that paragraph in the *Boston Centinel*."

"CORRECTION.—The ticket which drew the highest prize in the Plymouth Beach Lottery, was 4, 5, 3, 2, and not, as our compositors stated last week, 5, 4, 3, 2. We understand that a gentleman of wealth in the southern part of this town, is the fortunate holder."

"What do you say to that, Henry?"

"Only that the old gentleman will not now say that I have the wages of gambling."

"No, nor will he give you the credit of being a ship owner," said Mr. Holmes. "You have been unfortunate, Henry, and I am really sorry for you?" continued Mr. Holmes, changing his tone considerably; "and regret my own loss, as I have need of the money; but, as you cannot pay for the brig, you would better hand me the bill of sale, and let us destroy it."

Henry drew from his pocket the precious document, and, while he examined it from top to bottom, he said to Mr. Holmes—"This affair has been to me like a pleasant dream, not only on account of my aspirations for Mary, which you are acquainted with, but day after day I have felt a growing energy for business, a sort of outreaching of the mind, a determination,

with such a noble beginning, to proceed cautiously but steadily, to do what I ought to have begun years since. Then, Mr. Holmes, as the bill has yet some days to run before I can be chargeable with violation of contract, I will restore it to my pocket-book, and, if I cannot *dream* as I have done, I shall not, at least, be awakened too suddenly."

Mr. Holmes, of course, consented, as he really had no right to claim the vessel until the forty days should have expired; and Henry went up to tell Mary of the new turn his luck had taken.

Though Mary respected her father too much to feel pleasure in Henry's new possession, yet she loved Henry too much not to feel deeply grieved at his bitter disappointment.

"That dream, said Henry, doubtfully; "that dream has not yet come to pass."

Some days after that, there was, as usual, a gathering at the post office, at some distance from the shipyard, awaiting the arrival of the mail. The stage, at the usual hour, drove up, and the driver said, as he handed the mail-bag into the house, that he guessed there was better news to-day than he had brought since the victory on the Lake.

"Another victory, Mr. Woodward?"

"No, not another victory, but *PEACE*!"

"Can you tell me," said a dapper looking young gentleman, as he slipped from the stage, "where I can find Mr. Holmes, the owner of the brig *Helvetius*?"

"Mr. Holmes lives on the hill yonder," was the reply; "but it is thought he does not own the *Helvetius* now."

"Has he sold her?"

"Yes."

"I am sorry for that—who is the owner?"

"Mr. Bradford—the young man whom you see reading the newspaper."

The stranger stepped into the house, and enquired of Henry whether he would sell the brig.

Henry said that he would cheerfully part with her.

"At what price?"

"At the peace price."

"Stage is ready," said Mr. Woodward, the driver.

"We will ride over to the village," said Henry, "and converse on the matter as we go along."

Henry soon emerged from the stage coach, and hastened to Mr. Carver's.

"You look cheerful," said Mary.

"I have drawn another prize!"

"Not another, I hope!"

"Yes, and a larger one; I have sold the brig for twenty thousand dollars to a Boston house, and I am to be in Plymouth at four o'clock, to get my pay at the Bank."

"But the brig was not yours, Henry. Surely you are not deranged—you could not hold the brig after the mistake of the prize was corrected."

"There is just where you are mistaken, Mary. There is a bill of sale which allows of forty days from date for the payment. Say nothing to any one," cried Henry, "and I will be with you before I sleep."

"What's the matter with Henry?" said Mrs. Carver, as she entered the room; has he drawn another prize?"

"I guess not, mother," said Mary; "only dreaming, again, perhaps."

At nine o'clock Henry arrived from Plymouth, with an accepted draft for ten thousand dollars, in favor of

Mr. Holmes, and a Bank book in which he had a credit for an equal sum; and the brig Mary made some of the most profitable voyages that were ever projected in Boston.

She was in the East India trade, and, as her return was noticed in the papers, (and it was usually announced about the same time that the very respectable family of Bradford had an Increase,) Henry was wont to exclaim, "luck is everything."

Some years after that, twenty-five at least, as I was riding into Plymouth, with Bradford and his granddaughter, I referred to the anecdote, and the conclusion, that "luck was everything."

"There may be something in luck," said he; "but the hope which I gathered while I held the ticket, with the belief that I had a prize, the resolutions which I formed while sitting and gazing at the lofty spars of my brig, and the confiding virtue, the filial piety, and the perfect love of Mary, did all for me, and I should have been rich without the brig; so, you see, it was Hope, contemplation, woman's virtue, woman's piety, and woman's love, that made me what I am. And let me add, friend C., that you and I owe more to woman than the world credits to her. Let us, at least, do her justice."—*Graham, for March.*

LAGENT OF THE BEREAVED.

BY ARTHUR MORRELL.

SAD this heart which once was gay,
Death has torn its joy away—
Joy which (by sweet hopes inspir'd,
Once 'twas all this heart desir'd,)
Ceases now to light mine eye—
Grief awakens many a sigh.
Sad this heart which once was gay,
Death has torn its joy away.

Tears, instead of smiles, now start
From this sorrow stricken heart;
Tears which scarce afford relief,
Offspring of a bitter grief;
Grief which dwells where, unrestrain'd,
Once fond Hope supremely reign'd—
Sad this heart which once was gay,
Death has torn its joy away.

Mournfully and sadly now
Gaze I on that cold, cold brow—
Sighing, weeping, all alone,
For the one I thought my own.
Farewell, lost one!—blest art thou—
Would that I were with thee now.
Sad my heart which once was gay,
Death has torn its joy away.

PRAIRIE AND MOUNTAIN LIFE.

Mark Head's Adventure with the Sioux.

We have before made mention of a trapper now in the mountains, known as Mark Head. He has in his time met with a number of perilous and desperate adventures, and one of them shall form the subject of this chapter.

In 1839, Mark was out on a trapping excursion with two companions, one named Rushfore and the other Redmond, the latter hailing from the State of Louisiana. The three were journeying along the Sweet-

water one morning, when they suddenly came in view of forty or fifty Sioux. Mark at once proposed to his friends to run, but they opposed it, and preferred going up to the Indians to offer their hands and play a frank and fearless part. Rushfore and Redmond, forming the majority, of course prevailed, and Mark, perforce, accompanied them to shake hands with the treacherous Sioux. The tremulous presentiment of Mark turned out a prophecy, for the three trappers were instantly surrounded by the Indians, who pressed about them with rude impetuosity, and while pretending to offer their hands in friendship; Redmond was pulled off his horse, and Rushfore's rifle was jerked out of his grasp. The unfortunate trappers were now awake to the critical danger in which they stood, but not a single moment was allowed them to consider how to act, for Mark received a violent blow upon the back from a bow of one of the Indians, and as he wheeled his horse he was shot, a ball passing through the muscles of his abdomen, but without inflicting a mortal wound. Mark shows the two scars at this day, made by the lump of lead entering and passing through his person, just escaping clear of the intestines.

Hints so very palpable were not to be mistaken, and the three white men turned to run, when a shower of balls followed them, riddling their blankets and leather shirts in a most frightful and dangerous fashion. The Indians pursued them immediately, firing again and again upon the poor trappers, until Mark, growing weak, gave his rifle to Rushfore.

"Take the gun," said he, "use it if you can; I believe I am dying."

A moment after this the Sioux fired again, and Redmond dropped his gun, exclaiming "I'm shot!" His left arm fell broken and useless by his side, and the blood was gushing from a wound near his heart. The trappers were driving with them animals packed with beaver skins, and these, as well as the horses they rode, were worn down and weary with hard service, so that their chance of escaping from the Indians by speed was entirely hopeless. Redmond kept his seat in the saddle about two hundred and fifty yards further, until nature could sustain him no longer, and he reeled and fell fainting upon the grass. The Indians, hurrying on in the pursuit, rushed past the dying man without offering him further molestation, and pressed after Mark and Rushfore. Mark was rapidly growing fainter, and it was just when he believed himself about to fall that he said to his remaining companion:

"Rushfore, you are yet uninjured—you have my gun—get down and fire; kill one of them and the others will run—it is our only chance—take true aim, and be sure to kill one, or we are lost."

Rushfore jumped to the round on the instant and obeyed the order of Mark. Four of the Sioux were in advance of the rest, hurrying after the trappers, when Rushfore sprang from his horse and raised his gun, upon which the four flung themselves flat upon their horses, and it was seen that each had another red rascal straddling the crupper behind him. Mark Head was right in his conjecture, for even before Rushfore fired the Indians turned and ran with headlong speed beyond gun-shot distance. The two whites started again upon their retreat, and soon the eight Indians appeared once more at their heels, the rest of the Sioux having fallen off from the pursuit. Rushfore wheeled his horse and raised his gun again, and the cowardly Sioux ran as before. In this manner the two poor trappers

were followed and harassed for many miles. They paused again and again to look back for their comrade, Redmond, and at one time they saw him raise his head languidly from the ground, instantly dropping back as if dead. This is the last that is known of the fate of Redmond. He was, no doubt, inhumanly slaughtered and scalped upon the banks of the Sweetwater, and there left to find funeral attentions from the wolves.

Redmond's horse, when his master fell from him, followed Mark and Rushfore, and was, at this stage of the affair, the freshest animal in the possession of the trappers. Rushfore seized the advantage of the circumstance and mounted the loose horse, while the Sioux, growing weary of the chase, dropped behind and closed around poor Redmond, dead or dying, as the case might be, for his two friends were too much exhausted, dispirited and despairing to offer him any particle of aid. They fully believed him dead, however, as they hurried away in the faint hope of preserving their own lives.

Mark, in his wounded condition, drooped upon his horse, but still managed to maintain his seat for some five miles, when, finding themselves out of sight of the Indians, the two unfortunate trappers paused to get a moment's rest. Rushfore took his knife and cut the packs from the other animals to lighten them, Mark, wounded and weak as he was, still insisting to carry eleven green beaver skins across his pommel, and not to lose them while breath remained with him. Starting on immediately again, they at length reached a group of rocks, where they hid themselves and their animals, while Rushfore dressed the wound of Mark as well as he could with rags and deer skin. Assisted faithfully by Rushfore, Mark traveled for several days, until their animals were perfectly worn out, and the men were forced to walk, dragging their weary steeds after them. At length they reached a Snake village on Green river, where Mark remained to receive attention, while Rushfore traveled on to camp and brought back assistance. Mark had been within an ace of losing his life on several occasions, but in no instance was he ever nearer destruction than at the time of his adventure with the Sioux.

MANALCAS AND ALEXIS.

An Idyl.—BY W. P. N.

MANALCAS was old. Four score years had already bowed his head. The silver hairs shadowed his forehead, and a snowy beard flowed upon his breast. A staff sustained his tottering steps. As he, who, after the labors of a fine summer's day, in the cool evening, sits down content, and thanks the gods, waiting for peaceful slumbers. So Menalcas consecrated the remainder of his days in repose, and to the worship of the gods: for he had passed his life in labor and beneficence; and, therefore, with tranquil resignation, awaited the slumbers of the grave.

Menalcas saw blessings diffused upon his children. He had given them numerous flocks, and fertile pastures. With tender anxiety, they, each one, strove to cheer his latter days, and to repay the cares he had given to their tender years. It is a duty that the gods never leave unrewarded. Often, seated at the door of his cottage, in the sun's genial warmth, he surveyed his gardens, cultivated with the greatest care, and, at a distance, the labors and riches of the fields. With an affable and courteous air, he invited the passenger

to sit down by him. Gladly he heard the news of the neighboring villages; and he was pleased to learn of strangers the manners and the customs of far distant countries.

His children, and his children's children, came with innocent gayety about him—the most delightful amusement of his age. The judge of their diversions, he decided in their little disagreements. He taught them to be just, mild and compassionate to men, and even to the least of other animals. With the various sports he taught them, still he mingled some simple truths. He made for them the instruments of their diversions. They came incessantly crying to him—"Oh, grandfather! make us this, make us that!" When they had got them, they threw their arms round his neck—they leaped for joy; while the old man smiled at their transports. He taught them to cut the reeds into pipes and whistles. He instructed them to call the sheep and goats out to the pasture, and back again to the fold. He composed songs for them, which were sung by the youngest, accompanied by the eldest on the pipe. At other times he told them some affecting story; then they all sat round him on the ground, or on the threshold of the door, with their mouths half open, and their eyes watching his lips.

One day he sat by the door of his cottage enjoying the morning sun, and no one was with him but his grandson Alexis. The lovely youth had not yet seen fourteen winters. The rose of the spring of life and health bloomed on his cheeks, and golden locks flowed over his shoulders. The old man entertained him with discourses on the happiness of doing good to mankind, and of relieving the indigent.

"There is no pleasure," he said, "can equal that we feel after performing a virtuous action. The bright radiance of the morn—the mellowed light of the setting sun—the moon, that pierces through the sable veil of night—all fill the heart with delicious sensations. But that which beneficence inspires—oh, my son! it is far, far more delicious."

Tears of joy and tenderness bedewed the cheeks of young Alexis. The old man saw them with transports.

"You weep, my child," he said, fixing his eyes tenderly on him; "surely my discourse alone could not call forth these tears. There is something in thy heart that makes them flow."

Alexis wiped the drops from his rosy cheeks; but his eyes still filled with fresh tears.

"Oh! I know; yes, I feel that nothing is so sweet as doing good!"

Menalcas was affected; he pressed the youth's hand in his, and said:

"I see by thy countenance, I read in thine eyes that thy mind is affected, and that it is not merely by what I have said."

The young shepherd, abashed, turned away his face.

"Was not your discourse sufficiently affecting to bring tears down my cheeks?"

"I see, my child," replied Menalcas, "I see that you hide from me, perhaps for the first time, that which makes your bosom pant, and even now hangs on your lips."

"Well, then," said Alexis, restraining his tears, "I will tell you all, which, but for you, I should have concealed forever in my heart. Have I not learned, from you, that he who boasts of the good he does, is but good by halves? It was for this reason I would have concealed from you what made my heart throb; what

convinced me so pleasingly that the satisfaction of doing good is the most delicious pleasure of our lives. One of our sheep had strayed. I went to seek it on the hills, when I heard a voice. I crept to the part whence it came, and I perceived a man. He took from his shoulders a heavy burden, and, sighing, laid it on the ground. 'I cannot,' he said, 'no, I cannot go farther. How full of bitterness are my days! A scanty and wretched subsistence is all I obtain for my labor. Many hours have I wandered, loaded with this burden, amid the noon-day heat, I can find no spring to quench my thirst; no tree, not even a bush, whose fruit can refresh me. O gods! I see nothing all round me but frightful deserts; no path appears to lead me to my hut; and my tottering knees cannot support me longer. Yet I will not murmur. Gods! you have always succored me;' Thus lamenting, he laid himself exhausted on his burden.

"Then, without being perceived, I ran, with all my speed, to our cottage. I instantly put in a basket fresh and dry fruits, and filled my largest flagon with milk. I flew back to the mountain, and again found the unhappy man. He was then in a perfect slumber. Softly, quite softly I approached him, set the basket and flagon of milk by his side, and hid myself behind the bushes. He soon awoke. 'What a sweet refreshment is sleep!' he said: then looking on his burden—'I will try to carry thee farther; for hast thou not served as a pillow to my head? Perhaps the gods will direct my steps, that I may soon hear the murmur of some fountain, or that I may find some cottage whose hospitable master will receive me under his roof.' At the moment he was taking up his load, he perceived the flagon and the basket. The burden fell from his hands. 'Gods!' he cried, 'what do I see? Alas! my want disturbs my senses! I surely dream; and when I awake, all will surely vanish. But no! I am awake. O gods! it is no dream!' He laid his hand upon the fruit. 'Yes, I am awake. What divinity—oh, what propitious power hath wrought this miracle? To thee I pour the first drops of this milk, and to thee I consecrate these two apples, the fairest of the basket. Receive—oh, vouchsafe to receive, propitious, my grateful offering. Thou knowest the sincerity of my heart.' He then sat down and ate, while tears of joy ran down his face. Having refreshed himself, he rose up and offered his thanks once more to the power that had watched over him with so much goodness. 'Or have the gods,' he said, 'have they sent hither some beneficent mortal? Why can I not see and embrace him? Where art thou? Let me thank and bless thee. May the gods bless him; bless the generous man, all that are his, and all that is dear to him! I am satisfied. I will take with me these fruits; my wife and children shall eat of them, and bless, with me, our unknown benefactor.' He went his way, and I wept for joy.

"I then ran through the bushes, that I might get before him. I sat myself down on the side of the road, through which he must pass. He came; he saluted me, and said: 'My son, hast thou seen any one on the mountains, bearing a flagon and a basket of fruit?' 'No, I have seen no one on these mountains bearing a flagon and a basket of fruit. But,' I said, 'how came you in this desert? You must have surely lost your way. There is no path leads hither.' 'Alas! my child,' he said, 'yes, I did unluckily lose my way; and if some beneficent deity—if it were a mortal, the gods bless him!—if some beneficent power had not saved

me, I should have perished of hunger and thirst on these mountains.' 'Let me show you your way. Give me your burden, that I may carry it, and you will more easily follow me.' After refusing a long time, he gave me the burden, and I conducted him to the road that leads to his cottage.

This, my father, is what makes me still weep with joy. What I did cost me little trouble; yet, every time I think on it the remembrance delights me like the sweet morning air. How happy must he be who has done a great deal of good.

The old man embraced the youth with the sweetest transport of pleasure. "Ah! now I shall descend without regret to the grave, since I leave behind me, in my cottage, piety and beneficence."

SMILES.

BY C. D. STUART.

Oh, give to him who lies in pain,
Affection's hand, and friendship's smile,
And it shall back restore again
The drooping heart to life awhile.

How much that simple smile has done
To soothe our grief, and heal our woe,
As through the clouds the morning sun
Has given the rose a sweeter glow.

The flames that lick a martyr's form
Are quench'd beneath that triumph sign,
As back retreats the wrathful storm
Before the rainbow's blush divine.

Through prison doors, like hope's sweet star,
How speed its wings with holiest balm;
A smile! before it e'en despair
With all her awful woe is calm.

The child has watch'd its lingering trace,
As on the mother's lip it played,
And she has gazed on childhood's face,
Whose smiles her tenderest dreams have made.

And youth can tell how much its glance
Has smoothed life's waves of troubled roll;
How deep the joy, how fond the trance,
As fell its impress on the soul.

Aye, manhood down to life's decline,
Hap spoken thus its hope and love;
The smile has made our life divine,
And smiles have woo'd to heaven above.

New York, March, 1844.

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PACKING OF FIGS.—The progress of packing figs in the drums for exportation is considered as one of the "curiosities" of Smyrna, though, in truth, it is simple enough, and conducted without any mystery. After drying on the tree, they are brought from the country on camels' backs; and we met long rows of these animals toiling through the crooked and dirty streets, with their huge loads towering far above our heads. The figs are then turned out in a heap in the middle of an apartment, round which are squatted a group of women and children, not very cleanly in appearance, who press them into rather a long shape from the stalk, and then hand them in shieves to any party of women and men, with a drum before them and a pail of salt water by

their sides, form a little packet of figs in their hands by pressing half a dozen close together, and place them round the inner edge of the drum, with the stalks inward. On completing the circle, they fill up the inside with as many as they can get in, and then sprinkling the whole with salt water to destroy the worm which each fig is said to contain, and produce a candied appearance by crystalization, they proceed to the next layer. The whole operation is performed with incredible despatch.—*Allen's Pictorial Tour.*

#### SERENADE.

BY HIRAM BENSON SHORTEELLOW.

THE taper from thy lattice gleaming,  
It is to me, it is to me,  
As beacon to the sailor beaming  
Upon the sea, upon the sea.

It seems to say that thou art kneeling  
In silence there, in silence there,  
The secrets of thy heart revealing  
In earnest prayer, in earnest prayer.

I wonder, too, if thou, in praying,  
Dost think of me, dost think of me,  
While I, oft going, still am staying,  
To dream of thee, to dream of thee.

List, and I'll sweep my gay guitar  
With touches light, with touches light,  
And softly whisper from afar,  
Dearest, good night, dearest, good night.

#### THE ROVER OMNIBUS.

"THE HUNTED BUFFALO," in the present number of the Rover, it is unnecessary for us to say, is an exceedingly beautiful and spirited engraving, for it will sufficiently tell its own story to all who may chance to see it. The subject is a little out of the common line of pictorial embellishments for magazines, and therefore has a freshness that adds much to its interest. The design of the picture is full of spirit and life, and the mechanical execution of the plate is carried out in the artist's best style. We may also freely commend the fine poem of Mr. Field accompanying the engraving. It appeared originally in the New Orleans Picayune, where the writer has published much good poetry over the signature of "Phazma."

**NEW PLATES.**—We have on hand several new plates for the Rover, from good subjects, and others will soon be in progress, which will give much variety and interest to the current volume.

**ORIGINAL POETRY.**—We have four original articles of poetry in the present number of the Rover, all of which would do credit to any magazine or annual. The "London Lyric" by Barry Cornwall, is full of power.

The prose articles in the present number, by Joseph R. Chandler, Mrs. Embury, Laman Blanchard, and others, are highly wrought and stirring sketches, beautifully written and full of moral power.

A strong article, of remarkable originality, received a little too late for this number, will appear in the next.

#### SONG OF THE MAIDEN.

BY LAWRENCE LARREE.

Oh, tiny bird! why warblest thou  
So joyfully and gay?  
Dost thou not see yon lowering cloud  
Upon the face of day?  
Hath sorrow never tuned thy notes?  
Mourn'st thou no hope deferr'd?  
Or art thou ever happy thus—  
Tell me, oh, tiny bird!

Oh, tiny bird! what shelters thee  
When fierce the tempest blows?  
Methinks thy covert nest should be  
The bosom of the rose;—  
And on some thistle's downy breast,  
By each sweet zephyr stirr'd,  
Should be thy perfumed place of rest,  
Oh, happy, tiny bird!

Had I thy pinions, tiny bird—  
Thy soul-inspiring song,  
I'd seek the sunniest climes of earth,  
My music to prolong:  
Hast thou my weary load of grief—  
My drooping of the wing,  
Thou ne'er could'st soar so near to heaven—  
Ne'er have the heart to sing.

Oh, tiny bird! 'twas heaven's decree  
That made thee thus to sing,  
That thou should'st cheer our saddest hours  
With thy sweet carolling;  
Then speed ye hence, nor let my gloom  
Add sorrow to thy strain;  
Go! with thy music and thy mirth—  
For me thou sing'st in vain.

#### THE ROVER BOOK-TABLE.

JAMES MOWATT & Co., 174 Broadway, corner of Maiden Lane, have commenced publishing, in weekly numbers, "The Drawing-Room Library," edited by Epes Sargeant. Each number contains sixteen pages large octavo, neatly printed, and is sold for twelve and a half cents. The first number contains the collected poems of the editor, accompanied with a beautiful engraving. Some of these poems have had a wide circulation, and been quite popular—such as "The Light of the Lighthouse," "The Missing Ship," "A Life on the ocean Wave," &c. Number two of the Library contains Recollections of the Emperor Napoleon, by Miss Abell, late Mrs. Eliza Balcome, during the time spent by the Emperor in her father's house at St. Helena. This work has been published within a few months past in a London periodical, and is regarded as one of the most interesting pictures of Napoleon's domestic character ever taken.

From the same publishers we have a little book of seventy pages, on Mnemonics, or the new science of artificial memory, embodying the rules of M. Feinaigle, the founder of the art. Price 25 cents.

Also, Mesmerism, or Animal Magnetism; containing a historical sketch of the science; theories of Mesmer and others; application of the science to medical purposes; natural somnambulism; extraordinary cases; higher phenomena of Mesmer, &c., &c. 25 cents.

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H. Thompson, R.A.

LOVE SHELTERED.

Engraved by F. Ostrander for the Bower.





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# THE ROVER.

## LOVE SHELTERED.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

WITH AN ENGRAVING.

"Love came to the window one day."

A bird, escaped the fowler's snare,  
Sought refuge in my breast—  
Alas! too fondly cherished there,  
It robbed me of my rest.

Awhile its ruffled wing it drest,  
Content it seemed awhile—  
Close to my throbbing bosom prest,  
I never dreamed of guile.

I never dreamed my sheltered dove  
Would weary of its home,  
That it would seek another love,  
And from my bosom roam.

I felt it struggling in my hand—  
It struggled to be free;  
I tighter drew the silken band  
That bound it unto me.

Alas! how drooped the joyous thing;  
Its sorrow touched my heart—  
I loosed the bond—it poised its wing;  
How could my dove depart?

How leave a trusting heart to pine,  
In solitude and pain!  
Oh bird, new perils will be thine;  
Come to my breast again.

## THE INFURIATED TIGER.

Upon one evening, a party of collegians and young bloods of the town, had met together at my room to play and carouse. In fact, it was a regular meeting of the Sudhunters, who assembled twice in every week. We kept it up jollily until near the hour of midnight, having in that time managed to get full of Bacchus, when Somers proposed that we should sally forth and astonish the town by some well planned and well directed piece of mischief. Without any one of us having a very clear conception of our actions or intentions, we hailed the proposition with drunken rapture and started forth.

A traveling menagerie had arrived in the town the day before, and among the wonders it contained was a young bear. The poor animal had been so well beaten that he became very humble, and had acquired a number of amusing tricks. Of this we were all aware, having visited the menagerie the day before. Just as we had passed the spot where the animals were confined, it occurred to me what rare sport it would be to capture young Bruin, and place him in the chemical lecture room, to astonish, on the next day, the professor and the class.

No sooner had I made a proposition to this effect, than it was adopted, and all volunteered their assistance in carrying it into execution. The tent, or pavilion which covered the beasts, was erected in the great yard of the principal tavern. The cages, each contain-

ing one or more animals, were iron grated boxes, standing on wheels, by means of which they had been dragged into the town. These were ranged around the interior of the tent, forming a circular array of wood and iron. Not imagining that any one would disturb the animals, the showmen and keepers had retired to rest along with the inmates of the tavern, leaving the tents entirely unwatched. Thus we were afforded a clear field in which to execute our scheme. After several of our number had been posted as sentinels, the rest crept in under the canvas, and entered the arena. It was some time before we could, in the deep darkness of the place, identify the cage in which our friend Bruin had been placed to sleep. After stumbling over divers things which lay scattered about, and peering about in the dark, we found the object of our search. There in a substantial cage, was the dim outline of the animal, his two eyes flashing drops of fire at being aroused from his quiet slumbers.

The next difficulty that occurred to us was the mode of conveying him to the college which was several hundred yards distant. Some of the revelers proposed that we should throw a halter around his neck, and so drag him along. We rejected this, not from any personal fear, since we had arrived at that point which makes one oblivious of danger, but lest we should be seen by some late straggler and have our fun spoiled. A better plan was, after much scheming, devised, and one which met the universal acquiescence.

In the tavern yard stood a water hoghead with a sliding lid fastened by means of a hasp and staple. We had only to roll this in, slide down the box from the wheels, open the door immediately in front of the hoghead, and drive the animal in. We could then push down the lid of the cask, secure it by means of a rope passed through the staples, and roll our prisoner and his prison-house to the college.

No sooner was this suggested than we hastened to put it into execution. The cage, with our united efforts, we slid quietly down from the wheels—Bruin growling all the while in anger—the hoghead was rolled in and placed upon end in front of the cage and the animal stirred up with our canes. With a terrific yell he rushed in, and we closed the lid suddenly down upon him, fastening it at the same time in a secure manner. The yell of the bear had aroused the other animals, and our ears were regaled for the next ten minutes with a variety of hideous sounds that awakened the sleeping echoes of the night. The animal in the hoghead growled and his voice came like distant thunder, so deepened was it by the wood in which he lay. His fellows had no incumbrance to their voices, and they howled as clearly as though they had once more been in their native forest.

Fearful of being discovered, we remained quiet for a long time, holding our very breaths in suspense. The animals often started a chorus of strange noises during the night, and the keepers thinking nothing unusual to be the matter, merely cursed the unruly beasts for destroying the unity of their rest and then turning back went to sleep again.

As soon as quiet was restored, we slit a hole in the canvas, for we were afraid to emerge by the aperture facing the tavern, rolled our hoghead through the

yard to the back gate, which we unfastened, and then passing into the road, started at a quick rate for our spot of destination. Over and over went the hogshead, the animal within growling at the rough treatment he experienced at our hands, and we nearly convulsed with laughter at the uncouthness of the noise he made.

At length we reached the back part of the college, when one of our party climbed over the wall and unfastened the gate. We rolled in our prize to the back door of the laboratory, which was the place where our professor of chemistry lectured. We found that in consequence of the narrowness of the door, the hogshead would not enter. Such being the case, we were about to start the animal through the open door, when the idea more redolent of fun struck the fancy of Somers. Back of the lecture room was a small apartment containing odds and ends, and which was not visited perhaps once a month. He said rightly, that if we placed Bruin in this apartment, we would not likely be discovered until sometime during the lecture of the chemical professor, when the noise he would be apt to make, attracting attention, the plot would readily be brought to a crisis. We joined our strength, and, upon our shoulders, up went the hogshead until it was placed on a level with the window. A light young fellow, the smallest of the party, climbed up, hoisted the window, and slid up the lid of the cask. We shook the hogshead violently; but at first to no purpose. The animal was thoroughly frightened, and lay still, or with an occasional growl. We shook it again and he started. There was but one possible mode of progression which was straight forward—and the brute gave a spring through the window. There was a crash of glass, a howl, and the terrified animal, crouching in a corner, remained silent. Our little companion closed the sash and leaped down. We rolled the hogshead up into a corner of the yard, and returning to our rooms, continued our revelry until nearly daylight.

It was about noon when I awoke. I hurried on my clothes, passed a wet towel round my head, swallowed some soda water, and afterward a cup of coffee, and then hastened to the college. It was the hour of the professor of chemistry, and I entered the room just as he had commenced to discant upon his subject. The class was all wrapt in attention—for the lecturer was an able man, and was treating upon Light, a matter of interest; and capable of beautiful illustration. He had scarcely finished his short and eloquent exordium, before we heard a crash of bottles, and a low, startling growl in the next room. The professor started and stopped a moment, while those of the class not in the secret, looked at each other in astonishment. There was a pause of a few seconds duration—and then the professor proceeded.

I began to feel alarmed. I remembered what was done the night before. Under ordinary circumstances, there was no danger to be apprehended. The bear was tame enough, and had been whipped until he had imbibed a proper sense of the superiority of man. But from the sounds I judged that bruin had worked himself into the room, only separated from us by a thin partition full of windows, in which were kept the various drugs used in illustrative experiments. There were a great many carboys and bottles of acid in that room. Should he overet any of these and their contents touch his skin, he would be apt to break through

the windows of the department, and do some mischief before we could secure him. By the looks of my companions, I saw they entertained the very same fears.

There was another crash and growl. The professor stopped again and the class looked around in dismay. Those who were acquainted with the cause of the noise, could scarcely keep their countenances. In spite of the alarm under which they labored, there was something so ludicrous in the growl, especially when we figured to ourselves the coming consternation of the class that they could hardly refrain from bursting outright. The professor, who could not exactly tell from whence the sound proceeded, and thought it a trick of the class, reproved them severely, and then continued his lecture. "Gentlemen," said he, preparing for a most brilliant experiment, "I will show you a most startling effect."

And he did. Hark! there was a sudden crash, as if every bottle in the place had been destroyed at once—a smoke rose up—there was a terrific howl, that made the blood curdle and the marrow thrill—and, through that frail glass—Father of truth! we had mistaken the cage, there leaped forth infuriated with the burning liquid, which streamed over him—horror!—an untamed royal tiger.

No words can describe the consternation of the class. Not one stirred. Petrified by horror—motionless—breathless—there we sat. Not a muscle quivered, so rigid were we with intense fear. It was our preservation. Maddened with pain, the animal rushed on with terrific bounds, and, meeting with no obstacle, passed down the stairs into the great hall. There as he leapt, and rolled, and howled in his agony, the eldest daughter of our janitor, coming with a message unwittingly entered. She screamed and fell. The tiger, frantically with the acid, which was eating to his very flesh, heeded her not. On he passed, and the girl lived. Better had she died, for never more shone the light of reason on her vacant eyes. From this day forth she was a gibbering incurable idiot.

On passed the tiger—on! on! on! through the streets, with the populace flying to every side for shelter—past his old prison where the keepers stood wondering at his escape—on he went, bound after bound howling with agony. On he went, while behind, before, and around, rose up the mingled cry of men, women and children. "The tiger! the tiger!"

At the extremity of the main street, a traveler was riding quietly to his home. He heard the noise behind him, and casting his eyes around, saw the cause. He spurred his horse, who started, snorting with terror, for he saw the coming of the mighty animal as well as his master. It was in vain. The tiger noted not the man. He saw only the terrified steed. One leap—distance was just saved—and he struck his claws into the hind quarters of the horse, who unmindful of his double burthen rushed on, bearing the fearful load as though it were a feather's weight. The man received no hurt. With a presence of mind and coolness the most determined—for it resulted in despair—he drew his bowie knife from his bosom, and with a firm stroke, buried it to the hilt in the neck of the tiger. The spinal marrow of the royal brute was severed, and he died on the instant. But he did not release his hold. Still with the death grip he clung to his place, his eyes glassed and glaring, and his claws sank deep into the flesh. On went the horse, snorting, plunging and screaming, in mingled pain and terror—on he went, until exhausted by fatigue and loss of blood he fell

prostrate. Those who came that way an hour after, cautiously and timidly, saw the three stretched together. They watched awhile and found that they did not move. They stole up—lo! the horse and tiger were dead and over the lifeless forms was the traveler; insensible, though alive, and still grasping in his hand the friendly knife.

## SONG—THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

BY ARTHUR MORRELL.

On Saco's bank, where the lillies stoop  
To kiss the placid water,  
And the willows o'er its bosom droop,  
I first met the farmer's daughter.  
Her eyes met mine, as she took the flowers  
Which I from the heath had brought her:  
How full of bliss were the few short hours  
I spent with the farmer's daughter!

The dew was still on the grassy lea,  
The morn when first I met her;  
The words were sweet that she spoke to me—  
Ah! can I e'er forget her!  
The swallow rock'd on the fickle spray,  
And dip'd in the flowing water;  
The robin warbled a blithesome lay  
As I kiss'd the farmer's daughter.

I journey'd far, to a distant shore,  
But my mind was sad and weary;  
And as I thought of the days of yore,  
My heart was again with Mary.  
I long'd to be by her side once more,  
And I sped again o'er the water;  
And found the spot where we met before,  
But found not the farmer's daughter.

The robin's song I no longer heard,—  
The scene was dark and dreary;  
Hush'd was the voice of tree and bird,  
For they miss'd the voice of Mary.  
And near that bank, where the lillies stoop  
To kiss the placid water,  
And the willows o'er its bosom droop,  
Is the grave of the farmer's daughter.

## THE COLONEL AND THE DEVIL.

An Irish Story.

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

"*After a prosperity of many years, a certain ould colonel got stricken in years, and he began to have misgivin's in his conscience for his wicked doin's, and his heart was heavy as the fear of death kem upon him; and, sure enough, while he had such mournful thoughts, the Devil kem to him, and towld him, he should go with him.*"

"Well, to be sure, the ould man was frekened, but he plucked up his courage and his cuteness, and towld the Devil, in a bantherin' way, joking like, that he had partic'lar business thin, that he was going to a party and hoped an ould friend wouldn't inconvenience him that a-way."

"Well," said I, laughing at the "put-off of going to a party," the Devil, of course, would take no excuse, and carried him off in a flash of fire."

"Oh no," answered the old man, in something of a

reproving, or, at least, offended tone, "that's the finish, I know very well, of many a story, such as we're talkin' of, but that's not the way of this, *which is true every word*, what I tell you."

"I beg your pardon for the interruption," said I.

"No offence in life, sir," said the venerable chronicler, who was now deep in his story, and would not be stopped.

"Well sir," continued he, "the Devil said he'd call the next day, and that he must be ready and, sure enough, in the evenin', he kem to him; and, when the colonel seen him, he reminded him of his bargain, that, as long as he could give him some work he couldn't do, he wasn't obleeged to go."

"That's thrue," says the Devil.

"I'm glad to see you're as good as your word, any how," says the colonel.

"I never bruk my word yet," says the ould chap, cockin' up his horns consaitedly—"honor bright," says he.

"Well then," says the colonel, "build me a mill, down there, by the river," says he, "and let me have it finished by to-morrow mornin'."

"Your will is my pleasure," said the ould chap, and away he wint and the colonel thought he had nick'd Ould Nick at last, and went to bed quite easy in his mind.

"But, *jewel machree*, sure the first thing he heerd the next mornin' was, that the whole country round was runnin' to see a fine bran new mill that was on the river side, where, the evening before, not a thing at all, at all, but rushes was standin', and all, of course, wonderin' what brought it there; and some sayin' 'twas not lucky, and many more troubled in their mind, but one and all agreein' it was not good; and that's the very mill fornist you, that you were takin' aff, and the stone that I noticed is a remarkable one—a big coign-stone—that they say the Devil himself laid first, and has the mark of four fingers and a thumb on it to this day."

"But when the colonel heerd it, he was more troubled than any, of course, and began to contrive what else he could think iv, to keep himself out of the claws of the ould one. Well, he often heerd tell that there was one thing the Devil never could do, and I dare say you heerd it too, sir: that is, he couldn't make a rope out of the sands of the sae; and so, when the ould one kem to him the next day, and said his job was done, and that, now the mill was built, he must either tell him somethin' else he wanted built, or come away with him."

"So the colonel said he saw it was all over wid him; 'but,' says he, 'I wouldn't like to go wid you alive, and sure it's all the same to you, alive or dead?'"

"Oh, that won't do," says his friend; I can't wait no more," says he.

"I don't want you to wait, my dear frind, says the colonel; 'all I want is, that you'll be pleased to kill me before you take me away.'"

"With pleasure," says Ould Nick.

"But will you promise me my choice of dyin' one partic'lar way?" says the colonel.

"Half-a-dozen ways, if it plaze you," says he.

"You're mighty obleegin'," says the colonel; 'and so,' says he, 'I'd rather die by bein' hanged with a rope made out of the sands of the sae,' says he, lookin' mighty knowin' at the ould fellow."

"I've always one about me," says the Devil, 'to



'obleege my frinds,' says he; and, with that he pulls out a rope of sand, sure enough.

"'Oh, its game you're makin',' says the colonel, growin' as white as a sheet.

"'The game is mine, sure enough,' says the ould fellow, grinnin', with a terrible laugh.

"'That's not a sand-rope at all,' says the colonel.

"'Isn't it?' says the Devil, hitting him across the face with the ind of the rope, and the sand (for it was made of sand, sure enough) wint into one of his eyes, and made the tears come with the pain.

"'That bates all I ever seen or heerd,' says the colonel, athrivin' to rally and make another offer; 'is there anything you can't do?'

"'Nothin' you can tell me,' says the Devil, 'so you may as well lave off palaverin', and come along at wanst.'

"'Will you give me one more off?' says the colonel.

"'You don't deserve it,' says the Devil; 'but I don't care if I do; for you see, sir, he was only playin' wid him, and tantalin' the ould sinner.'

"'All fair,' says the colonel, and with that, he ax'd him could he stop a woman's tongue?

"'Thry me,' says Old Nick.

"'Well, then,' says the colonel make my lady's tongue be quiet for the next month, and I'll thank you.'

"'She'll never trouble you again,' says Ould Nick; and, with that, the colonel heerd roarin' and cryin', and the door of his room was thrown open, and in ran his daughter, and fell down at his feet, telling him her mother had just dropped dead.

"The minit the door opened, the Devil runs and hides himself behind a big elbow-chair; and the colonel was freked almost out of his siven senses, by raison of the sudden death of his poor lady, let alone the jeopardy he was in himself, seein' how the Devil had *forstall'd* him every way; and, after ringin' his bell and calling in his servants, and recoverin' his daughter out of her faint, he was goin' away with her out of the room, when the Devil caught howld of him by the skirt of the coat, and the colonel was obleeged to let his daughter be carried out by the servants, and shut the door after them.

"'Well,' says the Devil, and he grinned and wagged his tail all as one as a dog when he's plased—'what do you say now?' says he.

"'Oh,' says the colonel, 'only lave me alone, until I bury my poor wife,' says he, 'and I'll go wid you then, you villain,' says he.

"'Don't call names,' says the Devil; 'you had better keep a civil tongue in your head,' says he; 'and it does'n't become a gentleman to forget good manners.'

"Well, sir, to make a long story short, the Devil pertended to let him off, out of kindness, for three days, until his wife was buried; but the raison of it was this, that when the lady, his daughter, fainted, he loosened the clothes about her throat, and, in pulling some of dhress away, he tuk off a goold chain that was on her neck, and put it in his pocket, and the chain had a diamond crass at it, (the Lord be pralsed!) and the Devil darn't touch him while he had the *sign of the crassa* bout him.

"Well, the poor colonel, God forgive him, was grieved for the loss of his lady, and she had an *iligant berrin*—and they say that, when the prayers was readin' over the dead, the ould colonel took it to heart like

anything, and the word o' God kem home to his poor sinful sowl at last.

"Well, sir, to make a long story short, the ind iv it was, that for three days o' grace that was given to him, the poor deluded ould sinner did nothin' at all but read the Bible from morning till night, and bit or sup did't pass his lips all the time, he was so intint upon the book, but sat up in an ould room in the far ind of the house, and bid no one disturb him on no account and struv to make his heart bould with the words iv life; and sure it was something strinthened him at last, though, as the time drew nigh that the *inimy* was to come, he didn't feel aisy, and no wonder; and by dad, the three days was past and gone in no time, and the story goes, that at the dead hour o' the night, when the poor sinner was readin' away as fast as he could, my jew'l, his heart jumped up to his mouth, at gettin' a tap on the shoulder.

"'Oh, murther!' says he, 'who's there?' for he was afeard to look up.

"'It's me,' says the ould one, and he stood right foreninet him, and his eyes like coals o' fire, lookin' him through, and he said, with a voice that a'most split his old heart, Come! says he.

"'Another day,' cried out the poor colonel.

"'Not another hour,' says Sat'n.

"'Half an hour?'

"'Not a quarter,' says the Devil, grinnin', with a bitter laugh; 'give over your readin', I bid you, says he, 'and come away wid me.'

"'Only gi' me a few minutes,' says he.

"'Lave off your palaverin, you sneakin' ould sinner,' says Sat'n; you know you're bought and sould to me, and a purty bargala I have o' you, you ould baste,' says he—'so come along at wanst,' and he put out his claw to ketch him; but the colonel took a fast hould o' the Bible, and begg'd hard that he'd let him alone, and wouldn't harm him until the bit o' candle, that was just blinkin' in the socket before him, was burned out.

"'Well, have it so, you dirty coward,' say Ould Nick, and with that he spit on him.

"But the poor ould colonel didn't lose a minit, (for he was cunnin' to the ind,) but snatched the little taste o' candle that was foreninet him, out o' the candlestick, and puttin' it on the holy book before him, he shut down the cover on it, and quinched the light. With that, the Devil gave a roar like a bull, and vanished in a flash o' fire, and the poor colonel fainted away in his chair; but the servants heerd the noise, (for the Devil tore off the roof o' the house when he left it,) and run into the room, and brought their master to himself agin. And from that day out he was an althered man, and used to have the Bible read to him every day, for he couldn't read himself any more, by raison of losin' his eye-sight, when the Devil hit him with the rope of sand in the face, and, afther split on him; for the sand wint into one eye, and he lost the other that-a-way, savin' your presence.

"So you see, sir, afther all, the colonel, undher Heaven, was too able for the Devil, and, by readin' the good book, his soul was saved, and (glory be to God!) *isn't that mighty improvin'?*"

INDUSTRY is a very eminent virtue, being an ingredient, or the parent, of all other virtues; of constant use on all occasions, and having influence upon all our affairs.



## THE RITUAL.

BY H. H. CLEMENTS.

God's cynosure of grace is hung  
 Where glow yon pleiads in the sky,  
 As if an angel had unstrung  
 In the flushed zone her rosary.  
 Like a great fire the silent moon  
 Steals slowly up from out the sea,  
 Whose waves lie hushed as in a swoon  
 Of fathomless tranquillity.  
 Thy alphabet of stars has taught  
 My soul its breviary there,  
 And midnight, calm as solemn thought,  
 Is throned in endless fields of air.  
 Thou heart enthralled of the skies!  
 In thy abyss what secrets dwell?  
 What untold wonder in thee lies,  
 That man should not dissolve the spell?  
 May wisdom give our reason wings  
 Her hidden glories to unfold,  
 Where charmed Orion sits and sings  
 Within her serpent coil of gold?  
 This offering to the lyre I bring,  
 And dedicate the muse sublime,  
 Whose infant lips were framed to sing  
 When daylight lit the torch of time;  
 When came the shouting choral dove  
 In young creation's morning beam,  
 And fell her orisons of love,  
 As falls at eve a blessed dream.  
 Unfading love! thy fount has poured  
 A healing o'er the frenzied mind,  
 Since man 'mid Eden's hills adored  
 Thy haunted form in womankind;  
 Thence has the golden current run  
 Through hearts of myriads into mine,  
 And touched the gentle breast of one  
 Now made eternally its shrine.  
 Each daily wish be mine to see  
 Her thoughts embodied in a guise,  
 That wins of life the mystery,  
 To make earth Paradise;  
 And fancy's wild melodious tongue  
 Shall lisp into her dreaming ear  
 The sweetest song she ever sung  
 A maiden's heart to cheer.  
 Fair as her fate, the rosy hours  
 Shall bring to her no gloom or shade;  
 And hand in hand, among the flowers,  
 Like them, in fragrance, life shall fade.

New York, April, 1914.

## THE UNREQUITED.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

"Few are the hearts whence one sane touch  
 Bids the sweet waters flow."—MRS. HEMANS.

A. D. 1665 and '66 were years of peculiar disaster to the great city of London. A world in itself, the fate of empires might be decided in one portion, while the other should feast and revel and slumber in quietude. Well that it is so: for should its whole immense population awake, as by a single impulse, the world might stand aghast at the dread pulsation of myriad hearts beating to one throb.

Yet the hoary city, that had not as yet lost the foot-prints of the Caesar, vast and ancient as it was even at the period of which we are speaking, was filled with

awe and consternation by the presence of two great scourges of a populous district. First, the pestilence swept its thousands into hurried graves; and then fire came to consume that which, maybe, lacked claimants forever.

It would be difficult to say which strikes most appallingly upon the ear of the listener—the long, measured peal of the bell telling a soul has departed, that the disquiet heart has ceased its weary pulsations; or the same sound heard day by day, picturing a lurid atmosphere, glaring upon pale and despairing faces, that reveal want, and exile, and bereavement.

Oh! many, very many, are the sorrows of humanity, and we learn to look placidly upon the still faces of the dead, in that they have ceased from their labors. Woe cometh in every state, and however great may be that in reserve, the present is sure to tax the limits of endurance.

1665. Unhappy London! scarcely at rest from the scourge of civil war; fostering a prodigal and licentious court; this year pestilence—the next conflagration!

Hour by hour the bellman tolled the long heavy peal for the departed. It ceased—no one asked why—but the cart for the dead lumbered onward with one more added to its weight. Silence, dim and oppressive, settled upon the devoted city. Streets were walled up, and the victims left to perish. A gray atmosphere, still and dense, enshrouded all things, and men longed in vain for the free air that might tell of stream and woodland.

Families of wealth and distinction had fled the country, and the poor were left to die. The artisan tolled at his bench, counting the dead-carts as they passed the door, and anon all is hushed within. Children prattled at night, and in the morning the hearth is desolate. The poor! alas, they have human hearts!

There was one district as yet untouched by the pestilence. Here were wealth and refinement, space and foliage, and surely these might claim exemption. Love and beauty were there, also; Charles—— had taken to himself a lovely wife, and not many months of their bridal had as yet transpired.

Is love stronger than death? Will it abide the pestilence? Will it watch and pray, weeping and loving, ever the same, though disease and care may mar the divine lineaments? Surely yes, for it is ever young, changeless with time, place, or circumstance.

Yet who shall apply the test? The maiden overflowing with her own innocent emotions, imputes a like degree to her lover, and is deluded by her own affluence. The lover, in the impetuosity of his passion, imagines the reserve of his mistress but maidenly refinement, and thus is self-deceived. Life, life! dread are thy mysteries.

"I am ill, Kate, ill," and the bridegroom threw himself upon a couch, and reclined his head upon the shoulder of her who had sworn love till death.

Kate shrunk from his side, and looked anxiously in his face. She started to her feet, exclaiming, "Charles, Charles, it is the plague!"

"The plague, dearest!—then let us die thus!" And he drew her to his bosom, and impressed a long fervent kiss upon her fair brow.

The wife struggled for release, and he opened his arms with a look that told the sickness was at the heart. He staggered to the mirror. Already was the damp gathering upon his brow.

"One kiss, Kate, one last, and then fly—leave me to my fate."

She hesitated—death was in the touch. Yet hers was a woman's heart, and she knelt down and threw her arms around the neck of the doomed man. When she arose, both were ashy pale.

"Farewell, Charles!" and she turned to the door, lingered a moment, and was gone.

"My God! she loves me not," he cried, starting from the couch; "I, who would have periled life itself for her. This is death. Death! death—I have passed it even now!" and he buried his face in his hands, and shivered convulsively.

Hour after hour passed by—there had been hurry and departure. Death had entered every threshold, servants fled the tainted dwellings, and the dead and the dying were alone. Silence brooded over the once gay district, and no sound was heard but the slow creak of the dead-cart.

"She loves me not!" Yet Kate did love, as the world goes. Hers were the tender blandishments of her sex, fitted for gay saloon and summer-day dalliance; dreaming never of the severe test of suffering, disease, solitude. She loved as the world love.

Hour after hour passed away. A slender figure had paced in front of the splendid mansion, looking earnestly at the silent windows, and then with drooping head moved onward, only to return and repeat the scrutiny. As the twilight deepened, the girl, for the figure was that of a pale slender woman of little more than twenty, it may be; the girl stopped, and seemed surprised that no lights appeared.

She approached the door—in the hurry of retreat it had been left ajar—she slowly ascended the spacious halls, and timidly laid her hand upon the latch of a door whence issued faint murmurings of distress. She paused—the sounds were repeated—she gently undid the fastening, and entered.

Instantly the shawl dropped from her shoulders, and a slight but symmetrical form knelt at the couch of the sufferer. She threw her arms about him, and drew the head, damp with suffering to her bosom. She impressed one kiss of agony upon the pale brow, and then lifted up her head and drew in her breath, as with a sense of suffocation.

She spoke not—but volumes of womanly unutterable tenderness were revealed in the dark eye, over which the brows were now contracted with a sharp expression of agony. The hair was knotted upon the head, leaving the thin but finely chiseled face in strong relief; and as she now sat, with head thrown forward and back, she presented an outline of spiritual beauty rarely equaled.

Gently she bent over the sufferer, and moistened his lip with water from a silver tankard at his side. It revived him, and he talked dreamily.

"Kate, dear Kate, I was sure you wouldn't leave me to die—to die—what is that? Ah, to sink into darkness—deep, deep unutterable darkness! To become, what?—How I dream! Strange things we, Fred. Pass the glasses—I had a dream just now—a—"

Again he sank into silence; and the girl chafed his temples, mute and pale as the sufferer. She poured some elixir from a crystal, and sprinkled his brow.

"Ah, this delicious air, fresh from the hills, how it cools my brain! Laura, have you forgotten the echo between the hills?"

The girl clasped him to her bosom in a passion of tears. The sound of her own name had restored that tenderness of emotion which had been suppressed while the name of another dwelt upon his lips.

All night the lone girl watched by that dread couch. What were solitude and agony, death itself, when shared with the beloved! Wronged, broken-hearted, as she was, her love survived all things. Let the world and its opinions pass. That one emotion, stronger than life, surviving treachery, shame, want, and abasement, was the one ray of heaven not yet extinct in the human soul: the one fibre clinging yet to the good and the true. Angel of mercy! are these things lost upon you? Alas for womanhood!

As the day dawned, the patient sank into a tranquil slumber, and the faint blood stole languidly to the cheek. Laura smiled faintly at the token, and at the same moment a cold shudder passed over her own frame. The devoted girl knew her doom instantly: it was but an exchange of victims. But to die there, even beside the beloved, was it not a blessedness?

A slow heavy tramp along the halls and up the staircase now arrested her attention. The door opened, and two sturdy men approached the couch.

"Not yet, not yet," she whispered, "he will live;" and she pointed to the hue upon the cheek.

The men looked earnestly in the face of the girl, exchanged glances, and retired.

Laura arose, replenished the goblet of water, and smoothed back the masses of dark hair from the brow of the sufferer. A cold sickness shook her frame, and she turned aside as fearful she might re-impart the poison of death.

But her woman's adhesive tenderness returned, and she laid her head upon his bosom and wept freely.

"God bless you, dear, dearest Charles!" she murmured faintly.

Hour after hour passed away, and that stricken head rested upon the heart of the sleeper.

Poor Laura! she would have meekly died at his feet; but she perished there, even on the breast of him who alone had touched the deep fountains of her life.

Again was heard that heavy tramp, tramp, along the corridor. The men approached, and gently raised the head of Laura: the sleeper started wildly up, and clasped the form to his bosom.

"Kate, my own Kate!" Alas, poor Laura! I am glad thou didst not hear it: it would have given the last drop of bitterness to thy overflowing cup. Thou didst die with a sweet illusion gathering about thee, of hearts that change not, and that love not in vain.

#### A PERILOUS WINTER JOURNEY.

On the 1st of January, 1827, Col. Wm. L. Sublette, of St. Louis, and Moses Harris, known all over the mountains as "Black Harris," started from the valley of the Big Salt Lake (Bonnevventure) on an express to St. Louis, under contract with Gen. Ashley, then in the mountains, by which they were to obtain certain goods at certain prices, provided their order was given in St. Louis by the first of March. They started on foot with snow-shoes, as horses could neither travel through the snow nor find provender on the way, and would, consequently, perish in a few days, while the only assistant they took with them was an Indian-trained pack dog. On the back of this poor animal they strapped some fifty pounds of sugar, coffee and

other merchandize, and, fastening all the dried meat they could obtain, upon their own backs, these two daring men commenced on foot, in the heart of winter, a journey of two thousand miles over a savage wilderness, white with snow.

They got as far upon their journey as "Harris Fork," without meeting with any indication of buffalo, but still making slow inroads upon their dried meat, which they husbanded with an economy that nothing but the awful idea of being overtaken by starvation in that desolate land could have induced. Continuing their journey, they became alarmed by near signs of the daring and desperate Blackfeet, compelling them to leave such shelter as their route afforded, and to take to the open plains, where they could get no water save what they obtained from snow or ice. Sometimes they were compelled to encamp where the snow lay packed in solid masses many feet above the ground, and their manner of building a fire in such places was to lay logs upon the snow and kindle the flaming element above them. Where the snow was not too deep, they scraped it away, and made their evening fire upon the ground. Then, when done their supper, and ready for sleep, they would remove the fire and lie down upon the warm spot.

In this manner they traveled for fourteen days, when they struck the Sweetwater, and were fortunate enough to kill a cow. A feast was at once determined upon—a mountain custom for all such cases made and provided, and which is bound to take place at all hazards. So the dog was unpacked, and the sugar and coffee for the first time opened. The hump ribs were roasted, the little leather bag of salt lay between the two mountaineers, the coffee was simmering on the coals, ready cleared and sweetened, their knives were out, their eyes were glistening, their toes were toasting, their hearts were rejoicing, when Black Harris, in some unlucky manner, upset the coffee-pot! It was cruel! The two men did not swear, nor utter a syllable; but, taking one long, blank stare at each other, they fell to work upon their hump ribs; but neither Sublette nor Harris has ever forgotten that circumstance, and they speak of it now with tears in their eyes.

The next day they reached Rock Independence, into one of the cavities of which they crawled and snugly passed the night. Their course now led them over snow drifts of great extent, sometimes compelling them to wear snow-shoes for half a mile, and then the close-swept ground allowing them to proceed in moccasins for as much farther. Travelers may have noticed that the *artanisia*, or wild sage, that covers this region to such an illimitable extent, grows far higher, thicker and more luxuriant in the hollows than in exposed places, and is ever found upon the sheltered side of a hill, while the other remains comparatively bare. This is caused by the operations of winter; the *artanisia* is nourished by the snow, and where the last falls deepest and stays longest, there this remarkable growth obtains its greatest luxuriance.

The two traders proceeded down the Platte, to where they could find no more wood to comfort themselves at night while passing through dangerous neighborhoods, and here the first effects of their extraordinary and unprecedented march began to wear seriously upon their strength and spirits. In their weakened condition they were often compelled to walk half the night to keep themselves from freezing, until they could get into a hollow or some place to shelter them in a small

measure from the cutting blast. Nearing Ash Creek they found recent traces of the cowardly and treacherous Pawnees, and the two poor travelers were compelled to turn four days' journey out of their way, to avoid meeting such dangerous enemies. They then struck a large Indian trail, which they followed in desperation, until it led them, luckily, to an encampment of friendly Mohawks, from whose chief, Big Elk, they received much kindness and friendly attention. They next reached a place called "Cold Camp Creek," and, resuming their journey from here, went on, meeting Indians now and then, from whom they received no molestation, but who were so poor in provision themselves that they could afford the white men nothing in the way of food. Sublette gave his knife, the greatest personal treasure that a mountaineer knows, for a dried buffalo tongue, which he and Harris immediately devoured between them.

But just after this their greatest misfortune yet occurred. They had not observed that the sack in which they packed their smaller bags of sugar, coffee, &c., on the dog's back, had for a long time been wearing threadbare, and one evening their poor canine servant came crawling into camp with the torn and empty sack dragging at his heels, everything having disappeared miles away behind! They were now left without a mouthful of anything. They traveled the next day, hungry and destitute, until evening, when Sublette shot a raven on Grand Island, and they supped off that, without pepper, salt or coffee to assist in making it palatable. During the meal the old coffee-pot happened to fall in the way of Harris, and he gave it a kick that sent it half way across the river Platte, announcing emphatically his conviction that there would be no occasion to upset that any more! The poor dog was now starving, lingering far behind, and crawling into camp late at night, to sleep supperless with its unfortunate masters, until a few evenings afterward, when it was killed and eaten.

The flesh of the dog served them but two days, and still they kept on, growing hourly weaker, here and there shooting at some lonely bird and missing it, and their way through the snow getting every day more desperate and difficult. At the Sandy Creeks they found the snow not firm enough to bear them, and they were obliged to beat it down, step by step, as they advanced. Here, however, they shot a rabbit, and this gave them a little strength to push on. They next struck a Kaw trail through the snow, about a month old, which they followed for some distance, and here their troubles approached an end, for they got among the wild turkeys, and soon killed enough to furnish them with sumptuous provender. A few days more brought them to the Old Kansas village, where they were well fed and furnished for their two days' farther travel to the settlements.

They reached St. Louis on the 4th of March, just three days too late for the object of their enterprise, after all their hardship throughout this extraordinary and perilous winter journey.—*Prairie and Mountain Life, New Orleans Picayune.*

ALEXANDER the Great, seeing Diogenes look attentively at a parcel of human bones, asked the philosopher what he was looking for. "That which I cannot find," was the reply—"the difference between your father's bones and those of his slaves."

## "GIANTS IN THE LAND."

BY ERNEST HENRI FENSTEIN.

"These are the generations of the heavens and the earth."  
MOSES.

"There are more things in heaven and earth,  
Than are dreamed of in our philosophy."—SHAKESPEARE.

"The gyant never was soe rows'd before:  
For noe such knocking at his gate had bin."—OLD BALLAD.

"All sorts of cattle this dragon did eat—  
Some say he ate up trees."—ISA.

GLIDING onward through space afar,  
The green earth sang with the morning star,  
Freshly and fair in its buoyant grace,  
A path it curved in the midst of space;  
The broad palm waved in its lordly pride,  
The fan-like fern grew up by its side,  
And the verdant earth, emerged from night,  
First bathed itself in the new-born light;  
Oh! then was born in that primal day,  
The giant race that have passed away.

Ah! how would a pigmy man like ours,  
Look small in the shade of those primal bowers,  
How "die of a rose" with perfume "pain,"  
A rose than his head as big again;  
Ah, how in sheltered covert peering,  
A violet bed he must be nearing,  
How would he start the flower to see  
Above his head like a forest tree!  
And how like a titmouse bite were he  
To the lazy dragon beside the sea!

The earth was warmer then, it would seem,  
Than even a poet would dare to dream.  
The pulpit preserves tradition strong,  
And talks of the burning, right or wrong;  
But never a giant race had grown  
In years as cold and chill as our own,  
And a lizard now, like railroad track,  
Bearing a mammoth about on his back,  
Lashing and sparkling each burnished scale,  
Dashing aloft his emerald tail;  
His twinkling feet of mottled green,  
Like long platoons in warlike sheen,  
Would all in vain, to keep from freezing,  
His lingering length be forward teasing.  
For when in gallant speed at play  
He lashed to foam Manhattan bay,  
His crested head and glittering eye,  
Emerging, cast the foam-wreath by,  
Amazed, "brought to," "all standing," he  
Would wheel about for Albany,  
For there a furlong's length, or more,  
Of frozen tail would hug the shore.

Oh, those olden times! the giant race?  
What size of head, and what breadth of face,  
What strength of thought, and what strength of  
will!

What power to love! what power to kill!  
And gallantly those Anaks rode  
The mastodons which they bestrode,  
And everything on this green earth  
Accorded with the mighty birth.  
The condor that soars from the stormy peak,  
Where spirits of flame from the Andes speak,  
Were a gosling beside the ancient flocks  
That have left the print of their feet in the rocks.  
Geologists oft have measured their stride,  
And a thousand wonderful things beside.

A spider looked like a goat on the rocks—  
A frog was the size of a fatted ox.

Ah! the music then in the forest heard  
Was not from niminy-piminy bird,  
It came not forth from a feeble throng,  
Like a melted silence poured in song,  
But an honest, plain and open sound,  
The forest shook, and the trembling ground.  
The spider's tick was a Moscow bell,  
And a huge trombone the frog would swell;  
The dragon's yawn, and the mammoth's roar,  
Like an earthquake shook the reedy shore,  
And the ichthiosaurus, turning his head,  
Was an Etna waked from his burning bed;  
Augmented five times was the thunder blast,  
And the earthquake at least for a year would last;  
But the monsters wallowed and heaved at their  
case,

For their ears were made for sounds like these;  
And they answered back to the loud turmoil,  
That made the deep like a pot to boil.

Then lording it over the monster race,  
Up sprang the Giants in pride of place,  
With bridle and bit the mammoth bestrode,  
And their wives behind on a pillion rode;  
The plethiosaurus hooked from the sea,  
And they moved the waves right gallantly.  
The Giants lived by hunting then—  
Knew love and hate as other men;  
The stoutest Giant made a foray,  
And stole his neighbor's goods away,  
Ransacked his cave and stole his cattle,  
And then forthwith commenced a battle.  
They managed matters much as now,  
The strongest ruling any how;  
They made them laws the weak to bind,  
Else how might any Giant find  
Excuse to capture, bind, or kill,  
Or take his neighbor's goods at will?  
How keep the Giant ladies straight,  
And make them on their liege lords wait,  
Unless some penal warning for 'em  
Hold them and idiots in terrorum?

But let these pass—a war arose,  
And what the pretext, heaven knows—  
Some right to fish in certain waters,  
Some insult to a Giant's daughters,  
Some spear run through a dragon's wing,  
An envied marsh, or some such thing—  
No matter what, a mustering throng  
Of stately Giants trooped along,  
On uncouth beasts of monstrous size,  
On dragons with their flaming eyes,  
On serpents rolling fold on fold,  
With glittering scales like burnished gold;  
The twanging bow and clashing spear  
Announce the battle raging near;  
The mastodon, with loosened rein,  
Tramps like a mountain o'er the plain,  
While towering from his back on high,  
Fierce grows the Magog's searching eye,  
And now his spear through bat-like wings,  
Or on the serpent's armor rings;  
The errless javelin finds its place  
Through toughened hide, and helmet's lace,  
And like a mountain torrent's gush  
Out pours the blood, and souls out rush;  
And heaving Giants pour the tide



Of ebbing life on every side.

Why tell the war the Tritons waged ?

Why tell how fierce the battle raged ?

How hurling rock, disrupted tree,

Give this or that the victory ?

Why tell how spread the fame afar

Of Giants mustering to the war,

And thousands curious for the sight,

Rushed eager on to join the fight—

Approaching near on every side,

Were stout men in their pomp and pride,

And far as eyes like theirs might spy,

Helmet and plume were gathering nigh,

Like ships at sea where towering mast

Is first on the horizon cast—

Or caravan in lengthened train

All painted on the azure plain,

So came they on, distinct in sight,

The gathered world, to share the fight.

Slow waned the night on leaden car;

For dust and steam veiled moon and star;

Those mighty men, of primal size,

Exhausted, closed their eager eyes;

Like hill-side gloom their shadows fall,

While midnight spreads her sable pall,

To shroud the pang of those who lie

Wrestling with death's long agony,

And fiercer pangs, in dying, rise

Proportioned to their strength and size.

Like heaving mount the mammoth lay,

His bulky sides all gasping play;

At every breath the gory flood

Augments the swelling sea of blood;

The dragon, never known to sleep,

Through the long night his watch doth keep,

His nostrils spread with breath of flame,

Above his head his green tail came,

And half unfurled each bat-like wing,

Ready on any foe to spring;

His lengthening claws were glittering white—

That dragon were a goodly sight !

Slow waned the night; the morning star

Set in the east his golden car;

But hark ! a sound is swelling up—

'Tis like an earthquake's roar,

It rises far above the wail

Of armies on the shore;

'Tis like the rushing of the deep,

The booming waters roll—

There is a spinning in the air,

A trembling of the pole.

The forest sways as in a blast,

The surging waters rise,

And loosened rocks are toppling down,

Or thundering through the skies ;

A moment's pause—a stifling heat,

Then earth's foundation shook,

And reeling in its golden orb,

A new direction took.

Around it spun with frantic speed,

Then trembling lightly hung;

Each atom to the centre drawn

Anew, around it swung.

Thence came the seasons in their change—

The merry time of spring—

The panting heat of summer days,

And autumn welcoming.

The winter with its hurrying blast,

And fire-side tale of old—

Of giants stalking through the earth

Who strong enchantments held.

Oh, had those giants been content

To pass their lives away

Withouten wandering about

In wild and deadly fray,

The steaming earth had still been theirs,

Their monsters in the flood,

And from its surface nought had sprung

But those of mighty blood.

Ah ! rushing in their frantic rage

To that one point of earth,

It reeling from its balance swung,

And whelmed its giant birth.

And all those goodly monsters, too,

The type of giant men,

They perished in that mighty change

That whelmed up matter then ;

Their bones have turned to limestone now,

Their skulls are pools for lakes,

And chains of mountains everywhere,

Are based on those old snakes.

And where a mountain stands alone

In solitary state,

A mastodon that mountain was

Transfixed in its fate.

Each Alpine pinnacle is based

Upon a dragon's tail ;

The little hills are every one

A lizard's worn-out scale ;

The palms are turned to anthracite,

The ferns New Castle coal,

And we, poor pigmy race, at last,

Are burning up the whole !

#### THE MISTAKEN PARISH.

LATE one Sunday afternoon, Mr. Percival, the Senior Warden of St. Peter's church, entered the lecture room, where were assembled some fifteen or twenty ladies busily sewing on winter garments for the poor, and perhaps half as many gentlemen, husbands, brothers and friends of the same, who had come for the laudable purpose of seeing the ladies safe home over the ice which covered the streets. When Mr. Percival entered, all eyes were turned on him, or on an open letter he held in his hand, from which, after a "nod all round," he began to read as follows :

"If you wish to retain your pastor at St. Peter's, you must set about raising his salary, for our minister is afflicted with bronchitis, and is obliged to resign his charge, and our people have set their hearts on having Mr. Grey in his place, which they can doubtless do, as they are both able and willing to give him a 'loud call,' to which his present salary is a mere song."

"So writes my son from the city," said the old gentleman, folding up the letter; "and as I stood in the post-office, I saw Mr. Grey take from his box a letter with the same post-mark, which contained, I suppose, the call here mentioned. I came directly here to meet you, and have the opinion of all as to what we must do, and how we can manage to raise his salary, and keep him with us."

"I do not believe a higher salary, alone, would in-

duce him to leave us," said Mrs. Williams, a woman of middle age, whose mild, sad face told of much sorrow, patiently endured.

"I don't know," said Miss Wormwood, an active little maiden of forty-five, "I don't know; everybody in these days takes all he can get; besides, Mrs. Grey was bred in the city, and must have a wish, at least, to return to her old habits."

"Well," said the warm-hearted Mrs. Weston, "I don't believe he'd go for the salary only, but the hope of doing more good, being more extensively useful, might influence him, and as Miss Wormwood says, our quiet village life must be dull to Mrs. Grey; besides, eight hundred dollars a year is too little for anybody to live decently on, in these times—can't we raise him a thousand dollars, at least?" and she turned appealingly to the gentlemen who, grouped at a distance, were making the same inquiry.

"I think we should make it twelve hundred dollars, which would be equal to two thousand in the city," said Mr. Percival, "and, for my part, I am willing to add twenty dollars to the thirty I pay annually."

"And I will do the same,"—"And I,"—"And I,"—said several wealthy manufacturers, "for, indeed, we shall never do so well again."

"And I know George will do as much," said Mrs. Weston, "for he loves Mr. Grey like a brother, and would do anything, almost, to keep him here."

Still, though these men's promises were "good as gold," there lacked many a dollar of the extra four hundred, and as these were the only men in the village who could really afford to increase their contribution, many a foreboding rose in their hearts that Mr. Grey must go, for they could not raise the requisite sum to keep him. However, Mr. Percival volunteered to go round among the male members of the congregation, and try what he could persuade them to do; and Miss Wormwood, who, with a snug little income, no family cares, not one dependant, and an active temperament that always kept her doing something—delighted in such labors of love," as she called them, offered to speak to the females. So eager was she, that she immediately began to ask those about her what they would give, and, after eloquently urging on one or two the necessity of being liberal in such a case, she turned to Mrs. Williams and said,

"You, of course, will increase your contribution by at least ten dollars a year, for you never could let Mr. Grey go, you are so fond of him, so I'll set you down as a thirty dollar one," and she was flying off, when the mild widow said,

"Stop, Miss Wormwood—I give as much already as I can afford, and cannot add one dollar to my contribution."

"Why, Mrs. Williams! and profess such affection for Mr. Grey, as you do—well, some people have a strange way of showing love!"

"'Tis from no lack of love or respect for my pastor that I refuse your request," replied the widow, "but simply because I cannot afford it; and, moreover, I do not believe he has the least desire for an increase of salary, or would accept it if offered to him."

"Well, Mrs. Evans, you, I know will assist us, for you are always generous," and Miss Wormwood turned to a showily dressed woman, who replied, with a simple,

"Oh! of course, ma'am—set me down for a thirty dollar one; I can at least do that, though my income

is not larger than Mrs. Williams's—but there's a great deal in managing,"—and she looked in the faces of those around her to read the commendations she felt were due.

"And you," added Miss Wormwood, "are not fitting a son for college," as she saw Mrs. Evans's silly, sheepish looking "hopeful" enter with the delicate, intellectual boy of Mrs. Williams.

It was almost dark before the last of the speculators left the room, and when Mrs. Weston was comfortably seated by her husband's side, in his snug little sleigh, well wrapped in furs, driving swiftly toward their luxurious home, she told him of Mr. Percival's letter, of the debate and decision in consequence, and of her promise, in her husband's name, to do as much as the rest—"and you will redeem my word, George, will you not?" she asked, as she marked his thoughtful look, and his silence for several minutes after her tale was told.

"I do not know, Clara," he answered at length, "it cannot be that Harry Grey would leave us for another parish solely on account of salary; all his attachments are here, in the home of his boyhood—he is so humble he cannot desire a rich and fashionable congregation—his wants are so few, indeed, he does not need, and take my word for it, he will not accept more salary. It is not a month since he told me he needed nothing but a holier heart to make him perfectly happy, and this with him was not *cant*, for I've known him from infancy, and never found in him the least taint of guile or hypocrisy."

"But think, George—only eight hundred dollars a year! Could we possibly live on it? and their wants must be as many as ours."

"You mistake, wife of mine—you and I are the almost spoiled children of affluence; self-indulgence makes us require many things of which our pastor never even thinks."

"But his wife, George—she was delicately reared, and must endure many privations in that mean little parsonage."

"Her sweet, happy face denies your assertion, and I do not believe that, so long as she knows Harry Grey loves her, and sees him faithfully doing his duty in his high and holy calling, she has a wish ungratified, save the generous one of being able to give more liberally to the needy."

"Well, perhaps you are right, George; but if they do increase his salary, you will redeem my word, and give cheerfully of your abundance?"

"Surely, my wife—I will, both for your word's sake, and for my own love to my boyhood's friend, my manhood's wise and gentle counsellor, Harry Grey."

Late that evening old Mr. Everett turned to a lovely girl, of about sixteen years, who had sat by his side silent and thoughtful for half an hour, and laying his hand caressingly on her glossy hair, said—

"Come, Lucy, tell us what troubles you; some great matter it must be, for you have not smiled since you came in."

"Indeed, grandpa, I am troubled," she replied, "for I can't think of a thing I can do to help them raise Mr. Grey's salary;" and she sighed, while her face settled again into unwonted thoughtfulness.

"Raise Mr. Grey's salary! what do you mean, child? There's no difficulty in paying him his eight hundred dollars—this is not the time of year to worry about that; besides, it is no business of yours, so sing me a

song or two, little linnets, and then we'll have prayers and go to bed."

"But I can't sing, grandpa, I am so very sad, and 'tis all about Mr. Grey's salary, which, Miss Wormwood says, must be raised to twelve hundred dollars, or he'll go away from here, and what should we do then?"

"Oh! 'tis only one of Miss Wormwood's stories to get people to staring," said Mrs. Everett, speaking for the first time; "but how came you to know anything about it, Lucy?"

"Why, you know she boards with Mr. Prime—I was there when she came home from the sewing meeting and said that a church in the city had given Mr. Grey a call, which he would accept if his salary was not raised immediately to twelve hundred dollars. She said that several ladies had already promised to give generously, then told Mrs. Prime—'of course you'll do your part,' and when the old lady demurred on the plea of inability, she launched forth into such a tirade on the meanness and wickedness of not being willing to support those who broke to us the bread of life, asserting that several persons with scantier means than Mrs. Prime had promised to do their utmost in so good a cause, the poor woman was fairly *talked into* consenting, not only to sacrifice some of her own comforts, but to allow Helen to assist Miss Wormwood in persuading others to do the same. Helen was very unwilling to go, and only consented on condition that I accompanied her. We went first to Mrs. Lawton, who heard us patiently, and then refused decidedly to give one dollar more than she has always done, saying that Mr. Grey's income was a third more than hers, and his family smaller. Next we applied to Mrs. Phillips, and she, after much urging from Helen, agreed to do what other people did, because she could not bear to be singular and mean, 'but mercy knows,' she added, 'I must do my part, I suppose, but if I do, little Jane can't go to the school for the blind this year—well, I can't help it—they shall never say I'm mean, and can't pay my minister.' We went next to Mrs. McDonald, the dress-maker, who replied to Helen's request, 'Really, Miss Prime, you know I have only my hands to depend on, and it seems as much as ought to be required of me to pay, as I do, five dollars a year for pew rent, which, with my subscriptions for the Sabbath school for tracts and other occasional calls, amounts to at least eight dollars a year, and that is much for one who has to sew to support an infirm mother, a bed-ridden sister, and to aid a brother, who, though active and industrious, is too small yet to support himself entirely; nevertheless, if I can, without trespassing on my mother's comforts, I will do my part, for I would sacrifice almost anything rather than lose so faithful a pastor as Mr. Grey.' When we left her we were both so wearied, and, to tell the truth, so ashamed of our errand, that we would go nowhere else, and I shall never love Mr. Grey half so well again, for asking for more salary as the condition for remaining here."

"I do not believe he did ask it," said Mrs. Everett, "for he is not extravagant, and \$500 is enough for any prudent man, with only two children, in a small town like this."

"If it is not enough, he ought to starve," said Mr. Everett. "Why, there are not ten men in his parish whose income is more than that. I'll go and see him to-morrow, to tell him how to economise, and convince him that 'tis enough and more than enough for

all his wants—and he'll hear me, I know he'll hear me, for he's a good boy, and was not I his sponsor in baptism? and did not I fight at the side of his grandfather in the *old* war? ay, and had to bring his last words and blessing home to his widow. Ah, she is a noble woman, and nobly did she bear her loss, and brought up her six children as well as the best. Yes, and when Harry's father was lost at sea, she took him and his feeble mother home, and nurtured the one and nursed the other, as if she had nothing to care for in the world but them, and she never had \$500 a year, nor nothing like it—this all comes of that city wife he has taken."

"Oh! no, grandpa, it does not, for she is the best woman in the world—as meek as an angel—and I *know* it isn't her fault."

"May be not, child, but those city girls are always extravagant—he'd better have taken Helen Prime."

"And what would poor Frank have done then, grandpa?" asked Lucy, smiling; while as if the very name of his favorite grandson brought peace to the old man's heart, he re-seated himself, with a murmured blessing on "the sailor boy," re-filled his pipe, and after half an hour of tranquil silence, bade Lucy call their one domestic, and opening the big Bible, from which he had read every night for more than forty years, ended the day with his usual prayers, and but he asked with a deeper emphasis a blessing on the teachers of the Truth, and that his voice trembled when he prayed for "those who go down to the sea in ships," there was no sign of his late emotion.

That day, when Mr. Grey returned from the post office, his wife saw an unwonted cloud on his brow, which not even her affectionate kindness, nor the caresses of his children could dispel. When her little ones were asleep, she stole quietly to his study and found him poring over an open letter, which he immediately handed her, asking at the same time—"what shall I do?"

She read it, and then said "'Tis a generous and tempting offer—but *could* you sever the ties that bind you to your present affectionate people?"

"Not if I were alone, Fanny, but your interests, your happiness, and our children's, are to be considered. The field for usefulness is so much wider, think how much good I might do *there*, and this Church, too, might be more flourishing under another pastor!"

Mrs. Grey interrupted him—"Set me and the children aside—we have enough for our wants—enough for happiness—and ask yourself if *this* field be not wide enough—if there is *any* time heavy on your hands; if there is not now enough of responsibility upon your soul? and oh, Harry! where will you find friends so good and so true as those who have watched you from childhood with daily increasing love? There is not another George Weston, there is not another "Grandpa Everett," in all the world. Do not let ambition mislead you, do not let a desire for *gain* creep into your heart, nor an undue anxiety for the future make you hasty to leave old, tried friends for strangers. Forgive me if I am too earnest—I know that it is more for my sake than your own you would accept this tempting offer, and I cannot bear that you should be for a moment influenced by a mere mercenary motive." She paused he looked in her excited face for a moment with a half sad smile, and then said gently—

"You do not *quite* understand me my wife—I am not as mercenary, nor so ambitious as you seem to be—

lieve—my people are twined with every fibre of my heart, but I have often thought a stranger might be a more successful preacher to them—that the Church would *grow* more—they *could* not have a pastor who *loved* them better, but they *might* have one they would reverence more. But we will not speak of this now, Fanny, we will ask counsel of Him who has promised that whatsoever we ask faithfully shall be received effectually."

While Mr. and Mrs. Grey were at breakfast next morning Mr. Everett bustled into the room, and was scarcely welcomed and seated before he began—

"Why, how is this, Harry, that you make the condition of staying with us an increase of salary—can't you live on what you have?"

Mr. Grey stared at him in astonishment, and Mrs. Grey exclaimed—"O! sir, Harry has asked for no more, and we have enough already."

"Then what do these women mean dancing round begging every body to assist in making his salary up to twelve hundred dollars, to induce him to refuse the 'call' he's received from that church in the city?"

"How was it known that such an offer had been made to me? the letter reached me only last evening, and I have not thought of"—

"Then you don't mean to leave us, my boy," interrupted the eager old gentleman, inferring from Mr. Grey's manner that he did not intend to go—"and you have no bad college debts to pay, as the woman hinted—and you are not extravagant and mismanaging—and 'tis just as my wife said, all a conceit of that meddling Miss Wormwood"—and springing hastily from his chair, he almost overturned little Lucy Grey, who was trying to climb his knee, and begging him not to be angry, for papa is not naughty. "I know he is not, and I am not angry, darling," he replied, drawing the sweet child to his bosom, and kissing her sunny curls, then turning to Mr. Grey, he added half whisperingly—

"Tell me, now, Harry, if you *do* owe any debt, and if fifty dollars will help you, you shall have it, for Frank—bless his heart—left me that sum to buy, he said, "something to make grandmother comfortable"—but we have no need of it, and if the warm-hearted boy ever asks about it, he will be glad we gave it to you."

Mr. Grey pressed the shriveled hand which in his earnestness the old man laid on his arm, while tears clouded his dark eyes and replied—"My dear, kind friend, how can I thank you for this and every proof of your love; indeed, we do not want money—my income is amply sufficient for all our wants, and when the necessities of others require more than I can give, you know the purse of George Weston is as open to me as if it were my own!"—and overpowered by emotion, he retired precipitately to his study, and Mr. Everett with a hasty kiss to little Lucy, and a kind farewell to her mother, hastened to tell the *good news*, as he called it, to his wife.

George Weston called that morning on Mr. Grey, and inquired, more delicately, perhaps, but not more kindly, of his intentions and wishes, proffering any sum, (for he too, had heard of college debts, &c.)—needful to relieve his friend from all pecuniary embarrassment. The week rolled on, and spite of Mr. Everett's repeated assurances that "Mr. Grey did not want any more salary," the collectors were very busy, and in most cases very successful—so that when Sa-

turday came, hardly a doubt remained that the desired sum would be raised and Mr. Grey retained by them—indeed, they were *sure* of it, for Mr. Weston was able and no doubt willing to make up the deficiency, though as he lived several miles from the village, he had not been appealed to, but his wife had given her word, and all knew that in most matters,

—"their minds

Were as the mingling autumn winds

Which breathe together."

When the people assembled in the porch of the church on Sunday, several of them were confident they would be asked to remain awhile after service to confer with the Rector on urgent business, and Mr. Percival was unanimously chosen to make the offer of increased salary, and express the wish of the church as regarded a change of teachers.

Many noticed that Mr. Grey's manner was unusually solemn on that day, and all observed the emphasis with which he gave out the text—"I have enough, my brother." He did not say much of Jacob's subtle policy, in attempting to bribe Esau to let him and his people pass through Edom, nor did he dwell on the weakness of Esau in accepting his brother's offering, after so earnestly declining it, in the words of the text—but he spoke eloquently on the necessity of being contented with our lot, of being thankful for the blessings so freely bestowed, and, finding his flock unusually attentive, he closed his book, and with a meek and holy look, said—"My friends your thoughts and mine, although we have not conferred together, have been for the last three days upon the same subject, a subject on which I do not deem it irreverent to address you on this consecrated spot. How you learned I had been invited to minister in another parish, I will not inquire—it was my wish you should not know it, for I think it is seldom necessary and never delicate for a clergyman to inform his people that he has received and rejected such an offer. For your affectionate wish to keep me among you, evinced by your zealous endeavor to increase my salary, you have my most heartfelt thanks—your motive was liberal and generous—yet it pains me that you have so mistaken me—that you could have believed for an hour that he whom you so unanimously chose to succeed our late venerated pastor—he, whom some of you before me have shown from his earliest childhood the kindness of parents and brothers, would on the first summons loose all the cords of gratitude and love which bound him to you, and for the sake of lucre, or it may be for the hope of fame, to make his abode with strangers. No, my people, no! To you my love, my prayers, my thoughts are given—and as regards an increase of salary, I beseech you let it not be so much as named among you. You have been so generous that my income exceeds that of most of you here—I have grown up among you with habits as simple and wants as few as any, and with all truth and earnestness I would say with Esau—"I have enough." Do not take my remarks unkindly, for I would not cause a moment's pain to any heart—let me still live in your love, let me still be blessed and strengthened by your prayers—remember, that in becoming your Pastor, I have not ceased to be the child of your own rearing, the seaman's widow's son."

Perhaps some of the congregation were disappointed—some, perhaps, dissatisfied—but the kind, the wise and good among them, felt more than ever, that



their young pastor was indeed *their own*. There are well-meaning, mistaken Mr. Percivals, and busy, priest-pampering Miss Wormwoods in all parishes—we hope there are also generous George Westons, and, at least, *some* pastors and *their wives*, as humble faithful and contented, as Harry and Fanny Grey.

## EDMORIN AND ELLA.

An Eastern Tale.—BY W. P. N.

WHILE India was yet an immeasurable forest, and her diamonds lay undisturbed in the mine by the drudgery of European avarice, a tribe of natives had fixed their residence on the side of the coast, where the trees agreeably admitted the summer breezes. Of these, Edmorin was sovereign. Beyond a ridge of mountains extending to the south were situated another clan, with whom Edmorin and his people were at war. Edmorin, however, was the darling of his subjects, and beloved by all; his humanity was unbounded, his knowledge uncommon, and his activity surprising. His arrows were often known to soar out of sight, even till they seemed to lodge in the bosom of the clouds; his speed surpassed the rapidity of the rein-deer; and the proportions of his person were exact and graceful as the growth of the cedar. His manners were as mild as the morning, and his charity warm as the noonday sun. He governed his people with gentleness, and invented, upon plans of his own construction, new instruments for the use of war, and new sports and games for the entertainment and exercise of peace. With the bark of the fir, and the rind of the toughest trees, he formed a light shield; and contrived to fix a flint with such dexterity in the sling as enabled it to kill at the farthest mark.

Edmorin was enamored of solitude; his mind though neither polished by education, nor enlightened by experience, enjoyed a natural refinement and superiority to those of his subjects. He would sometimes delight to sequester himself in the deepest retirement of his bowers, and appear ingeniously desirous of exploring the hidden mysteries of nature. At length, however, his spirits suddenly forsook him, and his mind became melancholy; his eyes, that had wont to be the sparkling intelligencers of the felicity of his soul, were clouded with care and his brow contracted into gloomy wrinkles. He did not love solitude less than before, but he found that solitude had less charms to afford him; he often would cast his eyes around him, and ask himself in the moment of despondence, "wherefore he felt himself unquiet?" and sometimes, rebuking his own discontent, would exclaim, "O Edmorin! wherefore dost thou repine? art thou not the sovereign of a thousand subjects who are loaded with arrows to preserve thy life? Hast thou not the command of women for thy pleasure, even to a variety that puzzles thy choice? Dost thou not see the savage of thy woods content—why then dost thou sigh? Alas! I am weary of myself: certainly solitude has occasioned my depression; I will seek an instant relief in society." Among those whom Edmorin indulged with particular tokens of his regard was an Indian sage, whose name was Ramor. He was a philosopher of nature, and had acquired his knowledge by an unaided application to her laws. He was one whom the Edmorineans universally regarded as a man whom the angel of death spared in pity to themselves; his maxims were considered as invariable, and his sentiments

were held in the highest veneration. He had been long in the confidence of the prince, who, at the death of Isadabel, his father, had taken the charge of his education (such as could at that early time be given:) Edmorin therefore felt toward him much of the reverence and duty of a child; and Ramor, on the other hand, united an equal degree of the affection of the parent with the loyalty of the subject.

To Ramor therefore he communicated his uneasiness, and disclosed the manner in which he felt himself affected: "I am miserable," said he, sighing, "yet know not why; the verdure of the spring, and the glow of the summer, have lost their allurements; I have no longer any delight to glide along the rivers in my canoe, to stick the plumes of victory in my brow, or with my dart pursue the chase. I am wretched, even among the sprightliest of my woman, nor regard, as usual, their dalliances to please, or their solicitude to charm—all is tasteless: I am sick with solitude, yet have no relish for society; something is surely wanting to my felicity. To thee I have flown from myself, and do thou therefore midgate my distress."

The hoary sage had long studied the temper of his prince, and was intimately skilled in the character of man; he regarded Edmorin with a look of observation, and soon penetrated into the cause of his distemper; and, without any servilities of prostration, thus addressed him in the language of simplicity and truth: "Be the anguish of my child dissipated, and the burden of sorrow removed from his bosom; for if the voice of his servant Ramor is regarded and the wisdom of his instructions followed, Edmorin shall be happy."

"Thou complainest, my son, that the novelty of life is over, and that from the variety of nature thou no longer canst find repose. To what cause, therefore, can thy inquietude be ascribed, but to that which even in the bowers of paradise could introduce anxiety; to the want of an elegant and virtuous companion of thy throne and bosom. Thou art discontented, not because the excellences that heretofore engaged thee are in themselves less excellent, but because thou hast no partner with whom thou mayst share the pleasure they bestow. There is seldom any selfishness in the social temper. In the generous benevolence of thy youth thou lookest around thee, and, comprehending in one point of view the grandeur and beauty of the world, art unhappy that thou canst not communicate thy sentiments of wisdom and tenderness to the object whom thy virtues have conquered and approved. Thou perceivest that few, even of the multitudes of thy train, are calculated for the honor of thy confidence; and still fewer for the affection of thy friendship. Of those, whom thou rulest in the gentleness of thy sway, many are the sport of playful idleness or active folly, and more the slaves of insignificant ambition: some are swelling with spleen at the proudness of a rival's plume, and some are contending, in the bitterness of rancour, about the skins of the savage. To such thou canst not unbosom the secrets of thy heart; they are not equal to the trust, and thou art therefore compelled to seal up thy reflections and thy knowledge, or to utter them to the air, or lavish them upon the ignorant. Thy mind, my son, is suited to the sweetness of virtuous meditation, and nature has endowed thee with the power to discern the beauties of her works; but when thy generous curiosity has procured thee instruc-



tion, thou wantest one to whom thou mightest impart the benefits of inquiry. Knowledge is useless unless it is diffused: but to circulate it to those who have neither capacity nor idea, would be a wildness equal to his, who was determined to encircle the head of the bear with a coronet of flowers, and to enwreath the horns of the sheep with a garland of roses.

"Cast thine eyes aloof, and behold on yonder fir-tree the turtle sits sorrowing among the branches; she disregards the prospects around her, and is visibly overwhelmed in the anguish of despondence. Her feathery partner has awhile forsook her, and in the meridian glow of life and day thou observest how she pines! The sun is to her an orb of darkness, and the lively earth enrobed in mourning!

"Thine, my sovereign, is at present the condition of that turtle, and a tender object, though one agreeable to the dignity of thy nature, is equally necessary to restore the tranquillity of both. For again, fix thy attention on the fir, and tell me what thou seest."

"I see," said Edmorin, "that the happiness of the dove is restored! Her fugitive mate is returned—lo, Ramor, how their wings flutter in rapture! the one seems tenderly to chide, and the other appears anxious to excuse; and hark! she returns a song of gratitude for his safety! Henceforth, my friend, I will not suffer a turtle in my region to be destroyed."

"I admire," replied Ramor, "the softness of the sense, more than the simplicity of your expression: be taught from that of which thou hast been a witness, a remedy for thy distress. The most trifling image will afford a hint of utility to the eye of remark. Thou hast seen the cause of the complaint of a bird that was grown indifferent to every thing around it, and even weary of itself! and canst thou not as easily account for the misery of thyself, who art not less insensible to the privileges of royalty? Thou hast seen by what means the peace of the bird was restored, and canst thou not form to thyself a similar method, whereby thy own bosom might again have comfort?"

"Ramor," answered the prince hastily, while his cheek became endamasked with deeper blushes, "my heart is lightened, and I feel the cause of my disorder. I am displeased with myself, that my sensibility did not before point out to me, and remove the reason—the purity of love, I see, is necessary to the happiness of a king."

"It is necessary," rejoined Ramor, "not only to the happiness of a king but of his subjects, and indeed of every human individual. But my son must distinguish the intemperance of desire and the ardors of an elegant passion. Thou art weary of the dalliances of thy women, because it is not in the power of more than one to afford thee felicity; or at least to confer such as is either permanent or pure.

"Go then, my sovereign, consider this and be happy. Let thine eyes rove among the servants whom thou commandest, and thy reason shall soon exalt one to thy bosom, to whom nature has been kind, and virtue affectionate.

"An honorable attachment will restore to every object its accustomed charm; again wilt thou receive consolation from thy wonted source: the blossom shall seem to wear a livelier bloom, and the sky a brighter blue: such are the effects of a generous love upon the mind that is satiate with solitude and suited to society."

The effect of these arguments were visible in the countenance of the prince; his features became more

animated, and his air more vivacious, and in the warmth of his gratitude and hope, he could not forbear embracing the sage in his arms, whom he left with an assurance of observing his counsel, and of indulging his eyes in such objects as were most likely to engage his heart.

He who looks to love, and love with honor, will soon find an object worthy his regard: it was not long before Edmorin became enamored of maiden excellence. He was one day pursuing alone an elk, which he had aroused from a grove of spices, when, perceiving it take toward the mountains, (which were the preliminary boundaries of his sovereignty,) he pressed onward with vehemence, least it should elude him by sheltering in the territories of Zimmer. The savage was just bounding up the brow of the hills, when the prince discharged his arrow, but by some means or another without success; and his game in the next instant reached the summit, and sprung out of sight. Edmorin was just about to turn again among the covert of his woods, when his ears were suddenly startled by a shriek that intimated distress. He stopped and found that the voice proceeded from the other side of the mountains; and that which he had too much honor to do from the mere spirit of sport, he had too much humanity to neglect when he might relieve the wretched; he therefore hastily stepped forward, and retreading the path again arrived at the top, and soon descended to the foot of the hills, and looking earnestly around him, (while the voice increased its complaints,) he discovered, through an intertwinement of boughs, a human shape extended in disorder upon the ground, under the uplifted paw of a lion. He did not hesitate; but drawing his arrow to the head, and leveling his eye to the mark, lodged the barb in his heart; and, running to complete his conquest, he struck a poniard into his chest, and held it infixed till he expired.

He had now leisure to avert his attention to the object whom his courage and intrepidity had protected, and whom he found to be a virgin of uncommon beauty of form, irresistible even in misery. Her dress, which was of the finest skins, bespoke her of royal extraction, and she mourned with all the dignity of distress. Although she was still faint, and fearful lest she might have escaped from one disaster by the intervention of another still more dreadful, yet she recovered herself so as to return her compliments of gratitude to her deliverer in an attitude of prostration. The prince perceiving her confusion, and seeing her spirits struggling between the extremities of fear and joy, endeavored to dissipate her apprehensions by the most tender assurances; and, observing that the savage had rent her mantle, enrobed her with his own, and requested that he might be permitted to accommodate her till she had surmounted her fears. The princess (for such she was) consented to his solicitations, and Edmorin gently conducted her to his hut, which was formed by the hands of an hundred Indian artificers, in a taste perfectly rural and ingenious. It was situated in a valley, where nature had displayed her bounties in her wildest luxuriance, with a distant view of the sea. The most beautiful foliage, of oranges, and cedars invited thither every sylvan musician to warble and build; springs of living water came issuing from chrySTALLINE sources; the flowers were essenced with the richest fragrance, and their colors were freshened by the breezes which at morn and even were wafted from the main.

Though the prince was secretly very anxious to learn the particulars of the fair stranger's history, especially that part of it which had occasioned the present event, yet his delicacy was unwilling to give her the pain of revealing it while her mind was under the inquietude of her late distress. He therefore repressed his curiosity, and solely applied himself to solace and revive her; he spread a carpet of the softest skins, and set before her the nicest trophies of his arrow, with the most lovely presents of nature, to court her appetite: but the anxiety she had been under, and the abrupt transition from despair to joy, soon overcame the delicacy of her frame; and had left her no other desire than to recruit her spirits by repose, and yield herself up a few hours to friendly insensibility. Edmorin vigilant to oblige, saw her fatigue, and no sooner discovered her wishes, than he hastened to prepare an apartment for her rest: he soon formed her a couch with the spoils of the kid, the ermine, and the fawn, and her pillow was lined with the cygnet's down: nor could the prince be persuaded to leave his charge, but, enveloping his body in a common skin, determined to be the guardian of her slumbers.

While the gentle Edmorin sat watching her repose, by the light of the taper, he indulged himself in gazing ardently upon her, and, heaving a sigh of softness, as he gazed, thus whispered to himself:

"O blessed sun! what a form is there! How happy am I in being the means of preserving it from violation!—Yet surely the savage could not scar such a creature! The paw of the monster was suspended, doubtless, conscious of the excellence within his power, which, cruel as is his nature, he dared not use. How unlike is she to the common beauties among my train! Blessed be the morning in which I last grasped my bow, blessed be the elk that directed me toward the mountains, and blessed be the moment in which Edmorin preserved her! And yet why do I sigh? O Mithra, could my wishes!—but how vain my prayer! Is she not some superior being? O Ramor! now do I think of thee; yet I will gaze no more."

Having said this, he extinguished the taper, lest his reason should yield to the captivation of his eyes; when suddenly the apartment was re-enlightened by a flash of lightning, a thunder-clap succeeded, and in the next moment a vision of the night, arrayed in an irresistible robe of light, appeared before him. The astonished Edmorin put his hand to his forehead, and fell prostrate to the illustrious appearance, when, gently waving a wand which it held in its hand over the eyes of the princess, addressed itself to the youth: "List, Edmorin, and be happy! I am the angel of truth and innocence; thou rememberest the instructions of Ramor; the hour is at hand when his instruction will be useful. Her, whom thy valor has saved, is Ella, the daughter of Zimber, the monarch beyond the mountains. Thy divinity has ordained her to be thy wife. Do not wonder, or doubt, because that she is the child of thy enemy. To Fate nothing is impossible. I am commissioned from above to give thee this ruby, which, while she sleeps, thou art to put upon her finger; do this, and thou no more shalt sigh in solitude, or experience sorrow.

The evanescent visitor instantly disappeared, and the noise of the thunder, that again rolled a volley as it vanished, alarmed the princess, who became pale with affright. It was now the dawn of day, and Edmorin was about to execute the order of the vision at the mo-

ment she awoke; he had just fixed the ruby on her finger, and was still holding her hand gently within his own. They were both overwhelmed in a speechless confusion, yet neither had the power, or perhaps the inclination, to alter their position. From their meeting eyes shot instant affection; their souls melted within them, and a thrilling pulsation ran a tide of rapture through every vein; at length, however, the united impressions of hope and love gave the powers of utterance to Edmorin, who communicated the commands of the angel of truth, and concluded with professions of fondness and sincerity. She was easily disposed to credit what her heart so affectionately desired, and she involuntarily pressed the ruby to her lips: yet had still the honor and discretion to inform him, that she had fled Zimber, who on the day he had saved her from death, determined to sacrifice her to Dorin, the chieftain of the valley. "Dorin, said she, is boisterous as the thunder, and cruel as the panther of the forest, but with the cunning of the fox has he crept into the smiles of my father; and the orders of Zimber are dreadful as the roaring of a cataract of the Nile: how then shall I be sheltered from the fury of Zimber, or the importunities of Dorin? I am a captive—Ella is the slave—how therefore can she ever be thy wife?" Though her duty seemed to require this candor, yet her eyes manifested the tenderness of her wishes.

"New found spirit of purity and sweetness," replied the prince, "thou art no captive, but the present of the angel of truth! I will not only shield thee from the persecutions of Dorin, and from the wrath of Zimber, but will also solicit his friendship, and thou shalt be at once the instrument not only of love, but of peace." At this moment entered Ramor, who was instantly commissioned to the monarch of the mountains, who, in gratitude for the preservation of Ella, consented to a union from which proceeded every enjoyment of life, and the prophecy of the sage was now remembered and fulfilled; for she was now exalted to the throne to whom Nature was kind and Virtue affectionate, and Edmorin and Ella became the idols of India.

#### NATURAL HISTORY OF THE SPIDER.

It is generally known that the state of the atmosphere has a visible effect upon certain animals, and that, for instance, cats, dogs, frogs, hogs, &c., have a very strong presentiment of every change which is preparing in it; it has been discovered that the spider possesses this quality in a more eminent degree than all other animals, and is peculiarly fit to serve as an unerring barometer.

These insects have two different ways of weaving their webs, by which we can know what weather we are to have. When the weather inclines to turn rainy or windy, they make the principal threads, which are the foundation as it were, of their whole web, very short, and rather thick; whereas they spin them much longer, when fine and warm weather is to be expected. Thence it appears clearly, that the spiders have not only a near, but also a distant presentiment of the changes which are preparing in the air. The barometer foretells the state of the weather with certainty only for about twenty-four hours, whereas we may be sure that the weather will be fine twelve or fourteen days, when the spider makes the principal threads of its web long. It is obvious how important the conse-

quences of this infallible indication of the state of the weather must be in many instances, particularly with regard to the operations of agriculture; for which reason it has been frequently lamented, that the best barometers, hydrometers, thermometers and eudiometers are principally in the hands of the consumers, and very rarely in those of the planters of the harvest. How fortunate it is therefore, that provident nature, among other gifts, also bestowed upon the cultivator of the country such a cheap instrument, upon the sensibility and infallibility of which, with regard to the impending changes in the atmosphere, he can rely! The barometers are frequently very fallible guides, particularly when they point to *settled fair*; whereas the work of the spider never fails to give the most certain information. This insect which is one of the most economical animals, does not go to work, nor expend such a great length of threads, which it draws out of its body, before the most perfect equilibrium of all the constituent parts of the air indicates with certainty that this great expenditure will not be made in vain. Let the weather be ever so bad, we may conclude with certainty that it will not last long, and soon change for *settled fair*, when we see the spider repair the damages which his web has received. Those who will take the trouble to watch the operations of this useful insect, will in future show more indulgence to this object of almost general abhorrence than they have done hitherto.

F. W.

#### THE ROVER OMNIBUS.

##### MARINE INTELLIGENCE.

We are not in the habit of devoting our columns much to "ship news;" but for the benefit of those who have freight on board, as well as the friends of the crew, we feel bound to publish the following information concerning a certain craft in which we are somewhat interested. We find it in that valuable family newspaper, the *Portland Transcript*.

##### COPY FROM OUR LOG.

"March 23d, wind N. E. Thick and squally, with an ugly sea running. 4 P. M. saw a ship on our weather bow, with kites all flying. Signallized that she wanted to speak us. Run down to us. Proved to be ship *Rover*, just out of New York, on her third voyage. Didn't know her. Looked as fine as a fiddle—new suit of sails—new spars—fresh painted all over, and a new figure-head. 'Paugus,' the Indian chief, flying as a private signal. All well aboard. Captain Smith wished to be remembered to his friends Down East, and giving us a salute from his bow gun, he dashed on his course just as a fleet of large and small craft hove in sight astern of him. He'll show them a clean pair of heels, or we're mistaken! Good luck to him."

##### CHANGE IN THE POSITION OF THE EARTH'S AXIS.—

Men of science, who have studied deeply the history and physical character of the shell of our earth, infer that the position of its axis has at some former period been changed. The cause of so remarkable a phenomenon in the movements of a planet, seems to be plausibly explained, if not fully proved, in the original poem in the present number, from our correspondent, Ernest Helfenstein.

#### THE ROVER BOOK-TABLE.

MODERN STANDARD DRAMA, edited by *Epes Sargent*, author of "*Velasco*" &c. New York, James Mowatt & Co., 174 Broadway.

Under this title the publishers propose to bring out a series of modern standard plays, which have not yet appeared in any collection of specimens of the British drama. They will be taken from such authors as Talfourd, Croly, Shell, Maturin, Bulwer, Knowles, Milman and others. The series will be published semi-monthly, each number to contain an entire play, and to be sold at twelve and a half cents. The work is published in a very neat and uniform style, with preparatory notes by the editor, and will form a valuable collection of this species of literature. Four numbers are already out. *Ion*, a tragedy in five acts, by Thomas Noon Talfourd. *Fazio*, a tragedy in five acts, by Rev. H. H. Milman. *The Lady of Lyons*, a play in five acts, by Sir E. L. Bulwer. *Richelleu*, a play in five acts, by Sir E. L. Bulwer.

Among the minor books recently published by Mowatt & Co. is "the child's poetry book," by Mary Howitt, a writer whose name alone is an assurance of excellence.

#### "FLING ABROAD THE STARRY BANNER." From the American Romance of "Greyslaer."

##### I.

RAISE the heart, raise the hand,  
Swear ye for your glorious cause,  
Swear by Nature's holy laws,  
To defend your fatherland!  
By the glory ye inherit,  
By the deeds that patriots dare,  
By APALACHIA's freedom, swear it:  
By YOUR COUNTRY, this day swear!  
Raise the heart, raise the hand,  
Fling abroad the starry banner,  
Ever live our country's honor,  
Ever bloom our native land.

##### II.

Raise the heart, raise the hand,  
Let the earth and heaven hear it,  
While the sacred oath we swear it,  
Swear to uphold our fatherland!  
Wave, thou lofty ensign glorious,  
Floating foremost in the field;  
While thine eagle hovers us  
None shall tremble, none shall yield.  
Raise the heart, raise the hand,  
Fling abroad the starry banner,  
Ever live our country's honor,  
Ever bloom our native land.

##### III.

Raise the heart, raise the hand,  
Raise it to the Father spirit,  
To the Lord of Heaven rear it,  
Let the soul tow'rd Him expand!  
Truth unwavering, faith unshaken,  
Sway each action word and will:  
That which man hath undertaken,  
Heaven can alone fulfil.  
Raise the heart, raise the hand,  
Fling abroad the starry banner,  
Ever live our country's honor,  
Ever bloom our native land.

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S. T. Lawrence, P.R.A.

# THE MORNING WALK.

Engraved by P. Ostrander, for the Rover.







# THE ROVER.

## THE MORNING WALK.

BY ARTHUR MORRELL.

WITH AN ENGRAVING.

CHEER'D by the lark's harmonious lay,  
As welcomes she the god of day,  
Greeting with song his earliest ray,  
Mother and child together rove,  
Hand in hand, through field and grove,  
To the verdant dell,  
Where the tinkling bell  
Of the grazing flock is heard;  
And a joyous note  
Is swelling the throat  
Of many a happy bird.

Ye warbling throng—bright Nature's choic—  
Zephyr and tree—her first born lyre—  
What thrilling raptures ye inspire  
In him who loveth at morn to stray,  
When Nature, attired in aspect gay,  
Greets the god of light  
With a smile so bright,  
Cheering the drooping heart  
To which life's cares,  
Its toils and snares,  
Sorrow and gloom impart.

## A FISH STORY.

Showing how materially circumstances alter cases.

MANY years ago when Gov. Gore sat in the Executive chair of Massachusetts, Mr. B., a substantial farmer in the good old town of Dracut, was chosen a member of the council. While attending to his duties in that capacity, he was frequently invited to dine with the governor, who always treated him with much hospitality and urbanity. As some return for the governor's politeness, Mr. B. had long meditated making him a present. But what should it be? Governors are not common men, and no common present would answer. Many and long were the confabs between Mr. and Mrs. B. on this important subject, but no satisfactory result was arrived at until one day, early in the Spring, it was announced in the village that a fine salmon, the first of the season, had been caught by the Dracut fishermen. Here was a God-send for Mr. B. indeed!—the very thing to present to the governor, and he lost no time in securing it, never heeding the enormous price demanded by the captors. It was a noble fish, a full "twenty pounder," and in the language of Mrs. B., as she swathed it in snow white linen, "it was the beatumest fish you ever saw."

The salmon was carefully tied up in a new bag, the horse was harnessed to the wagon, and the worthy councilman and the present trotted briskly away down the Boston road. Now, in those days tee-total societies were unknown, consequently Mr. B. was not a teetotaler, if he had been he never would have stopped three times between Dracut and Tewksbury, to "wood up." Nor when he arrived at Tewksbury, would he have tarried at Wilder's Tavern, where, according to a black sign with white letters, "Entertainment for Man and Beast" was always ready. We will consider

VOLUME III.—No 5.

it decided, then, that he was not a temperance man in the modern acceptation of the term, and follow him at once to "Wilder's." Under the influence of the three cocktails already taken, he drove up to the door of that ancient hostelry with a mighty clatter, and throwing the reins to the hostler, requested him to carefully guard the wagon, as there was precious freight in the box, and then walking into the house in a majestic manner, as became a member of the council; was soon deep in that now forbidden luxury, flip. The landlord grinned and bobbed hastily about, the hot poker hissed and sputtered as it was thrust into the "reaming mugs," and Squire B., installed into the best room and the best chair, quaffed largely of the generous beverage, and reflected upon the pleasant reception he should meet at the governor's.

But, "the best laid schemes of men and mice oft gang astray." While the worthy adviser of His Excellency was thus rioting in anticipations of the effect of his present, some evil spirit flying over Tewksbury at the time, seeking for a chance to do mischief, cast its eyes upon the hostler and seeing at a glance that he was a proper instrument wherewith to work, entered into his heart, and instigated him to do that which was to make those anticipations vain as an idle dream. Prompted by curiosity to see what the "precious freight" was, and influenced by the spirit aforesaid, the hostler untied the bag and drew out the scaly occupant. Standing at the door, sent there no doubt by some other evil spirit, was a fish cart, from which the possessed hostler speedily procured an enormous pollock, which he carefully tied up in the bag, and hid the salmon in the hay-mow.

Having finished his flip Mr. B. called for his horse, paid the reckoning, and was soon once more *en route* for Boston. The grey mare felt her oats, the squire felt the flip, and right gallily they sped along through the ancient towns of Wilmington, Woburn and Medford, and in due time the wagon rattled merrily over the pavements of Boston.

Governor Gore was sitting down to dinner, when the door-bell rang and a servant announced Mr. B. of Dracut, the governor repairing to the parlor, found that worthy citizen, dusty and flushed, his nose fairly shining with excitement and flip. With a low bow he advanced, seized the Governor's hand and commenced a set speech which he had been conning since he left home.

"May it please your excellency," he said, "it is a duty incumbent upon all good citizens to remember those placed in authority over them, —" Here he paused, for he had lost the thread; "and to —" another pause, he had evidently pitched his tune too high "and to —." Governor I am a man of few words, but if you'll send yer hired man out to my wagon you'll find that tied up in a bag, as will speak louder than words and make you stare, I reckon."

Governor Gore smiled, and ordered a servant to carry the bag to the kitchen; and repairing thither himself, found the servants staring with wonder at a large, and by no means prepossessing pollock laid out on the table! For a single moment the governor felt indignant, but recollecting the character of the donor, he concluded that some one had played him a trick;

and walking back to his visitor, whom he found waiting with eager expectation, remarked in a cool, indifferent tone:—

"I am much obliged, Mr. B. for your kind intention, though your present is no great rarity here in Boston; we can get the same any day at the fish market for two cents a pound."

"Get it for two cents a pound, at the fish market!" roared the confounded councilman, "why, governor, there's not another salmon, out of water, in New England!"

"I was not speaking of salmon," replied the governor in the same provokingly calm tone, "I merely intended to say that I can get in the market for that price, a better and fresher pollock than the one which you have brought me."

"Pollock be damned!" screamed Mr. B., "d'ye mean to say the fish I brought you jest now is a pollock?"

"Walk this way Mr. B." said the governor, leading the way to the kitchen, and pointing to the striped sides of the fish, "is that a salmon?"

"It was when I started this morning," said Mr. B. in a low reflective tone—"and a fine one too, as ever swam in the Merrimack. But," he continued, turning it over, as if to be sure there was no mistake, "but it is a pollock now, sure enough."

The pride and spirit of the good old farmer were completely broken. He felt mortified and ashamed, he could not bear to look the governor in the face, and steadfastly declined all his invitations to stay and dine. Slowly and mournfully he re-bagged the pollock, and sorrowfully commenced his homeward journey. If there was occasion in the morning to "wood up" at the numerous taverns on the road, there certainly was now, when returning under such mortifying circumstances, and when Mr. B. at last reached the tavern at Tewksbury, he was just in that state and frame which he thought demanded a strong mug of "Wilder's best flip," and so he had it. But while he was drinking it, the mischievous hostler was again at the bag. Finding the Pollock still there, he withdrew it and replaced the salmon.

Mr. B. reached home about dark, tired, vexed, and—we must say it, a little drunk. At first he was sullen and silent, but at last wearied with his wife's ceaseless inquiries as to what was the matter, and why he was so "cross and snarly like," he threw his hat at the "dressers" with such violence and fatal aim that he brought down the milk-pot, family pitcher and a small host of cups, saucers and plates. He smiled grimly at the havoc he had wrought, and then turning fiercely to his astonished lady demanded.

"What do yer think! That d—d salmon turned into a pollock before I got to Boston!"

"Turned into a pollock?" said Mrs. B. "Why talk, don't make yourself a natural born fool. What on alrth do you mean?"

"I mean jist as I say," said the councilor, with dignity, "an if yer don't believe me, go and and look in the bag behind the door."

Mr. B. hauled out the bag, cut the string, and shook the contents on the floor. Her spouse looked on with much nonchalance during the first part of the operation, but when the salmon, looking as hale and fresh as he did when placed there in the morning, rolled out and flopped quietly down on the floor! it was too much. "Darnation seize the crittur!" he cried as with one kick of his heavy foot he sent the unfortunate fish into

the blazing fire, and then lying hold of the tongs he punched him, and crowded him down under the coals, exclaiming, as he danced about in his frantic efforts.

"How d'ye like that, you tarnal crittur! Oh, your a nice fish, you are, d—n ye! You 're a salmon in Dracut, but a pollock in Boston!"—Portland Transcript.

#### WHO COULD HAVE BELIEVED IT?

A German Tale.

THERE lived in Vienna a young man of rank and fortune, who bore a strong resemblance to many other young men of that and every city, for he was a dupe to all the follies of fashion and high life. He combined a flexible heart with a handsome person: it had cost his mother a great deal of trouble to make him what is called a *putzky*; but, by indefatigable diligence, she had at last effected her purpose. All the ladies, consequently, loved him, and he loved them all in return. It has been said that once or twice his attachments have even been of more than a month's duration, but never did he impose any constraint upon himself or the object of his affections, by an irksome fidelity. He possessed the nicest powers of perception, whenever any word or look summoned him to victory; but he always had the good manners to pay every attention to the clock, when it announced the hour of parting.

With these qualifications, he was certain of success among the ladies. He paid his devoirs to all, enjoyed all, and was at last tired of all. In one of his moments of torpid satiety, our hero had returned home before supper. Happy is he who feels the time least oppressive when at home—he belongs to the better kind of men. Our young count threw himself upon the sofa, stretched his limbs, yawned, and so forth. Suddenly it occurred to him that he was married. No wonder that we should have forgotten it, since he himself only just now recollected it. "Apropos," said he, and rung the bell: a servant entered.

"Go to your mistress, ask if I may have the pleasure of seeing her." The servant listened attentively, not believing the testimony of his own ears. The count repeated his orders, which the servant at length obeyed, shaking his head as he went. The countess was the amiable daughter of a country gentleman—she was a flower, which, from the pressure of the court atmosphere, drooped, but did not quite wither; to avoid ennui, she had no recourse but to swim with the tide of high life. She and her husband sometimes met—they never avoided, nor ever courted, each other's society. Before marriage they had seen little of each other, and after it they had no time to devote to such an employment. There were people enough who spared the count the trouble of admiring his wife's perfections, and if they made no impression on the heart, they, at least, gratified her vanity.

Her husband's message was delivered to her at a moment when her state of mind was much the same as his: she knew not what to think of this unexpected visit: she replied, however, that she should be happy to see him. He entered, hoped he was not troublesome—took a chair—made remarks on the weather—and recounted the news of the day. The conversation, as far as related to the subjects of it, was quite common, but his vivacity, and Amelia's genius, inspired it with interest. The time passed they knew not how:



the count looked at his watch—was surprised to find it so late, and requested permission to sup with his wife. "With all my heart," replied Amelia, "if you can be content with my homely fare." Supper was brought—they ate, and were merry, without being noisy. This calm pleasure possessed, to them, the charm of novelty: they were both pleasant without wishing to appear so, as is generally the case with most people. They were quite new acquaintances—the hours flow swiftly away, and the time for retiring to rest being arrived, the count took leave of the countess, highly pleased with his visit.

The next day he was invited to a concert, and did not learn, till it was late, that, one of the virtuosos being ill, the concert was deferred. How was he to pass the tedious evening? He inquired, as he passed, after his wife, and was informed she was somewhat indisposed.

"Well," thought he, "common civility requires that I should wait upon her, and ask her personally how she does." He sent a message, requesting that he might be allowed to sit with her till supper, and was very politely received. He was cheerful, lively, and gallant. The supper hour arrived, and this time Amelia begged him to stay. He had been invited to a casino party after the concert, notwithstanding which he remained with his wife, and their conversation was quite as pleasant, and less reserved than that of the preceding visit.

"Do you know," said Amelia, that the party to which you were invited would find a little trouble in discovering the cause of your absence." He smiled, and paused for a few moments. "I must tell you something in confidence," began he at length, while he was playing with his fork, "something which you will perhaps think rather candid than gallant: you cannot imagine how much you are improved since your marriage.

"My marriage!" answered Amelia, in a jocose tone, "I believe it took place about the same time as your own."

"Very true, my lady," replied he, "but it is inconceivable how so happy an alteration can have taken place in you. At that time—pardon me—you had so much rustic bashfulness, it is scarce possible to recognize you: your genius is no longer the same; even your features are much improved."

"Well, my lord," rejoined the countess, "without wishing to return the compliment, all that you have said of me, I thought of you. But, upon my word," added she, "it is well that no one hears us; for it almost seems as if we were making love." The dialogue continued long in the same style, till Amelia at length looked at her watch, and, in a fascinating tone, remarked that it was late. The count arose unwillingly, slowly took his leave, and as slowly retired to the door—suddenly he again turned round.

"My lady," said he, "I find it very tedious to breakfast alone—may I be allowed to take my chocolate with you."

"If you please," answered Amelia, and they parted, still more pleased with each other.

The next morning it occurred to the count that these frequent visits to his wife might give rise to scandalous reports. He therefore desired his valet not to mention the circumstance to any one. He then put on an elegant morning dress, and went softly over to Amelia.

Amelia had just risen, in the most cheerful humor. The bloom upon her cheek rivaled the blush of morning. She was animated, witty—in short she was enchanting, and her husband, in an hour, discovered how much pleasanter it was to breakfast in company, than to sit alone, and opposite a glass, gazing at his own person, and looking into his own yawning mouth.

"Why don't you come here every day," said Amelia, "if my company is pleasant to you?"

He answered that he feared his presence might prevent the visits of others.

"I shall miss no one," replied she, "as long as you indemnify me by your society."

"Upon my word," said the count, "I have more than once wished that I was not your ladyship's husband."

"Why so?" demanded Amelia.

"That I might be allowed to tell you," returned he, "how much I love you."

"Oh! tell me so, I beg," cried she, "if only for the sake of novelty."

"Fear not," answered the count, "I hope, my lady, I shall never so far forget myself; but we have had, I think, two very agreeable *tête-à-têtes* at supper—how if you were this evening to allow me a third."

"With all my heart," answered the countess.

The appointment was on both sides exactly adhered to. Their conversation was this time less lively, less brilliant—they gazed at each other oftener, and spoke less; the heart began to assert its influence, and even arrived so far, that they once, during a pause, involuntarily squeezed each other's hand across the table, although the servants were still in the room. *Who could have believed it?*

Amelia very plainly perceived that it was late, but she did not look at her watch. Her husband made not the smallest effort to depart; he complained that he was somewhat tired, but not sleepy. In a word, from this day they parted in the morning instead of midnight, because they were then both ready to breakfast together.

The count, enchanted with his new conquest, accompanied Amelia to the country, where they, with astonishment, discovered that the theatre of nature, and the concert of the nightingales, surpassed all other theatres and concerts. They at first thought of staying only a few days—every morning they intended to depart, and every evening they changed their intentions. When autumn, however, approached, they returned to Vienna. The same evening they went to the play, and our hero had the courage to sit in the same box with Amelia.

*Who could have believed it?* To such a dreadful extent may a man be led by one thoughtless step. Ye happy husbands in high life, take warning by the mournful example of our count.

#### THE NORTH-EASTERN BOUNDARY.

THE whole extent of the line to be run under the Treaty, from the source of the St. Croix around the State of Maine, along the northern line of Vermont, New Hampshire, and New York, is nine hundred and fifty miles. The Commissioner has surveyed the whole line as laid down by the Treaty. They have to clear out a track, thirty feet wide, making a vista through the forest, to survey all the islands in the St. John's River, to sound the channel of that river, to

apportion the several islands to the two nations, and to make maps of the whole line. Cast iron monuments, six feet long, half in and half out of the ground, with appropriate inscriptions, are to be placed along the whole line, a mile apart, and as much oftener as a stream crosses the line. The line has been completed in this manner from the river St. Croix to Lake Pohenagamook, a distance of over two hundred miles, at an expense of \$23,000; and will require \$75,000 more to complete it. The Commissioner and his party have worked this last summer five months on the line; his party consisted of one principal commissioner, five Topographical Engineers (officers U. S. A.), three Civil Engineers, and one hundred men. The British had one Commissioner, (Col. Estcourt,) three officers of the Royal Engineers, two Civil Engineers, a company of Sappers and Miners acting as Assistant Engineers, besides laborers.

The work is at present suspended for want of an appropriation.

### SONG.

BY CAROLINE M. SAWYER.

Go, let me weep! the storm is dark  
That beats around my troubled soul,  
And o'er my frail and quivering bark  
Despondency's deep waters roll!  
Leave me! for Hope's sweet song hath died  
In mournful cadence on my heart,  
And, down the deep and roaring tide,  
With riven anchor I depart!

Leave me! for oh, I can but pain  
Thy heart, if still it care for me;  
Go, mingle with the crowd again,  
And gay, and bright, and joyous be!  
Aye, go! around thy noble brow  
The wreath of deathless fame to bind—  
Alas! it little matters now,  
The wild regret thou leav'st behind!

Tears?—gushing tears? And dost thou give  
Those dear and precious drops for me?  
Come back! how could I ever live  
Thus parted and estranged from thee?  
Oh, come! for anguish, keen as death,  
Is quivering at my bosom's core—  
Let me still live upon thy breath,  
And part, oh, never, never more!

New York, April, 1844.

### THE DEFORMED GIRL.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

MEMORY—mysterious memory!—holy and blessed as a dream of Heaven to the pure in spirit—haunter and accuser of the guilty! unescapable presence! Linger through every vicissitude, and calling us back to the past—back to the dim and sepulchral images of departed time—opening anew the deep fountain of early passion—the thrilling aspirations of after years! While the present is dark with anguish, and the future is gladdened by no sun-bow of anticipation, I invoke thy spell of power. Unroll before me the chart vanished hours; let me gaze once more on their sunlight and shadow.

I am an old man; the friends of my youth are gone from me. Some have perished on the great deep;

others on the battle field, afar off in the land of strangers; and many—very many, have been gathered quietly to the old churchyard of our native village. They have left me alone—even as the last survivor of the fallen forest—the hoary representative of departed generations. The chains which bound me to existence have been broken—Ambition, Avarice, Pride; even all that awakens into power the intolerable thirst of mind. But there are some milder thoughts—some brighter passages in the dream of my being, yet living at the fountain of memory—thoughts, pure and angelic communion; linked by a thousand tender associations to the Paradise of Love.

There was one—a creature of exalted intellect—a being whose thoughts went upward like the incense of flowers upon God's natural altars—they were so high and unlike to earth. Yet she was not proud of her high gift. With the highest capacities of an unbounded spirit, there was something more than woman's meekness in her demeanor. It was the condescension of seraph intellect—the forgiveness and tears of conscious purity extended to the erring and passionate of Earth.

She was not a being to love with an earthly affection. Her person had no harmony with her mind. It bore no resemblance to those beautiful forms which glide before the eyes of romance in the shadowy world of dreams. It was not like the bright realities of being—the wealth of beauty which is sometimes concentrated in the matchless form of woman. It was deformity—strange peculiar deformity, relieved only by the intellectual glory of a dark soul-like eye.

Yet, strange as it may seem, I loved her dearly, passionately as the young heart can love when it pours itself out like an oblation to its idol. There were gentle and lovely ones around me—creatures of smiles and blushes, soft tones and melting glances, but their beauty made no lasting impressions on my heart. Mine was an intellectual love—yearning after something invisible and holy—something above the ordinary standard of human desire, set apart and sanctified as it were by the mysteries of the mind.

Mine was not a love to be revealed in the thronged circle of gayety and fashion, it was avowed underneath the bending heaven; when the perfect stars alone were gazing upon us; It was rejected; but not in scorn in pride, nor in anger, by that high-thoughted girl. She would ask my friendship—my sympathy! but she besought me—aye, with tears she besought me, to speak no more of Love. I obeyed her. I fled her presence. I mingled once more with the busy tide of being, and ambition entered my soul. Wealth came upon me unexpectedly; and the voice of praise became a familiar sound. I returned at last with the impress of manhood upon my brow, and sought again the being of my dreams.

She was dying—consumption—pale, ghastly consumption was taking away her hold on existence. The deformed and unfitting tenement was yielding to the impulses of the soul.

Clasping her wasted hand, I bent over her in speechless agony. She raised her eyes to mine, and in those beautiful emblems of the soul, I read the hoarded emblems of years—the long smothered emotion of a smothered heart.

"Henry," she said, and I bent lower to catch the faltering tones of her sweet voice—"I have loved long and fervently. I feel I am dying. I rejoice at it.

Earth will cover this wasted and unseemly form, but the soul will return to that promised better land, where no change or circumstance can mar the communion of spirit. O, Heary, had it been permitted! but I will not murmur. You were created with more than manhood's beauty, and I have dared to love you."

I knelt down and kissed the pale brow of the sufferer. A smile of more than earthly tenderness stole over her features, and fixed there as an omen of the spirit's happiness. She was dead. And they buried her on the spot which she had herself selected—a delightful place of slumber, curtained by green young willows. I have stood there a thousand times in the quiet moonlight, and fancied that I heard in every breeze that whispered among the branches, the voice of the beloved slumberer.

Devoted girl! thy beautiful spirit hath never abandoned me in my weary pilgrimage. Greatly and soothingly thou comest to watch over my sleep pillow—to cheer me midst the trials of humanity—to mingle thy heavenly sympathies with my joys and sorrows, and to make thy mild reprovings known and felt in the darker moments of existence; in the tempest of passion, in the bitterness of crime. Even now, in the awful calm which precedes the last change of my being, in the cold shadow which now stretches from the grave to the presence of the living, I feel thou art near me—

"Thyself a pure and sainted one,  
Watching the loved and frail of earth."

#### FASTING.

As this is the month when public fasts are appointed in many parts of the country, the following article seems to have a seasonable as well as permanent interest. It is from an old English Magazine published toward the close of the last century.

As the fifth or sixth fast appointed during the present war is lately elapsed, probably many of our readers may desire to have a short history of the origin of fast days, especially as some persons in this country, I know not why, persist in neglecting those solemn appointments. I have endeavored, therefore, to bring in as short a space as possible, what is to be found in various writings on this subject.

Religious fasting has been practised by most nations from the remotest antiquity. Some divines even pretend its origin in the earthly paradise, where our first parents were forbidden to eat the tree of knowledge. But though this seems carrying the matter too far, it is certain, that the Jewish church has observed fasts ever since its first institution. Nor were the neighboring heathens, viz. the Egyptians, Phœnicians, and Assyrians, without their fast. The Egyptians, according to Herodotus, sacrificed a cow to Isis, after having prepared themselves by fasting and prayer; a custom which he likewise ascribes to the women of Cyrene. Porphyry affirms, that the Egyptians, before their stated sacrifices, always fasted a great many days, sometimes for six weeks; and that the least behoved to be for seven days; during all which time the priests and devotees not only abstained from flesh, fish, wine, and oil; but even from bread and some kinds of pulse. These austerities were communicated by them to the Greeks, who observed their fasts much in the same manner. The Athenians had the Eleusinian and Theophrastian fasts, the observation of which was very

rigorous, especially among the women, who spent one whole day sitting on the ground in a mournful dress, without taking any nourishment. In the island of Crete, the priests of Jupiter were obliged to abstain all their lives from fish and flesh. Apuleius, informs us, that whoever had a mind to be initiated in the mysteries of Cybele, were obliged to prepare themselves by fasting ten days; and, in short, all the pagan delities, whether male or female, required this duty of those that desired to be initiated into the mysteries, of their priests and priestesses that gave the oracles, and of those that came to consult them.

Among the heathens, fasting was also practised before some of their military enterprizes. Aristotle informs us, that the Lacedæmonians having resolved to succor a city of the allies, ordained a fast throughout the whole extent of their dominions, without excepting even the domestic animals; and this they did for two ends; one to spare provisions in favor of the besieged; the other to draw down the blessings of heaven upon their enterprize. The inhabitants of Tarentum, when besieged by the Romans, demanded succors from their neighbors of Rhegium, who immediately commanded a fast throughout their whole territories. Their enterprize having had good success by their throwing a supply of provisions into the town, the Romans were obliged to raise the siege; and the Tarentines, in memory of this deliverance instituted a perpetual fast.

Fasting has always been reckoned a particular duty among philosophers and religious people, some of whom have carried their abstinence to an incredible length. At Rome, it was practised by kings and emperors themselves. Numa Pompilius, Julius Cæsar, Augustus, Vespasian, and others we are told, had their stated fast days, and Julian the Apostate, was no exact in this observance as to outdo the priests themselves, and even the most rigid philosophers. The Pythagoreans kept a continual lent; but with this difference, that they believed the use of fish to be equally unlawful with that of flesh. Beside their constant temperance, they also frequently fasted rigidly for a very long time. In this respect, however, they were all outdone by their master, Pythagoras, who continued his fasts for no less than forty days together. Even Apollonius Tyaneus, one of his most famous disciples, could never come up to him in the length of his fasts, though they greatly exceeded those of the ordinary Pythagoreans. The Gymnosophists, or brahmans of the east, are also very remarkable for their severe fastings; and the Chinese, according to father Le Comte, have also their stated fasts, with forms of prayer for preserving them from barrenness, inundations, earthquakes, &c. The Mahometans too, who possess so large a part of Asia, are very remarkable for the strict observance of their fasts; and the exactness of their services in this respect is extraordinary.

Fasting was often used by the heathens for superstitious purposes; sometimes to procure the interpretations of dreams; at others, to be an antidote against their pernicious consequences. A piece of superstition prevails to this day among the Jews; who, though expressly forbidden to fast on Sabbath-day, think themselves at liberty to dispense with this duty, when they happen to have frightful and unlucky dreams the night preceding, that threaten them with great misfortunes. On these occasions they observe a formal fast the whole day; and at night the patient, having invited three of his friends, addresses himself to them seven times in

a very solemn manner, saying, "May the dream I have had prove a lucky one!" And his friends answer as many times, "Amen, may it be lucky and God make it so!" After which, in order to encourage him, they concluded the ceremony with these words of Ecclesiastes, "Go eat thy bread with joy;" and then set themselves down to table. They have likewise added several fasts not commanded in the law of Moses, particularly three, in memory of sore distress their nation has suffered at different times. The abstinence of the ancient Jews commonly lasted twenty-seven or twenty-eight hours at a time; beginning before sun-set, and not ending till some hours after sun-set next day. On these days they were obliged to wear white robes in token of grief and repentance; to cover themselves with sackcloth, or their worst clothes; to lie on ashes; to sprinkle them on their heads, &c. Some spent the whole night and day following in the temple or synagogue, in prayers and other devotions, bare-footed, with a scourge in their hands, of which sometimes they made a good use in order to raise their zeal. Lastly, in order to complete their abstinence, at night they were to eat nothing but a little bread dipped in water, with some salt for seasoning; except they chose to add to their repast some bitter herbs and pulse.

The ancients, both Jews and Pagans, had also their fasts for purifying the body, particularly the priests, and such as were any way employed at the altars; all these were accompanied with particular ceremonies, which it is not necessary to mention here.

Such are the circumstances which we have been able to collect respecting fasting, among the ancient Jews and heathens. In the Christian system, though fasting is not positively enjoyed, as some suppose, although others are of a contrary opinion, a custom prevailed among the first Christians of joining abstinence with their prayers, especially when they were engaged in affairs of extraordinary importance. But in the most ancient times we find no mention of any public and solemn fasts, except upon the anniversary of Christ's crucifixion. However, in process of time, days of fasting were gradually introduced, first by custom, and afterward by positive appointment, though it is not certain what those days were, nor whether they were observed in the first century. Mr. Mosheim, in his ecclesiastical history, acknowledges that those who affirm, that in the time of the apostles or soon after, the fourth and sixth days of the week were observed as fasts, are not destitute of arguments in their favor.

Toward the close of the third century, fasting was held in much greater esteem, from a notion that it served as a security against the power of demons, who directed their stratagems principally against the luxurious. About the end of the fourth century, this notion still more generally prevailed; and fasting was also considered as the most effectual means of appeasing the anger of an offended deity. Hence proceeded the establishment of this practice as an indispensable duty, by express laws enacted by the rulers of the church. The lent fast was held more sacred than all the rest, though it was not till afterward confined to a certain number of days. But as fasting became more general, it was contrived to render it more easy; and therefore a mere abstinence from flesh and wine was judged sufficient. From all this at length proceeded the appointment of fast days, for particular occasions, by public authority, which are called in the proclama-

tions for that purpose, days of fasting and humiliation, and the occasion or subject is always specified.

With respect to fast in general, in England, abstinence from flesh has been enjoined by statute ever since the reformation, particularly on Fridays and Saturdays, or vigils, and on all commonly called *fish days*. The like injunctions were renewed under Queen Elizabeth; but at the same time it was declared, that this was done not out of motives of religion, as if there were any difference in meats; but in favor of the consumption of fish, and to multiply the number of fishermen and mariners, as well as to spare the stock of sheep. The penalty for the first offence was ten shillings, and imprisonment for ten day, and for the second twenty shillings, and imprisonment twenty days. We now smile at these penalties, and perhaps there is not an instance in the memory of the oldest person now living of their having been demanded.

In the last century, during the civil wars, monthly fasts were appointed by the parliament, and toward the close of that century, they appear to have been more frequent than since. For many years past they have been restricted to once a year, and that only during a time of war. The national fast is observed in Scotland by royal proclamation, as in England, though always on a different day, but the church of Scotland has a right, and does often appoint a fast for that country, no ritual fasts, as lent, &c., being observed there. To conclude, whatever difference of opinion may prevail on political matters, it certainly is an useful and pleasing sight to behold a whole nation acknowledging their dependance on the power and aid of the Almighty in their difficulties.

#### A DREAM AT JAMESTOWN.

BY FAY ROBINSON.

"In a council of war it was resolved to burn Jamestown, the only town in Virginia, that no shelter might remain for an enemy. Should troops arrive from England, every man was ordered to retire into the wilderness. Tyrants would hardly chase the planters into their scattered homes amid the woods. And as the shades of night descended, the village was set on fire. Two of the best houses belonged to Lawrence and Drummond. Each of them with his own hands kindled the flames which were to lay his own dwelling in ashes. The little church, the oldest in Virginia, and the newly erected state-house, were consumed. . . . Virginia offered its only village as a victim for its freedom. Patriots fired their own houses lest they should harbor enemies to their country. Thus fell Jamestown, the ruins of the tower of the church and the memorials of the adjacent grave-yard are all that mark for the stranger the peninsular of Jamestown."—BANCROFT'S HISTORY OF U. S., VOL. 2, P. 227.

WHAT was it broke on my listless ear?

Not a cry from the solemn wood;

For 'tis far away, and none are near,

Not even on the waveless flood.

The winds are hush'd, the waters sleep,

And the stars look down upon the deep,

The gossamer floats in the moon's pale ray,

And the wild-fowl slowly drifts away;

If aught were near it would not rest

So calmly on the river's breast—

But I heard a voice, the measured chime



Of a song of England's elden time—  
A wild sweet rhyme of the olden time.

Again a shadowy form I see,  
'Twas not the herdsman seeking his kine,  
Nor was it the mist, which riseth free  
From yonder lake of broad moonshine—  
Whist! and I saw it there again,  
Threading along the briary plain,  
And waving locks of sunny hair  
Hang like a veil o'er features fair;  
It passes along with watchful air,  
As if it sought companions there.  
'Tis deck'd in the garb of olden time,  
When the swan of Avon wreathed his rhyme,  
The wild sweet rhyme of the olden time.

It treads amid the ancient tombs,  
It passeth close by the ivied tower,  
With soundless pace it glides along,  
Methinks its gaze has awful power,  
And I must leave the mossy stone  
And follow where it wills, alone,  
Through tangled grass, o'er ruined wall,  
Where the slimy snake and glow-worm crawl;  
I see that 'tis some fleshless sprite  
Come back in the hush of summer night,  
As spirits wont in the olden time  
To revel awhile till the matin chime—  
Thus saith at least old England's rhyme.

'Twas such a sprite as I wished to see,  
Such a form as I knew would come  
If any did, when silently  
The midnight stars above us shone;  
And misty forms around it throng,  
And, as they slowly pass along,  
Fitfully the tassels wave  
Above the stones that mark each grave,  
And by it a shadowy being stands  
And gazes on the kindred bands,  
Then hastes to join in the low sweet chime,  
That might have been sung in the olden time—  
A sad sweet rhyme of the olden time.

Slowly sinks the silent moon,  
Calmly on the waters flow,  
Darker wax the heavens, for soon  
Lucifer above will glow.  
But on the misty chorus sweeps,  
And with its song a cadence keeps,  
It passes close by the ruined tower,  
It rests beneath the beachen bower;  
Whist! mine eye can scarcely trace  
A rosy line upon the east,  
When all are gone, and hushed the rhyme,  
And the birds sing out their matin chime,  
Like the melody of olden time.

Such were the dreams that came to me,  
Such were the shadowy forms I saw,  
Where slumber now all silently  
Our country's more than Argonauts.  
But why forgotten should they rest,  
Of the iron hand and daring breast,  
Who, ages ere the Kremlin fell,  
Or echoed Moscow's midnight bell,  
When scattered was the feeble band,  
First martyrs to their native land,  
Reared the blazing torch on high,

Then proudly bent them down to die—  
Like Romans in antiquity.

But Jamestown now a ruin lies,  
The ivy clasps its broken tower,  
Nor slumber there the good and wise,  
Who broke, but would not bend to power.  
The headsman and the gibbet's chain,  
Thy tyrant viceroy's threats were vain.  
Sprung from the torch they dared to raise,  
Gheber-like in after days,  
Their children nursed the holy light  
Which cheered them through the dark midnight,  
Till Freedom's sun began to shine  
Again as in the olden time—  
England's cherished olden time.

## THE KNIGHT OF THE WITHERED TREE.

## CHAPTER I.

THE sun was gliding with his parting rays the purple tent of the princely Sultan of the East, when a messenger appeared before him, and bowed almost to the ground.

"How now, Hafez," said Solymán, "why intrudest thou upon our presence thus?"

"Noble lord of the world!" said the messenger, "your guards, in the morning excursion, have surprised a Christian Knight, who demands to be led in to thy presence."

"How looks he? Bears he his fate calmly?"

"Not more calmly runs the rill that supplies our tents with water. His face betrays no emotion—and the leaf untouched by the balmy breeze, is not more still than are the workings of his gallant soul."

"'Tis well—bid them enter."

The guards approached. Between them strode a knight, mailed from head to foot, but his visor was unclosed, and the searching eye of Solymán quitted before the fierce fire which glowed within that of the knight. Upon his steel corset was impressed the image of a withered tree. The keen glance of Solymán once more scanned his martial figure, as he broke the silence which his foe's entry had occasioned.

"Prisoner! thou lookest calmly on thy most inveterate enemy. But the deep shade of melancholy"—and the fierce Sultan's voice lowered to a key uncommon to him—"the deep shade of melancholy is on thy brow, and long years of anguish and suffering have paled thy cheek."

An extraordinary feeling seemed to have seized the Sultan's soul, and pity beamed from the eye which never before had felt its influence.

"Prince," replied the warrior, in a voice as soft and musical as the last sigh of the dying south wind over the strings of the Æolian lyre, "Prince, sorrow has filled my cup to the brim, but the world shall never know of it. I once was happy. In the sunny vales of my own sweet province, or beneath the moonlight sky of Castalia, I have sipped of pleasure's bowl; but why do I dally?—the grave is my last hope of peace—I am your prisoner—you can dispose of my life."

"Nay, nay," said Solymán, "I fain would spare thee—wouldst thou accept my bounty. Riches, happiness, pleasure, all flow around thee, and thou but consent to be our guide to yonder camp, under close cover of the night."

The breast of the knight swelled like the rolling of the ocean wave, and fire flashed from his eye.

"Fool!" at length came from between his lips, and as they severed, the pearly teeth appeared ground in defiance, "fool! were my home to be the lowest deep of hell, and thou my torturing demon, I would not sell my friends to thee—*thee*, their implacable foe!"

"Thy name, Sir Knight?" cried Solyman, as he started from his throne.

"Rupert of France!" thundered back the knight in reply. "Thou wouldst make me a traitor. I now proclaim thee coward!"

Had the lightnings of heaven fallen harmlessly at his feet, the Sultan could not have been more amazed. At length his heated soul found vent, and it came forth in the mandate: "To prison—to-morrow the bow-string!"

That night Rupert slept in a dungeon.

High amid one of the princely towers which frowned above the walls of Antioch, sat a dejected maiden. Her fingers were running thoughtlessly over the strings of a guitar; her eye fixed on the rising moon, and a pearly tear was coursing down her cheek, as she murmured the following song:

A gallant knight was Rupert brave,  
A maiden fair, Estelle;  
And both did love with a hallowed love—  
Alas! they loved too well!

A cruel father broke the bond  
Which should have made them one;  
And Rupert fled from his native land,  
And the maid was left alone.

But love obeys no stern control—  
From her father's halls she sped—  
She reached the Holy Land—alas!  
Prince Rupert, he was dead!

A footstep interrupted her song, and by the dim light which the moon shed through the lattice, she perceived the form of a man approaching her. She started in alarm from her seat; but the figure hastened to reassure her, and whispered in a soft voice:

"Hist! Lady Estelle; 'tis I—Raymond."

"Ha! thou, my trusty page. And how have sped thy inquiries, noble youth? Hast seen or heard aught importing him? Or is he dead? And am I doomed to mourn forever?"

These inquiries were made in the rapid tone which anxious and fearful love knows too well.

"Lady, he is not dead, and I have seen him."

"Thank Heaven!" she exclaimed; and in her rapture she kissed the stripling's forehead. "For this good news, Raymond, shalt thou be rewarded; and if heaven grant we ever review our native land, my voice shall not be wanting to forward thy interest at court. Where is he?"

"At present, fair lady, I know not. I go again to-night upon my errand, and if Raymond's poor efforts should restore him to you, he will be doubly rewarded by the approving smile of his honored mistress."

"Go forth, boy; if my prayers can aid thee, rest assured thou wilt accomplish thy mission, and obtain the just price of thy labor."

The page kissed his lady's hand, and departed. Scarcely had the sound of his footsteps died upon her ear, when the heavy tread of an armed heel was heard ascending the staircase, and hardly had she lit her silver lamp, when Gaultier de Boisvert stood before her. Placing his plumed casque upon the table, he approach-

ed Estelle, and taking her hand, was about imprinting a kiss upon it, when the maiden hastily withdrew it, and smiled contemptuously upon him.

"Nay, maiden," said he, "still coy and foolish? Is De Boisvert always to sue in vain? Wilt never consent to become the mistress of his broad and sunny domains? Dost still despise him?"

"Him and his domains! were they broad as my native land, and richer than Arabia."

"Nay then, maiden, I will woo thee—aye, win and wear thee, too, by another key. Know that Prince Rupert lives."

"I knew it ere thou toldst me," calmly replied the maiden.

"But know," replied the knight, "one breath of mine can blast him."

"He is true as thou art false!" burst from the maiden's heart.

"We'll see to that, proud dame. And thou dost not consent to be bride of Gaultier de Boisvert, ere to-morrow's sun set, Prince Rupert—"

"Spare thy tongue its office. Sooner would I link me to the foulest corpse that died of pestilence, than call thee husband."

"Then Rupert dies at sunset."

Estelle fainted.

#### CHAPTER II.

In a lonely and strictly guarded part of the Moslem Camp, his cheek resting on his hand, sat the desolate Knight of the Withered Tree. He was gazing wishfully on the moon-lit rill, which flowed at the foot of the prison. Silence reigned upon the camp; save where the flapping of the tents were heard amid the whisperings of the midnight breeze, or the murmur of the distant river, or the clank of the armorer's hammer, or the heavy tread of the gigantic sentinel, who paced beneath his prison window. He mused, till at last his soul, tortured with harrowing feelings, vented itself in words.

"Estelle! dear Estelle! are we never to meet again? Must the dark veil which has so long hung over our fates never be raised? Never! harrowing thought! Bright sun of my pathway! thou setest in a cloud. In the dark and dreary way I have trod, the recollection of thy rising has cheered me. To-morrow, alas! thou wilt set to me forever; but my last sigh, Estelle, shall be for thee!"

He turned his head, and half started from his seat as he beheld before him the figure of one of the dervishes that attended the camp. He bore in his hand a small lantern, but the knight waved him impatiently off.

"'Tis my office to console those who are on the verge of the grave, Christian; and I come to do the kind office for thee."

"Thy offer is kind," said the knight, "but it is useless. Thou knowest I am a warrior of the cross. Sooner would I part with my right hand than renounce my religion."

"Nay, then, master of mine, I shall sue thee in another character," and he let fall the cloak, and displayed to the astonished and doubting eyes of Rupert, the figure of Raymond the page.

"Raymond!" cried the prince; but the page checked him, and seeing the sentinel step out into the moonlight, he rejoined in the Eastern tongue:

"There is no God but Allah, and Mohamed is his Prophet."

The sentinel appeared satisfied, and resumed his walk.

"And now, Raymond, tell me what of Estelle?"

"My lord, she is now waiting thee, within the tower of Antioch. You must see her ere the sun gild the sky to-morrow."

"But how, boy—how am I to escape? The window is guarded, and I am unarmed."

"Nay, if that be all your fear, see!"

And the page delivered into his hand a stout weapon—a blade of the truest steel. He then resumed his disguise and left the dungeon. Rupert gazed through the window, and soon beheld him in close converse with the sentinel. He beheld the latter raise a cup to his lips, and, ere a moment for reflection had passed, the hue of death was upon his face, and he fell dead upon the earth.

"Now is the time, master of mine," whispered Raymond, and Rupert prepared to undo the fastenings of his window, when a slight noise interrupted his farther progress, and he threw himself down to feign sleep, having first carefully concealed his arms. The door opened, and the peering visage of one of the guardians of the night darkened, for a moment, the doorway: but, observing all to be right, he withdrew, and Rupert smiled, as he heard the many fastenings of his dungeon creak, as they closed upon him.

He then immediately wrenched out the bars, and sprang from the window. But scarcely had he touched the ground, when the guardian already spoken of turned the corner of the tent, and was about to spread the alarm. Ere a word had crossed his lips, the dagger of the active Raymond slept deep in his heart. The fugitives then turned toward the city, and commenced a rapid, though noiseless flight.

Solyman was just then dreaming of his future victories. He was alone amid a desert. Suddenly the sound of galloping hoofs broke upon his ear, and the Sultan awoke; he moved aside the curtains of his tent, and looked abroad into the moonlight. Nothing was to be seen, save two figures flitting toward the river. He looked again. They may be clouds, thought he, obscuring the face of the moon, and he turned over, and was soon again asleep. Strange dreams pervaded the whole camp, and many a warrior started up, with the full conviction that the battle charge had been sounded. Still nought was to be discerned save the full gush of moonlight, the distant river, the city looming in the midst of the distance, and the summer trees that rustled in the night wind.

When Estelle returned to consciousness, she gazed wildly around. There still stood the haughty Gaultier de Boisvert, with a smile of triumph curling his haughty lips; and a consciousness of security painted upon his features. She started to her feet, and was about leaving the room, when the fiend again seized her, and exclaimed:

"I bear no longer with this foolery. Mine thou art, and shall ever be. 'Tis useless to remonstrate! vain to struggle! This kiss seals thee mine—mine, mine!"

As he approached his lips, the maiden shrieked, rather than cried:

"Does heaven desert me in the time of need. Is there no knight to shield the virtue of an innocent, an insulted maiden?"

"Ha, ha!" was the fiendish and only response of Gaultier.

"God of my ancestors! Holy mother, protect and preserve me!"

At this moment, the vile de Boisvert felt himself grasped from behind, and, in the next moment, he measured his length on the floor.

"Villain!" cried a stalwart knight, who stood over him, "do we dwell 'mid men, or in the dens of beasts? Pollution! darest thou breathe it 'mid as pure an air as this! Viper, go! ere the feelings of an honest heart do nerve this arm, and I forget that thou'rt unworthy of my rising ire."

The abashed ruffian and disgrace to the order of knighthood, rose, with the determination of a brigand on his lips, and an insulted pride swelling in his bosom, muttered as he left the room:

"Knight of the Withered Tree! we'll meet again."

#### CHAPTER III.

The sun was rising in splendor o'er the city and camp. The green herbage that rustled on the wavy plain glittered in his morning's beams, and the loud barking of the distant hound came faintly on the breeze. The sentinel, who paced the walls observed an unusual bustle in the Moslem camp, and summoning to his side Raymond the page, he inquired the reason of the stir. The page turned away to perform some errand for his mistress while the sentinel proceeded on his rounds, humming lightly some old air of his native land, and thus the cause of excitement passed away.

In the halls of the leader's mansion were assembled a motley horde composed of warriors and serfs, old men and women. Around Godfrey's seat were congregated the chiefs of the expedition, apparently waiting the arrival of some missing one. At length after a half hour's delay a slight commotion in the part of the crowd nearest the door announced the entry of some baron bold, and in a few moments more Gaultier de Boisvert stood near the throne of Godfrey.

"We have waited for thee long," said the leader, in a slightly stern tone of voice. "To business."

"My Lord, you will please excuse my tardiness. An affair of honor has detained me. But, my antagonist having disappeared, I know not whither, I am now to lay open to your unsuspecting gaze a plot infernal in its purposes as it is disgraceful to a knight. There is treason abroad my lord."

"Treason!" exclaimed a dozen stalwart chevaliers, who sprang to their feet and half unsheathed their swords; "Treason!"

"Aye, my lords, treason. 'Tis too apparent, and it shall be proved. Is Rupert of France in this assembly?" A long pause ensued but still no answer came.

"Rupert of France!" thundered out the manly voice of Godfrey de Bouillon: "Rupert of France! stand forth!"

"How can he my lord," rejoined Gaultier, "when he is now dallying with the daughter of the Harem, in the camp of Solyman of the East, with the goblet which the lips of the dark eyed Odalisque have kissed! The rough wind of our rugged life is far too chill for the tender warrior's fame. The balmy zephyr of the incense-breathing South must stray 'mid his curling ringlets, and fan the love-burnt brow. Still more, my lords, what should he there do, unless 'twould be to vend his cause and his religion for the glitter of an eastern diadem."

"This is a serious charge," said Godfrey, "and

must needs be backed with creditable testimony ere on thy sole assertion we condemn the knight."

"Hugo, stand forth. Art thou of Rupert's household?"

"I am."

"When left he his home?"

"About two days since."

"And whither went he?"

"He directed his way toward the Moslem camp."

"That is sufficient!" cried Gaultier. "He is now to eyes and ears a convicted traitor!"

"Measureless liar!" exclaimed a knight, who burst from the throng enveloped in a long black mantle, and his visor down. Every one started up, and Gaultier was about rushing on his opponent, when the trumpet-toned voice of Godfrey rang through the hall.

"Order, Knights of the Cross! or by my father's grave I'll cleave to the chine the man that first dares advance a foot or hand."

This produced immediate silence, for each man knew to well the power of their leader's arm to wish to receive a positive proof of it.

"And now, Knight of the Black Mantle," said the leader, "what proofs canst thou alledge to clear the accused of the imputation which now sullies his fair fame?"

"Raymond, page of Estelle of Spain, stand forth!"

At this juncture, Gaultier de Boisvert started up with those who sided with him, and protested against receiving the evidence of a boy in a court of chivalry.

"'Tis well," muttered the Knight, and then raising his voice, "and the word of the boy be not sufficient, you shall have mine own." And as he cast his mantle from him the troubled eye of Gaultier de Boisvert rested on the graven image of a "withered tree," which was impressed upon his corslet. Had a basilisk started forth to his view, the guilty wretch could not have shown more outward signs of terror.

"The unknown Knight of the Withered Tree!"—burst from every lip.

"Not unknown gentles," and as he raised his visor every heart raised the loud shout,

"Rupert of France!"

"And now, noble Godfrey, I would propound one question to yon wretch. Hadst thou not a brother?"

"Never!"

"Knowest thou this boy?" and he led forth the page Raymond.

"I know him as a page. I answer no farther."

"Stop villain! Knowest thou this scar?" and as he spoke he tore the doublet from the page's bosom, and revealed to every eye a deep scar upon the boy's right breast. The entrapped wretch gave a convulsive gasp as Rupert proceeded.

"He stands before you now, not as the page Raymond, but as Egbert de Boisvert—and rightful lord of those broad domains thou hast usurped. Now, villain, I have yet another account to settle—but of that hereafter."

He then related to the assembled court, his capture, and deliverance by Raymond; having first detailed the attempted murder of the page by his unnatural uncle, Gaultier, who grasped the lordly territory of his ancestors, in the full security of undetected villainy. Rupert had found the boy bleeding near his own Chateau; tended and nursed him, and finally took him as his page to the Holy Land. When he had finished, Godfrey de Bouillon rose and said,

"Egbert de Boisvert, kneel."

The boy knelt and received the accolade from the hands of the princely chief of the crusaders. "And now to the dungeon with yon loathsome miscreant!"

The order was answered by the wildest huzza of triumph that ever broke from mortal lips.

It is needless to add that the nuptials of Rupert and Estelle were solemnized a few days afterward, and that they soon departed, accompanied by Egbert for their native land—under its sunny skies to taste of all that wedded bliss can bestow.

#### ANGELS.

INSCRIBED TO RICHARD BIRDSALL.

Oh, teach me not the barren creed,  
That angels never haunt the soul;  
That 'tis a dream, oh, never plead,  
I would not lose their sweet control—  
Low whispering spirits, still they come  
And bid the dear emotions start,  
With visions of our childhood's home—  
That "Mecca" of the human heart!

Their feet are on the viewless wind,  
Their lips among the odorous flowers;  
They fill the waste of years behind,  
And sweetly charm the passing hours—  
The smile that mantles friendship's cheek,  
The tear that gleams in pity's eye,  
The thrill that words may never speak,  
And hopes that brightly hover nigh—

Ah! rob them not of angel guise,  
The only founts to rapture given;  
These young Immortals from the skies  
That bid us fondly hope for Heaven!  
Still floating on their golden wings,  
They bear the light of other years,  
And each a sweet consoling brings  
To sprinkle o'er the tide of tears.

Break not the spell my heart has wove,  
Bind not those fairy footed gleams,  
Those messengers of joy and love  
That people all my dearest dreams;  
Still let me feel my mother near  
When summer winds are on my cheek,  
And let me, though 'tis fancy, hear  
Her lips in music's echo speak.

Chide not these tears, that, while I sing,  
Like waters from a fountain start;  
The memories of a childhood bring  
Their wild contagion to the heart—  
Above the desert I have passed,  
The flowers of life again I meet,  
And youth its myrtle leaves has cast,  
Their shadows resting at my feet!

Oh, chide me not, nor break the spell—  
All I have loved, or love, is here;  
The kind, the good, the true, they dwell  
In friendship's smile and pity's tear!  
A little faith may rend the guise,  
And what our yearning hearts adore,  
Will change to seraphs from the skies,  
Who, lingering, watch till life is o'er.

New York, April, 1844.

C. D. STUART.



## MY BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY WALTER WHITMAN.

THOUGH a bachelor, I have several girls and boys that I consider my own. Little Louisa, the fairest and most delicate of human blossoms, is a lovely niece—a child that the angels themselves might take to the beautiful land, without tasting death. A fat, hearty, rosy-cheeked youngster, the girl's brother, comes in also for a good share of my affection. Never was there such an imp of mischief! Falls and bumps hath he every hour of the day, which affect him not, however. Incessant work occupies his mornings, noons and nights; and dangerous is it, in the room with him, to leave anything unguarded, which the most persevering activity of a stout pair of dumpy hands can destroy.

What would you say, dear reader, were I to claim the nearest relationship to George Washington, Thomas Jefferson and Andrew Jackson? Yet such is the case, as I aver upon my word. Several times has the immortal Washington sat on my shoulders, his legs dangling down upon my breast, while I trotted for sport down a lane or over the fields. Around the waist of the sagacious Jefferson have I circled one arm, while the fingers of the other have pointed him out words to spell. And though Jackson is (strange paradox!) considerably older than the other two, many a race and tumble have I had with him—and at this moment I question whether, in a wrestle, he would not get the better of me, and put me flat.

One of my children—a child of light and loveliness—sometimes gives me rise to many uneasy feelings. She is a very beautiful girl, in her fourteenth year. Flattery comes too often to her ears. From the depths of her soul I now and then see misty revealings of thought and wish, that are not well. I see them through her eyes and in the expression of her face.

It is a dreary thought to imagine what may happen, in the future years, to a handsome, merry child—to gaze far down the vista, and see the dim phantoms of Evil standing about with nets and temptations—to witness, in the perspective, purity gone, and the freshness of youthful innocence rubbed off, like the wasted bloom of flowers. Who, at twenty-five or thirty years of age, is without many memories of wrongs done, and mean or wicked deeds performed?

Right well do I love many more of my children. H. is my "summer child." An affectionate fellow is he—with merits and with faults, as all boys have—and it has come to be that should his voice no more salute my ears, nor his face my eyes, I might not feel as happy as I am. M., too, a volatile lively young gentleman, is an acquaintance by no means unpleasant to have by my side. Perhaps M. is a little too rattle some, but he has qualities which have endeared him to me much during our brief acquaintance. Then there is J. H., a sober, good-natured youth, whom I hope I shall always number among my friends. Another H. has lately come among us—too large, perhaps, and too near manhood, to be called one of my children. I know I shall love him well when we become better acquainted—as I hope we are destined to be.

Blessings on the young! And for those whom I have mentioned in the past lines, oh, may the development of their existence be spared any sharp stings of grief or pangs of remorse! Had I any magic or superhuman power, one of the first means of its use would be

to insure the brightness and beauty of their lives. Alas! that there should be sin, and pain, and agony so abundantly in the world!—that these young creatures—wild, frolocksome, and fair—so dear to me all of them, those connected by blood, and those whom I like for themselves alone—alas, that they should merge in manhood and womanhood the fragrance and purity of their youth!

But shall I forget to mention *one* other of my children? For of him I can speak with mingled joy and sadness. For him there is no fear in the future. The clouds shall not darken over his young head—nor the taint of wickedness corrupt his heart—nor any poignant remorse know him inwardly for wrongs done. No weary bane of body or soul—no disappointed hope—no unrequited love—no feverish ambition—no revenge, nor hate, nor pride—no struggling with poverty, nor temptation, nor death—may ever trouble him more. He lies low in the grave-yard on the hill. Very beautiful was he—and the promise of an honorable manhood shone brightly in him—and sad was the gloom of his passing away. We buried him in the early summer. The scent of the apple-blossoms was thick in the air—and all animated nature seemed overflowing with delight and motion. But the fragrance and the animation made us feel a deadlier sickness in our souls. Oh, bitter day! I pray God there may come to me but few such!

And there is one again:—and she, too, must be in the Land of Light, so tiny and so frail. A mere month only after she came into the world, a little shroud was prepared, and a little coffin built, and they placed the young infant in her tomb. It was not a sad thing—we wept not, nor were our hearts heavy.

I bless God that he has ordained the beautiful youth and spring time! In all the wondrous harmony of nature, nothing shows more wisdom and benevolence than that necessity which makes us grow up from so weak and helpless a being as a new-born infant, through all the phases of sooner and later childhood, to the neighborhood of maturity, and so to maturity itself. Thus comes the sweetness of the early seasons—the bud and blossom time of life. Thus comes the beauty which we love to look upon—the faces and lithe forms of young children.

May it not be well, as we grow old, to make ourselves often fresh, and childlike, and merry with those who are so fresh and merry? We *must* grow old—for immutable time will have it so. Gray hairs will be sown in our heads, and wrinkles in our faces; but we can yet keep *the within* cheerful and youthful—and that is the great secret of warding off all that is unenviable in old age. The fountain flowing in its sweetness forever, and the bloom undying upon the heart, and the thoughts young, whatever the body may be—we can bid defiance to the assaults of time, and composedly wait for the hour of our taking away.

## WRECK OF THE PEKIN, EAST INDIAMAN,

And terrible slaughter of Malays.

ANGIER Road is the usual anchorage of outward bound India ships, from the Straits of Sunda; and from it Cap Island looms obscurely in the distance like an immense dome. This island is rendered famous by the wreck, some years ago, of the *Pekin*, an American merchantman, from the port of Philadelphia. freighted with a cargo valued at more than half a million of dol-

lars. For the details of that terrible disaster, (says the narrator, E. C. Watmough, Esq.,) I am indebted to the gentleman who was passenger and supercargo on board that ill-fated vessel.

While beating up the Straits, on her return voyage from Canton, on the afternoon preceding the night of the disaster, the *Pekin* was spoken by a British sloop of war, called the *Proteus*, and warned against so dangerous an experiment. Upon approaching Cap Island under a gentle breeze, with all sail set, and every prospect of weathering it, the wind suddenly died away, and it immediately became apparent to every one on board, that the *Pekin* was sweeping down broadside upon the island, under the irresistible influence of a current running like a mill-race.

In a moment after, she struck upon a rock near the bows and keeled over, her yards touching the rocks—which towered high above the peak of the mainmast. And there she lay hanging by the bows upon the pinnacle of a rock, while from the stern no bottom could be found with a line of eighty fathoms. Signals of distress were made, by firing of guns and burning of blue lights to attract the attention of the British sloop of war, then at anchor upon the very spot where *Rosalie* now so calmly reposed. They were not made in vain. The gallant officer in command of that vessel quickly got under weigh, and at dawn of day was ready to assist, and, if possible, to save the vessel.

Such was the great depth of water near the wreck, that the commander of the sloop of war was compelled to bend on two cables before he could bring his vessel to anchor. The Captain's boat soon came under the stern of the *Pekin*; as he approached he could be distinctly heard reading aloud the name of the ill-fated ship—"The *Pekin*, of Philadelphia." "Ha, haye, Brother Jonathan, you've got it! I told you so yesterday."

The water made such progress in the hold of the *Pekin* that she was settling fast and fears arose that she would sink stern foremost in deep water, and all hands be swallowed up in the vortex.

Every exertion was made by the hands, aided by the crew of the British cruiser, to save as much of the cargo as possible.

The teas, saturated with water, began to swell, lifting up the decks, and cracking the transverse beams. The most costly silks, intended to adorn the person of many a bright-eyed Yankee girl, now stained with sea water, fluttered from the ropes and spars of both vessels. We might with safety say, that no vessel of war was ever so costly adorned as that British cruiser, not even the famed barge of *Cleopatra*. Two hundred thousand dollars worth of the richest silks of China, of the choicest colors, hanging in festoons from the highest pinnacle of her tall masts to the decks. Even the bulwarks and hammock cloths were lined with velvet, and a thirty-pound cannonade peeped from beneath the folds of a damask brocade. After they had become sufficiently dried, they were crammed in bulk into the hold of the *Proteus*.

The teas were thrown into the sea as fast as a hundred hands could work. The ocean was dyed a deeper green. Four hundred thousand dollars worth of the choicest teas, from the odoriferous *Chulan* to the pungent *Imperial*, set to draw in that vast cauldron, sweetened with rock candy, and creamed with the foam of the "white cap." If old Neptune ever filled his horn with that fashionable beverage, what a tea party Am-

phictrion and the Tritons must have had in their coral groves. We can imagine the mermaids of the Asiatic Archipelago—combing their tresses and preparing for a general submarine soiree, while innumerable *syrens* chant a gleeful chorus in anticipation of coming joys. The inhabitants of the rock, the whale, had not been idle; every projecting rock and jutting crag of the overhanging precipices was thronged with spectators, moving, and chattering and grinning at the novel and busy scene beneath them. The dandy little ring-tailed monkey, and the solemn and sedentary ape, thronged above, or occasionally caught at a flying ribbon that flaunted in their faces. Spectators of a more dangerous character, lined the shores of Sumatra, Java, and Crocatoo, like jackalls ready to pounce upon the carcass so soon as the royal beast should retire. Every cape and bay thronged with the Malay craft, from the light and buoyant bark canoe to the warlike prow, with its hundred kressed warriors, all thirsting for blood and plunder. Many of that fierce band that now moved in all the vigor of savage manhood, soon destined to dye their native sea with their own blood; their mangled corpses a prey for the greedy shark or soaring vulture.

The *Perkin* was abandoned to her fate, the crew remained on board the British sloop of war, where every attention was shown to them by the gallant commander, whose name, we regret, we cannot here record. As a prelude to the subsequent even, and with a view to extenuate, if possible, the conduct of the British officer in the execution of that dreadful tragedy which to this day is remembered by the natives of those islands, it were well to mention that some dreadful piracies had occurred in those seas upon British and American merchantmen. In several instances, vessels had been boarded in the night by Malays, and every soul on board put to torture and death and eaten. The cruelties and tortures suffered by the helpless victims, before death, are too shocking to narrate. With a view to suppress these piracies by some signal blow of vengeance, the British government had sent a squadron into those seas, of which the *Proteus* was a part. As yet, no opportunity had occurred to the Admiral to carry out his instructions, but the wreck of the *Pekin* was about to afford him the means of striking a terrible blow. A few days after the incidents recorded, the *Proteus* fell in with the frigate of the Admiral, and after relating to him all the circumstances, orders were given immediately to return to the wreck, and, if possible, to get her off.

The *Proteus* bore away for the wreck, but upon approaching Cap Island, to the astonishment and mortification of the British captain, the *Pekin* had floated off the rock upon which she had apparently been impaled, and had drifted down upon the Goodwind Sands, where she lay high out of the water, surrounded by at least a thousand canoes, the decks thronged with Malays, stripping the vessel of every thing portable. Upon observing the sloop of war rounding the point, advancing slowly under topsails, against a strong current, the plunderers deserted the wreck with the greatest precipitation, and paddled off in a body for the Island of Sumatra. The motion of the man-of-war was impeded purposely by drags to deceive the flying fleet, which was now crowded together, yet rapidly skimming over the water under the impulse of three thousand vigorous savages. The moment they had fairly gained the middle of the channel, a cloud of canvas

covered the spars of the advancing cruiser, and she sprung through the water, steering directly for the centre of the fugitives, who were now uttering wild cries of terror, scattering to the right and left in doubt, dismay, and uncertainty, like a flock of birds, into whose centre a devouring hawk had made a swoop. Onward came the terrible ship—her long black hull cleaving through the water, which roared at her bows like a cataract. Suddenly her main-top-sail was hove to the mast, a long line of red ports flew open, from which protruded an array of bristling cannon—a voice like that which at such a moment sounded to the Malays as a destroying angel, clear, piercing, trumpet “toned,” cried—“Port and starboard, fire!”—at that moment a whole broadside of grape and canister burst from her dark sides in sheets of flame, and with the roar of thunder, tearing the water up into a foam, and crashing amidst the canoes which were now hid from view by the dense volumes of smoke. From that sulphurous canopy arose a yell of agony and terror, which was heard even above the roar of artillery which three times, right and left, vomited forth fire and destruction upon those miserable wretches.

From this field of carnage, slowly emerged the dark hull of the grim warrior, now sated with blood, the cross of St. George with its ensanguined field fluttering from her peak, and from the pinnacle of her tapering masts—and was again upon her course ere the echoes of that terrible cannonade had ceased reverberating from shore to shore. Upon the dying and the dead, was spread a thick, dark canopy of smoke, like a pall upon a blood-stained sen, which was slowly lifted by the returning breeze, exposing all the horrors of the scene. A thousand wretches had been hurled into eternity, while almost as many more were either wounded or floundering in the water, a prey to the shark, the water lashed into a foam by these monsters of the deep struggling for their prey. The blow had been struck, and a terrible one. It had become absolutely necessary for the protection of commerce to inflict a chastisement upon these marauders that thronged the great highway to India and China—whether it was too sanguinary or not, we must forbear to form any hasty decision, but there is no doubt many years passed away before any pincles occurred upon those seas.

#### THE APRIL RAIN.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

THE April rain—the April rain—  
I hear the pleasant sound;  
Now soft and still, like little dew,  
Now drenching all the ground.  
Pray tell me why an April shower  
Is pleasanter to see  
Than falling drops of other rain?  
I'm sure it is to me.

I wonder if 'tis really so—  
Or only hope the while,  
That tells of swelling buds and flowers,  
And summer's coming smile.  
Whate'er it is, the April shower  
Makes me a child again;  
I feel a rush of youthful blood  
As falls the April rain.

And sure, were I a little bulb  
Within the darksome ground,

I should love to hear the April rain  
So gently falling round;  
Or any tiny flower were I,  
By nature swaddled up,  
How pleasantly the April shower  
Would bathe my hidden cup.

The small brown seed, that rattled down  
On the cold autumnal earth,  
Is bursting from its cerements forth,  
Rejoicing in its birth.  
The slender spears of pale green grass  
Are smiling in the light,  
The clover opens its folded leaves  
As if it felt delirium.

The robin sings on leafless tree,  
And upward turns his eye,  
As if he loved to see the drops  
Come falling from the sky—  
No doubt he longs the bright green leaves  
About his home to see,  
And feel the swaying summer winds  
Play in the full-rob'd tree.

The cottage door is open wide,  
And cheerful sounds are heard;  
The young girl sings at the merry wheel  
A song like the wilding bird;  
The creeping child by the old worn sill  
Peers out with winking eye,  
And his ringlets rubs with chubby hand,  
As the drops come pattering by.

With bounding heart beneath the sky,  
The truant boy is out,  
And hoop and ball are darting by  
With many a merry shout—  
Ay, sport away, ye joyous throng,  
For yours is the April day;  
I love to see your spirits dance  
In your pure and healthful play.

#### MUTINY IN THE OLDEN TIME.

THE *Hermoine*, a frigate of the British Navy, was cruising, on the evening of the 30th of September, 1796, off the west end of Porto Rico. Her commander, Captain Pigott, was a rough officer, whose orders seemed to be inspired by the worst spirit of the fore-castle, unchastened by the refinement of the quarter-deck, or the humanity which is the highest grace alike of the sailor and soldier. Some of the men were reefing the topsails when he cried out that he would flog the last man off the mizzen-topsail yard. The poor sailors understood the character of their commander, and felt that this was not an empty threat, although the chance of punishment would naturally fall upon the outermost man, and consequently the most exposed to danger. Each resolved to escape the threatened punishment, and two of them, who from their position outside, could not reach the rigging made a spring to get over their comrades. They missed their hold, fell on the quarter-deck, and were killed. This being represented to the captain, he is said to have made answer, “Throw the lubbers overboard.” In little more than twenty-four hours the mutiny broke out. Double-headed shot were thrown about the ship, and other disorderly acts committed. The first lieutenant went below to inquire into the cause of the disturbance.

He was knocked down with a tomahawk, his throat cut and his body thrown overboard. The captain had already retired to sleep unconscious of danger. His fate we give in the words of a witness in court:

"Hearing a noise upon deck, he immediately ran out of his cabin, when being badly and repeatedly wounded he was at length obliged to return. He had reached his cabin, and was sitting on a couch, faint with the loss of blood, when four men entered with bayonets fixed. Crawley headed them. Captain Pigott, weak as he was, held out his dirk and kept them off. They seemed for a moment appalled at the sight of their commander, when Crawley exclaimed, 'What! four against one, and yet afraid? Here goes, then,' and buried his bayonet in the body of Captain Pigott. He was followed by the others, who with their bayonets, thrust him through the port, and he was heard to speak as he went astern. The second lieutenant was now dragged across the deck, stretched out his hands, and cried 'Mercy!' After receiving many wounds he was drawn up the ladder by the hair of the head to be thrown overboard. It was then that his own servant rushed upon him with a hatchet in his hand, crying out, 'Let me have a cut at him,' on saying which he dreadfully wounded his own master. The lieutenant of marines, though sick in his cabin, was taken and thrown overboard. The other officers, nine in number, were cut to pieces.

"Confusion now had made his master piece."

The flag of St. George descended from the mast-head; and the mutineers took possession of the ship, which they conducted to the Spanish port of La Guayra, and surrendered to the government, Spain being at that time at war with England. But the doom of the pirate is inevitable. He is pursued as if by the inexorable Fate of the ancients. There is no recess in the ocean, no pathway on the dark waters, where he can find shelter. The arm of civilization is more searching even than that of Rome, in the days of her greatest power, when the unfortunate victim sought in vain, on the distant shores of the Caspian, or, far away from the sun, in Britain, to hide himself from the vengeance of the emperor. The law of the civilized world treats the pirate as the common enemy of man. It fastens on him the wolf's head, and he is hunted to the uttermost parts of the sea. One by one, or in small numbers together, the crew of the *Hermione* fell into the hands of the government of their country, and were brought to trial. Some were executed at Portsmouth, others in the port of St. Domingo; and the remains of many for a long time swung from gibbets on the sandy keys at the entrance of Port Royal harbor, in the island of Jamaica. No long period elapsed before the frigate, which had been the scene of this appalling outrage, by a remarkable act of naval hardihood, was cut out of the harbor of Porto Cavalho where she was lying under the shelter of two hundred pieces of cannon mounted on batteries, and again restored to the British navy under the name of the *Retribution*. Afterward, at Portsmouth, some of her former crew, convicted of piracy, suffered death at her yard-arm.—*North American Review*.

MARRY a little for love, a little for beauty, a little for goodness, and a little for riches; but, as for marrying all for one, that makes room for disappointment.

## LETTER FROM HAVANA.

(Correspondence of the Rover.)

U. S. SHIP POTOMAC, }  
Havana 18th March, 1844. }

MY DEAR RÖVER—I promised to tell you somewhat of our late cruise to the West Indies and all along-shore; but we have seen so little that, were it not for my word's sake, I would not inflict on you the bore of this epistle.

We arrived here yesterday afternoon at two o'clock in twenty-two days from St. Croix, a very long passage but a delightful one.

With the exception of about a fortnight at the commencement of it, our cruise has been a pleasant one, though we have been disappointed in not visiting any of the ports at the windward. We remained a week at St. Croix, the most delightful spot in all the West Indies—such fine roads—good carriages and decent horses. And the scenery, too, is pleasant to look upon—vast fields of waving cane and long rows of cabbage, and cocoanut trees miles in length, swaying their tall trunks before the breeze, and nodding their verdant plumes.

An incident occurred the evening before we left New York harbor, which, as it illustrates the character of the true sailor, I will relate. Just at twilight a boat came alongside with a female in it, who inquired for a person on board, but he refused to see her. As she could not effect the object of her visit by the usual course, she suddenly became romantic and jumped overboard. The sentry gave the alarm, "a man overboard," and instantly old Hatch, the captain of the after-guard, who is always ready for any emergency, rushed across the poop, slipped into the mizzen chains and plunged into the water. Meanwhile, the object of his philanthropy was making sundry efforts to get her head under water, as her clothing kept her floating on its surface. Hatch was not to be cheated out of his prize by any such manoeuvre, and very shortly came alongside bearing her gallantly and in triumph. I presume he has not thought of the circumstance since, considering it to be nothing more than a "fair business transaction" in the line of his profession.

Our first month's cruising was marked by the usual monotony, reefing topsails at sunset, and shaking the reefs out the next morning, till we moored in Newport harbor, where we put in for fresh provisions and water. Of the many hundreds who had been enjoying the fine sea-bathing at this place during the summer only a few remained, as it was now the last day of August. After making the most we could of six days, visiting and being visited, we departed reluctantly from the refined and delightful society of Newport, little thinking that in less than forty-eight hours the excitement of a crowded drawing room would be succeeded by a most boisterous ocean scene. During the midwatch of the eighth of September we had had fresh gales and squally weather, with rain, thunder and lightning. The ship was under three reefed fore' and main topsails, single reefed foresail, main trysail and foretopmast staysail. At 6.20, morning watch, a heavy squall struck her, splitting the foretopmast staysail and carrying away the main trysail mast ten feet from the deck; at the same time the fore topsail was split in clewing it up. In ten minutes, the wind rather increasing, the starboard main yard-arm was carried away about thirty feet from the slings, and the main topsail and foresail split. At this point the scene



was of the most intensely exciting character, and should be seen to be half realized. The sea was one vast sheet of foam, literally "boiling like a pot." The wind howling among the cordage threatened to carry our masts over the side. The fragment of the broken yard dangled about in the air, suspended by the lift, the main brace had parted and was whizzing through the air like a coachman's whip, and the main topsail flowing *ad libitum* to the wind, made reports like a platoon of musketry. The ship, herself, lay almost dead, with her main deck guns buried in the water, and would not pay off till the weather fore rigging was filled with men. To fill up this meagre outline, imagine the hurrying of messengers in various directions with orders, see others clinging to the nearest rope; hear the officer of the deck attempting in vain to make himself heard above the storm, though he almost splits his trumpet in the effort; see those hardy fellows aloft straining every nerve to gather in that fiercely slatting sail, and you will have before your mind's eye a dim picture of the reality. In an hour after we were struck, we were going before it at the rate of ten knots, looking "very odd." None, save those who have witnessed it, can believe with what mad rage the wind can blow, really stinging the face, and as on the eighth, *beating a heavy sea down level*, a circumstance that saved our mainmast.

To such scenes as this I have attempted to describe, is the sailor's life indebted for its very glory; for nowhere on land can you see such a sublime sight as these fierce wrappings of the elements, and indeed if it were not for them it would be *toujours perdrix* to those whose very existence depends on storm as well as sunshine.

In five days after the accident, our main yard was handsomely fished with an anchor stock, and crossed, and the main-sail bent, and we were moving along under easy sail.

On the evening of the twenty-seventh September we beat into Prince Rupert's Bay, Dominica, and came to anchor at half-past ten o'clock. This Bay is frequented by ships in want of wood and water, of the latter of which we had not enough to supply us to the United States. At the head of the bay, which is a mile and a third deep and two and a half wide at its entrance, is situated the town of Portsmouth. It is a fine looking place on the plan that I saw, having many fine streets with good English names, a public square—market—sundry public buildings, &c. &c. But alas! as you well know, towns don't always come up to the plans made of them. Portsmouth has its market and its public square and there is space enough to have a few dozen more of them, though you might encroach on the wide swamp that lies directly in the rear. There are about eight hundred inhabitants, blacks, who live in one hundred and thirty to one hundred and forty cabins, some of which might properly enough be dignified by the name of houses, which are built principally on one street that runs along near the beach. The Methodists are just finishing a very pretty church, their late one having been destroyed by the earthquake of July last. The Roman Catholics also have a small church, the population being equally divided between them and the Methodists. The negroes appear to be enjoying their freedom under the emancipation laws of Great Britain; but the planters do not appear to be as well pleased with the system. Without doubt the land-

holders realize less money than under the system of slavery. Dominica produces the tropical fruits in great size and abundance. Its principal article of commerce is sugar. Roseau is the principal town, the seat of government and the residence of the nobility of the island. After lying in Prince Rupert's Bay three days, and filling with water, we set sail for home, sending a boat into St. Thomas' for news, as we came along.

#### JOHNNY GREEN AND THE CREAM CAKE.

BY ARTHUR MORRELL.

ONE fourth of July Johnny Green came to town; 'Twas the very first time he had ever "been down;" He hied to the park with but little delay, Determined to have a fine frolic that day.

Oh, the sweetmeats and candies which there met his gaze!

He had ne'er seen the "like on't in all his born days;" Astonish'd was Johnny at such a display, And he thought he would have a fine frolic that day.

He eyed a plump cream cake, a nice one I'm sure— (But Johnny had ne'er seen a cream cake before—) Says he to the pie-man, "how much is to pay?" For he meant to eat, drink, and be merry that day.

So forthwith he bought it, and then, simple wight, Having eyed it agaln, took a "thundering bite;" But he soon spl't it out, and then threw it away; And the pie-man thought Johnny was crazy that day.

"Here, give my money back, mister!" he cried; "Your cake is not *done*—see the *dough* that's inside!" But the man only laugh'd, and poor John turn'd away, Swearing he'd been awfully cheated that day.

#### NAPOLEON.

GOING TO WATERLOO.

WE saw two carriages approaching, each with six horses. They disappeared for an instant in a valley, then rose again at a quarter of a league's distance from us. Then we set off running toward the town, crying *L'Empereur! L'Empereur!* We arrived breathless, and only preceded the Emperor by some five hundred paces. I thought he would not stop, whatever might be the crowd awaiting him, and so made for the post house, when I sunk down half dead with the running, but at any rate I was there. In a moment he appeared turning the corner of the street, the foaming horses; then the postillions all covered with ribbons; then the carriages themselves—then the people following the carriages. I saw Napoleon! he was dressed in a green coat, with little epaulets, and wore the cross of the legion of honor. I only saw his bust framed in the square of the carriage window. His head fell upon his chest—the famous medallic head of the Roman Emperor. His forehead fell forward, his features immovable, were of the yellowish color of wax, but his eyes appeared to be alive. Next him, on his left, was Prince Jerome, a king without a kingdom, but a faithful brother. He was at that period a fine young man of six and twenty or thirty years of age, his features regular and well-formed, beard black, and hair elegantly arranged. He saluted in place of his brother, whose vague glance seemed lost in the future—perhaps in the

past. Opposite the Emperor was Letort his aid-de-camp, an ardent soldier, who seemed already to snuff the air of battle: he was smiling, too, the poor fellow, as if he had long days to live! All this lasted but a minute. The whip cracked, the horses neighed, and all disappeared like a vision.

#### RETURNING FROM WATERLOO.

Three days afterward toward evening, some people arrived from St. Quentin; they said that when they came away they heard cannon. The morning of the 17th a courier arrived, who scattered all along the road the news of victory. The 19th nothing; only vague rumors were abroad, coming no one knew whence. It was said that the Emperor was at Brussels. The 20th three men in rags, two wounded, and riding jaded horses all covered with foam, entered the town and were instantly surrounded by the whole population, and pushing into the court yard of the town house. The men hardly spoke French. They, were, I believe, Westphalians, belonging somehow to our arms.

To all our questions they only shook their heads sadly, and ending by confessing that they had left the battle field in Waterloo at eight o'clock, and that the battle was lost when they came away. It was the advanced guard of the fugitives. We would not believe them. We said these men were Prussian spies. Napoleon could not be beaten. The fine army which we had seen pass could not be destroyed. We wanted to put the poor fellows in prison, so quickly had we forgotten '13 and '14, to remember only the years which had gone before. My mother ran to the fort where she passed the whole day, knowing it was there the news must arrive, whatever it was. During this time I looked out in the maps for Waterloo, the name of which even I could not find, and began to think the place was imaginary, as was the account of the battle.

At four o'clock more fugitives arrived who confirmed the news of the first comers. These were French, and could give all the details which was asked for. They repeated what the others had said, only adding that Napoleon and his brother was killed. This we could not believe. Napoleon might not be invincible, invulnerable he certainly was. Fresh news, more terrible and disastrous continued, to come in until ten o'clock at night. At ten o'clock at night, we heard the noise of a carriage. It stopped, and the postmaster went out with a light. We followed him as he ran to the door to ask for news. Then he started a step back, and cried "It's the Emperor." I got on a stone bench and looked over my mother's shoulder. It was indeed Napoleon, seated in the same corner, in the same uniform, his head on his breast as before. Perhaps it was bent a little lower, but there was not a line in his countenance, no altered feature, to mark what were the feelings of the great gambler who had staked and lost the world. Jerome and Letort were not with him now to bow and smile in his place. Jerome was gathering together the remnants of the army—Letort had been cut in two by a cannon ball. Napoleon lifted his head slowly, looked around as if rousing from a dream, and then with a sudden voice, "What place is this?" he said, "Viller Cuiet, sire." "How many leagues from Solissions?" "Six, sire." "From Paris?" "Nineteen." "Tell the post-boys to go quick?" and he once more flung himself back into the corner of his carriage, his head falling on his chest. The horses carried him

as if they had wings. The world knows what had taken place between the two apparitions of Napoleon. —*Shores of the Rhine, by Dumas.*

#### THE BROKEN HEART.

BY JAMES HOGG.

Now lock my chamber-door, father,  
And say you left me sleeping;  
But never tell my step-mother  
Of all this bitter weeping.  
No earthly sleep can ease my smart,  
Or even a while relieve it;  
For there's a pang at my young heart  
That never more can leave it.

Oh, let me lie and weep my fill  
O'er wounds that heal can never;  
And oh, kind Heaven! were it thy will,  
To close these eyes forever:  
For how can maid's affections dear  
Recall her love mistaken?  
Or how can heart of maiden bear  
To know that heart forsaken?

Oh, why should vows so fondly made,  
Be broken ere the morrow?  
To one who loved as never maid  
Loved in this world of sorrow?  
The look of scorn I cannot brave,  
Nor pity's eye more dreary;  
A quiet sleep within the grave  
Is all for which I weary!

#### THE ROVER OMNIBUS.

ORIGINAL POETRY.—We have recently published several beautiful and some quite remarkable original poems. "Giants in the Land," in the last Rover, by Ernest Helfenstein, is more strongly marked by originality and richness of imagination, than any other poem we have met with in a magazine for a year past. In the present number we have the pleasure of welcoming Mrs. C. M. Sawyer to our columns. There is much sweetness and beauty in her writings. "Angels" by Stuart, in the present number, is very prettily and happily written. And Morrell's "Johnny Green" shows that he is quite at home in the humorous as well as the grave style.

#### THE ROVER BOOK-TABLE.

SEARS' HISTORY OF THE BIBLE.—Among the most valuable as well as attractive publications of the day, should be mentioned Sears' new and complete history of the bible, published by Sears & Walker 114 Fulton street, New York. It is a large volume, of nearly seven hundred pages, containing a very large number of fine wood engravings, illustrating the scenery, topography and historical incidents of the scriptures. The volume is elegantly bound, and from its intrinsic merits as well as its attractive appearance it can hardly fail to be widely circulated.

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Al. Dick.

THE INDIAN FALLS NEAR TOLD SPRING.

Opposite West Point.

W. H. Bartlett.





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# THE ROVER.

## INDIAN FALLS, ON THE HUDSON.

WITH AN ENGRAVING.

THIS very picturesque view on the Hudson has been a favorite subject with artists. It is near Cold Spring, opposite West Point. The engraving is valuable as presenting a correct view of the scenery of the place, as well as being in itself an interesting picture.

We have nothing more appropriate to illustrate this plate, than the following extract from Ontwa, an Indian poem of much merit, published something more than twenty years ago. We know not the author of the poem, but the notes, which are beautifully written, were prepared by Governor Cass.

Oh, what a charm to lips that thirst,  
Has rippling water's sudden burst!  
Long had my wearied pathway led,  
Through wilds that then exhausted spread,  
Where streamlets, dying at their source,  
To mossy rocks had left their course,  
And dews which on the foliage hung  
Alone had cool'd my fevered tongue.

There, 'neath the trees whose hanging shade  
More dark the murmur'ing current made,  
And, as the breeze pass'd o'er, would seem  
To kiss, with loving bough, the stream,  
Prone on my breast I lay, and gave  
My thirsting fever to the wave.  
While thus reposing on the ground,  
List'ning to every passing sound,  
With eyes intent upon the wood  
Where soon my march must be renew'd,  
A stately deer, from adverse side,  
Rush'd down to quaff the cooling tide.  
"Drink on," I said, "nor fear my bow  
Will lay thy branching antlers low.  
Like thee was Ontwa glad to dip  
In cooling wave his parched lip."

While thus I musing said, methought  
His watchful eye some object caught;  
He stood; fix'd by the dazzling charm,  
All thoughtless of the ambush'd harm,  
Till twanging bow an arrow speeding  
Laid him upon the pebbles bleeding.  
From light canoe, the torch that bore,  
A hunter leap'd upon the shore,  
Half pleased, half sorrowful, surveyed  
The victim that his dart had made:  
And as he glided off again,  
Thus raised the wild and simple strain.

Ah, hapless deer! thy fleet career  
Will ne'er again skim o'er the plain,  
Nor up the breezy mountain;  
And at the dawn, thy doe and fawn  
Will vainly seek thee on the creek,  
And near the gurgling fountain.

'Twas Chanta's eye that bade thee die,  
For her I rove a slave to love,  
Condemn'd to float the river,  
Till branching horn my bark adorn,  
Or blood of doe rest on my bow,  
And spot my stainless quiver.

VOLUME III.—No 6.

## DEBBY WILDER.

The Farmer's Daughter.

BY SEBA SMITH.

THERE lived a few years ago, in the interior of one of the middle states, a sturdy farmer, well to do in the world, by the name of William Wilder. He had wandered away from Yankee land in his younger days, to seek his fortune; and having been employed by a respectable Quaker to work on his farm, he had contrived, with true Yankee adroitness, to win the affections of the old man's daughter, and had married her. His wife having espoused one of the world's people, contrary to the rules of her order, was of course "read out of the society;" but William loved her none the less for that: if anything, he felt a little rejoiced at it, for he thought it seemed to bring her a little nearer to him. He had no particular objections to "them thering and thouing sort of folks;" he had always found them a pretty good sort of people, but he had no idea that he should ever join them himself, and had therefore he felt a sort of relief, a something he could hardly describe, when told that his wife was "read out."

Mrs. Wilder never overcame, and, perhaps, never tried to overcome, the habits which had grown up with her childhood and youth; she always called her husband William, and continued through life to speak the Quaker dialect. But this from her lips was never ungrateful or unwelcome to Wilder's ears; for one of the sweetest sounds that dwelt in his memory was when he asked her a certain question, and her reply was, "William, thee has my heart already, and my hand shall be thine whenever thee shall please to take it."

William Wilder was a thrifty and stirring man; in a few years he found himself the owner of a good farm, and was going ahead in the world as fast as the best of his neighbors. Nor has the whole sum of his good fortune yet been stated. He was blest with a daughter; a bright rosy-cheeked, healthy, romping girl, full of life and spirits, and in his eyes exceedingly beautiful.

This daughter, at the period which is now to be more particularly described, had reached the age of eighteen years. Her complexion was naturally fair, but a little browned from exposure to the sun, for she had been accustomed from childhood to be much in the open air. If this, however, had detracted aught from her beauty, it was more than compensated by the vigor and elasticity it had imparted to her frame, and the bright and deep lustre it had brought to her dark hazel eye. She was an object of engrossing love to her parents, and of general attraction in the neighborhood.

"There's that Joe Nelson alongside of Debby again," said Mr. Wilder to his wife, rather pettishly, as they came out of church one warm summer afternoon, and commenced their walk homeward. "I wish he wouldn't make himself quite so thick."

"Well, now, my dear, I think thee has a little too much feeling about it," returned Mrs. Wilder. "Young folks like to be together, thee knows, and Joseph is a clever, respectable young man; nobody ever says a word against him."

"Yes, he's too clever to be worth anything," said Wilder; "and, by-and-by, he'll take it into his head, if

he hasn't already, to coax Debby to marry him. I've no idea of her marrying a pauper; I've worked too hard for what little property I've got to be willing to see it go to feed a vagabond, who never earned anything, and never will. I don't believe Joe'll ever be worth a hundred dollars as long as he lives."

"Well now, my dear, I think thee is a little too hard upon Joseph," said Mrs. Wilder; "thee should remember he is but just out of his time. His father has been sick several years, and Joseph has almost entirely supported the whole family."

"Oh, I don't deny but he's clever enough, and kind enough to his father and mother," said Mr. Wilder; "all is, I don't like to see him so thick along with Debby. How should you feel to see him married to Debby, and not worth a decent suit of clothes?"

"Well, I should feel," said Mrs. Wilder, "as though they were starting in life very much as we did, when we were first married. We had decent clothes, and each of us a good pair of hands, and that was about all we had to start with. I don't think, William, we should have got along any better, or been any happier, if thee had been worth a hundred thousand dollars when we were married."

This argument came home with such force to Wilder's own bosom, that he made no attempt to answer it, but walked on in silence till they reached their dwelling. Debby and Joseph had arrived there before them, and were already seated in the parlor. Seeing Joseph as they passed the window, Mr. Wilder chose not to go in, but continued his walk up the road to the high ground that overlooked some of his fields, where he stood ruminating for half an hour upon the prospect of his crops, and more particularly upon the unpleasant subject of Debby and Joe Nelson. The young man had become so familiar and so much at home at his house, that he could hardly doubt there was a strong attachment growing up between him and Debby, and he began to feel very uneasy about it. He had always been so fond of his daughter, and her presence was so necessary to his happiness, that the idea of her marrying at all, was a sad thought to him; but if she must marry, he was determined it should be, if possible, to a person of some property, who would at once place her in a comfortable situation in life, and relieve him from the foolish anxiety, so common in the world, lest his own little estate should be dishonored by family connections not equal to it. While he remained there in this musing mood, he recognized Henry Miller coming down the road, and he resolved at once to take him home with him to supper. Miller was a dashing business young fellow, who kept a store about a mile and a half from Wilder's, and was reputed to be worth some five or six thousand dollars. He had heretofore been a frequent visitor at Wilder's house, and there was a time when his attentions to Debby were such as to cause Mr. Wilder to expect that the thrifty young trader would become his son-in-law. Debby, however, was not sufficiently pleased with him to encourage his attentions, and for some time past his visits had been discontinued.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Miller," said Wilder, presenting his hand; "glad to see you, how do you do? Fine day, this."

"Yes, fine day," said Miller, "excellent weather for crops; how are you all at home?"

"Quite well, thank ye," said Wilder. "Come, you

must go down to the house with me. Why have you been such a stranger lately?"

"Oh, I've generally been pretty busy," said Miller, coloring a little, "I don't get much time to visit."

"Well, you must go down to the house with me now, and stop to supper," said Wilder; "you can have nothing to prevent you to-day, I'm sure."

Miller colored still deeper; said he did not think he could stop; he only came out to take a bit of a walk, and didn't think of going any further than the top of the hill where they now stood. Mr. Wilder, however, would not take "no" for an answer, and after considerable importunity he prevailed upon Miller to accept his invitation, and they descended the hill together and went into the house.

"Debby, here's Mr. Miller," said Wilder, as they entered the parlor.

Debby rose, handed a chair, and said good evening; but her face was covered with blushes, and she returned again to her seat.

As Miller seated himself in the chair, he glanced across the room and recognized Joseph Nelson. The two young men nodded at each other, and both seemed somewhat embarrassed.

"Where's your mother, Debby?" said Mr. Wilder; "Mr. Miller's going to stop to supper." Then turning to Mr. Miller, "Excuse me, a little while," he said, "I want to go and show Joseph that field of corn of mine we were looking at, back of the hill. According to my notion, it is the stoutest piece there is in town. Come, Joseph, go up and look at it."

"I think it is the stoutest piece I've seen this year," said Joseph; "I saw it about a week ago."

"Oh, it's gained amazingly within a week," said Mr. Wilder, "come, go up and look at it."

Joseph was altogether unaccustomed to such attentions from Mr. Wilder, and he looked not a little confused as he took his hat and followed him to the door. They went up the road, and Mr. Wilder took him all around the field of corn, and examined hill after hill, and looked into the other fields, and found a hundred things to stop and look at, and talked more to Joseph than he had done before for six months. Joseph suspected that this walk was undertaken by Mr. Wilder for the purpose of leaving Miller and Debby in the room together, but he bore it all patiently, and answered all Mr. Wilder's remarks about his crops and his fields with apparent interest, for he knew too well the state of Debby's feelings, both toward himself and toward Miller, to feel any uneasiness. At length Mr. Wilder concluded supper must be nearly ready, and they returned to the house. On entering the parlor, they found Miller alone, reading a newspaper. Mr. Wilder looked vexed.

"What, all alone, Mr. Miller?" said Wilder; "I shouldn't have staid so long, but I thought Debby would amuse you till we got back."

"Miss Debby had some engagement that required her attention," said Mr. Miller, "and asked to be excused; but I have found myself quite interested in this newspaper."

Wilder went out and met his wife in the hall, and asked her how long it had been since Debby left Mr. Miller alone in the parlor.

"She left in three minutes after thee went out," said Mrs. Wilder, "and I couldn't persuade her to go back again. She said she knew thee went out on purpose to leave her and Henry alone there together, and she



would not stay. It's no use, William, these things always will have their own way, and it's no use trying to prevent it."

The supper passed off rather silently and rather awkwardly. Mr. Wilder endeavored to be sociable and polite to Miller, and Debby performed many little silent acts of politeness toward Joseph, and Mrs. Wilder, as usual, was mild and complaisant to all. But an air of embarrassment pervaded the whole company, and when they rose from the table, Henry Miller asked to be excused, and said it was time for him to be returning homeward. Mr. Wilder endeavored to persuade him to stop and spend the evening, but Henry was decided and said he must go. After he had gone, Joseph and Debby returned again to the parlor, where they were joined a part of the evening by Mrs. Wilder; but Mr. Wilder, after walking up and down the dining-room for an hour or two, retired to bed; not, however, to sleep. His mind was too much engrossed with the destiny of Debby, to allow of repose. He counted the hours, as they were told by the clock, till it had struck twelve. Mrs. Wilder had then been two hours asleep, still he had not heard Joseph go out. After a while the clock struck one, and in a few minutes after that, he heard the outer door rather softly opened and closed; and then he heard Debby tripping lightly to her chamber.

"Ah," thought Wilder to himself, "it is as my wife says; these things will have their own way. This staying till one o'clock looks like rather serious business."

The next day Debby had a long private interview with her mother; and, after dinner, Mrs. Wilder wished to have some conversation with her husband in the parlor.

"Well, my dear," said she, "Debby and Joseph are bent upon getting married. It seems that they made up their minds to it some months ago; and now they have fixed upon the time. They say they must be married week after next. Now, I think we had better fall in with it with as good feelings as we can, and make the best of it. Thee knows I have always said these things will have their own way, and when young folks get their minds made up, I don't think it's a good plan to interfere with 'em. As long as Joseph is clever and respectable, and good to work, I think we ought to feel contented about it, although he is poor. It seems to me there are as many folks that marry poor, that make out well in the world, as there are that marry rich."

After a little reflection upon the matter, Wilder came to the conclusion that his wife had nearly the right of it, and told her he would make no further opposition to the match; they might be married as soon as they chose.

"Well, my dear," said Mrs. Wilder, "Debby needs a little change to get some things with this week, in order to get ready to be married."

"How much will she want this week?" said Mr. Wilder.

"If thee can let her have fifteen or twenty dollars," said Mrs. Wilder, "I think it would do for the present."

"Well, now, I've no money by me," said Mr. Wilder, "excepting a hundred dollar bill, and it's impossible to get that changed short of sending it to the bank, a distance of ten miles. I tried all over the neighborhood last week to get it changed, but couldn't succeed.

I shall be too busy to go myself to-morrow, but if Debby has a mind to get on to the old horse in the morning, and take the bill to the bank and get it changed, she may have some of the money."

This proposition was soon reported to Debby, who said, "she had just as leaves take the ride as not."

The matter being thus amicably arranged with Mr. Wilder, there was nothing to hinder going forward with comfort and despatch in making preparations for the wedding. Debby was in excellent spirits, turned off the work about the house with remarkable facility, and evinced unusual solicitude in her attentions to her father, anticipating all his wants almost before he had time to name them. And on the other hand, Mr. Wilder was in unusual good humor toward Debby. Having at last brought his mind to assent to the arrangement which he had so strongly opposed, his feelings were now in a state of reaction, which caused him to regard Debby with uncommon tenderness. His eyes followed her about the house with looks of love, and a tone of kindness breathed in every word he uttered. The next morning his old gray horse was standing at the door and eating provender, full two hours before Debby was ready to start; and Mr. Wilder had been out half a dozen times to examine the saddle and bridle to see that everything was right, and had lifted up the horse's feet, one after another, all round, to see if any of the shoes were loose. And when at last Debby was ready, he led old gray to the horse-block, and held him till she was well seated in the saddle, and then he handed her the bridle, and shortened the stirrup-leather, and buckled the girth a little tighter to prevent the danger of the saddle's turning, and when he had seen that all was right, he stepped into the house and brought out his little riding whip and placed in her hand, and giving her a hundred charges to take care of herself, and be careful she did not get a fall, he stepped up on the horse-block, and stood and watched her as she turned into the road and ascended the hill, till she was entirely out of sight.

Debby trotted on leisurely over the long road she had to travel, but she was too full of pleasant thoughts and bright anticipations to feel weary at the distance or lonely in the solitude. The road was but little traveled, and she met but two persons in the whole distance, one as she was descending a hill about a mile from home, and the other in the long valley of dark woods about mid-way in her journey. Had she been of a timid disposition, she would have felt a good deal of uneasiness when she saw this last person approaching her. His appearance was dark and ruffianly, they were two miles from any house, and in the midst of a deep silent wilderness. But Debby's nerves were unmoved; she returned his bow in passing, and kept on her way with perfect composure.

She reached the end of her journey in due time, hitched her horse in the shed at the village hotel, and inquired of the waiter at the door the way to the bank. As he was pointing out to her its location, she observed a tall, dark-looking man, with black whiskers and heavy eye-brows, looking steadily at her. She, however, turned away without noticing him any further, and went directly to the bank. When she reached the door, she found it closed, and learnt from the bystanders that the bank, from some cause or other, was shut for the day. In her exceeding disappointment, she stood silent for some time, uncertain what she should do.

"Is it anything, Miss, that I can help you about?" said a gentleman at the adjoining shop door.

Debbly replied that she wanted to get a bill changed at the bank.

"Oh, I'll change it for you," said the gentleman, "if it isn't too large; come, step in here."

She accordingly stepped into the store, and giving him many thanks, handed him the bill.

"Oh, a hundred dollars," said he; "I can't do it; I haven't half that amount in the store. But if you go across there to the apothecary's, I think it likely enough he may do it."

Debbly thanked him again, and went across to the apothecary's. Here she made known her wishes, but with no better success. The apothecary looked at the bill, and opened his pocket-book, and then discovered that he had paid away all his small bills that day and couldn't change it. As she turned to go out, she encountered a man behind her, who seemed to have been looking over her shoulder. She looked up at him, and recognized the tall man with black whiskers, whom she had noticed at the hotel. Leaving the druggist's shop, she saw a large dry goods store, and thought she would try her luck there. Still she was unsuccessful. As she was leaving the store, she met the tall man with black whiskers again. He looked smilingly upon her, and asked her to let him see the bill, for he thought it probable he could change it. After looking at it, he returned it to her again, observing, if it had been a city bill he would have changed it, but he didn't like to change a country bill.

Having tried at two or three other places without effecting her object, Debbly found she must give it up, for she was now told it probably would not be possible for her to get it changed till the bank should be opened the next day. Nothing further remained therefore that she could do, and she concluded to return immediately home. As she rode out of the hotel yard, she observed again the tall man with black whiskers, standing at the corner of the house, and apparently watching her movements. She could not but think he had considerable impertinent curiosity, but she rode on, and was no sooner out of his sight than he was out of her mind, for her own perplexing disappointment engrossed all her thoughts. She passed over the first two miles of her homeward journey almost unconscious of the distance, so busily was she turning over in her mind various expedients to remedy the failure of her present undertaking. Sometimes she thought she must return again to the bank the next morning; but the journey was rather more of an undertaking than she had anticipated, and she shrunk a little from the idea of a repetition of it. She thought of several of their neighbors, of whom she presumed it might be possible to borrow a few dollars for a short time. But then she knew her father was so strenuously opposed to borrowing, that he would on no account allow it to be done; and would never forgive her should he find out that she had done it without his knowledge, or consent. She might get trusted for most of the articles she wanted, but several of them of the most importance were at Henry Miller's store, and she would not ask to be trusted there, if she never obtained the articles.

Her reveries were at last broken off by the sound of a horse coming up at rather a quick trot behind her. She looked over her shoulder, and there was the tall man with the black whiskers, mounted on a large and

beautiful black horse, within a few yards of her. She shuddered a little at first at the idea of having his company through the woods, but as he came up he accosted her with such a bland smile and such gentle and easy manners, that she soon recovered from her trepidation and rode on with her wonted composure.

"Rather a long road here, Miss," said the stranger, looking at the dark woods that lay in the great valley before them. "How far do you go, Miss?"

"Seven or eight miles," said Debbly, hesitating a little.

"I am happy to find company on the road," said the stranger, "for it is rather lonesome riding alone. I trust you'll allow me to be your protector through the woods."

Debbly thanked him, but said, "she was never lonesome and never afraid. Still, in a lonely place it was always agreeable to have company."

"Did you make out to get your bill changed?" said the stranger.

"No," said Debbly, "I tried till I was tired, but I could not find any one to change it. I don't know but I shall have to come back again to-morrow, it is impossible to get it changed in our neighborhood."

The stranger made himself very agreeable in his conversation, and Debbly began to think that her feelings at first had done him injustice, and she tried what she could to make amends by being social and agreeable in her turn. A couple of miles more had been passed over in this way, not unpleasantly, and they had now reached the deepest and darkest part of the valley through which the road lay. The heavy woods were above them and around them, and not a sound was to be heard except the murmuring of a little brook, over which they had just passed. The stranger suddenly rode close to her side, and seizing the rein of her bridle, told her at once she must give him the hundred dollar bill.

"Now this is carrying the joke too far," said Debbly, trying to laugh; "in such a place as this too, it's enough to frighten one."

"It's no joke at all," said the stranger; "we will go no further till you give me the hundred dollar bill."

Debbly trembled and turned pale, for she thought she saw something in the stranger's eye that looked as though he was in earnest.

"But surely you don't mean any such thing?" said Debbly, trying to pull the rein from his hand. "It's too bad to try to frighten me so here."

"We mustn't dally about it," said the stranger, holding the rein tightly; "you see I am in earnest by this," drawing a pistol from his pocket and pointing it toward her.

"Oh! mercy," said Debbly, "you may have the money, if you will let me go."

"The money is all I want," said the stranger, "but there must be no more dallying; the sooner you hand it over the better."

Debbly at once drew forth the bill and attempted to hand it to the stranger, but her hand trembled so, it dropped from her fingers just before it reached his, and at that moment a little gust of wind wafted it back gently toward the brook. The stranger leaped from his horse and ran back two or three rods to recover it. Debbly was not so far gone in her fright but that she had her thoughts about her; and seizing the rein of the stranger's horse, she applied the whip to both horses at once, and was instantly off upon a quick canter.

The man called to her to stop in a loud, threatening tone, and at once fired his pistol at her; but as she did not feel the cold lead, she did not stop or turn even enough to give him a farewell look. The remaining five miles of her journey was soon passed over; and as she came out into the settlement and passed the dwellings of her neighbors, many were the heads that looked from the windows and the doors, and great was the wonderment at seeing Debby riding home so fast, and leading such a fine strange horse.

Her father, who had seen her come over the hill, met her some rods from the house, exclaiming with looks of astonishment, "What upon earth have you here, Debby? Whose horse is that?"

"Why, Debby, what has thee been doing?" said Mrs. Wilder, who was but a few steps behind her husband; "thee doesn't look well; what is the matter?"

As soon as they were seated in the house Debby told them the whole story, and Mrs. Wilder's eyes were full of tears during the whole recital. When she had rested a little and the gush of feeling began to subside, Mr. Wilder felt so rejoiced at his daughter's escape, that he began to feel in excellent spirits. He led the strange horse to the door and began to examine him.

"Well, Debby," said he, "since you've got home safe at last, we may begin to talk about business a little now. The hundred dollar bill is gone; but I'm thinking, after all, you haven't made a very bad bargain. That's the likeliest horse I've seen this many a day. I don't think it would be a very difficult matter to sell him for two hundred dollars. At any rate I'll take the horse for the hundred dollars, and you may have the saddle for the twenty dollars you was to have out of it."

"And the saddle-bags, too, I suppose," said Debby, feeling a little disposed to join in the joke.

"Yes, and the saddle-bags, too," said Mr. Wilder; "no, stop, we'll see what's in them first," he continued, untying them from the saddle. "Oh, there's lots of shirts, and stockings, and handkerchiefs, and capital good ones too. Yes, Debby, the saddle-bags are yours; these things come in very good time for Joseph, you know."

Debby colored, but said nothing.

"Now, William," said Mrs. Wilder, "thee is a little to full of thy fun."

"No fun about it," said Wilder, replacing the articles in the leather bags. "Here, Debby, take 'em and take care of 'em."

Debby took the saddle-bags to her chamber, not a little gratified with the valuable articles of clothing they contained. She emptied the contents upon the bed; and on examining to see if everything was out, she discovered an inside pocket in one of the bags. She opened it and drew therefrom an elegant pocket-book. On opening the pocket-book she found it contained a quantity of bills. She counted, and counted, and her heart beat quicker and quicker, for before she got through she had fifteen hundred dollars in good bank money.

Debby kept her own counsel. In a few days it was rumored that Joseph Nelson had purchased an excellent little farm in the neighborhood, that had been offered for sale some months since at a thousand dollars, and considered a great bargain.

"Joseph," said Mr. Wilder, the next time they met, "I am astonished to hear that you have been running in debt for a farm such times as these. I

think you ought to have worked three or four years and got something beforehand, before running in debt so much."

"But I haven't been running in debt," said Joseph. "Haven't you bought Sanderson's farm?" said Wilder.

"Yes, I have," said Joseph.

"At a thousand dollars?" said Wilder.

"Yes," said Joseph, "but I paid for it all down. I don't run in debt for anything."

Mr. Wilder was too much astonished to ask any further questions.

Joseph Nelson made an excellent farmer and respectable man; he was industrious, and got rapidly beforehand; and Mr. Wilder was always proud of his son-in-law. It was some ten years after this, when Mr. Wilder was sitting one day and trotting his third grandson on his knee, that he said,

"Debby, I should like to know how Joseph contrived to purchase this farm at the time you were married."

Debby stepped to the closet, brought out the old saddle-bags, and opening them pointed to the inner pocket, saying, "the money came from there, sir."

#### THE FAIRIES OF CALDON LOW.

A Midsummer Legend.

BY MARY HOWITT.

"And where have you been, my Mary,  
And where have you been from me?"  
"I've been at the top of the Caldon-Low,  
The Midsummer night to see!"

"And what did you see, my Mary,  
All up on the Caldon-Low?"  
"I saw the bright sunshine come down,  
And I saw the merry winds blow."

"And what did you hear, my Mary,  
All up on the Caldon-Hill?"  
"I heard the drops of the water made,  
And the green corn ears to fill."

"Oh, tell me all, my Mary—  
All, all that ever you know;  
For you must have seen the fairies,  
Last night on the Caldon-Low."

"Then take me on your knee, mother,  
And listen, mother of mine:—  
A hundred fairies danced last night,  
And the harpers they were nine.

"And merry was the glee of the harp-strings;  
And their dancing feet so small;  
But, oh, the sound of their talking  
Was merrier far than all!"

"And what were the words, my Mary,  
That you did hear them say?"  
"I'll tell you all, my mother—  
But let me have my way!"

"And some they played with the water,  
And roll'd it down the hill;  
'And this,' they said, 'shall speedily turn  
The poor old miller's mill;

"For there has been no water  
Ever since the first of May;

And a busy man shall the miller be  
By the dawning of the day!

"Oh, the miller, how he will laugh,  
When he sees the mill-dam rise!  
The jolly old miller, how he will laugh  
Till the tears fill both his eyes!"

"And some they seized the little winds,  
That sounded over the hill,  
And each put a horn into his mouth,  
And blew so sharp and shrill:—

"And there," they said, "the merry winds go,  
Away from every horn;  
And those shall clear the mildew dank  
From the blind old widow's corn!"

"Oh, the poor, blind old widow—  
Though she has been blind so long,  
She'll be merry enough when the mildew's gone,  
And the corn stands stiff and strong!"

"And some they brought the brown lint-seed,  
And flung it down from the Low—  
'And this,' said they, 'by the sun-rise,  
In the weaver's croft shall grow!"

"Oh, the poor lame weaver,  
How he will laugh outright,  
When he sees his dwindling flax-field  
All full of flowers by night!"

"And then upspoke a brownie,  
With a long beard on his chin—  
'I've spun up all the tow,' said he,  
'And I want some more to spin.

"I've spun a piece of hempen cloth,  
And I want to spin another—  
A little sheet for Mary's bed,  
And an apron for her mother!"

"And with that I could not help but laugh,  
And I laughed out loud and free;  
And then on the top of the Caldon-Low  
There was no one left but me.

"And, all on the top of the Caldon-Low,  
The mists were cold and gray,  
And nothing I saw but the mossy stones  
That round about me lay.

"But as I came down from the hill-top,  
I heard, afar below,  
How busy the jolly miller was,  
And how merrily the wheel did go!"

"And I peep'd into the widow's field,  
And, sure enough, was seen  
The yellow ears of the mildewed corn  
standing stiff and green.

"And down by the weaver's croft I stole,  
To see if the flax were high;  
But I saw the weaver at his gate,  
With the good news in his eye!"

"Now, this is all I heard, mother,  
And all that I did see;  
So, prithee, make my bed mother,  
For I'm tired as I can be!"

#### A DIALOGUE BETWEEN MY TWENTIETH AND MY FIFTIETH YEARS

It was a fine autumnal day; a fresh breeze was rustling among the leaves; and a few island-like clouds sailing across the clear sky, threw their flying shadows upon the waving corn-fields. Pursuant to a long-given promise, I was taking some of my children down the Wye! and as we came under Goodrich Castle, we moored our boat, as is usual, to climb up its ascent. I am the father of some silly girls, who sincerely lament, I believe, that the age of chivalry is passed, and that they have lost their chance of dispensing the honors of a tournament. Goodrich accordingly was a grand point of interest, and on arriving, nothing was allowed to escape them. They mounted, to the peril of their necks, to the tops of the towers; clambered up a rickety ladder into the windows, for the pleasure of touching the Saxon writing; and squeezed into the porter's seat through corridors less than half the width of their enormous bonnets, to reconnoiter one another without according to their ideas of antiquity. All this enthusiasm appeared absurd enough to my sober judgment; yet I remember how nearly my feelings had been like their, when, about thirty years before, I visited this same spot. "*Mais le temps change tout cela,*" I said; and with this reflection I sat down on a bench at the edge of the outer court, and composed myself to wait till their return.

As I sat looking on the objects around me, I could fancy they had undergone no change since my last visit. There seemed to be the same broken and ivy-tufted outline along the tops of the towers; the same crumbling weather-stains (I thought I could almost identify them) upon the walls; and my eyes were still offended, just as it had been formerly, by a white staring arch, which, on looking through the principal entrance, is seen rising in the distance beyond, in the inner court.

I was ruminating on the circumstances of my former visit, when I was attracted by a singular appearance. The surrounding trees, already touched with the brown tints of Autumn, seemed to be becoming greener. I looked; and found I was not mistaken. They were changing fast into the freshness of summer, and even of spring. Surely, I said, I must be dreaming; but the idea seemed inconsistent with the distinctness and reality of everything around. I noticed after a time, that the leaves were likewise growing thinner; and on watching them, perceived that they were retiring back into their buds. Presently, as the trees became completely bare, I heard a dreary sound of wind, and on looking round, I found the country behind me had become black and verdureless. I turned again toward the castle, and to my astonishment it stood before me in the depth of winter; its time-eaten walls mottled over capriciously with snow. The snow gradually melted, and the brown-tinted leaves of Autumn again appeared on the trees. A second time they grew green, and a second time shrunk back into their buds. The winter scene then returned, and then again the autumn. In short, the seasons were evidently revolving before me in an inverted order.

An instinctive feeling led me to count them; they made thirty complete revolutions, but stooped at the thirtieth autumn. I was growing into high terror, when I observed a young man, apparently about twenty, dressed in an old-fashioned garb, lounging in the archway. He came across the court toward me, quick-



ening his pace as he approached, and sat down at my side. I was confounded by his striking resemblance to myself, and not liking this appearance of *diablerie*, I moved away to avoid him to the other end of the bench. But he continued looking at me, and at length, with an air of mixed familiarity and respect, gave me a nod of recognition. I mustered composure enough to speak; and told him there was undoubtedly some mistake—that I really had not the honor of his acquaintance. He laughed at this, and said he should not have suspected me of such a bad memory; surely I must remember Tom Philipson, of Brazennose. On hearing him claim my own name I started. "You Tom Philipson?" I cried.

"You seem surprized," he said.

"Why, it is rather an odd coincidence," I rejoined. "My name is Thomas Philipson, and thirty years ago I was at Brazennose also."

"Nothing, I believe, is more certain," he said laughing; "but come, bating your affectation, my dear sir, you know me well enough." He then laughed again, took off his hat, and made me a profound bow. I regarded him attentively; his chin had the same slight obliquity, and on his temple was a recent scar, just such a one as I received at college in one of our town and gown battles. It disturbed sadly all my notions of identity, but the conviction was irresistible, that this mysterious being must be myself in my twentieth year.

"Yes, then, I see it is so," I said, as my eye caught a well-remembered locket. "I really behold once more that same foolish fellow."

"Oh, you flatter."

"It is far from my intention then, I assure you."

"Why, I suppose you never expected to see me again."

"I certainly did not; nor, to tell you the truth, very vehemently desire it."

"Just what I expected. But now as we are met—you may guess my extreme curiosity—pray what are you?"

"I am," I replied, "a —"

"Not a minister of State, surely," he said, seizing me eagerly by the arm.

"Most certainly not."

"Then the greatest living poet, I am next to certain."

"Quite as much the one as the other. But pray, did I ever entertain such foolish dreams?"

"You entertained such expectations. But come, I am bursting with curiosity; tell me in one word what you really are."

"A barrister."

"A barrister," he replied, deeply mystified, "that's strange. But of course you are the most eloquent one of the age."

"No, indeed, I am rather an indifferent speaker; but if my friends do not flatter me, I excel rather in conducting an examination."

"Excel in blacking shoes," he cried in high dudgeon.

"Come, come, this is all a flam."

"No, not one word of it."

"What, am I to believe that you are a mere pettifogging barrister?"

"It is well, young man," none of my brethren are within hearing, or you would chance to get a ducking in the Wye for that word."

"Your brethren?" he repeated scornfully. "But the

thing cannot be; with talents like yours, you must have gained some higher distinction."

"I can give you no stronger assurance," I said, "than I have already done. If that does not suffice, our dialogue may be at an end."

"I still say it does seem to me impossible," he replied, "that you can be telling me facts. If you are —" At these words he stopped, knit his brows, and looked bluntly on the ground. "But I see," he added, "you are determined to mortify me."

"Indeed I have no wish of the kind."

"Supposing then," he resumed, "you are only a barrister; yet you have surely gained some kind of distinction—are known, for instance, in some way to the great."

"Why, yes," I said, laughing; "it was only a few days ago, I was told I had been a subject of conversation at the secretary of state's table."

"I knew how it was; I knew how it was," he cried exultingly. "And pray what did he say of you?"

"Why, they were talking of a cause tried many years ago, in which I was employed. 'Was Philipson employed in that cause,' said the secretary? 'that Philipson, I thought, had been a young man; at least, I don't recollect his name till within these last four or five years.'"

"And you are not joking?"

"Positively not."

"Then whatever," cried he, "in the name of infinite reason, can you have been doing all your life?"

"Why, fagging very hard at my profession."

"And you have positively never tried to gain any other kind of fame?"

"None whatever; except, indeed, when I was a young man, I believe I committed the folly once of publishing a volume."

"Yes, of poems, I was sure you had. And is it possible they did not succeed?"

"Succeed, indeed!" I said, laughing.

"What, then, they were desperately cut up, I suppose?"

"No, they were cut up remarkably little—not a dozen copies certainly."

"For goodness, don't taunt me," he cried, "or you will positively drive me mad. For if there was one thing of which I seemed more certain than of another, it was that I was born to be a poet."

"Yes, I remember that was one of your follies."

"My follies! why, I saw such a resemblance between several things I wrote, and some of the most admired passages of Homer, Milton, and Shakspeare, that I was perfectly justified in such an opinion."

"But I am sorry to inform you," I said, "that you were quite mistaken about that resemblance."

"There I beg your pardon," he said, making me a low bow; "but we won't discuss that point, for probably (buttoning up his pockets loftily) I should appeal from your decision. Suffice it to say, it was not a rash judgment, but the result of the most severe and impartial comparison."

"Which you could then form," I added. "But it so happened that the public thought quite otherwise."

"What," he said, with a supercilious sneer, "I suppose the epic of the Martiad had no fire or energy; there was no pathos in those dirges, no sweetness in the sonnet. 'Behold the stars of night!' and fifty such things."

"The fact of the case," I replied, "was simply this:

Your poems, epic—sonnet, elegy and all, fell still-born from the press. As to the justice of this neglect, you have already challenged me as a judge, and therefore you will probably not be hurt by my unfavorable opinion. Indeed, I have nearly forgotten all about them. But one of my proof sheets accidentally turned up under my hand, as I was hunting for a former opinion, a few weeks ago, and I really felt surprised how I could have written such silliness and extravagance."

A long pause followed this speech, which was at length terminated by a deep sigh.

"It is a perfect mystery," said he, "far beyond my comprehension. But you certainly must have misinformed me upon another subject—my talents for public speaking.

"No indeed, you have no such talents."

"Now that is really past all belief. I have (you cannot think of denying it) a rich invention, an unusual faculty of reasoning, the copia verborum in perfection, a readiness that is never at a loss, and a power of keeping up the spirit of a discussion beyond almost any other man. My voice is at least better than Fox's or Burke's: in figure, I hope I am tolerable, (buttoning up his coat,) and in attitude and action I apprehend that I am at least everything that Walker can make one."

"Very good," I exclaimed, "a tolerable allowance of the qualifications for oratory, certainly. I will now just inform you how they all worked. From the time you entered the Temple till several years after (I may use either the past or the future tense) you were an established visitor at the British Forum. There, in spite of the popular tone of your opinions you were voted a dead bore. Every one complained that your speeches passed all understanding. 'Here comes darkness visible' was the common remark whenever your head appeared above the crowd. At the Bar, 'The abstruse view which my learned friend has taken of this question,' was a remark which generally moved even the judge to smile. In fact you were compelled, with infinite labor, to get rid of all your juvenile habits of oratory before you became a speaker of a barely tolerable order."

"Well, you do amaze me," he said, jerking back his head with an expression of the deepest chagrin. "So, neither a poet, nor a statesman, nor an orator; on my word I have been living in a strange delusion. But come," he added, after a second pause, "there are some other anticipations of a very different kind, which I am equally anxious about. You are married, I suppose?"

"Oh, these twenty years."

"Well done—that is comfort. Now, before you say another word, let me describe Mrs. Phillipson to you on her wedding day, according to my ideas. She was then a beautiful young creature, with —"

"Wrong—wrong at the outset. She was *not* beautiful; she was rather plain; and as to her youth, she confessed up to twenty-seven herself."

"Twenty-seven! are you serious? Why, I thought it had been one of your fixed resolutions that the bride should be in her teens?"

"Pshaw! a pack of boyish nonsense!"

"Call it nonsense, or what else you please. But to me it appears utterly incomprehensible how a man of your taste should have fallen in love with a woman aged twenty-seven, and she not handsome."

"I can clear up the mystery to you at once," I said;

"in the first place I did not fall in love with her, nor she with me. I thought that she would make me a good wife: I knew that she would bring a respectable accession to my fortune and connections; and I politely communicated to her my sentiments—"

"That she would bring a respectable accession to your fortune and connections, I suppose?"

"Why, not in those words, certainly, but that was understood. I was fortunate to obtain her consent, and —"

"You need not finish the sentence—you became a second Darby and Joan."

"We became as happy and as mutually pleased with one another, as I believe falls to the lot of most married people."

My youthful colloquant here eyed me from head to foot. "Oh—there never was anything like this," he cried. "There must be some mistake. It is impossible we should be same persons. Probably you spell your name, sir, with two *ls*?"

"No, with one *l*," I said, "and there is no mistake whatever."

"Is it, then credible," he exclaimed, "that such can be the effect of Time?—that, as the warm currents of the heart flow down into the remoter tracks of life, they are destined to be thus frozen? Johnson then indeed was right—"

It is not growing like a tree

In bulk, doth make men better be:

Or standing like an oak three hundred year

To fall a log at last, dry, bald and sear.

A lily of a day

Is fairer far in May,

Although it fall and die that night

It was the plant and flower of life.

On pronouncing these beautiful lines—"It is almost impossible," he said, after these rebuffs, to imagine any subject on which I can expect to meet with unaltered opinions. Yet there is one on which Time cannot surely have produced the same changes which it appears to have done on almost all others, I hope my friendships at least have proved permanent. You can have found, I am sure, no coolness in Jack Goodson's heart?"

"Why, really," I said, "I know very little of the state of Jack Goodson's heart; but I believe he has been a very wild fellow. I had not heard of him for many years, till, about six months ago, he reminded me of our old intimacy by writing to borrow fifty pounds."

"You sent him a hundred of course."

"Exactly one tenth."

"What, could you send generous Jack Goodson only ten pounds?"

"Yes, and with a very good conscience," I replied. "You are not probably aware how many generous Jack Goodsons there are in the world."

"I can listen," he said, "to no palliations of such heartlessness. We will go on—Harry Chandler?"

"Chandler is a rising man, I believe. We live in the same street; but we are not known to one another now."

"Not known? what can you mean?"

"Why, we had a dispute some twenty years ago, over our wine, one evening, whether the inscription on the monument had been effaced once, or twice. We flatly contradicted one another, and Harry would never speak again."

"And that was really the end of fifteen years' friend-

ship? But there is one name more on which I still repose some confidence—noble-minded George Wiseman."

"Yes, Wiseman is at the bar with me, and the common forms of friendship have always been observed between us. He is very rich; and lately his eldest son asked permission to address one of my girls. I waited upon George, who told me he was heartily glad to hear of it; for he thought the children of such old friends could not do better. Besides the young lady's accomplishments, and so forth. I thought myself bound in honor to say explicitly, that I could give her little or no fortune; which produced a slight expression of surprise. He assured me, however, he had always admired my frankness; and since then—"

"He has been, of course, doubly zealous for the union."

"Pray allow me to finish my own sentence—since then I have heard nothing more of the matter."

At these words my companion declared he could stand it no longer; he started up in wild despair, clasped his hands, and rushed to the edge of the glacier, apparently to precipitate himself over it. I intercepted his purpose by a sudden spring; and we came into violent collision. The next instant I opened my eyes, and found it was one of my boys shaking me by the shoulder to wake me. He told me they had done seeing the castle, and were now only waiting for me to go down again to our boat.

#### "LEAVE NOT YOUR NATIVE SOIL."

THERE has existed in the New England States for many years such a strong stimulus in favor of Western emigration, that a sedative now and then may be judicious and salutary.

The following, which contains a pretty appeal to a young New Englander on the subject, is from the pen of Charles P. Hisey, editor of the Portland Transcript, who writes both prose and poetry with much gracefulness and tact.

"Push along, keep moving," is the characteristic trait of the Yankee. He cannot bear to sit down contented with his lot. He is always thinking more of the two birds in the bush than the one in his hand. It is not so much a thirst for money that impels him, as it has been unjustly charged against him, but a thirst for change. He cannot plant himself, like the Dutchman, who grows to the soil as naturally as a cabbage. Take a Yankee farmer—he has a good farm—a comfortable house—boys and girls growing up around him. He is "well to do" in the world—blessed with plenty—nothing wanting to add to his comfort. All of a sudden he takes it into his head to go West. Ask him why?—and he tells you to "better his fortunes." Ask him how, and he tells you he does not know. Are you not pleasantly situated? Yes. Have you not all the comforts of life at command? Yes. You have a good farm? Yes. Kind neighbors? Yes. Then what on earth, man, do you wish to leave these blessed certainties for the uncertainties of a new country? Why, I wish to "better my fortunes!" Better his fortune! And with that vague hope he leaves the old homestead—the graves of his fathers—breaks away from all old associations—all kindred ties, and starts on a wild goose chase for the El Dorado of his imagination. And what is the result of this new move. Sometimes we see it in an old raw-

boned horse—a rickety wagon, crowded with more rickety children—a haggard, ragged, ague-shaking wretch, worrying his way through the streets of our cities, returning to the place of his nativity—his home no longer—to become a burden on the town, while his once blooming children shoot up feeble in health—lacking in education, indolent and perhaps vicious in inclination.

We have been drawn into these hasty remarks by reading an article on western emigration in the "Buffalo Economist," in the course of which the writer says:—

"New England never witnessed such an emigration as is now going forward, not only from Buffalo, but more especially from Cattaraugus and Chautauque counties, from western Pennsylvania and northern Ohio, to the region of the Upper Lakes and the Mississippi—mainly to northern Illinois and southern Wisconsin. Those regions would soon be filled to overflowing were they not in turn drained by emigration to Iowa and the Indian territories beyond. So wags the world. We feel the evils which surround us, and are heedless of those in the distance; and the emigrant from Connecticut to Iowa is at first astonished to find as much discontent in his new country as in the old, and a large portion bent on 'going west' to better their fortunes. No matter; the Pacific will bring us up by and by."

In connection with the above, will the reader pardon us for republishing the following lines, written by us some years ago, as appropriate to the subject. They were addressed to a young man about throwing himself on the current that flows toward the setting sun.

#### LEAVE NOT YOUR NATIVE SOIL.

Leave not your own New England soil

For clime more bright, more fair—

Leave not your hill-sides and your streams,

Your own pure mountain air.

Though warm and fertile is the West—

Though lighter there the toll—

Still labor here reaps rich reward:

Leave not your native soil!

How can you leave your native soil,

Where all your treasures be?—

The old house, by your father built

Under the waving tree!

That tree was planted by your sire

When young in years and toil,

'Neath which in infancy you played—

Leave not your native soil!

You will not leave your native soil—

Your fields and pastures fair—

Your greenwood haunts—the babbling stream

That maketh music there!

You will not leave your sylvan home,

Far from the world's turmoil—

You will not slight this friendly charge—

Leave not your native soil!

I know you love your native soil

With feelings strong and deep—

The old church, planted round with graves,

Wherein your kindred sleep.

For sake not, then, the old homestead,

Lest fortune should you foil;

Check vain desires, and be content—

Leave not your native soil!

## THE SISTER OF CHARITY.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

Or the many forms which ascetic zeal has assumed among those who "think to merit heaven by making earth a hell," there is perhaps none which appeals so directly to the heart, and satisfies so well the understanding as the various establishments of the Sisters of Charity. The vows which condemn the intellect! and sentient being to the monotonous and inert life of the cloister may be utterly repugnant to our ideas of active usefulness; but there is something sublime in that devotion which, while it denies every selfish gratification, subjugates every earthly passion, and crushes every heart-springing affection, yet consecrates one's whole existence to the active benevolence, the Christian charity, the self-forgetting ministry of good which is so peculiarly suited to woman's nature. How perfect is the union of perfect purity of feeling with earnest sympathy! how noble the sacrifice of youth and health, and every selfish scheme of happiness to a sense of Christian duty! how grand that elevation of character which, while it can afford the aid of its compassionate tenderness to all who suffer, yet asks nothing for itself—which, secure in guarded innocence, can tread unscathed the burning ploughshare over whose fiery path all those must pass who encounter the world's ordeal—which can give out freely, and without stint, the fullness of human sympathy, while it rises superior to the yearning want of such sympathy for its own trials and temptations. A timid, tender woman, binding herself by a vow which shuts her from the enjoyment of every earthly affection, and keeping that vow, not in the dull and uneventful life of cloistered seclusion, but amid the dangers of the world of sin and sorrow which lies beyond her convent walls—a weak and feeble woman going forth, amid all that can excite her tenderness, ministering to the sick and the afflicted, bending over the couch of suffering, binding up the broken heart, and healing the wounded spirit, yet bearing within her a talisman which keeps her unspotted from the world—wearing that upon her bosom which enables her to touch pitch and yet not be defiled—such a creature is invested with a degree of sublimity which places her but little lower than the angels.

What wonder is it if, among the many who aspire to such a state of perfection, but few should be found equal to its attainment? What wonder if the spirit which would fain soar to such a height, sometimes finds that its feeble pinions have only borne it to the altar of an earthly idol?

Early in the summer of 182—, a diligence filled with passengers was overturned just as it was entering the city of Brussels. The accident was a most frightful one; every person in the vehicle was badly injured, and some so seriously as to be left apparently lifeless. In accordance with their usual benevolent zeal, *les Sœurs Noires*, or the Sisters of Charity, hurried to the spot, and, ere the sufferers had found the hospitable shelter of a friendly roof, each had been already provided with a tender nurse. Among those who were bereft of sense and almost of life on this occasion was a young Englishman, who had traveled alone, and of whom nothing was known excepting the name written in his passport. He was carried to the nearest inn, which, fortunately for him, happened to be one of the best in Brussels, and every means that medical skill could devise was employed in his behalf. Several

days elapsed ere any hopes of his life were entertained, and even when he was at length aroused from the deep stupor into which he had been thrown by the severe concussion, it was only to relapse into the delirium of a violent access of fever. His bruises were numerous, and the care required by the compound fracture of a limb, together with his aberration of mind, afforded full employment to the *garde malade* who had been deputed to attend him.

La Sœur Therese had grown up from childhood amid the associations of religious life. Her education had been entrusted to the Sisters of Charity, and when she arrived at an age which entitled her to choose her vocation, she sought the shelter of the black veil, not from any disgust to the world, but simply from a love of the gentle and kindly and pious influences of a conventual life. Her docility, her quickness of perception, her neat-handed skill in the preparation of medicaments for the sick, had been tested long before she could claim the right to minister in person at the couch of suffering, and now five years of experience since the assumption of her vows, had made her a most skillful and tender nurse. Day and night she watched beside him, bathing his fevered brow, soothing the burning anguish of his wounds, smoothing his uneasy pillow, and calming the ravings of his frenzy by the tones of her sweet musical voice.

The most devoted personal affection could suggest nothing which La Sœur Therese did not devise, yet in her heart piety and the tender sympathy of a pitying nature were the only prompters. What did it matter to the gentle *religieuse* that the stranger was a man of goodly presence, young, stately and as beautiful of feature as of form? She would have ministered as plously to the veriest wretch that ever wrestled upon a bed of pain. She had often done as much for the mendicant and the profligate, the branded in visage and the seared in conscience. Alas! alas! it was a wiser than man who said that "the heart is deceitful above all things." Would the hand of the holy sister have lingered as fondly amid the matted locks of the beggar, as it was wont to do in the bright curls which clustered round the broad and open brow of the stranger? Yet what could she—the pure, the calm, the quiet nun, what could she know of

"Passions among pure thoughts hid,

Like serpents under flowerets sleeping."

How little could she image that world of heart,

"Where right and wrong so close resemble,

That what we take for virtue's thrill

Is often the first downward tremble

Of the heart's balance into ill."

Weeks passed away without restoring the stranger to his consciousness of outward things. But at length his illness reached its crisis, the most deadly lassitude took the place of his feverish restlessness, and his physician administered a sleeping potion from the effects of which he assured Therese he would awake either to life or death. The good sister watched beside the pillow of the feeble slumberer until she observed the deep shadow of profound repose settle on his brow, then, withdrawing from his side, she hastened to prepare the reviving draught which would be required on his awaking. The weather was oppressively warm, and Therese flung off the heavy veil or hood which usually enveloped her, while at the same time she loosened the ungraceful folds of the linen which shrouded her neck, and laid aside her cap.



Her hair, of that dark rich color which takes a tinge of gold as the light breaks upon it, was clustered in short close curls, that seemed to bid defiance to all conventional rules, and beautifully did they contrast with the exquisite fairness of a brow and throat which neither sun nor air had ever rudely kissed. As she sat with her head bent down, the perfect outline of her classical features and the beautiful curve of her graceful neck clearly defined against the dark wainscotted wall behind her, while the glow of a sunset cloud irradiated the apartment, and diffused a roseate halo around her whole person, she seemed scarcely a being of this living and breathing world. It was precisely at this moment that the sick man awoke from his deep and stony sleep. But the excessive feebleness of his worn frame gave to his returning reason a dreaming which he could not resolve into reality. His eyes opened slowly and almost reluctantly, while the object upon which they first rested—the beautiful and unconscious maiden—seemed to him only the vision of an excited brain. Long and earnestly did he gaze in silence unbroken by even a breath, and it was not until Therese replaced her ungraceful cap and collar as she approached his bedside, that he could arouse himself from the vagueness of his fancies.

From that moment, Charles Nugent (for such was the name by which the stranger was known) seemed rapidly to improve. As soon as he was enabled to observe and appreciate the kindness of his gentle nurse, her ministry seemed to produce an effect doubly beneficial. He loved to take his food only from her hand, to feel her soft dewy fingers upon his heated brow, to listen to the tones of her voice as she read to him from the missal which was her bosom companion, or sung the touching melodies of her church with a thrilling sweetness and pathos. Excessively enfeebled in body, and scarcely yet stronger in mind, it is not strange that Nugent should have yielded himself up without restraint to the sweet influences of beauty and pitying tenderness. He sought not to analyze the feeling which sent the blood like molten lava through every vein when he felt her touch; he asked not of his heart the meaning of its wild and sudden thrills when her fair pale cheek was bending over the lips which burned to impress the brand of passion upon its snow. It was enough for him to enjoy her presence to luxuriate in this new and wild excitement, which was the sweeter for its close and guarded concealment. Gratitude for all her kindness, a sense of her perfect purity, a respect for the genuine modesty which needed no false shame to guard its delicacy, and that deep tenderness whose most endearing trait is its timid and delicate forbearance—such were the feelings which sealed the lips and governed the conduct of Nugent even while his heart was consuming within him.

There was something inexpressibly beautiful in the perfect unconsciousness of Therese to all this hidden passion. It was like the purity and senselessness of childhood blended with the tenderness of matured womanhood. She had passed the season of girlishness, and the lapse of four and twenty summers had ripened the fine proportions of her noble form while it touched with a deeper, holier expression her beautiful face. Yet, her countenance bore the impress of that child-like simplicity, that sweet frankness which is so soon lost by those who mingle with the world, and amid its varied temptations are compelled to learn the existence of evil from the necessity of its avoidance. She

was so quiet, too, in her sweet ministry, so gentle in every movement, and her attentions had so much of that charm which seems to belong only to anticipating affection, while she was totally free from the restless disquietude with which yearning tenderness so often mars its own efforts to relieve suffering.

Oh! beautiful indeed is that single moment in woman's life when her feelings are matured, and her affections are awakened while passion still slumbers in profound repose—the moment when she stands on the threshold of Love's temple, unconscious that the withdrawal of the veil which screens the "holy of holies" from her view, will blast her with excess of light, if it do not blight her with consuming fires. It comes but once in life, that delicious moment—and oh how much do they lose who, in the madness of their dream of passion, would shorten the duration of that brief season of perfect unalloyed happiness.

Charles Nugent had led the life of a man of the world; for his wealth, his station, and his advantages of person and mind had exposed him to temptations which his moral nature had not always been able to resist. But there was a principal of good in his heart, an innate sense of religious truth and reverence for virtue which no collision with the world could efface. He had passed the springtime of life, and when he had counted his thirtieth summer, he summed up the amount of real happiness which he could claim, and found that while he could number his riches by thousands, his associates by hundreds and his friends by tens, his genuine enjoyment of all these advantages was but as a cypher. Wearied and sated with what the world calls pleasure, he suddenly left England, and set out upon his travels alone, and destitute of all those luxurious appliances to which he was accustomed. The accident that had befallen him, and the state of utter unconsciousness in which he had so long lain, seemed to have made an impassable gulf between the present and the past. The life he had heretofore led was like a bewildering dream to him, and, in the stillness of his sick chamber, the voice of his better nature spoke to his heart in seraph tones. He had left his home a wiser man, he was now a better one also, and his better nature seemed to have imbibed a portion of the purity which made an atmosphere around the gentle *religieuse*.

Time passed on, and Nugent was now able to leave his couch, though still too feeble to dispense with the presence of his sweet attendant. Then it was, during the lazy lagging hours of convalescence, that he found ample leisure to drink full draughts of love. Then it was that the sweet beguilement led him to explore the mysteries of a silent and voiceless heart. The transparent truthfulness of Therese's character enabled him to look into her pure nature, even as one might behold the depths of a mountain lake. She listened to his tales of the world of gayety and fashion with almost infantine curiosity, but when he unfolded to her the world of intellect—when he taught her the magic of mental power—when he infused into her thoughts something of the sweet romance of poetry, the bosom of the gentle sister throbbed with a new and strange sense—half painful and half glad—a sense of that blending of inferiority and of capacity which is ever awakened by a high and holy love.

Pure and sinless as the tenderness of infancy was the love of *la Sœur Therese* for the gifted and graceful being who had thus opened to her a new existence;

and carefully did he guard from her the knowledge of his real nature. He was too refined and epicurean in sentiment to tear rudely from her eyes the delicate veil which hid from her the wild and warm impulses of her heart. To outward seeming both were still unchanged; there was nothing in his manner to disturb her self-repose, and yet he *knew* that a change had come over her feelings. The hand which now lay upon his brow thrilled beneath his touch—the cheek which now bent over his pillow flushed as his warm breath swept over it, and the voice that responded to his had gained a deep and heart-echoing tone, such as never belongs to the gleeful accents of unappropriated affection. He knew that Therese loved him—he knew it, and the first sweet consciousness brought with it the deepest joy; but, in the secret chambers of his heart, conscience still kept her watch, and a feeling of deep and bitter pain—the pain of a remorseful spirit—tortured him. Why had he called into life feelings which could only bring wretchedness to her who had been the preserver of his life? Why had he suffered his shadow to darken the pure current of her life? Why, like the serpent in Eden, had he bade her to pluck from the tree of knowledge the poisoned fruit of death?

At length the time came when other duties claimed the cares of la Sœur Therese. She received a summons to leave the English stranger, and bestow her care on another, who needed more her skill. But ere she could comply with the requisition, Nugent was again prostrated by a sudden and strange illness, which forbade her to leave him in the hands of strangers. Even then Therese was utterly unsuspecting of the true nature of his unaccountable ailment, but when, after his rapid recovery, a second summons produced exactly the same result, and again, when the third peremptory recall was followed by the avowal of his resolution to become incurable, since this alone could ensure her presence, she could no longer doubt the truth. Bitter was the agony of her heart when first her eyes were opened. Terrible was the conflict of her feelings when she looked into her heart and beheld its secret recesses filled with an earthly passion. But with the consciousness of her guilt came a sense of her great peril. The arms of him who had never before ventured to profane the purity of her nature, were enfolded around her at the moment when the truth flashed upon her mind; his eyes were gleaming upon her with a light which seemed to scorch her very soul, and as his lips pressed her shrinking brow, it needed only the instinct of a womanly nature to teach Therese that the moment had come when they must part forever.

She uttered no reproach on him who had thus darkened her life with sorrow—the dream, bright, beautiful and brief, had passed away, and now she was left to waking loneliness and misery. But she had borrowed a strength from sorrow, and nobly did she resist the temptations of her own heart. In vain did her lover, forgetting all his better impulses, urge her to abandon the vocation which was now but as a thralldom to her awakened nature—in vain did he depict the perfect happiness of self-sacrificing, self-devoting passion. In unutterable anguish of spirit she turned from the voice of the charmer, and bidding a last farewell to him who had so wronged her heart, she hid her sufferings within her convent home. Alas! for her a glory had departed from every thing in life—the sunshine of a sinless heart no longer brightened the gloom of monastic

duty, the spirit had gone out from its abiding place in search of strange gods, and now it could no longer bow down in the sanctuary it had desecrated. The image of him whom she had lost forever—the frank and noble face which haunted her troubled dreams—the thrilling words which had found an echo in her own bosom—the wild fancies of what might have been which came thronging around her in the vagueness of her solitary hours—these were but evil companions for her in her hours of prayer and penance.

Absorbed in her own bitter thoughts, Therese saw not the cold looks and changed demeanor of those who had heretofore been as kindred to her. She marked not the stately pride of la Supérieure, she heeded not the shrinking contempt of the sisters, she recked not of the pitying glances which a few kindlier hearts, bestowed when she returned sad and sorrowful to the convent. A cloud was hanging over her, which she saw not, but which was destined to blast her with its lightnings. They only delayed their vengeance—those cold and passionless beings—they only waited until they could be assured that the English stranger had left Brussels, and then, when no human aid was near, did they visit upon Sister Therese the error of which she had been guilty. Fearful indeed to her anguished soul was the ordeal to which she was exposed. In the deepest recesses of the convent, at the solemn hour of midnight, all the terrors of an ecclesiastical tribunal were enacted, and every engine of mental torture was put in operation to force from the unhappy woman a confession of her guilt. Overcome with remorse and fear, Therese did confess everything. She told of the love which had grown up in her heart toward the stranger; she revealed the devices which Nugent had practiced to retain her in his society, and she acknowledged her tacit consent to the deception which so prolonged his apparent illness; she painted in the strong and glowing colors of truth the purity as well as the intensity of her new emotions, and she implored that she might be allowed to atone, by heavy penance, for thus desecrating the vow, which yet she had not broken. But their marble hearts, on which her impassioned words fell like water drops on the rock, could little comprehend her true nature. They were of that grosser clay which knows but of outward temptations and sins, and they could not believe in the tale of sinfulness of thought which grew not into sinfulness of deed. They could not, or would not, think that in heart only had she offended, and cold stony eyes looked calmly upon her agony while she listened to the doom which consigned her to contumely and to death.

Senseless, and almost lifeless, Therese was borne from the presence of her inhuman judges. For three days she lay within a noisome cell, deprived of food and debarred from the light of day, then, when totally exhausted with her sufferings, she was again brought before the eyes of the assembled sisterhood. At the hour of midnight, a solemn mass was said, and the *anathema maranatha* was pronounced against her, as she knelt on a jagged and pointed stone in the nave of the darkened chapel. A requiem, not tender and mournful, but filled with a fearful looking for of judgment, was then chanted, and the wretched woman was led away. A moment passed and she was again presented to the view of the terrified Sisters—the robes of her order had been rudely torn off, and now, wrapped in a coarse sheet, as her only protection against the inclemency of a night of intense cold, she was

borne to the door of the chapel, and thrust out alone into the dark and deserted street. Half senseless from the exhaustion of mind and body, Therese had no power to remonstrate or to resist. As the rude ministers of the church's vengeance flung her from the porch she tottered a few steps, and fell motionless upon the frozen earth.

Ten years had elapsed since the events just recorded, and la Sœur Therese had become but a name "to point a moral and adorn a tale," while her story, with various embellishments, had become the property of every "stranger's guide" in the city of Brussels, when, on a certain day, two traveling carriages, not to be mistaken for any other than English, stopped at the Belle Vue Hotel. The waiter bowed obsequiously as he flung down the steps of the first equipage, and, to a request made by the tall and handsome man who descended first from the carriage, he replied,

"Yes, sir, certainly—the blue room if you desire it—but the golden chambers are the finest in the house—they are just empty, sir—have them ready in five minutes—oh, very well, my lord, just as your lordship pleases—the blue room certainly, if you prefer it;" and away he bustled, wondering at the perverse taste of *mi lord Anglais* in insisting upon a room which did not look out upon the public promenade. But a short time elapsed ere the tall gentleman, with the lady of exceeding beauty, but whose form showed the rich development of matronly years, and two lovely and merry children were comfortably settled in the suite of rooms which had been so strongly insisted upon.

"So you really gained your point, Charles, and obtained this very room; it will only remind you of unpleasant scenes, and perhaps of unpleasant changes," said the lady, half archly, while a sigh quickly followed her words.

"Confess now, Therese," was the reply, "that you were just as desirous as I to revisit scenes where we had known so much of joy and sorrow. Time seems to have flown on eagle's wings since I used to recline in the recess of yonder window, while you busied yourself in ministering to my helplessness."

"I wonder you were not superstitious about coming to this place, since both your previous visits were marked with disasters."

"Aye, but those disasters led only to happiness, dearest. My first mischance placed me within the influence of your gentle care, and, if I had not afterward been plundered on the road, and obliged to return to Brussels on the track of the robbers, I should not have been lingering near your prison-house at the moment when you were ready to perish. Good heavens! it makes me shudder even now to remember my sensations when I found you lying like a crushed flower at my very feet in the deep, dark midnight, and then your long and cruel illness."

"Nay, love, all that is past like a wild and painful dream; let us remember only to what sweet consciousness of bliss I awoke when I found myself in den England, under the tender guardianship of your excellent sister; let us think only of the affection which made me your dear and honored wife—of the love which has measured my every hour by blessings."

"Brother—brother, do come and help me to laugh," exclaimed a merry voice, as a joyous-looking elderly lady entered the apartment; "I have just been listening to our landlord's story of the black nun. To be

sure I was mischievous enough to tempt him into telling it, by my inquisitive curiosity respecting the Holy Sisters. Your history has become quite a traveler's tale, and, I warrant me, it is served up to every stranger with the same garnishing of supernatural horrors, as it was proffered to me. Mine host avers that nothing was ever seen of Sister Therese save her rosary, which was found lying on the ground; hence he infers that she was carried away bodily by the demon who had tempted her, while it has now become one of the articles of the poor man's faith that the handsome Englishman was no other than Satan in disguise."

"And pray, what did you answer to all this forrago?"

"I perfectly agree with him in opinion, you may be sure. Indeed I avowed my belief that Sister Therese would never again be heard of, and that Charles Nugent had never existed, for I am very certain that Lord Ellerton feels no desire to resume his former *nom-de-royage*, and I doubt whether even ten years' experience in the cares of wedded life would now reconcile my good lady sister to the serge robe of *les Sœurs Noires*."

THE author of the following poem, Mrs. Anne Crawford, was a celebrated English actress, both in tragedy and comedy. She likewise wrote much beautiful poetry.—Born 1734, died 1801.

#### THE LUCK OF EDEN HALL;

Or, the Fairy Goblet.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

THERE came a youth to our golded Isle,  
And he vowed a vow, and smiled a smile;  
And he won the heart of a maiden as bright  
As ever drew sigh from a gallant knight:  
And away they fled when the moon was up,  
And the revelers drained the wassall cup,—  
Away they fled o'er the moorlands wild,  
And the Musgrave raved for his only child.

"Go saddle my gallant gray," he cried,  
"And let twenty horsemen mount and ride  
As though heaven itself by their speed might be won;  
No low-born churl will I have for son.  
By the blood of the Musgrave, no child of mine  
Shall wed with one of a nameless line!"  
So saying, he mounted his gallant gray,  
And with twenty armed followers rode away.

The Lady of Musgrave all that long night  
Wept for her lord, and her daughter's flight;  
Her maids, as they looked on her sad face, sighed,  
And to soothe her with guileless speech they tried.  
'Tis easy to talk; but a mother's love  
Hath the brooding wings of a turtle dove;  
And where was there ever a mother knew cheer  
While danger or sorrow her child came near?

Now the seneschal he was a kindly man,  
And to comfort his lady he thus began:  
"Courage, sweet mistress! there's hope in store;  
Thus much have I learned from the fairy's lore.  
To-night when I went to St. Cuthbert's spring,  
As they sate on the green, in their magic ring,  
I seized on a cup they had filled with dew,  
And brought it—see, lady—to comfort you."

"Oh look!" said her maidens, as forth he drew  
The fairy's glass from his cloak to view:  
And well might they look; for no mortal's glass

Did ever that elfin cup surpass,  
Nor mortal hand ever painted such flowers  
As wreathed its brim; nor in Eden's bowers  
Ever blossomed such roses and hearts-ease bright,  
As laughed into life on its frost-work white.

But the lady scarce deigned her sweet eyes to lift,  
Though to gaze on the charms of a fairy gift:  
"What comfort to me can that bauble bring?"  
"Hush, lady! I heard the fairies sing—  
'If this glass that I hold, either break or fall,  
Farewell the luck of Eden-hall!'"  
Then the Lady of Musgrave grew pale with fear,—  
"Go, lock up that goblet, and hold it full dear;

"If on aught so brittle our house depend,  
The luck of the Musgraves will soon have an end;"  
And so fearful was she that the glass would break,  
That it kept her all night at her beads, awake.  
But the bugle was sounded at last, and then  
Came the baron home with his merry men,  
And his daughter fair, as a bonnie bride,  
With her gallant knight at her palfrey's side.

Her father had pardoned young Isabel's flight,  
For a peer of France was her own true knight;  
And the fairy cup it was filled for all,  
And christened "the Luck of Eden-hall."  
Fair maidens, pride of our golden isle,  
Our England dear, 'tis like ye'll smile  
At this rude display of my burdle art,  
Yet lay up the *moral*, my sisters, to heart.

Yes, a moral may lurk in a fairy tale,  
Like a bee in the bells of the Asphodel,—  
That she who in maidenly grace would pass,  
Must be charily kept; like the fairy's glass  
From the holy fount, or the delicate flowers,  
That flourish and bloom in elysian bowers,  
The chrysalis of virtue is fragile as fair,  
And no rude touch may it safely bear.

At Eden-hall, the ancient seat of the Musgrave family, in Cumberland, is a beautiful painted drinking-glass, called "Fairy Goblet," or "Luck of Eden-hall," from a legend which says, that the old butler, going to draw water from St. Cuthbert's well, surprized a company of fairies, who were amusing themselves upon the green near the holy spring, where they left the above named cup, singing as they fled away at the butler's approach:

"If this cup either break or fall,  
Farewell the luck of Eden-hall."

#### GENIUS EXEMPT FROM ORDINARY LAWS.

BY ERNEST HELFENSTEIN.

TALENT must in all things submit to the laws that be; it hath the power to appreciate, but is incapable of the reach of Genius, of its new-creating faculty. It looks to the external; it anticipates neither change nor progress. It perceiveth that which already binds, but maketh not to itself new and higher and holier laws. Let it therefore be bound down as by adamant to custom, to order; let it render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and leave to Genius, to render unto God the things that are God's.

Genius is creative; it is a co-worker with the Eternal. It is the expounder of the "still small voice" uttered forever in the human heart. It listeneth as a

meek child to the wind harp, and a strange melody is born of the soul. It is a fresh and holy emanation from the Great First Intelligence. It is the Moses from the mount of God, coming serenely forth from the midst of thunders and thick darkness, bearing the tablets of eternal truth, written by the finger of Truth itself. It may be encompassed by error; in its weakness and bewilderment, it may let the record fall to the earth, that it be broken and marred, yet the hand-writing of God can never be entirely effaced.

It hath a mission to perform; it peopled the realm of thought, it fostereth the affections, and listeth the mind to communion with the divine; it is amid, and yet above our humanities.

It hath a work to do; yet why should it be compelled to the drudgeries of its art! Why gather the straw for the brick which is to rear the pyramid! Why toll at the midnight lamp, the chisel, or the spade! Why should it not gather reverent disciples in its pathway, and go forth gathering the bread of wisdom, free as the sparrow that is still cared for by the Great Parent, and careless as "the flowers of the field," clothed by him with beauty!

If Genius stampeth its thought by the pen, is there any good reason why it should be compelled to the whole labor of its productions; to give them birth, and put them into shape; to provide the model, and adjust the drapery?

Why should it not be left to the glow of conception? Why is it not enough to have unfolded one new object of beauty; to have called forth one new creation of grace; to have embodied one true and gentle sentiment; one robust and manly passion; one great and glorious thought?

Why should it not strike out its glorious conceptions, and leave to others, if they dare, ay, if they dare to lay their hands upon the Ark of God, leave to others the labor of completing, of perfecting? The process of revision is a deadening one to Genius. If the critics must be appeased, why may not the poet; or the prose artist employ, as the painter does, a pupil to lay colors upon his draft—or like the sculptor, leave the intermediate chiseling to inferior hands? Why may he not, like Jeremy Bentham, employ a Dumont to give shape to his thought? The merit would still be his own; or in case the world should fail to perceive it, and recognize his claims, what matters it? The thought is there; an accession has been received to the fund of human ideas; beauty, or grace, or power, have been brought forth; and the honor of parentage is unthought of in comparison. Genius is content at the enlargement of good; it seeketh not a recompense; it giveth freely, even as it hath received; and thus it learneth meekness and content.

Genius is always enigmatical to other minds. It hath more than they can comprehend, otherwise it would not be genius. It is always in advance of the age, and therefore cannot be understood by those about it. This is a part of its mission. It is a herald of the light to come; the messenger sent to prepare the way for that which is to come to the world at large. It is sent not for peace, but the sword—to tear asunder the bands of custom, to sever the cords of prejudice, to make room, to lay bare the foundation of the human mind, and teach men that which is within and around them, which they have failed to perceive. It seizeth upon the characteristics of the age, giving to it fixed-



ness and refinement, and then it imparteth an onward progress.

Slowly and surely the race moveth forward, and men arise who become the interpreters to Genius. They ponder upon its sayings, they enlarge, and search out hidden meanings, and become amazed at the marvelous power, and forethought of him, who perhaps was but little heeded while amid them, but whose simple, and earnest, and true soul, had been able to behold a new heaven, and a new earth.

Thus Fame is born to Genius; but it was not for this that it toiled and lived. Age after age rolls on, till the human mind has reached the point to which the mind of Genius had impelled it, his thought has become the common thought, and then his words cease to be oracular, and he must give place to another, that must and will arise.

The words of Genius may have been rugged, devoid of the graces of a set form of speech, but from thence it may be they are more impressive. Shakspeare speaks not the less powerfully to the heart, that he is deficient in the unities: and spite of the critics, his robust, breathing, living, acting creations sway our sympathies as none others may. We feel their marvelous truth, their marvelous power, their tenderness and beauty, as if they were still acting in our midst. They are not creatures of fancy, but responsible agents, to suffer for their crimes, or be rewarded for their virtues.

By and by we shall learn with Shakspeare a more devout humanity. We shall learn to love it, made up, as it must be, of errors and weaknesses, yet redeeming all things by its glowing affections, its generous impulses, its noble self-sacrifices. We shall take it as it is, with much to love, and much to condemn. We shall learn the effectiveness of truth; that it is not her drapery, but her own simple majesty, that we adore. In this way Shakspeare comes in aid of the great charities of religion.

Genius hath no spirit of appropriation: it is but the voice of humanity. When it becomes the common thought, its tones are laid away upon musty shelf, unsought, except by the curious in old thoughts! Others become the representatives of a genius, and are remembered with an awe, as the embodiment of one department of human thought. Thus the divine pupil of Socrates has become the impersonation of religious thought, independent of revelation, just as Butler has with that superadded. Men do not care to prize what Washington has written, remarkable as it would be from any other man, because his acted patriotism was more sublime than any written theme. We recoil from the pompous periods of Johnson, yet feel that he himself is but another name for moral truth.

Genius must arise in every age, and in all departments of human thought. Then follow its expounders: meek disciples in the footsteps of their master, patient and beautiful searchers after truth, listening reverently to its utterance, calling its words to remembrance, and blessed in that it is given unto them to interpret parables.

Talk not of the neglect, the poverty, the hardship of Genius! In proportion as it is Genius, it is raised above the caring for these things. It hath that within itself that maketh these "light afflictions." It hath a kingdom elsewhere. Its infirmities are not its own, they are but the incongruities of discordant circumstance. It hath more worlds than one subject to its

will. It hath the common world, to which the vision of others is restricted, and it hath beside a vast and peopled empire, more bright and beautiful and true, in which it most delighteth to dwell.

Genius hath its sorrows; deeper, more intense than those of which others dream. Often is it led to pray, "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me," but even in its agony it meekly addeth, "nevertheless, not my will, but thine be done."

Genius is humanity in its highest development. Not perfect, but strong humanity; thence hath it infinite yearnings, passions calling for indulgence, affections ilimitable. It picturcth a paradise of love, and spreadeth forth its hands for objects to meet its boundless desires. Alas! it graspeth but shadows. It asketh too much from those about it. It seeketh an expansion of being equal to its own. It createth an idol. Will love steal for Genius the spark of the Eternal to breathe into it the breath of life?

#### A GOOD STORY.

Old Col. W.'s Passion for Curiosities.

We are aware of a pair of "bonny blue een" swimming in light, that will "come the married woman's eye" over a kind but antiquarian husband, when the following is read, some two weeks from now, in their "little parlor" in a town of the far west. It reaches us in the MS. of a Boston friend:

"Old Colonel W——" formerly a well known character in one of our eastern cities, was remarkable for but one passion out of the ordinary range of humanity, and that was for buying at auction any little lot of trumpery which came under the head of "miscellaneous," for the reason that it could not be classified. Though close-fisted in general, he was continually throwing away his money in fives and tens on such trash. In this way he had filled all the odd corners in his dwelling and out houses with a collection of non-descript articles, that would have puzzled a philosopher to tell what they were made for, or to what use they could ever be put. This however was a secondary consideration with the colonel; for he seldom troubled his head about such articles after they were fairly housed. Not so with his wife, however, who was continually remonstrating against these purchases, which served only to clutter up the house, and as food for the mirth of the domestics. But the colonel, though he often submitted to these remonstrances of his better-half, couldn't resist the passion; and so he went on adding from week to week to his heap of miscellanies. One day while sauntering down the street, he heard the full rich tones of his friend C——, the well-known auctioneer, and as a matter of course stepped in to see what was being sold. On the floor he observed a collection that looked as if it might have been purloined from the garret of some museum, and around which a motley group was assembled; while on the counter stood the portly auctioneer, in the very height of a mock-indignant remonstrance with his audience.

"Nine dollars and ninety cents!" cried the auctioneer, "Gentlemen, it is a shame, it is barbarous to stand by and permit such a sacrifice of property! Nine dollars and ninety——Good morning, colonel! A magnificent lot of—of—antiques—and all going for nine dollars and ninety cents. Gentlemen, you'll never see another such lot; and all going—going—for nine

dollars and ninety cents. Colonel W——, can you permit such a sacrifice?" The colonel glanced his eye over the lot, and then with a nod and a wink assured him he could not. The next instant the hammer came down, and the purchase was the colonel's at ten dollars. As the articles were to be paid for and removed immediately, the colonel lost no time in getting a cart, and having seen everything packed up and on their way to his house, he proceeded to his own store, chuckling within himself that *now* at least he had made a bargain at which even his wife couldn't grumble. In due time he was seated at the dinner-table, when lifting his eyes, he observed a cloud upon his wife's brow. "Well, my dear?" said he, inquiringly. "Well?" repeated his wife; "it is *not* well, Mr. W.; I am vexed beyond endurance. You know C——, the auctioneer?" "Certainly," replied the colonel; "and a very gentlemanly person he is too." "You may think so," rejoined the wife, "but I *don't*, and I'll tell you why. A few days ago I gathered together all the trumpery with which you have been cluttering up the house for the last twelve months, and sent it to him, with orders to sell the lot immediately to the highest bidder for cash. He assured me he would do so in all this week, at farthest, and pay over the proceeds to my order. And here I've been congratulating myself on two things: first, on having got rid of a most intolerable nuisance; and secondly, on receiving money enough therefor to purchase that new velvet hat you promised me so long ago. And now what do you think? This morning about an hour ago, *the whole load came back again, without a word of explanation!*" The colonel looked blank for a moment, and then proceeded to clear up the mystery. But the good woman was pacified only by the promise of a ten-dollar note besides that in the hands of the auctioneer; on condition, however, that she should never mention it." Of course she kept her word!—*Hartford Columbian.*

## GUMMEHR.

Translated from the German of Sealsfield! expressly for the  
ROVER,

BY ARTHUR MOREELL.

GUMMEHR was a poor old man—

He lived all alone in a little old cot,  
That stood on the hill-side—a charming spot,  
Where the hawthorn blossom'd, and the myrtle grew,  
And the lark built her nest in the evergreen yew,  
Awak'ning old Gummeh'r with the morning light,  
And the whip-poor-will sang him to sleep at night;  
And the robin sang ever a blithesome lay,  
To cheer good old Gummeh'r the live-long day.

Gummeh'r was a kind old man—

I knew him, I lov'd him, too—who did not?  
And many a time did I seek his cot,  
And listen for hours to the tales he told,  
Of strange things that happen'd in days of old,  
When he was a boy—and then Gummeh'r would sigh,  
As the vision of childhood was flitting by—  
And a tear-drop I mark'd—but 'twas soon brush'd  
away,  
And old Gummeh'r again would be cheerful and gay.

Gummeh'r was a cheerful old man—

He could laugh and sing, though his voice was weak,  
And the wrinkles of eighty years lay on his cheek;

But he could not dance—for old Gummeh'r had lost  
The half of a leg while defending his post—  
For he'd been in battle where many a brave  
And stout hearted warrior found a grave.

Gummeh'r was a happy old man—

Though but little he had with that little content,  
He thank'd Him from whom all true blessings are  
sent;  
For so long as he had but enough in store  
For the present, he cared not for anything more;  
And all who partook of old Gummeh'r's fare,  
Of one thing were sure—they were welcome there.

Gummeh'r was a good old man—

He would read in his bible, sometimes all day—  
And many a time have I heard him pray—  
Imploring the blessings of God on all,  
The rich and the poor, the great and the small,  
The old and infirm—and for all in the land—  
Ah, Gummeh'r, indeed, was a good old man.

Gummeh'r is dead—

I remember, ah! well I remember the day,  
A bright day in autumn, his soul fled away.  
Near the cot where he lived, Gummeh'r's grave they  
made,  
And a stone marks the place where his body was  
laid;—  
And many a tear-drop has moisten'd the spot,  
For him, who, though poor, was content with his  
lot.

## MAN'S LOVE.

BY MARY ANN BROWN.

When woman's eye grows dull,  
And her cheek paleth,  
When fades the beautiful,  
Then man's love falleth;  
He sits not beside her chair,  
Clasps not her fingers,  
Twines not her damp hair,  
That o'er her brow lingers.

He comes but a moment in,  
Though her eye lightens,  
Though her cheek, pale and thin,  
Feverishly brightens;  
He stays but a moment near,  
When that flush fadeth,  
Though true affection's tear,  
Her soft eyelid shadeth.

He goes from her chamber straight  
Into life's Jostle,  
He meets at the very gate,  
Business and bustle;  
He thinks not of her within,  
Slightly sighing,  
He forgets in the noisy din  
That she is dying!

And when her young heart is still,  
What though he mourneth,  
Soon from his sorrow chill  
Wearied he turneth.  
Soon o'er the buried head  
Memory's light setteth,  
And the true heart dead,  
Thus man forgetteth!

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BAY OF NAPLES,  
WITH MOUNT VESUVIUS

Printed by H. Miller

Engraved by G. J. Smith







# THE ROVER.

## TO THE MEMORY OF MY MOTHER.

BY. H. H. CLEMENTS.

My mother! to thy lonely grave  
When weary of the world I flee,  
That there the brimming heart may crave  
Full solace for its loss of thee.  
I lay my head upon the clod  
That sleeps remorselessly on thine,  
And think when near thee, nearer God,  
Who guards at night thy lowly shrine.

Wherever rest thy orbs of light,  
I feel they watch thy erring child,  
To guide his wandering steps aright,  
As o'er his infancy they smiled.  
Whene'er the music of thy tongue  
Shall fall on the Redeemer's car,  
A prayer is breathed its notes among,  
For thy lone orphan struggling here.

When sleep to weary eyelids falls  
And shuts the sense at silent eve,  
Comes pictured fancy, and recalls  
The form of her for whom I grieve.  
In waking, still the bosom bleeds  
For deeper sympathy than tears,  
And memory yet unwearied pleads  
With the sad emphasis of years.

## THE BAY OF NAPLES.

WITH A RICH AND BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVING.

ALL travelers agree in representing the Bay of Naples as one of the most beautiful views in the world. We have the pleasure of presenting our readers, this week with a very fine and highly finished steel engraving, of this lovely spot, with a view of Mount Vesuvius, &c., in the distance. To accompany the plate, we copy the following interesting account of Naples, its localities, inhabitants, &c., from the valuable book of travels, of the Rev. Dr. Fisk, President of the Wesleyan University in Connecticut, published two or three years ago, by Harper & Brothers.

"There is something peculiarly lively and gay in the appearance of Naples. Its location is fine. The bay itself is a beautiful sheet of water, of about thirty miles diameter, protected at its entrance by the Island of Capri, which rises up, like a mighty break-water, to resist the force of the waves. The town is like an amphitheatre around the bay; at one end it has some picturesque eminences, on one of which is the king's palace and the royal observatory, and on the other the Castle of St. Elmo. These are ascended by zigzag roads, to make the ascent gradual and pleasant, presenting at every turn new aspects of the beautiful scenery around; and, when you arrive at the top, the entire panorama is like an enchantment.

"From the Royal Observatory you look down upon the city, the bay, the harbor, and thence the eye glances speedily over the vale spread out beyond the opposite side of the town; a vale that can scarcely be described. It is spotted all over with cottages, appearing in the distance like so many little bird-cages, almost thick enough to be called a continual village. To the right,

VOLUME III.—No 7.

nearer the bay, is Portici, under which lies the buried city of Herculaneum. Beyond is Vesuvius, covered perpetually with the wreath of smoke or flame. The associations of this exhibition add greatly to the interest of the scene. The very mountain you stand upon is a volcanic formation; so is the entire foundation of the city of Naples, and, in fact, all the surrounding country; while at the base of Vesuvius, a few miles distant, are cities buried, with their inhabitants, sixty and eighty feet below the present surface of the earth by successive floods of molten mineral and showers of cinders and earth. To the like fate the population of the modern cities are continually exposed; nay, it would be no new thing in this neighborhood if the troubled elements of the earth should burst forth in the centre of the city of Naples, and bury its hundred of thousands under a huge mausoleum of a *Monte Nuovo*, such as was thrown up in 1538 but a few miles distant from the city. Yet the inhabitants live without the least apparent apprehension, fully believing, if fatal eruptions of this kind should ever happen, it will not be in *their day*; just as we travelers believe it will not be while we visit the city and its environs, and even the very crater of Vesuvius itself. One cannot but feel peculiar sensations when seriously contemplating the scene around him, viewed in connexion with past history. This whole region, including, perhaps, the entire peninsula of Italy, is volcanic, and volcanoes have been active here from time immemorial. The subterranean fires which some suppose are entombed and rage continually in the centre of the earth, seem here to have found vent, and the craters of Etna on a neighboring island, and of Vesuvius have for many centuries been natural safety-valves; and though in some instances destructive to the insects that sport around them, may be instrumental of saving extensive portions of the earth from destructive earthquakes, and ruinous convulsions. But although the subterranean fires seem to concentrate in this neighborhood, it does not follow as certain, or most probable, that the crater of Vesuvius will always be the outlet. Naples itself is as likely, in process of time, according to all human appearances, to be the crater of a volcano as Vesuvius once was. It seems, in the time of Diodorus Siculus, about half a century before Christ, and in that of Strabo, who flourished about the period of the Christian era, that there was no appearance in Vesuvius of an active volcano; but, from the appearance of the mountain, it was *judged* it had once been subject to irruptions, in an age so remote that the period was to them unknown. In the seventeenth year of the Christian era, however, the great irruption took place which buried Herculaneum and Pompeii. Since that time, on the other side of Naples, Monte Nuovo has been formed in a few hours, and the earth in the neighborhood still burns beneath, sending up streams of heated sulphurous gas, and throwing out rivulets of hot water; an evidence that not in Vesuvius only, but all under these green hills and verdant vales, the fabled forges of Vulcan are in active operation, and where next they may burst forth in torrents of fire and showers of molten cinders is altogether unknown.

"But I wander, perhaps, from my purpose, which was

to give some general view of Naples. It is in population the third city in Europe, containing, as the most rational estimate, from three hundred and fifty to four hundred thousand inhabitants. Some Neapolitans say half a million; but this is evidently erroneous. The size of the city, which is only nine or ten miles in circumference, hardly admits of such an estimate. It is true, Naples, from the great portion of the inhabitants who constantly throng the streets, appears to be immensely populous. In no city, I think (even London is not an exception,) have I seen greater throngs in the streets; but nowhere besides do the inhabitants *live in the streets*, as in Naples. To say nothing of the *lazaroni*, many of whom, it is said, have no home, but sleep at night in the open air, or under the public courts, in the doors of the churches, and wherever they can find a resting-place, there are very many who do a great portion of their business in the streets; here is cooking, spinning, shoemaking, blacksmithing, and trading of all kinds in the streets. It is this doing everything out of doors which adds much, doubtless, to the apparent populousness of Naples. But it is, in fact, full of people; many of them busily occupied, but many others miserably idle, and very many wretchedly poor. The *lazaroni* (*the ragged ones*) seem to be a distinct class, and the lowest we could well conceive of in the bosom of a civilized community. It has already been stated that many of them are without any regular lodgings; but live upon a trifle; the mildness of the climate and their habits enable them to subsist without fire and with but little clothing. When they can obtain employment they work (for they appear more active than the poorest classes in other parts of Italy,) they act as porters, or *fachinos*, as they are called in Italian, whenever they can find employment, for which purpose they have a basket that serves them in their labors by day as a bed by night. They sing and sport, play the harlequin, or attend upon those who do so, listen to the public street-readers of Orlando Furioso, in which they seem greatly instructed, or attend to the harangues of the street declaimers, play at cards on a stone or a stool on the side of the street, stretch themselves out upon the pavements in the sun, gather the quids of tobacco and the ends of cigars that have been thrown away, and expose them for sale, beg when necessity requires, and attend to whatever else inclination prompts to, and circumstances allow of, or nature requires, without embarrassment or shame. But the most important business is hunting heads, which seems with them not only to be a matter of necessity, but also of luxury, and hence you will pass scores of them in the streets performing this kind of office for each other; an employment, by-the-way, which is not to be sneered at, since it is consecrated by genius, and identified with the fine arts in Italy. One of the standard paintings of the *Pitti Palace*, in Florence, was a Cupid having his head looked by, if I rightly remember, *Psyche*. But in Naples they attend to it in a way that saves time and *blesses the blesser*; for while one is serving another, he or she is, at the same time, served by a third, and so on in an indefinite series. In many instances, too, you may see the colonists or emigrants from the head picked off from other parts of the body. In short (for this is not a subject to be dwelt upon further than is necessary to give some just description of the state of society,) these *lazaroni* are a dirty, squalid, poverty-stricken race, amounting, according to some, to thirty or forty thousand. It is doubtful,

however, whether there are so many. Indeed, it is generally said, their number is diminished of late years. Happy would it be for the city if they could be entirely removed by putting them into workhouses, or employing them in some way to improve their condition and elevate their character. It is said they are willing to work when they can find it; but they have been so long degraded that their condition is not very irksome to themselves. They are, in general, a merry race, living on macaroni and vegetables, and in their habits but little removed above bestiality.

"The beggars in Naples are numerous and annoying, but less so in the city than in the country and provincial towns in the neighborhood. The other two unproductive classes of society heretofore alluded to in other cities are also very numerous here, viz., the ecclesiastics and soldiers. Of the former it is difficult to ascertain the precise number, but they are abundant, and well dressed and well fed. They have "fulness of bread and abundance of idleness," both of which are indicated by their fresh visage and portly appearance. Indeed, what have they to do? They have no families to provide for, they seldom preach, most of them *never*, and their pastoral duties, masses and confessions, are an easy task, divided among from ten to twenty, perhaps, in each church. In addition to these, there are the monastic orders hanging like leeches upon the social body, devouring much and producing nothing.

It is said the King of Naples has an army in actual service in and about Naples amounting to about thirty or forty thousand. These, too, appear well dressed and well fed. Some thousands of them are hirelings, from Switzerland and Austria. With all these unproductive consumers living on her limited commerce and her slender revenues, what can be expected but that depression and poverty should pervade the whole nation? The wonder is that Naples sustains herself as well as she does; nor could she, in fact, survive long, but that she is surrounded by a country rich and productive almost beyond conception, which, if nothing more, yields at least the necessities of life, bread-stuffs and common vegetables, in great abundance, as well as great quantities of fruit for exportation."

#### ADVENTURE IN IRELAND.

INGRATITUDE, unrequited affection, the destruction of hope or undeserved odium, may bring more severe pangs to the human mind than the approach of death, under ordinary circumstances; but in the adventure I am about to relate, a combination of the horrible, added to the probability of becoming the victim of relentless murderers, has taught me in the intensity of fear how much human nature can suffer without annihilation.

Strolling one evening through some of the wildest and most picturesque scenery of the county Wicklow, more led away by the beauties of the prospect before me than the intention of using the fowling piece I carried, I was startled to find a strange springiness in the ground just beneath, and on raising my eyes I perceived that the slightest impression of my foot caused a trembling of the surface for many yards around.

Having heard the danger of the place which the peasantry about termed "the shaking bog," (not until then thinking I wandered so near its vicinity) I immediately endeavored to retrace my steps; which, however, proved in vain, as my late desultory move-



ment rendered it impossible to find out the exact route by which I had so far entered this quagmire; and finding nothing in the appearance of the soil, by which to distinguish the firm spots from the deceitful, I determined to remain stationary for some time at least, thinking that chance might throw in my way some one acquainted with the locality.

Two hours wore away and no person appeared. The night was now fast approaching, and with each sudden increase in depth of shade a darker gloom oppressed my spirits, at length, roused by the chilliness which succeeded a drizzling rain, I determined at all hazards to proceed.

I am an Irishman, and, like my countrymen, in the very crisis of danger have a disposition to trust to reckless chance more than judgment for escape; so I buttoned up my coat and walked with rapid strides in a straight-forward direction; success attended me, and in half an hour I found myself on firm ground. My next wish was to reach some place of shelter from a fast increasing storm, and with renewed energy I continued my route. The scene which in the rich light of the setting sun appeared as beautiful as magnificent, changed its character, and in place of wood, water or high places, nothing but dark huge masses of shadow were to be seen. The rain came still pouring down, and I became exhausted in struggling against the elements.

However, I felt the necessity of reaching cover if possible, and when on ascending a hill I beheld below a light glimmering through the darkness I at once determined to proceed toward it, although the wildness of the place and the dangerous character of those employed in illicit distillation, who were said to frequent it, might well call forth caution. The hill side I was about to descend was almost precipitously steep, and but for being so thickly studded with small trees, a passage to its foot would have been difficult to attain without imminent danger.

At length the house, if so it could be called, lay before me, and a more miserable hovel cannot be imagined. The walls were of mud raised without regard to construction, with a roof partly thatched, where a hole seemed to have been burst through by accident rather than designed for the uses of a chimney. No window or window-space was visible, but an aperture not unlike a port-hole discovered a light so strong that at first I imagined the place to be on fire within. I approached the aperture cautiously, looked in, and the scene I there beheld determined me, drenched as I was with rain, and shivering with cold, still to brave the boisterous elements unhoused rather than trust to the inmates of such a place for shelter.

On the hearth blazed a quantity of furze, over which hung a large pot, tended by a figure six feet in height, dressed in female habiliments, it is true, but bony, gaunt and muscular, with a countenance the most revolting and indicative of bad passions I ever beheld, I could see a door on the other side, partly open, the foot of a ladder which reached to a kind of loft hindering it from closely shutting. No furniture but a rough deal table and some stools could be seen, and in the centre of the room lay a sheep yet bleeding.

Having satisfied my curiosity, I was about to proceed in a different direction, when the sound of voices and approaching footsteps attracted my attention. I instantly retreated from the light, but was too late to escape detection, for a loud halloo of "Who's there?"

gave me sufficient warning to flee. I ran round the corner of the house and was about passing the door in the way which appeared to promise the best means of escape, when the old hag, alarmed by the cry, rushed out but luckily did not perceive me, as I slipped behind her, entered the doorway and crept up the ladder with as much haste and little noise as possible. Having reached the loft I lay down on my face exhausted, where, through a division in the boarding, I had a good view of the room below.

In a short time the woman returned followed by five ruffianly looking fellows with countenances differently cast, but all marked by a brutal ferocity; of a gloomy and savage nature in some, in others lit up with a leer of mirth which rendered the expression more devilish. The hag having with frightful imprecations abused them for being cowards in deeming every shadow they saw a ghost, or an enemy, drew out the table and proceeded to put on it what she had been cooking, while two of the men drew from their overcoats four or five bottles.

It is useless to attempt a description of their midnight orgies, or the feelings of disgust and horror which rendered me breathless in my unsafe retreat. In case I remained I knew not but the lair of straw beside me was their sleeping place—if I attempted to descend, the first creak of the old boards might betray me—and how escape the owl-like eye of the old hag?

Murder and robbery were themes of their discourse as they ate and drank freely, some showing by the depth and quick succession of their draughts signs of speedy intoxication. Presently he who appeared to be the leader, struck the table crying "come, to work, we must plant old Bess; Creary bring her down." I supposed the man addressed demurred, though I heard no answer, as the woman struck her neighbor with an iron ladle she held, exclaiming "Blast you, must I go." A general fight ensued, but was quickly quelled by the first speaker, who saying he would go himself, took the rushlight and proceeded toward the ladder. Good Heavens! was my fate so near at hand, I instantly resolved to defend myself with the butt end of my gun; and when I heard the ruffian stumble, and curse the light which fell from him, fresh courage sprang up within me, as I knew the darkness would advantage me. I felt for my gun which lay beside me, when—oh horror! my hand touched a cold and clammy substance, which instinctively I knew to be a human face wet with blood—I did not exclaim, but all power of resistance left me—I stood paralysed with dread. The murderer approached me—I could feel the warmth of his hand on my face as he groped his way within a few inches of me, and then he descended dragging a weight after him, which struck each step of the ladder with a crushing sound.

I had fainted, and know not how long I remained insensible, but when I looked again, the men had gone, and the woman left her seat at the table with apparent difficulty, for the liquor had done its work. This now was my only chance. I rushed down the ladder and through the door, and though I heard no noise of pursuit after me, I continued to run until a slight sprain compelled me to stop.

Daylight began to appear, and though I could not, from the circuitous route I had taken, tell how near I might be to the place from which I fled, yet there is something so encouraging in the light of day, that I felt almost fearless. In a few hours I continued on

my way and when after a short walk I perceived an enlarged pathway and a cottage of a different aspect from the last, I proceeded with a light heart. The crossed pipes and gingerbread in the window promised refreshment, and being in need of a little stimulus, I went and told the little girl who stood behind a small counter to let me have some whiskey, saying that she need not be afraid of me, for I guessed at once that this was what is called "a shebeen house," a place for the illicit sale of liquor. The girl went, as she said, to call her mistress, and when she returned was followed by, what?—the old hag of last night, and three of her associates! I disguised my astonishment as well as my feelings would allow, and appeared as much at ease as possible, invited them to drink, and, either my treat or my manners satisfying them, was allowed to proceed unmolested.

In a short time I reached the house of a friend of mine, who is a magistrate, told him my story, and having secured sufficient assistance, had the inmates of the shebeen house arrested. After considerable search the body of an old woman was found, which bore the marks of having been murdered. She proved to be a pedlar who, it was said, possessed some money which she generally carried about her person. The prisoners hearing my testimony, confessed their guilt, and were ultimately executed.

#### ELLERSLIE:

The residence of WILLIAM KELLEY, Esq., Rhinebeck, Dutchess County, New York.

THERE's a lofty tower at Ellerslie,  
That looms up like a ship at sea,  
And, when with care and grief oppress'd,  
I love to lie on its mossy breast,  
And think of the halcyon days gone by,  
When my heart was pure as the summer sky,  
And the future was bright as the tide below—  
Calm, and bright, and free from woe.

The mignonette and the lily fair  
Bloom in their pride and beauty there,  
While feathered songsters ever dear  
To gentle heart, sing sweet and clear—  
Warble their loves from every limb,  
And pæans chaunt in praise of him  
Whose smiling face they daily see  
On the lovely point of Ellerslie.

In my midnight dreams I often gaze  
On the setting sun's departing rays,  
And my brow is fann'd with the breeze of even,  
And the twinkling stars peep out of heaven,  
And I forget my grief and pain,  
And seem a cheerful boy again,  
Reposing beneath the old oak tree  
That crowns the point of Ellerslie.

In all my wanderings o'er the world,  
Where'er my canvas has been fur'd—  
In northern regions, bleak and cold,  
Where mountain icebergs slowly roll'd—  
Or in the fair and sunny isles  
Where love the cares of life beguiles—  
Whether on land or on the sea,  
Still turns my heart to Ellerslie.

Tradition tells of an Indian queen  
Whose graceful form is often seen,

Wandering o'er its lofty lawn  
Like a timid and a gentle fawn,  
She had lov'd with all a woman's power,  
And earned a trusting woman's dower,  
A broken heart, and a blighted name,  
And an early tomb to hide her shame;

And of a chief, both fierce and brave,  
Who mercy never asked nor gave—  
How he sprang into his light canoe,  
The base destroyer to pursue,  
Unknown to all his trusty band,  
And not a friend but his right hand,—  
Alone, he sought his crafty foe  
Beyond the falls of the wild Cahoe.

Champion of virtue's holy cause,  
He broke through treaties, forms and laws;  
His prisoner bound with many a thong,  
In the light canoe pass'd swift along,  
And ere three mornings' suns rose high,  
The captive was led out to die,  
And impaled ignobly 'neath the tree  
That shades her tomb at Ellerslie.

His faithful band looked calmly on  
Till the avenger's work was done,  
Then flung upon the startled air  
A shout of joy and wild despair—  
Joy that their brother had done well,  
Despair that their young queen thus fell  
Deeply dishonored and debased  
With stains that could not be effaced.

And it is said the noble chief  
Soon withered as the autumn leaf;  
Passions he could no longer sway  
Now quickly ebb'd, and pass'd away,  
The stricken brave bow'd low his head,  
And held communion with the dead—  
Gathered the flowers from off her grave,  
And leap'd into the Hudson's wave.

Such is the tale of Wee-som-wee,  
The fairy fawn of Ellerslie.

A. S. H.

#### MY FAMILIAR.

BY C. F. HOFFMAN.

YES! *My Familiar*—Sir Reader. Socrates had his good demon—Brutus his evil one—Abhur-Ben-Mohammed a pair of them; while Niblo has his *three* Diavolos;—and why not I, John Smith, my attendant spirit? If Nature and Fortune have combined to distinguish me from other Smiths of the name of John—how could they do better than to give me my tutelary genius—than to have me ever attended and watched over by the Schmidt-Gheist? Alas! this air of jesting is, I fear, but ill-feligned—a sense of horror still breaks through my hollow mirth, and gods my fevered spirit with strange doubts and incredulities, almost to madness. The mysterious being that haunts me, may after all, be only a brain-wrought spectre—the bewildering exhalation of seething fancy. Or, if indeed he be a living essence incorporeal—accident—a blind mischance alone, has, perhaps, connected me with his motions; and a score of my fellow mortals may, perhaps, share his mysterious visits, and suffer, like myself, under the spell of his presence.

The story of my troubles, if the reader is disposed to

hearken to it, is this;—I am a "man of chambers;" it boots not whether bachelor or widow, but I do actually belong to this independent and enviable class of the community. My rooms, by those who have drank my claret and smoked my Havanahs, are generally allowed to be the pleasantest belonging to any man of chambers in town. I always have a bottle of Lynch's best, with an extra regalia or two for an acquaintance; and my particular friends know where they can most readily get a glass of hock and soda, when the accessories of a late supper have carried them unsteadily into the deeper watches of night. Let not the reader think from this, however, that I am dissipated. No! though thus socially disposed toward my fellows, and fixed, I trust, as a man of chambers for life, I may say without vanity that I am more domestic in my habits than many a housekeeper who is most admired by sober wives and prudent mothers. A week's trouting, in the season, at Carman's—a day or two with the snipe at Fire Island, or a quiet excursion after quail and woodcock in Westchester, are the only occasions when I ever leave my house. My folder is just where I left it in the last new novel; and the latest Review lies bent open upon my table at the very page where I have paused at finding some special matter for doubt or reflection.

For years now, life has glided on in this untroubled current—the gay and thoughtless, like young trout who rise always to flies of the gaudiest color, springing often by me to catch at its very bubbles, while I, like some maturer tenant of the brook, have loltered contentedly in its calm and silent eddies. Fate, envious of such repose, has come at last like an old fisherman to break up my unmolested haunts.

The continual changes which are going on in this ancient city of my love drove me a few month's since from the quarters which I had so long occupied to my satisfaction. I resisted to the last point, when I found that my landlord was determined to renovate the building I occupied, by placing a row of granite stores in the basement; but it was all in vain. I clung to my quarters indeed, until, looking out of my window one morning, I found the whole upper part of the house suspended upon a couple of temporary supports of most equivocal thickness. They had knocked away some dozen square yards of brick wall beneath me, and I was fairly improved out of the premises.

Upon looking around for new chambers, the only rooms I could obtain were in a tall house upon a side hill, in the lower part of the city; where the inequalities of the surface enable you often to overlook a whole neighborhood when thus situated. The street was narrow and disagreeable, but I did not mind that; I came to live in the house, not in the street—and the commanding height of my chambers made them sufficiently airy. My books were again unpacked; my ancient sofa extended before the fire-place; my hookah enthroned upon the mantel-piece, and after the only portrait I possess had been hung up in the pier, and a breathing landscape of Weir's, and a gem of Inman's, which I am fortunate enough to own, were suspended in their proper lights, I felt myself once more settled and at home. "This," said I mentally, as Jasper removed the cloth, and stretching my legs before the fire. I began to sip my solitary hock—"this is privacy and seclusion—the turmoil of the busy world may rage around me, but I have neither part nor lot in its struggles nor vexations—the roar of its surges may, indeed,

reach my ear on this high perch, but they cannot agitate my resting place nor affect my tranquillity. I am in the midst of a crowd where each is watching his own concerns with an eagerness that prevents him from observing his own neighbor; and, unwatched myself, I can in such a vicinage pursue my favorite study of character without molestation."

As these thoughts passed through my mind, I naturally raised my eyes to the window, to view the general appearance of the neighborhood I was thus mentally eulogizing. My rooms were in the rear of the building, and, looking round, a wilderness of houses seemed clustered near, the roofs of which, from their being upon a lower plane than was that wherein I lived, were generally brought upon an immediate line with my windows. I was sufficiently annoyed at finding my position thus commanded; but what was my concern and vexation to see a person coolly reconnoitering it from the hostile eminence—yes! as I live there lay upon the flat modern roof of a house opposite, the figure of a man—basking, as it were, in the mild autumnal sun, while he amused himself by looking as coolly into my apartment as if he were examining the cage of a menagerie. There were neither blinds nor shutters to the room, and it seemed impossible to exclude the gaze of the fellow. I gave him a look that ought to have rolled him into the gutter, if it really reached him; but it did not even make him alter his position on the leads. I tried another with the same effect, though, as Col. Crockett would say, it was a grin that must have taken the paint off the spot, if it struck the roof near him. The calm stare with which he answered it, told at once that it was impossible to bring the wretch to action that way. It was a seige he meditated, and he had no idea of risking any thing by meeting me in a mere sally.

Provoked beyond endurance at such impertinence, and provoked at myself at being so provoked, I seized my hat in a fit of vexation and sallied out in the street. A walk on the Battery cooled my feelings, and the infinite diversity of objects upon the bay, which a glorious sunset burnished into gold, gave a new turn to my ideas. I continued walking long after the veil of twilight had stolen the purple heights of Staten Island, and the storied shores of Communipaw, from view. The evening was so still that I fancied I could almost hear the thick-throated chuckle of the clam-catching negroes who yet linger in that singular fastness of old Dutch peculiarities, gurgling over the calm water like voices from another planet: and soothed by the tranquillity that reigned around me, I at last returned to my chambers in a mood so genial, that I retired for the night wholly forgetful of every source of irritation.

If there is any hour in the whole day when I really do take comfort, it is when in dressing-gown and slippers I sit with a very mild sugar over my cup of coffee and newspaper at breakfast. I don't think anything in the world can make me form an engagement for any moment before eleven ante-meridien, lest the perfect luxury of that hour should be in some wise trenched upon; and yet there is no hour of the day when my benevolence is more expansive, and when my plans for bettering the condition of the whole human race are more active. The philanthropy of Howard himself though would have been turned into hatred of his species, had his gentle nature been practised upon as mine was at this moment. I was just tenderly

turning over a very delicate muffin with my fork, pondering whether I should coquet with another piece, or swallow my coffee and commence upon the segar, when my eyes rested upon that infernal face glowering upon me from a dormer window opposite. It was the same imperturbable rascal who had fixed his evil eye upon me the evening before. He looked and I looked—but where was the use of flinging look for look with such a creation as that? His fixed and stony glance had no effort in it, and yet I knew that there was speculation in his eyes, for I felt their searching gaze all over my body. It was horrible, methought, to be subject the livelong day to such an influence. Nay, I thought I should go mad with vexation at the idea of a single hour being past in this unwelcome communion with a stranger; and when that hour was the one of all others in the whole twenty-four which I must wish to call my own, to have it so—Zounds! the thought was past endurance. It was \* \* \* \* \*

I know not how I got through that agitating and most miserable day—but I *did* survive it; nay, more, I saw it followed by another and another, each marked by the same causes of disquiet, until now, resigned to my fate but not hardened to its endurance, I am become but the shadowy memorial of what I once was. My strange watcher, indeed, no longer fixes his withering regards on me as at first, but I can never look from my window without seeing him walk up and down the roofs, and along the gutters of the houses opposite—scarce a minute in the day but his person or his shadow flits by my window, and falls like a blight over any sunshiny moment that may be breaking upon me. Even at night I am never sure that I am alone. Often by the clear moonlight I see my unaccountable familiar stalking along the eaves or climbing the gables of the neighborhood, and pausing ever and anon to throw a penetrating glance within my casement. Nay, when there are nothing but the stars to light his eccentric path, his dark figure will appear suddenly drawn against the horizon, so erect and motionless that I sometimes mistake it for a chimney, until one of the arms is raised as if pointing toward where I am sitting. Sometimes I behold him pacing up and down the leads with agitated strides, as if impatient to overcome the space between us, and thrust himself still more closely upon my intimacy, while again he appears to be roving from roof to roof without any object whatever. His attitudes are then grotesque in the extreme—continually his steps will approach the very edge of the eaves, and then suddenly, checking his rapid movement, he will pause, bending over the precipitous heights as if about to plunge upon the destruction that yawns beneath. A thrill of horror has more than once seized me at the moment when apparently I was thus about to be relieved of my persecuting companion—and then again as his swaying form became once more erect, and with steady steps he retired from the giddy verge, I could fancy his withering laugh ringing in my ears, at having practised so successfully upon my sympathies. But why should I thus harrow longer those of my readers? Singular as is my fate, I have learnt in a measure to endure it—aye, as the worried wolf endures the toils that waste his vigor away by driblets. I find myself by some strange combination of chances subjected to a peculiar intelligence—placed beneath an eye, which, though probably mortal like mine own, is still fixed upon me in ceaseless watchfulness. I am the slave and victim

of an ever vigilant inquisition. The victim, I say; for though philosophy may tell me that the sleepless spectator of my every action and movement cannot penetrate into the secrets of my soul—yet my heart somehow seems never to beat so freely, nor to hold the same communion with my brain, since another has become privy to each act that volition may prompt. The winged eye that followed the doomed sachem, in Indian story, was not more blighting in its glances than are the looks of my remorseless sentinel. The laughing demon of the banquet of —. By heavens! My Familiar is at this moment glowering upon me through that window, and I can no more.

#### THE WORLD.

BY R. F. GREELEY.

The world—the mighty world!  
Filled with the young and strong,  
The travail-worn and old,  
Like a giant groaneth on;  
And empires rise and fall,  
And bitter words are spoken,  
O'er the dust of the early call'd,  
O'er the graves of the poor heart-broken!

The world—the chilly world,  
Birth-place of joy and sorrow!  
Happiness for to-day,  
And misery for the morrow.  
To-day we join with glee  
In the ranks of the bridal-train—  
To-morrow, the bridegroom, he  
In the cold, cold earth is lain!

Oh! it is better, far,  
Early to droop and die,  
Than witness, with tearful lid,  
Youth's fondest hopes fleet by;  
For what, but a tedious dream,  
Is this life of woe and weeping—  
Unlivened by a gleam  
Of life for the vigil-keeping!

New York, April, 1844.

#### A PROMISED LETTER TO A LADY.

BY C. D. STUART.

ELDORADO PLACE, APRIL 16, 1844.

YOU must recollect, my dear Madam, the long conversation we had together, while you and your husband were at the manor—and I presume the promise, which I made to you at that time, to give you a picture of the girl I once so passionately loved, has not been forgotten!

I trust you will excuse me for delaying, to this time, what I might have done the first week after we separated, but for an unexpected letter from my grandfather, which informed me of his dangerous illness, and, at the same time, requested my presence at Temple-Gate. I found the old gentleman a corpse on my arrival, and his "last will and testament" set me forth as the favored legatee to his fine estate—Peace to the memory of my sainted grand-sire! may all my friends find one as clever! And, until now, I have been continually engaged in putting things "to rights," for the rascally tenantry, as is too often the case, had been for years practising a most extensive system of plunder,



without exciting the suspicion of my phlegmatic old relative.

Now, thank God! I have "squared matters," and, first of all neglected duties, I sit down to fulfill my promise. I think that I mentioned the character of her parents—I am quite sure I did, as also her age—but lest I may be mistaken, allow the repetition of this last item. She was seventeen! ah, charming dear seventeen! not that I am particular about numbers—no, for I am not; thirty were as good, if it wore the same brightness, the same halo; but she was seventeen, and with the grace she found in my sight, there came also the sweet impression that hers was, indeed, a divine age!

To have attempted resistance to the emotions she inspired, would have been madness with me! She was by no means what the world at large would call beautiful—she had not that assumed hauteur, and half languishing, which a friend of mine terms the "indifferent angel-like," nay, at first, to the common observer, she seemed coarse, more like a peasant girl from the flax-wheel (by the bye, queens once thought it no shame to spin!) than a well-bred, and high-born gentle girl. But who ever saw the lights and shades of such a picture at a glance? Who could look more than once, and say there was no enchantment lingering from the pencil of the master, and a beauty which days, and months, and years of ravishing study and worship could but partially comprehend? I saw her at first in a happy light! never looked sunset so beautiful to me, as the soft smile that played on her full-rounded and delicate lip—a lip whose very form was poetry, and music! I saw her at home; ah, you should see a beautiful woman at home if you would know her well, and it were best to see her when she had no dream of an intrusive foot!

I saw her thus, sitting by the side of her mother—a mother over whose brow fell a few silvery locks, enough to make her beautifully venerable. Ella, for this is her name, sat reading from some token book, perhaps the gift of an admirer, and she would stop at intervals, and look up with a holy significance into the eyes of her parent, and the two seemed to kindle with the glance. I was in love! It matters but little whether I was a stealthy looker-on, or no, enough that I saw her thus, and was in love! Love with me was not a passion—a sentiment engrafted on my sensibility, to be effaced by the first rain of fanciful circumstance—it was the unwooing of my very soul, a discovery that I was divided, and that the twain were ill apart!

But I did not finish the portrait—I had a dream in childhood, of beauty, and in that vision a proud bust, a high pale forehead—such a one as would have delighted Canova—rather prominent cheeks, an aquiline nose, ay! a nose in the form of which was blended dignity, with, if need be, scorn! and, then, those lips—mellow as the south side of a delicious peach, or the fairest cluster of blushing grapes, forming a mouth which was a volume in itself. Did you ever mark the expression of a beautiful mouth? a mouth peopled round about with dreamy beseechings? a mouth, the very index of the heart, the lips just parted, a quiet mirth laughing at the corners, and the soul of frank ingeniousness playing with a smile on the corners? This, with something of intensity to fix the colors, is her portrait; but in this I have forgotten her eyes. I never could describe my ideal of an eye! a

rich hazy eye, dark and watery, with long fine lashes from beneath which flash a thousand sparkles, the radiance of liquid fire—and those lashes lifted timidly to emit the sacred light; such are the shadows of my ideal eyes—such the wild meteors that gleamed on me from my first love! From thence-forward I saw her a thousand times; indeed she was a transparency within my very soul—an ineffable presence from which I drank a ravishing delight.

I recollect, only, after that, writing a long, long letter, in which I disembodied my soul to her, and offered it for acceptance on the altar of my love. Quietly the post came rattling on at its accustomed hour, and I read within five minutes with a heart throbbing like the pulse of a volcano, the seal of my fond dream, my long worship, my hopes, my all! in a few brief words of regret that her heart was already out of her gift; and the conclusion of the little note was an invitation to behold her wed to another! I was not like one who has envious thoughts of daggers, corrosive sublimate, and deep cisterns—I felt no achme of despair, for I loved her still, and though she has been married for years, I love her now!

Can it be that I gave her up without a sigh? no, I sighed, but, like one who sees joy for another in his own loss, I consoled my heart, and she passed from the prospect of my possession like a light which for a moment flashed over the darkness, and left a deeper night! But was there no beautiful memory left me in my heart's widowhood? Did I not recur, and have I not ever since recurred, to the first smile that I saw playing on her lip at seventeen? A happy man is he who won her! I envy him not; I love him that he had the power to bear so dear a trophy to his own bed and board. I cannot see that ten years have woven one wrinkle on her brow, or changed the joyousness of those fiery eyes, or the blush of those delicious lips. There are little semblances of her climbing upon a father's knee, but the mother is still the Ella who first charmed me at seventeen! Not a day have I loved her less, she is as near to me as though altars and marriage bells had never been, for the spirit which ravished me, beams with as deep intensity as though she were my own. How can I love again? Is not my soul already full—brimming full with one memory, one presence, one unalterable love? I still glide in, occasionally, and sit by the cottage hearth, and feel the thrill which spell'd me in youth, and I ask no change! He is not jealous that I look on; she is no less frank than at seventeen—should I die before they do, I shall will them all but my grave clothes!

#### DOCTOR JOHNSON.

We find the following article in an old magazine published 1799. It contains some anecdotes of the "colossus of English literature" that we do not recollect to have seen before. It comes also from "an eye witness."

ACCOUNT OF DOCTOR JOHNSON, IN A LETTER FROM A GENTLEMAN TO HIS FRIEND IN GERMANY, DATED LONDON, 1768.

I am just come from Samuel Johnson, the colossus of English literature, who combines extensive knowledge with wit, and humor with sage gravity, but whose countenance announces nothing of this kind: for he looks in every respect, like one of our sturdy

Trabants. Perhaps he thought of himself when he wrote the first number of his *Idler*.

"The diligence of an *Idler* is rapid and impetuous, as ponderous bodies, forced into velocity, move with violence proportionate to their weight."

His appearance is boorish, and his eye frosty as is his satire; never does a look dawn in it which betrays penetration or humor; he always appears absent, and often is so.

He had sent a written invitation to Colman and myself, and had forgotten it. We surprised him, in the exact sense of the word, at Mr. Thrale's country-house. This gentleman is a rich porter-brewer, and member for the borough of Southwark. His wife, a pleasant Welch woman, reads and translates Greek for pastime. Here Johnson lives and reigns (for he likes to reign) as in the bosom of his own family. He received us in a friendly way, although a certain solemnity never forsook him, which is interwoven with his manners as well as his style. He rounds his periods, even in common conversation, and speaks almost in a theatrical tone: but what he says acquires an interest by a certain peculiar stamp which it bears. We spoke of the English language, and I remarked that it underwent more revolutions than any other.

"There is a greater difference," said I, "between your present writers and the celebrated club of authors in Queen Anne's time, than between the French of this and the last century. You plunder foreign territories, and squander the booty which you so easily acquired. When you have gained new words, you forget Swift's advice not to part with them again."

"We seize upon words," said a gentleman present, "in a kind of enthusiasm, and return them in cool blood, like our conquests when we make a peace."

"But are you not," demanded I, "blamed for such conduct by posterity? To the third generation you must be almost unintelligible."

"New words," replied Johnson, "are a well-earned property. When a nation extends its knowledge, and acquires new ideas, it is requisite that those ideas should be clad in new habiliments. Foreign constructions are condemned as dangerous, and I am daily accused of altering the character of our language by my Latinism; it is, nevertheless, my solemn opinion that every living language must be the servile copy of some ancient one, if its writings are to be of any duration."

Don't you think that there is some truth in this sophistry? A dead language may surely serve as a support to a living one. It is old sterling weight by which the current coin may acquire its value.

"The greatest confusion in language," said I to Johnson, "is caused by a certain tribe of originals, who invent a sanscrit of their own, and shroud their ideas in sacred obscurity; yet do we often hear their oracular effusions with delight, and at last catch the infection."

"Singularity," exclaimed one, "is often a mark of genius."

"Then," answered Johnson, "there are not many men with greater genius than Wilton, of Chelsea hospital; for since his arms were shot from his body, in the last war, he has always written with his feet."

Colman mentioned the *Rehearsal* as a piece formerly extolled to the skies, which no one now could read.

"There was too little salt in it to keep it sweet," said Johnson.

Hume was mentioned. "Priestly," said I, "accuses him of Gallicisms."

"And I," answered Johnson, "assert that his whole history is a Gallicism."

Johnson seizes every opportunity of venting his spleen against the Scotch. He has even inserted the following article in his dictionary—

"*Oats*, a grain which in England generally is given to horses, but in Scotland supports the people."

I did not remember his edition of Shakspeare, which was so anxiously expected by the critics, and asked unguardedly enough, which edition of the bard he most approved.

"That's what we call an unlucky question," replied he with a smile.

I made inquiries after Boswell. He seems to have a great regard for him, and feels, though he forgives, his romantic flights.

You are acquainted with Johnson's writings. His *Rambler*, his *Idler*, his *Satire* on London, and his admirably written *Life of Savage*, are well known in Germany. We hear less of his *Rasselas*, prince of Abyssinia, a frigid political romance, as are all of the same family; for a government artificer, who, remote from bustle, writes for kings, can spin from himself nothing but general maxims. *Irene*, a tragedy, by Johnson, full of the finest speeches, was hissed, and is forgotten.

This celebrated character long contended with poverty; for you must not imagine that England always rewards the authors whom it admires. He often hid himself in a cellar in Moorfields, to avoid a chamber with an iron grate. During this period, he wrote some most eloquent orations, for and against the most important questions in parliament, under the names of actual members, which were for some time supposed, in the country, to be genuine; and it is not universally known, that, among these, is the celebrated speech which is said to have been made by Pitt, when reflections were cast upon his youth, and which never proceeded from Pitt's lips. Johnson has now conducted Pætolus to his garden. He enjoys a pension of three hundred pounds per annum, not to make speeches, but, as the minority says—to hold his tongue. I have forgotten to tell you that Johnson denies the antiquity of Ossian. Macpherson is a Scotchman; and he will rather allow him to be a great poet than an honest man. I am convinced of the authenticity of these pieces. Macpherson showed me, in Alexander Dow's presence, at least a dozen parcels of the original manuscript. Some of them appeared to be very old. Several literati, of my acquaintance, who understand the language, have compared them with the translation, and we must either credit the gross improbability that Macpherson made the text, or no longer withstand his evidence. Macpherson read a few passages to me. The language sounded melodious enough, but it was here and there guttural, like all the languages of unpolished nations.

#### THE OLD SOLDIER.

BY H. HASTINGS WELD.

He had been to the Pension Office. The generosity—if generosity consists in deferring a benefit until the recipient is past the enjoyment of it—or the justice: if justice consists in withholding the veteran's due till he is ready to go down to the grave, (generosi-

ty or justice—call it what you will, we can call it neither,) had at last awarded with a pension, an infirm old man! The burden of old age and hope deferred had made him sick at heart, and sick of life. The death film was even now measureably drawn over the eye, once sparkling; the pace which was once firm and confident in the strength of youth, and the pride of patriotism, had become irregular and tottering; and the manly form, once erect and commanding, was bowed down—age and suffering had done it. He was a stranger in the metropolis: infirmity and neglect had broken down his *body*, but his spirit could better sustain itself; and a bitter sense of neglect he had suffered from those who should have remembered him, had kept him in solitude. He would not offer a living comparison between the men who achieved, and the men who have profited by the achievement, without exertion of their own. The conscious victim of cruel neglect and ingratitude, he considered the tardy justice of his country a mockery, and nought but his abject poverty, and a wish to die "square with the world," had induced him to apply for it.

"And now," said he "I will pay my debts—and die."

The change of objects in the city bewildered him. He gazed upon the spacious and elegant edifices which had in his absence superseded old and familiar objects—but he gazed with hurried and uncertain glances, as if doubting his senses. The bustling forms of a generation who have forgotten the Revolution, flitted past him without heeding him, the pensioner was alone in the city! Amazed that the lapse of time had wrought such wonders, he felt like a stranger in a strange land, and that, too, on the very soil he defended.

His venerable appearance attracted the notice of a passer-by, who perceiving the old man was bewildered, tendered his services to conduct him home.

"Home! I have no home. I was at home *here* in '76—but I am forgotten now!"

A transient gleam of anger flashed from the veteran's eye—but in a moment it passed away, and the vacancy of his countenance returned.

"Where am I? Oh! I have been to take the *gift* of Congress—let me go pay my debts before I die."

The *gift*—here again his eye was lighted—and his bearing spoke the proud and wounded spirit—broken, but not subdued. An honest feeling of indignation mastered him; striving, as if strong in the pride of youth, to avoid the unfeeling and impertinent curiosity of the crowd who surrounded him, he sunk exhausted on the pavement.

"Take him to the *police-office* for a *vagrant*!" said one of the crowd.

"Take yourself off, for an unfeeling brute!" said the honest fellow who had first addressed the veteran. "But"—catching him by the collar as he essayed to walk away—"stop first, and give me the old man's pocket-book! I saw you take it—hand over, or I'll tear you limb from limb!"

"Throttle him," cried one of the crowd—"a scoundrel! rob a pensioner!" "Down with him!" "Strip him!"

"Take him to the police!" and the old man's wallet fell from the culprit in the scuffle.

The pensioner was recognized by some one in the crowd, and he passively suffered himself to be put into a coach. He was conveyed to a shelter, and having happily fallen into good hands, attention for a couple

of days partially restored his exhausted energies. An indistinct remembrance of the events we have narrated flitted occasionally across his mind, but he remembered the events of '76 better than those of yesterday, and the countenances of those who had been his companions in arms were more distinctly marked in his memory, than the new ones he had seen the day before. When about to be put on board the stage to be conveyed home, the old man's mind again wandered.

"That's right—carry me to Congress—give me my due. I have fought for it! Congress said I should have it!" The old man's wallet was put into his hand.

"Oh, yes, I knew I should get it; they could not so soon forget the old soldier; but so late—let me pay my debts and die! I can live no longer! But somebody stole it—they got it away from me; they couldn't do it fifty years ago! but I've got it now, haven't I? No, they didn't keep it—they would steal the old man's money! They could not keep it—the god of battles would blast them for it. God have mercy on them—they didn't fight for it! Let me pay my debts and die! My children are all dead—my wife died in—the poor-house—and me—I don't want to live any longer—nobody knows me now—let me die!"

The stage stopped at —. Hitherto during the ride the old man had been silent. Forgetful of the present, inattentive to things about him, his mind was back among other scenes. A long, long reverie—and one from which he was never to awaken! His lips moved rapidly, though no sound was audible; involuntary and spasmodic emotions evinced the activity of his mind. He was busily communing with the friends, and reviewing the events of his youth. Poor old man! fifty years since seemed to him but as yesterday. One of the lone isolated survivors of another and a better race, he had no communion with those around him. Dwelling upon the hardships, the privations, the dangers, the escapes the victories of another age, his frame, infirm, and old, could not support the *recollection*, as once in the day of his strength, he withstood the *reality*.

"Hark!" murmured the old man. All eyes turned toward him. He raised himself on his staff and leaned forward. His eyes beamed with supernatural animation, and contrasted fearfully with his shrunken countenance; his hat had fallen, and his silver locks moved on the light air—his lips compressed his posture firm! Oh God! was it his death struggle? The roll of a distant drum fell on his ear—he grasped his staff firmly as once he held his firelock. A bugle sounded clear and full beside the coach—"For Congress and the People, cha—!" His voice ceased, he fell back to his seat, a husky rattling in his throat succeeded—

The spirit of the Revolutionary Patriot had departed.

#### POISONS OF THE ANCIENTS.

At the College of Physicians, London, Sir Henry Hallford lately read a curious paper, in which he investigated the causes of the death of celebrated characters of antiquity, which especial reference to the knowledge of poisons possessed by the ancients. Sylla, he observed, died in consequence of the rupture of an internal abscess, through an excess of rage, which, according to Valerius Maximus, produced a violent vomit-

ing of blood, and death. Crassus, the eminent lawyer and friend of Cicero, died of pleurisy; and Sir Henry remarked, that the course of treatment for this disorder prescribed by Celsus, and in use at the time, namely, bleeding, cupping, and blistering, was so similar to that pursued at the present day, that nothing was probably left undone that could have saved his valuable life. Pomponius Atticus, whom Cicero loved as a brother, and who was on friendly terms with all parties in the disturbed times in which he lived, was said to have died of a fistula in the loins, it was probably, Sir Henry thinks, a dysentery, ending, as that disorder commonly does, in an affection of the lower bowels. He had recourse to starvation, a very common expedient among the Romans, and died in ten days, aged twenty-seven. The latter end of Socrates was brought about by the common mode of despatching persons capitally convicted at Athens, namely, by a narcotic poison; but neither Xenophon nor Plutarch tells us the species of poison. The poisons of this class known to the ancients were aconite, white poppy, hyoscyamus, and hemlock. The black poppy might be the Theban drug. The hyoscyamus was used at Constantinople, and was very likely the nepen spoken of by Homer. But most probably the poison administered to Socrates was the same given to other condemned criminals, viz., cicuta, hemlock. Whatever may have been the species of poison, it was one of weak and slow operation; for the executioner told Socrates that if he entered into earnest dispute, it would prevent its effect, and it was sometimes necessary to repeat the dose three or four times. Its operation was gradually to produce insensibility, coldness of the extremities, and death. What was that poison by which Hannibal destroyed himself? It is improbable we shall ever know. Modern chemistry has discovered a variety of subtle poisons that might be introduced into a ring, and, under certain circumstances destroy life. One drop of prussic acid might produce paralysis, and, if taken into the stomach, would instantly arrest the current of life. But it was not likely that the Carthaginians were unacquainted with prussic acid. Lybia most probably produced poisons sufficiently subtle and destructive to accomplish the fatal purpose of Hannibal. As to the report of its being bullock's blood, that, Sir Henry Halford observed, must be a fable, as well as in the case of the death of Themistocles, for it is well ascertained that the blood of that animal was not poison. An accomplished nobleman had told Sir Henry that he had been present at a bull fight in Spain when, after the man had killed the bull, a person ran up, caught the animal's blood in a goblet, and drank it off, as a popular remedy for consumption. With respect to the poison with which Nero destroyed Britannicus, comparing the accounts given by Tacitus with the effects of the laurel water, Sir Henry was disposed to think that this was the identical drug.

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A PHANTASY.

BY T. B. READ.

The infant May was garlanded,
And strewed about with flowers;
And it smiled while it was rocking in
The cradle of the hours.

A woman like the summer warm,
As glowing and as fair,

With wreaths across her shoulders flung,
And flowerets in her hair,

Was standing on an eminence
That overlooked the sea,
While youths and gentle maids were there,
An anxious company.

She gave to each solicitor
A coin and bright boquet;
But those whose lives were shortest bore
The largest coin away.

A maiden by her lover, took
The piece both large and round—
The lover's was a smaller coin,
He dash'd it to the ground.

Then came a trembling miser, with
Deep scars of age and strife,
And he clutch'd the large coin to his heart
As it were more than life.

He caught the woman's mystic eye,
And sunk upon the green,
His fingers, turn'd to dust, still clasp'd
The gold that gleam'd between.

The bard, he begg'd his portion, and
The price was small and light,
He toss'd it in the air, the while
He laughed for joy outright.

The woman's deep mysterious gaze
It struck him as a dart,
Her eye it stayed not on his face,
But sunk into his heart.

Her left hand pointed to the earth,
Her right hand to the skies,
Each hidden thought, unlock'd, came forth
To her mysterious eyes.

Her flowers and garlands dropp'd away,
All withered in the sun,
Her mask and mantle fell, and then
Disclosed a skeleton!

The bard in meek submission held
The withering boquet,
While from his hand a slight wind swept
The crumbled gold away.

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JULIUS CÆSAR.

BY ELIHU BURRITT.

WHILE treading our way back through the half obliterated vestiges of the past we meet here and there a monument whose heaven-piercing frontlet is crowned with a burning telegraph of fire, revealing to men and angels the origin and destiny of humanity, and, like another Pharos beacon, casting its lurid glare over the sunless ocean of time. Like some vast millennial column of sculptured marble, arising in solitary grandeur amid the crumbling ruins of oriental magnificence, so one of these towering monuments of human history, gives a comparative insignificance to the collateral relics of time. Among the records they perpetuate, are engraven, as upon a table of adamant, a few junctures in the affairs of men, when the destinies of the race seemed suspended upon the precarious balancings of some master mind. From these lofty observa-



stories, while tracing back to their apparent source, events whose long-reaching issues have established forever the choicest prerogatives of man, we often reach a converging point in the character and career of a single individual. Through all the successive dispensations of Divine Providence, which have brought mankind to their present position and prospects, we see, indeed, on every page the finger-prints of divinity, but we see them in "the image of a man's hand upon the wall," and the hand of some particular man, whose history is essentially identified with the mutations of human polity and society.

Cæsar looked abroad upon the surface of the earth, all flowing with fresh running rivers of blood, in which his nation had stifled the liberties of man. He saw her victorious legions opening highways to conquest where Alexander dared not thread. He not only saw all the nations that bowed to the Macedonian conqueror, crouching beneath his country's banner, but he saw it floating in proud defiance over the palace of Philip, and every citadel and obelisk in Macedon and Greece. He saw her eagles hovering over "the extremest Inde," the Euphrates, and Nile, Volga and the Selne. He saw them perched upon the farthest cliff that overhung the Irish sea, upon the ruins of Carthage and the walls of Athens. Nations that laughed with impunity at the conqueror of Persia and Darius, were suing his country for permission to be her slaves.

His eagle eye pierced through to the ends of the earth, but wherever he turned, he saw nothing but Rome, for there was no other kingdom in the world.

From that moment, he determined to put on such a crown as had yet outreached the highest aspiration and effort of human ambition.

He looked again to see what elements of success he might find in the constitution of human nature, in the propensities and passions of man, in the influence of religion, and in the political, physical, and moral condition of the world. And here, again, he had no need of looking beyond the limits of the Roman empire, or to any period antecedent to its history, for any principle or policy to secure the object of his hungry ambition. The annals of Rome presented every phase of human character, and every form of human government. It had been an arena where every species of anarchy, despotism, democracy, and aristocracy that ever existed upon earth, had been reproduced in startling alternation and unexampled virulence. The individual history of every nation of antiquity had as it were, been *dramatised* and acted over again in a vivid though condensed reality, in the successive epochs of Roman history.

He found humanity as susceptible as it ever was, to any condition that it ever bore. The prerogatives of man, as a being, as an individual, had not as yet entered into the speculations of even philosophers; had not been conceived or conceded by the world. The Roman was worth nothing as an individual; he had no specific value of himself; he was scarcely an indivisible element or atom of the great empire which stooped to give him the name of Roman; the only behest that distinguished his degradation. Rome, her glory and grandeur were an immense deluge; her subjects were bound for immolation upon the altar of her aggrandizement. Her glory was an enormous idol, whose worship was religion; at whose shrine alone human sacrifice was patriotism. Rome was a kind of mythological heaven, where demagogues might be demigods,

and step from the shoulders of the people into an apotheosis far above the reach of the republican herd that worshipped them below. All her religion, patriotism, policy and principle were concentrated and condensed into one great, devouring avidity of national glory; and he found himself compelled to push this to an unprecedented extent in order to obtain pre-eminence over his predecessors.

Nor had he any reason to fear that the patriotic herd would question or oppose any principle or policy which he might adopt for this great end, provided he did not get himself in advance of Roman glory. The two preceding centuries had furnished him with numerous demonstrations of this truth, both in his own nation and Greece, the teacher and sycophant of Rome. The policy, character and career of Alexander were still before him, to testify how cheaply men and principles might be bought and sold. He saw Greeks, who had looked upon the Pass of Thermopylæ, defying and worshipping a living Alexander, scarcely ten years after hearing their magniloquent Demosthenes ridiculing him as a *simpleton and idiot*.

He saw walking in the streets of Rome, the most unmitigated despot on earth; whom his patriotic and republican countrymen had throned upon their necks under the name of *dictator*. He beheld a people that detested the name of a king, voting by acclamation for an infamous autocrat, who had made the streets of Rome swim with her best blood, and trampled under foot every vestige of republican liberty. Despotism and the most unbridled anarchy had become democratic institutions. Still they were patriots, and were ready to be led to death for the delusive phantom of their nation's glory. And it mattered not what kind of sway the leader bore, provided he did not call himself a *king*; nor whether he ruled them with a rod of iron, if it was not call a sceptre.

Everything seemed propelling him to a throne, and the Roman empire needed a crown, which, like the top-stone of some tall staggering pillar of brick, should preserve the crumbling edifice from ruin. As Rome was, so was her religion, which, like every other invented by man, possessed no conservative principle in advance of public policy or private morals. Rome had all the religion, and the best religion that ever emanated from human ingenuity; it at least satisfied the conscience of Cicero, and subverted the interests of ignorance and depravity. This was an auxiliary delusion, which rendered all the popular delusions of the nation available to the hero. It was just what he wanted to give an auspicious fatality to his career, and ratify his title to the diadem he coveted. Living at such a juncture, possessing such a capacity of ambition and energy, and with such elements, agents and influences thrust into his hands, how could he have been any one else than *Julius Cæsar*, or worn any thing else than the thrice offered purple of any emperor?

The fierce factions of Scylla and Marius had left the Italian fields red and reeking with the blood of myriads; and the same tragedy was about to be repeated with additional ferocity, under the great Pompey and Crassus. With one of those consummate strokes of policy and rapid energy that made Julius Cæsar what he was, he stepped in between the illustrious demagogues, and mitigated their animosity by lessening their power, and seizing a share in the partition of the Republic. From that moment his career was deter-

mined. His means were equal to his ambition, and his talents equal to them both. He seemed to gird himself for his course like one going forth to encounter his destiny rather than to carve out his fortune. When we see him, a personation of the military, literary and political genius of Rome, we can already foresee that his sword will be a sceptre and his helmet a crown. And it was with a perception of this issue, that he pointed to the camp of the foe, and cheered on his hardy battalions with that unfailing watchword of victory; "Follow me!" And they followed him.

#### MAY-DAY IN NEW YORK.

It would be difficult to give a more graphic and true picture of this great dusty, bustling, noisy city on the first of May, than is contained in the following little fragment of verse, which was published, we believe, in the *Journal of Commerce* something like a dozen years ago; and which has been lying among our scraps ever since.

First of May—clear the way!  
Baskets—barrows—bundles;  
Take good care—mind the ware!  
Betty, where's the bundle's?

Pots and kettles,  
Broken victuals,  
Feather beds,  
Plaster heads,  
Looking-glasses,  
Tow matrasses,  
Spoons and ladles,  
Babies—cradles,  
Cups and saucers,  
Salts and castors.

Hurry, scurry—grave and gay—  
All must trudge the first of May.

Now we start!—mind the cart!  
Shovels, bed-clothes, bedding;  
On we go, soft and slow,  
Like a beggar's wedding.

Jointed stools,  
Domestic tools,  
Chairs unback'd,  
Tables crack'd,  
Gridiron black,  
Spit and jack,  
Trammels—hooks,  
Musty books,  
Old potatoes,  
Ventilators,

Hurry, scurry—grave and gay—  
On we trudge the first of May.

Now we've got to the spot—  
Bellows—bureau—settee;  
Rope untie—mind your eye—  
Pray be careful, Betty!

Look! what's there?  
Broken ware;  
Decanters dash'd,  
China smashed,  
Pickels spoiled,  
Carpets soiled,  
Sideboards scratch'd,  
Cups unmatch'd,  
Empty casks,  
Broken flasks.

Hurry, scurry—grave or gay—  
Get you gone! the first of May.

#### JOHNNY GREEN'S COURTSHIP.

BY ARTHUR MORRELL.

One evening Johnny went to woo—

One evening in October;  
Such business was to him quite new,  
And he felt rather sober.

So when he reach'd his charmer's house,  
He sat him in the corner;

His Dolly was a buxom blowse—  
By no means did he scorn her.

This maiden with her father dwelt—  
She was her mother's daughter;  
And as John gaz'd, he "kind o' felt  
All over kind o' sort o'."

All in her best she was arrayed,  
For John was her first suitor;  
He swore she was a "cute as ile—  
Perhaps a little cuter!"

That is, unto himself he swore,  
For ne'er a word was spoken;  
They sat for three good hours or more,  
And silence was unbroken.

Her little heart went *pit-a-pat*,  
And he felt dreadful queery;  
He scratch'd his head and brush'd his hat,  
Yet spoke not to his deary.

The ribbons which adorned her hair,  
He look'd at and admired;  
The crimson on her cheek so fair,  
With love his heart inspired.

He *hem'd* and *haw'd*, and tried to speak,  
For he was growing bolder;  
But still his courage was too weak—  
"His love he never told her."

Impatiently did Dolly wait  
For him to speak unto her,  
Until 'twas growing rather late—  
And thus did Johnny woo her.

At length his Dolly fell asleep,  
And John thought he'd be going—  
"I guess I'll go and feed them sheep,"—  
So ended John's first wooing.

#### THE REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIER.

BY M. G. QUINCY.

"They fought—like brave men, long and well."

On the 17th June, 1843, a part of our family being absent, attending the celebration of the first glorious battle fought for American independence, I could devise no way of spending the morning more pleasantly than in listening to the narrative of an old revolutionary soldier—Mr. Moses Smart, of Rumney. Although more than eighty years of age, I found him busily piling the wood cut by a younger and more vigorous hand. He could not, at first, believe that any communications he could make would be interesting, and it was sometime before he was persuaded that I really wished to learn his history. His appearance was very striking, as he sat before me, still erect, though considerably enfeebled, his silvery hair resting upon his cheeks, blanched and furrowed by time, and his eye dark, keen and brilliant as in the days which he de-

cribed. It cost him some effort to commence; past events seemed for a moment mingled and confused, but, then his countenance brightened, he went on eagerly, and expressed his enthusiasm by voice and gesture. His memory, like that of all aged people, retained many slight occurrences with extreme tenacity, and let others slip of far greater importance. His narrative was defective in causes, dates and the name of his immediate officers. These I shall venture to supply, and hope to present an account essentially true though I cannot attempt to convey any idea of the child-like simplicity, and the touching distrust of his failing powers, with which he related his adventures.

In 1775, Mr. Smart proceeded, with a small body of troops, to reinforce Arnold, then lying about three miles from Quebec, and suffering severely from the late unsuccessful attack upon that city. He marched forty-two miles upon the frozen surface of Lake Champlain, over which the wind blew cold and chilly, filled with particles of snow. The furious gusts, as they swept on with a force unbroken by any intervening objects, played a mischievous prank upon our volunteer, and roguishly carrying away his hat, hurried by, leaving his remonstrance to be shouted to the succeeding gale. Bitterly bewailing his loss, he vainly strove to impart warmth to his tingling ears, when one of his companions who had a pair of skates, went in pursuit of it, and, after sometime, brought him—not his own, indeed—but one which he smilingly said, "did just as well." This was only a prelude to a long train of misfortunes. As it was so slippery, a horse had been obtained to draw the knapsacks ashore, but the ice gave way, and they were thrown into the water. The natural consequences of sleeping in a wet blanket in that inclement season, ensued—an ague followed by a fever, aggravated by want of proper food and medicines, and scarcely was he fit for duty, when he took the small pox, then raging in the camp.

The position of the army was, at this time, exceedingly hazardous. It consisted of less than two thousand men, not more than half of whom were effective; the garrison of the city was by no means despicable, and the ice having broken up in the St. Lawrence, reinforcements from England were hourly expected. It was therefore decided at a council of war to draw higher up the river, but before this could be accomplished, the reinforcements arrived; and Gen. Thomas was driven from his position with the loss of his stores and many of his sick. Mr. Smart, who was gradually recovering, sturdily refused to join the frightened invalids, who sought the protection of hills and thickets, marched boldly along the highway, and reached the army without molestation. The troops retreated in good order; received, without injury, the cannonade of the enemy, and at length encamped at the mouth of the Sorrel. Here Gen. Thomas died, and was succeeded by Gen. Sullivan.

In this vicinity, Mr. Smart again narrowly escaped being taken prisoner. The grain was conveyed to a mill at some distance in batteaux, and having with a comrade, been sent on this duty, he was enjoying the little sail when on rounding an island, they discovered the British van. A moment's pause, a nervous grasp of the oar, and the slight craft shot across the stream, and the rowers were lost in the distance.

Meantime the army had retreated, before an enemy three times their number, but, fortunately, as they cast a sorrowful glance around them, a guide offered his

services in return for the lading of the batteau. They marched all night, weary and worn, half doubting the fidelity of their companion, who, now striding before, and now lagging behind, looked like a spectre in the darkness. How welcome was the curling smoke of the watch fires seen in the gray dawn of morning! more welcome still the feeling of security, as they once more stood within the American lines! Gen Sullivan reluctantly retreated to Crown Point: and his year of service having expired, Mr. Smart returned home.

After a visit of two months, our soldier re-enlisted for a longer time, and entered one of the New Hampshire regiments at Ticonderoga, commanded by Brigadier General Poor, under the supervision of General Schuyler. Notwithstanding the strenuous efforts of the latter, the army was extremely defective both in numbers and military stores, while the English were reinforced by choice troops, supplied with a fine train of brass artillery, and commanded by Burgoyne, with officers of approved skill and valor. Under these circumstances the fort could only be held until the approach of the enemy.

A block house had been erected some distance below, and to this, as occasion required, small companies were ordered under the command of a major. One day, a party to which Mr. Smart was attached, having accomplished its errand, was rapidly returning. Not an incautious movement betrayed the presence of an enemy, not a sound broke the summer stillness, but the hum of voices from the distant fort, when a band of Indians leaped from their ambush. Defence was impossible, and all fled with the speed of terror, leaving behind them the unfortunate major. He, however, instead of being called to evince his fortitude at the stake, was transferred to the British, and employed by them in various menial services.

Soon after, Burgoyne appeared and took possession of Mount Hope and Mount Defiance, notwithstanding the efforts of Gen. St. Clair and his small and badly equipped garrison. Resistance was hopeless, and on the night of the fifth of July, they crossed the lake and commenced their retreat in good order and in profound silence. Favored by darkness, they would have been undiscovered, had not a house on Mount Independence taken fire and revealed the scene. Mr. Smart was in the van of the division which retreated by land, and which arrived after a skirmish at Saratoga. The discomfort of one wretched day and night impressed itself most strongly upon the old gentleman's memory. After marching many hours in the rain, thoroughly wet, he wrapped himself in his dripping blanket, and threw himself upon the ground, without protection from the storm above or the soaking earth below. Happening to awake from a sound nap, he found that he had incautiously selected the base of a knoll for a sleeping place, and that he was then lying in water several inches deep. He shook his blanket, went higher up and again composed himself to rest.

I must now beg leave to offer my readers an episode in which I was much interested. A brother of Mr. Smart had, at a previous period, been taken prisoner by some Indians. After he had endured all the agony of suspense, they adopted him into the tribe, shaving his head with the exception of the cherished scalp-lock, and clothed him in their own costume. He had a companion in misfortune, and whenever their captors asked them where their home lay, they took the

precaution to point in an opposite direction. Their occupation was fishing, and whenever they dared, they secreted part of the fruit of their toils, with the design of attempting to escape. After long and frequent consultations, they wove a boat of green branches, covered it with birch bark, and taking their slender stock of provisions, launched on the broad stream. The first step was full of peril, and while one piloted the rude oars, the other lay down, and extending both arms, prevented with a powerful grasp, the threatened separation of the frail vessel. Death was behind them, home and safety before, and with beating hearts and flying footsteps, they journeyed on, subsisting on roots and berries, and, after anxious days and weary nights, they at length rejoined their countrymen. The hazards which he had encountered had not disinclined him to military service. In the retreat from Ticonderoga he was in major Hale's battalion, which having been ordered to cover the invalids, was considerably delayed, and was overtaken by a detachment of British and Indians at Hubbardtown. The conflict was sharp but unequal, and the battalion was put to flight. Mr. Smart was again pursued by the Indians, and finding that they gained upon him, he dashed under a mighty pine which had fallen in the forest. It was of immense proportions, and as he lay flat beneath, it concealed him from view. His pursuers soon came up, and having lost the trail, held a consultation upon the prostrate giant, then with wild mirth, leaped and danced upon it along its whole length. Having thus thrown off the exuberance of their spirits, and feeling no prospect of success, they abandoned the pursuit, leaving their intended prisoner at leisure to continue his journey.

The British pressed forward, and General Schuyler withdrew to Stillwater, then to the Islands at the confluence of the Mohawk and Hudson. At this time the victory at Bennington restored confidence to and in the army, the militia crowded to our banner, General Gates took the command, and the noble Kosciuszko, the brave Morgan, the fiery Arnold were eager for fresh achievements.

With his army invigorated and reinforced, General Gates took position on Bemus heights, September 8th, and on the 17th of the same month, Burgoyne encamped at Saratoga. On the morning of the 19th, Mr. Smart was ordered to join a scouting party, which soon fell in with an advanced detachment of the enemy. Each party was reinforced again and again, until the action became general. The two armies charged and gave way, rallied and charged again, and when night put an end to the combat, our soldier returned to the camp, the roar of the cannon yet thundering in his ears, the ghastly faces of the dead yet haunting his fancy, without a wound, although two bullets had passed through his hair.

On the 7th October occurred the second battle, which destroyed the gay visions of conquest Burgoyne had conjured up. The Americans charged his left flank and front under General Poor, while Morgan attacked his right. Each one felt this to be the decisive hour, and with generous enthusiasm, based upon calm, determined courage fought "long and well." The British gave way, were pursued by the Americans to their camp, which was soon forced, and again night separated the combatants. Ten days after Burgoyne surrendered.

Mr. Smart was then ordered to Valley Forge, twenty miles from Philadelphia. The place was admirably

selected, being covered with woods, and washed on one side by the Schuylkill, and bounded on the other by a ridge of hills. An entrenchment fortified it on the land side, and a bridge was built over the river. Huts were constructed of logs, sixteen feet by fourteen in size, accommodating twelve privates, and the whole was laid out in streets and avenues. Many a scene of severe suffering and heroic firmness occurred during that cold winter. Soldiers without blankets covered all the long night over the fire, unable to lie down for want of covering; others with bare feet traced on the flinty ground their tale of woe, while others still, without decent clothing, sat shivering hopelessly as the wind swept fiercely through the apertures of their huts.

The summer had almost passed when it was decided to revenge the massacre at Wyoming. Four thousand troops were despatched for this purpose under General Sullivan, accompanied by General Poor. A part marched from the Mohawk; the other division, into which Mr. Smart was drafted, marched from Wyoming. Having rendezvoused on the Susquehanna, they proceeded toward the western part of the state. On their way they met a body of Indians and Tories in a fortified position, but they fled on sustaining an assault. The troops then spread themselves over the Seneca settlements, destroyed the broad fields of grain, now almost ready for the reaper, and burned the deserted cottages and orchards of apple and peach trees. The corps to which Mr. Smart was attached, having completed its work of destruction, a part set out in pursuit of some horses grazing in an adjoining field. In vain the Indian guide warned them to desist, telling them that the owners were undoubtedly close at hand. They persisted in their design, while the remainder wheeled rapidly from the ground. The warning was not without cause—not one of them escaped. The army returned to Easton, Pennsylvania, having lost two officers and forty men. From thence Mr. Smart was sent to Redding Connecticut; and as soon as his term of enlistment had expired he returned home.

It is with a mixture of grief and indignation that we now behold the payment of the army in depreciated currency. Mr. Smart received only forty shillings per month, which, inadequate as it was when paid in good money, was almost nothing when paid in unredeemable certificates. Mr. Smart was compelled to pay fifty paper dollars for one in specie, but by American ingenuity, aided by a course of strict economy, he was ultimately enabled to purchase the farm upon which he now resides.

Years of prosperity have passed, children and grandchildren have grown up around him; and with words of love and faith, more eloquent than a thousand homilies, the old man closed his story.

NELSON'S PLAYFUL DECISION.—Lord Nelson's manner, apart from duty, was universally kind and even playful to all around him: an amusing instance of which, as well as of his extreme quickness, occurred during the cruise in the Mediterranean. One bright morning, when the ship was moving about four knots an hour through a very smooth sea, everything on board being orderly, and quiet, there was a sudden cry of "a man overboard!" A midshipman named Flinn, a good draughtsman, who had been sitting on deck comfortably sketching, started at the cry, and looking over the side of the ship, saw his own servant, who



was no swimmer, floundering in the sea. Before Flinn's jacket could be off, the captain of mariners had thrown the man a chair through the port-hole in the ward-room, to keep him floating, and the next instant Flinn had flung himself overboard, and was swimming to the rescue. The admiral, having witnessed the whole affair from the quarter-deck, was highly delighted with the scene; and when the party, chair and all, had been hauled upon deck, he called Mr. Flinn, praised his conduct, and made him lieutenant on the spot. A loud huzza from the midshipmen, whom the incident had collected on deck, and who were throwing up their hats in honor of Flinn's good fortune, arrested Lord Nelson's attention. There was something significant in the tone of their cheer which he immediately recognized; and putting up his hand for silence, and leaning over the crowd of middles, he said, with a good-natured smile on his face, "Stop, young gentleman. Mr. Flinn has done a gallant thing to-day—and he has done many gallant things before—for which he has got his reward; but mind, I'll have no more making lieutenants for servants falling overboard."—*Memoirs of Dr. Scott, Nelson's Chaplain.*

#### THE SIBERIAN EXILE'S LAMENT OVER HIS CHILD.

BY CHARLES M. MEE.

I LEAVE thee in my native land, to tread a desert wild,  
I've kiss'd thee for the last time, my noble, darling child,  
I've view'd thy fairy form till the tear stood in my eye,  
And I bless'd thee as thy little hand essay'd to wipe it dry.

Thy mind is half unconscious of a parent's fond caress,  
And strange appears to thee, my boy, this deep and sad distress,

Thy mute and childish wonder adds but anguish to the scene,  
As I press thee to my aching heart to feel the pang more keen.

I've watch'd thee like the tender bud fast opening to life,

And I leave thee now alone amid the world's tumultuous strife;

A stigma's on thy name, but the fault it is not thine,  
And though thou lose the world's esteem, 'twill add new links to mine.

Time rushes by unheeded, and ere many years have fled,

Thy dearest friend and parent may be numbered with the dead,

Oh, may thy opening years imbibe the precepts of the just,

And staunch the tear that may not fall upon thy father's dust.

For though severed by Siberia's plains, the ice-tomb of the free,

My thoughts by day, my dreams by night will ever be of thee,

A dread is on my mind—but such feelings I'll restrain,  
Adieu, adieu! my joy, my child! we yet shall meet again.

#### THE BROTHERHOOD OF MERCY.

SOMETIMES at Florence, in the midst of a cavatina, or *pas-de-deux*, a bell with a sharp, shrill, excoiating sound, will be heard; it is the bell *della misericordia*. Listen! if it sound but once, it is for some ordinary accident, if twice, for one of a serious nature; if it sound three times, it is a case of death. If you look around, you will see a slight stir in some of the boxes, and it will often happen that the person you have been speaking to, if a Florentine, will excuse himself for leaving you, and take his hat and depart. You inquire what the bell means, and why it produces so strange an effect. You are told it is the bell *della misericordia*, and that he with whom you were speaking is a brother of the order. This brotherhood of mercy is one of the noblest institutions in the world. It was founded in 1244, on occasion of the frequent pestilences which at that period desolated the towns; and it has been perpetuated to the present day, without any alteration, except in its details—with none in its purely charitable spirit. It is composed of seventy-two brothers, called chiefs of the watch, who are each in service four months in the year. Of these seventy-two brothers, thirty are priests, fourteen are gentlemen, and twenty-eight artists. To these who represent the aristocratic classes and the liberal arts, are added five hundred laborers and workmen, who may be said to represent the people. The seat of the brotherhood is in the place, *del Duomo*. Each brother has there, marked with his own name, a box enclosing a black robe like that of the *penitents*—with openings only for the eyes and mouth, in order that his good actions may have the further merit of being performed in secret. Immediately when the news of any accident or disaster is brought to the brother who is on guard, the bell sounds its alarm, once, twice, or thrice, according to the gravity of the case; and at the sound of the bell, every brother, wherever he may be, is bound to retire at the instant, and hasten to the rendezvous. There he learns what misfortune or what suffering has claimed his pious office; he puts on his black robe and broad hat, takes the taper in his hand, and goes forth where the voice of misery calls him.

If it is to some wounded man, they bear him to the hospital; if the man is dead, to a chapel; the nobleman and the day laborer, clothed with the same robe, support together the same litter; and the link which unites those two extremes of society is some sick pauper, who, knowing neither, is praying equally for both. And when these brothers of mercy have quitted the house, the children whose father they have carried off, or the wife whose husband they have borne away, have but to look around them, and always on some worm-eaten piece of furniture, there will be found a pious alms, deposited by an unknown hand. The grand duke himself is a member of this fraternity, and I have been assured that more than once at the sound of that melancholy bell, he has clothed himself in the uniform of charity, and penetrated unknown, side by side, with a day laborer, to the bed's head of some dying wretch, and that his presence had afterward been detected only by the alms he had left behind.—*Dumas in Italy.*

A Dublin paper says: "Yesterday Mr. Kenney returning to town fell down and broke his neck, but happily received no further damage."

## TO MAGGIE.

Written in Absence.

BY C. DONALD MACLEOD.

## I.

SISTER, we are alone.  
The forms that we loved best,  
That grew to make our household, one by one,  
Have gone, and are at rest.  
They sought a happier land, for earth grew dim!  
God called them, and they smiled and went to Him!

## II.

Voices are silent now,  
Whose music filled our home;  
Smiles gone; light faded from the sunny brow;  
And steps that wont to roam,  
Free as the swallow's flight through summer air,  
Have wandered to the grave and rested there!

## III.

The heart on which we slept  
In the far long-ago,  
Ere sorrow broke it, and time had swept  
The dark locks o'er with snow—  
The frost hath lain, the weed has sprung above  
That breast whose warm depths God had fill'd with love.

## IV.

And in this forest wild,  
Sister I think of thee!  
Even as the mother thinks upon her child  
Who wanders on the sea.  
Back come the pleasant memories of yore;  
I weep, and wish me at thy side once more.

## V.

To claim thy love for aye,  
To feel this stern heart melt,  
To win the kiss not given to betray:  
The blessing not unfelt,  
To see thy heart and know that I have there  
Place in thy love and memory in thy prayer!  
*New York, April, 1844.*

## THE ROVER OMNIBUS.

## ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE publishers of the Rover having purchased of Messrs. Burgess, Stringer & Company their "Magazine for the Million," that work will hereafter be united with THE ROVER. No essential change will be made in the appearance, character, or mode of publication of the Rover in consequence of this union. Instead of the prizes furnished by the publishers of the Magazine for the Million, we shall continue the plan, which has been pursued in the Rover, of giving a good engraving every week, with a beautiful illuminated cover, and endeavor to have each number so filled with the most valuable reading matter as to constitute a prize in itself. Then every one who purchases a number, though at the small cost of six cents, will be certain to draw a prize.

The business office of the Rover is removed to 123 Fulton street, second story, near the corner of Nassau street, where dealers and carriers can be supplied every week as usual. The work will be constantly for sale, at wholesale and retail, by Burgess, Stringer & Company, corner of Broadway and Ann street, at the Sun

office corner of Fulton and Nassau streets, and by various other dealers in different parts of the city.

Mail subscribers, by addressing the publishers, will have the work forwarded to any part of the country at three dollars a year for one copy, five dollars for two copies, or ten dollars for five copies.

Back numbers or bound volumes from the commencement of the work can still be obtained of the publishers.

MNEMOTECHNY, MR. GOURAUD, &C.—We have an article in type intended for the present number of the Rover, but unavoidably postponed till our next, to which we call the attention of the public generally, and especially the pupils of Mr. Gouraud in New York, Philadelphia and other places. It will go far toward settling the vexed question, of who is the author or inventor of Mr. Gouraud's system of artificial memory. It is a genuine article throwing new and important light on the subject. Mr. Louisville Journal, Mr. Branch, Mr. Hardinge, and all ye mnemotechny folks, look out for the next Rover.

SEVEN ORIGINAL POEMS FOR SIXPENCE.—The present number of the Rover contains seven original poems, and several original prose articles. Besides occasional contributions from old favorite authors, the Rover is drawing around it a fine set of new and fresh contributors, who are constantly giving life and animation to its pages.

The story of an "Adventure in Ireland" was written by a son of the Emerald Isle.

"Phantasy," by Read, we are told by the author was "all a dream." The whole scene, as described, occurred to him in sleep, and was afterward written down. Read's imaginative powers are very active.

## MAY.

BY DAVYTH AP GWILYM,

A Welsh Bard of the Fourteenth Century.

MANY a poet in his lay,  
Told me May would come again;  
Truly sang the bards—for May  
Yesterday began to reign!  
She is like a bounteous lord,  
Gold enough she gives to me;  
Gold—such as we poets hoard—  
"Florins" of the mead and tree,  
Hazel flowers and "fleurs-de-lis."  
Underneath her leafy wings,  
I am safe from treason's stings:  
I am full of wrath with May,  
That she will not always stay!  
Maidens never hear of love,  
But when she has plumed the grove—  
Giver of the gift of song  
To the poet's heart and tongue.  
May! majestic child of heaven,  
To the earth in glory given!  
Verdant hills, days long and clear,  
Come when she is hovering near.  
Stars, ye cannot journey on  
Joyously when she is gone!  
Ye are not so glossy bright,  
Blackbirds, when she takes her flight.  
Sweetest art thou, nightingale;  
Poet, thou canst tell thy tale  
With a lighter heart, when May  
Rules with all her bright array.

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W. Threlkeld

J. C. Smith

THE ALBANIAN.







# THE ROVER.

## WINTER OF THE HEART.

BY A. J. H. DUGANME.

Spring to the opening flower,  
Spring to the dancing stream,  
Bringeth a beauty and power,  
Bringeth a bright sunbeam.

Where is the Spring of the heart  
Chilled by the winter's snow?  
Will not its flowerets start?  
Will not its streamlets flow?

Over the brooklet's brink  
Creepeth the primrose gay;  
Seemeth it now to drink  
Deeply the silver spray.

Why are the heart-flowers dead?  
Why are the heart-streams chilled?—  
Have all its blossoms fled?  
Are not its fountains filled?

Once did those fountains gush,  
Nourishing flowerets fair;  
But sorrow the heart will crush,  
And the worm—the worm was there.

Joy to the stream and flowers,  
Gladness the sunbeams bring,  
Spring to the wood and bowers,  
But in the heart no Spring.

Boston, April, 1844.

## THE ALBANIAN.

WITH AN ENGRAVING.

WE can offer no more appropriate illustration of our beautiful plate in this week's number of the Rover, than the following description of the Albanese character, which we extract from Lord Byron's notes to Childe Harold.

"The Arnouts, or Albanese, struck me forcibly by their resemblance to the Highlanders of Scotland, in dress, figure and manner of living. Their very mountains seemed Caledonian with a kinder climate. The kilt, though white; the spare active form; their dialect, Celtic in its sound, and their hardy habits, all carried me back to Morven. No nation are so detested and dreaded by their neighbors as the Albanese: the Greeks hardly regard them as Christians, or the Turks as Moslems; and, in fact, they are a mixture of both, and sometimes neither. Their habits are predatory: they go armed; the red-shawled Arnouts, the Montegnins, Chimariots, and Gegdes are treacherous; the others differ somewhat in garb, and essentially in character. As far as my own experience goes, I can speak favorably. I was attended by two, an Infidel and a Mussulman, to Constantinople, and every other part of Turkey which came within my observation; and more faithful in peril, or indefatigable in service, are rarely to be found. The Infidel was named Basilus, the Moslem, Dervish Tahiri; the former a man of middle age, and the latter about my own."

Speaking of his separation from these men, his lordship continues: "When preparations were made for  
VOLUME III.—No 8.

my departure, my Albanians were summoned to receive their pay. Basilus took his with an awkward show of regret at my intended departure, and marched away to his quarters with his bag of piastres. I sent for Dervish, but for some time he was not to be found; at last he entered. He took the money, but on a sudden dashed it to the ground; and clasping his hands, which he raised to his forehead, rushed out of the room weeping bitterly. From that moment to the hour of my embarkation, he continued his lamentations, and all our efforts to console him only produced this answer: 'Ma *Phiveri*,'—'He leaves me.' I verily believe that even Sterne's 'foolish fat scullion' would have left her 'fish-kettle,' to sympathize with the unaffected and unexpected sorrow of this barbarian.

"That Dervish would leave me with some regret, was to be expected: when master and man have been scrambling over the mountains of a dozen provinces together, they are unwilling to separate; but his present feelings, contrasted with his native ferocity, improved my opinion of the human heart. I believe this almost feudal fidelity is frequent among them. One day, on our journey over Parnassus, an Englishman in my service gave him a push in some dispute about the baggage, which he unluckily mistook for a blow; he spoke not, but sat down leaning his head upon his hands. Foreseeing the consequences, we endeavored to explain away the affront, which produced the following answer: 'I have been a robber, I am a soldier; no captain ever struck me; you are my master, I have eaten your bread, but by *that* bread! (a usual oath) had it been otherwise, I would have stabbed the dog, your servant, and gone to the mountains.' So the affair ended; but from that day forward he never thoroughly forgave the thoughtless fellow who insulted him.

"The Albanians in general (I do not mean the cultivators of the earth in the provinces, who have also that appellation, but the mountaineers) have a fine cast of countenance; and the most beautiful women I ever beheld, in stature and in features, we saw leveling the road broken down by the torrents between Delvinachi and Libochabo. Their manner of walking is truly theatrical; but this strut is probably the effect of the capote, or cloak, depending from one shoulder. Their long hair reminds you of the Spartans, and their courage in desultory warfare is unquestionable. Though they have some cavalry among the Gegdes, I never saw a good Arnout horseman: my own preferred the English saddles, which, however, they could never keep. But on foot they are not to be subdued by fatigue."

## CHARLES MATTLAND, OR THE MESS-CHEST.

BY WILLIAM LEGGETT.

THERE are not many names on the list of those who have sacrificed their lives for freedom, which deserve more honorable mention than that of Riego. I was in the Mediterranean at the time of the brave attempt which terminated so fatally for him; and I well remember how eagerly we sought every disjointed scrap of evidence which could be gathered concerning the romantic adventures of Mina with his little army in Catalonia, and the firm and prudent efforts of his noble

compatriot, Riego. Old Port Mahon, according to custom, had been chosen for the winter-quarters of our squadron; and though the Mahonese were by no means well affected to the cause of Ferdinand, yet the habitual reserve of these islanders, prevented their disclosing a very full account of what little they knew concerning the progress of events on the continent. Such drops of news as dribbled from them, therefore, rather increased than quenched the flame of curiosity. This had arisen to a great height, when it was at last suddenly and sadly extinguished by the arrival of a little polacca vessel from Barcelona, which brought the melancholy tidings of the defeat and flight of Mina, and of the capture and execution of his brother in arms. This vessel had been despatched to Mahon with an official account of the triumphal entry of Ferdinand into Madrid, just six days after the inhabitants of that city had witnessed the public termination of Riego's eventful career.

There were bonfires and illuminations in Mahon on the receipt of this intelligence; but the outward demonstrations of rejoicings were rendered by fear not gladness; and were as false as the hollow-hearted monarch whose success they were kindled to celebrate. Had the despatches communicated news of his death, and the triumph of the constitution, the revelry would have been another sort of affair; the faces of the people, as well as their casements, would have been lighted up for joy; and hearts as well as feet, would have joined in the bolero and fandango, and bounded to the music of the merry castanets.

One evening, during the mock rejoicings, I went on shore with Charles Maitland, one of our lieutenants, and as fine a fellow as ever trod a frigate's quarter-deck. He was young in commission, having been but recently promoted, after a tedious service of two whole lustres in the subordinate capacity of midshipman, during which period he had been the object of a full share of the "fantastic tricks," which naval commanders sometimes choose to play off upon those beneath them. When I say beneath them, I mean the phrase, so far as Charles Maitland is concerned, to apply to the scale of military gradation; for in any other respect he was beneath no man in the service. It had been his lot, as well as mine, to sail with a commander who allowed no opportunity to pass of proving his title to the nautical distinction he enjoyed, of being the "hardest horse in the navy." But those days were over now; and the more elevated rank, and more definite duties of a lieutenant, secured him, in a good measure, from a renewal of the annoyances he had so long endured.

Almost immediately on reaching the dignity of an epaulette, Charles had married a sweet girl, to whom he had long been attached, and whom his narrow and uncertain resources had alone prevented from espousing before. I stood groomsmen on the occasion; and I remember well how handsome the fellow looked, as he led his blushing bride to the altar. A forty-four convoying a trig, snug, clean-rigged little Baltimore clipper, could not appear more stately than he alongside that modest and well-modeled girl. The truth is, Charley was one of the finest-looking men in the service—tall, well built, round-chested, with an eye like an eagle's, and a mouth the habitual smile of which, or rather the slight pleasant curve approaching to a smile, denote an excellent disposition. And never did dog-vane show the course of the wind better than

that smile expressed his temper. But I am wandering from my story.

The honey-moon—that briefest moon that ever sheds its light on the matrimonial state—had hardly yet begun to wane, when Charles was ordered to sea in old Ironsides. The old craft was lying in the harbor, her top-sails loose, her anchor short-stay apeak, and all ready to trip, sheet home, and be off. His name had been plucked upon at the last moment, to supply the vacancy left by somebody who begged off; and as there was no time for remonstrance, he had nothing to do but obey. I am no hand for painting scenes of the tender sort; so I leave Charley's parting with his young wife, and all that, "to sympathetic imaginations," as the girl in the play has it.

But, avast a bit and belay there! What am I doing all this while? A pretty piece of leeway I have made of it! Here were we, a moment, since, snugly moored in the harbor of Mahon, for winter quarters; and now, in the turning of a glass, have I put the Atlantic between us and the scene of my story. Well, stations for stays!—helm's a-lee, and about she goes! And we must now crack on all sail, and make a short cruise of it, till we get back to our starting point. There is no time now for buckling knee-buckles, as the boat-swain's mate says, when he calls all hands in a squall at night; so, to make a short story of it, let it suffice to say, that Charles bade adieu to his wife, old Ironsides sailed, reached the Mediterranean in due time, went the usual rounds over that cruising ground, (delightful cruising ground it is, by the way,) and was now in daily expectation of the relief-ship with orders for her return to the United States.

Well, as I said before, Mahon was all in a bustle on account of the news from the continent. Bells were ringing, music playing, bonfires shone in one place, and illuminations glittered in another. Groups of people, of all ages and conditions, were in every square and open place; and the expression of many a pretty face that peeped out from the folds of the red mantilla, or the scowl of many a dark eye that glared beneath the shadow of the sombrero, denoted anything but pleasure at the intelligence that had been received. Of all the difficult tasks in the world, there is none harder than to put on the semblance of joy at that which stirs our indignation; and he who can best dissemble in such cases—no matter how strong the motive—is not the man I should choose for my friend.

Well, Charles and I went ashore one evening, as I said, during the rejoicings. We had no other object in view than to take a long stroll together, along the romantic shores of one of the prettiest and quietest bays in the world, and to converse without restraint (that, at least, I suppose was his motive) on the topic which was ever uppermost in his mind. We were yet in the midst of the town, and where threading our way through the crowd in one of the principal squares, when a woman—and a pretty old one too, as well as one might judge by the withered and sallow face which her thread-bare mantle was so disposed as only half to betray—suddenly presented herself before us, and whispered a single word, in a low, guttural voice, to my companion. One who has sat as many cold watches as I have, on the look-out, on the foretop-sail-yard, naturally acquires a quick eye: and it therefore did not escape me that the old woman as she spoke to Charles, slipped a sealed note into his hand. She then passed on, mixed with the throng, and in an instant disap-



peared from my following glance. In Spain, the country of intrigue and romantic adventure, there was nothing so very singular in this as to justify great surprise, and the circumstance would soon have passed from my mind altogether, had not subsequent events, which I could not but consider in some way connected with it, kept it continually in my thoughts.

On reaching the first convenient place, Charles paused to peruse the billet. Its contents, whatever they were, seemed to engage him deeply. He stood pondering over the paper for several moments, with the air of one in earnest and perplexed meditation: and then, suddenly crumpling it in his hand, and thrusting it into his pocket, cast round him a quick and apprehensive glance, as if fearful that some one might have overlooked him. There was more confusion in his manner, and more hesitancy in his speech, than I had ever before seen him exhibit, when he approached me, a moment or two after this, and said that an unexpected engagement would oblige him to forego the intended walk, and leave me to pursue my way alone.

I had known Charles Maitland from a boy. We had studied our lessons on the same form; had shot our marbles into the same ring; had entered the navy within a few weeks of each other; had been shipmates and messmates through two long and eventful cruises, and a good part of the time watchmates. I knew that he had a soul of honor; that his principles were well established, his head clear, his morality nice, and that he loved his young wife with the most ardent attachment. Yet for all this I could not help feeling a certain indefinite fear that there was something wrong connected with that note. It could not be a challenge; for he was beloved by all the officers of the squadron, and I was very sure he had not been embroiled in any quarrel on shore. Besides, if it were so, he would have applied to me as his friend; and then, again, women are not chosen as bearers of such messages. Yet that the subject whatever it might be, was of no ordinary kind, was evident from the impression which the perusal occasioned, and not less evident from his withholding the matter from me. Our communion had always been of the most frank and unreserved description; we had been sharers of each other's thoughts, sentiments, and wishes, from boyhood up; I had been in his confidence through his whole course of wooing; and indeed, until the present moment, he had never shown a desire to keep anything from my knowledge. Reflections of this kind caused me, perhaps, to give undue importance to the circumstance which had just occurred. I began to fear that Charles was in some way concerned in an unworthy adventure; and a vague suspicion, which I did not like to entertain and could not altogether reject, took possession of my mind, that woman was at the bottom of it. I turned with a slow step toward the quay, and hummed, as I descended the long lateral road that is excavated from the perpendicular cliff which overlooks the bay—

"Though love is warm a while,  
Soon it grows cold;  
Absence soon blights the smile,  
Ere love grows old."

From this day forward, Charles's visits to the shore were more frequent than before, but always in the evening, and now he invariably went alone. If other officers happened to go in the same boat, he was sure to separate himself from them on reaching the quay,

and pursue a direction different from the rest. This soon came to be noticed and to be talked of, and it was whispered about in the mess that, on two or three occasions, he had been seen, late in the evening, walking with a female closely muffled, in an unfrequented and lonely part of the shore, at some distance from the town. Different officers professed to have seen this female with him, and their description of her person tallied with each other. In the minds of the mess generally, who did not know Charles so thoroughly as I, and whose morality was not of so scrupulous a kind as his—or as I had always thought his to be—this matter created no surprise, and was only laid hold of as furnishing an opportunity for sundry nautical jokes and witticisms. These jests however, met with such a reception as by no means encouraged those who offered them to a repetition.

It chanced one day that Charles and I were sent on shore on a piece of duty together, and that our business lay in that part of the town to which it had been noticed that he always directed his steps. As we passed through the streets, we discovered that there was a considerable hubbub among the inhabitants, and we soon ascertained that it was occasioned by a party of soldiers who had lately arrived from the Maine, commissioned to search the island for certain proscribed constitutionalists, who were supposed to have taken refuge in Minorca. A good many of these wretched fugitives had been discovered and executed; but the individual, against whom the proclamation of Ferdinand was chiefly directed, had hitherto eluded the vigilance of the blood-hounds. This person was a brave young chief, who had filled a confidential and important post under Riego, and who, by his intrepidity, activity, and ceaseless vigilance, had been greatly instrumental in the success of that partisan warfare in Catalonia, which cost the royalists so much blood and treasure, and so long upheld the sinking hopes of his compatriots. To seize and slay Don Castro de Falero, the name of the youthful and interesting chief, was deemed so important an object by the monarch, that immense rewards had been offered for his apprehension, and numerous parties had been sent in every direction in which rumor alleged that he had fled. The troop of mercenaries who had been despatched to Mahon were stimulated by the hope of reward, to much greater activity than usually characterizes Spanish soldiers, who are at once a by-word for indolence and rapacity. They had closely searched the house of every person suspected of the slightest disaffection, and had followed every imaginary clue with the keenest zeal of avarice. They had even visited the foreign national ships in the port, and had procured strict orders to be issued, forbidding the officers from harboring or rendering any assistance to those who were held as traitors by the government within whose waters we lay.

On the afternoon in question, in consequence of certain hints which had been communicated to this party, they had renewed their search, and at the time we came up were about entering an humble dwelling, which, as I learned from the crowd was occupied by a poor old widow woman and her niece. We were yet at some distance when we noticed the house at which the soldiers paused, and we could perceive the withered old duenna standing on her threshold, throwing her arms about with great vehemence, and sputtering with amazing volubility every variety of guttural execra-

tion, of which the Spanish language has so large a store. The blood mounted to Charles's forehead, and the fire to his eye as this sight drew his attention; and springing forward with great eagerness he rushed by the crowd of mendicants and idle spectators whom the circumstance had collected, broke through the ranks of the soldiers, and stood in the midst of the dwelling, before the foremost of their number had gained admittance. I did not pause to consider whether this impetuosity of my friend arose from a generous but imprudent feeling of indignation at the object of their search, or from some less selfish motive; but made all haste to follow him. My progress, however, met with more obstructions than his unlooked-for movement, and I was not able to rejoin him for more than a minute, when I at length forced my way into the building, I found him defending a door which led to an inner apartment, and surrounded by the mercenaries, all jabbering together their vehement and incoherent menaces. As yet, no blow had been struck; but it was evident, from the violence of their gestures, that hostilities would not much longer be delayed. As I entered, they huddled closer round my companion; and pushing against him with one sudden and united impulse, the door broke from its fastenings, and the whole party fell violently on the floor. I have before said that Charles was strong and agile, but I was not prepared for such a display of muscular energy and activity as he now exhibited in releasing himself from the superincumbent crowd of prostrate and grappling soldiers. In an instant he was on his feet, and beside a bed, which I now observed in one corner of the room. The apartment was lighted by a curtained lattice; but though the illumination was not strong, particularly to vision that had just passed the broad glare of day, it was sufficient to show that the bed was occupied by a female, who had partly risen from the couch whose cheek was flushed, and whose dark eyes glowed like fire, probably with indignation at this rude intrusion. Charles threw his arms round the neck of the female, replaced her head upon the pillow, kissed her burning brow, and with a tremulous, but soothing voice, bade her not be alarmed, for that he would defend her with his life. Then turning sternly to the leader of the Spanish soldiers, he commanded him to pursue his search with all despatch and leave the apartment. The Spaniards, who by this time had risen to their feet, looked at each other, at Charles, and at the female with blank astonishment; nor was their confusion lessened by the torrent of invective which the old woman, who had now also entered the room poured out upon their heads. The officer who had charge of the party, after a moment spent in casting scrutinizing glances into every corner of the room directed his men to withdraw; and then mumbling out an apology, in which he intimated, with an impudent leer, that he was now convinced that Charles's visits to the house had a different object from what had been suspected and also left the apartment. There was no further excuse for me to protract my stay, and I turned and followed his retreating steps.

"She is handsome," thought I, as I walked slowly up the street, pondering on the secret which had thus been accidentally revealed to me, and thinking how I might disentangle my friend from the net of this fair Spanish woman—"yes, she is handsome—just the cast of countenance which I should suppose would have fascination for one of his brave and romantic na-

ture. Her black and piercing eye, the noble profile, the scornful expression of her lip, as she darted her keen glance upon the soldiers—these traits of beauty did not escape me, feebly lighted as the apartment was." And my mind reverted from this Spanish paramour to the contemplation of the delicate and tender beauties of the fair-checked and blue-eyed wife, far away, who was anxiously counting the hours that should restore her husband to her arms, and who, herself incapable of change, had probably never entertained a doubt of his fidelity. I am not much given to the melting mood, but I confess that my meditation on this subject drew from me a heart-felt sigh.

I was still brooding on what had just passed, when Charles rejoined me. The few words that passed between us on our meeting satisfied me that this was not the time for rebuke. He bade me remember that I owed to accident the discovery I had made, and enjoined upon me, by our ancient friendship, neither to question him nor utter a syllable to any other person. I gave the required promise the more readily, as I reflected that in a very few days we should sail, and that distance, in all human probability, would put an end to this unworthy attachment, as it had made him forgetful of the duties of honorable love. We soon executed the duty we were sent upon, and returned to the ship.

The relief-vessel, of which we had been in daily expectation, arrived on the evening after this adventure, and sailing orders were thereupon immediately issued. All further going ashore was forbidden; and the signal, commanding on board all who were ashore, was run up at the fore. Charles was among the number, and by all but him this order was promptly and gladly obeyed. A fine breeze had sprung up at sun-set, and for more than an hour we lay waiting for him without anchor apeak, and our loose topsails flapping idly against the mast. The capstan bars were shipped and manned, the crew all at their stations, the accommodation-ladder unrigged, and everything ready to be off. The commodore walked the quarter-deck with quick, impatient steps, and murmurs were heard from various groups chiding the delay of the dilatory officer. A midshipman had been despatched in one of the cutters for him, and returned some time before after a fruitless search.

At length the patience of our commander was entirely exhausted, and he had given the order to weigh and make sail, when the quartermaster on the lookout hailed a boat, which had just pulled into sight through the gathering dusk of evening. The answer of "Ay, ay!" told that it was Charles, and directly after a shore-boat glided alongside. In reply to the sharp rebuke of the commodore for having been so tardy in obeying the signal, he said something about the necessity he had been under of purchasing certain stores for the mess; though it was observed that his explanation had not all the clearness of tone and manner which usually characterized his official communications. The displeasure which the delay occasioned, was not diminished when it was found that the mess-chest, in which he had brought off these stores, was so large and cumbersome that a yard tackle had to be got on the main-yard in order to hoist it on board. The men themselves, though Charles was a great favorite with them, seemed to be displeased that he had caused so long a detention; and when the tackle was hooked on, they ran away with the fall with a degree of spite-

ful velocity that made the chest run swiftly up to the yard-block before the boatswain's mate could pipe belay. My eye happened to be fixed on Charles while this manœuvre was performed, and I thought he evinced more anxiety on the subject than a few sea-stores were worth. The chest, however, was lowered more gently than it was hoisted, and by Charles's direction was conveyed into his own state-room. The ship now got under way, the canvas swelled out to the breeze, and the Mahonese pilot, for a time the commander of our frigate, took his stand near the after hammock-clothes, and issued his orders in the dictatorial tone which those are wont to use who are dressed "in a little brief authority." In less than an hour we were laying in our course, under a pleasant topgallant breeze, for Gibraltar.

I need not dwell on the incidents of our homeward passage; for I have no storms or shipwrecks to tell of; no hairbreadth escapes, or moving incidents of any description. A mystery seemed to hang around the mess-chest in Charles's store-room, and some strange stories got to be whispered through the ship concerning it. For my part I had my own suspicions, and they were of a kind which troubled me a good deal. One thing we all noticed; that though this chest professedly contained stores for the mess, no stores were ever produced from it. On the contrary, it was affirmed, that various delicacies from our table found their way to the chest. Another voice than Charles's, too, was said, had been heard there, two or three different times; and one young officer, more prying than the rest, had whispered to his companions that through a crevice of the door he had once beheld a female figure sitting in the narrow apartment. A fresh, fair wind, and a short passage, allowed less time for gossip of this sort than there would otherwise have been; and the demeanor of Charles, too, was not of a kind to encourage loose jests or prying curiosity.

We at length came to anchor in the noble bay of New York. I remember the evening well. I remember how gloriously the sun, as it sunk behind the romantic promontory of Wehawken, burnished the spires and roofs and windows of the city, till it seemed a city of sapphire and topaz and gold. And when these hues faded away, and night succeeded, I remember how beautiful its thousand lamps shone through the darkness, while every here and there a long thread of fire ascended into the air, denoting the spots where gay throngs were assembled for evening recreation. At last the full round moon rose over all, shedding its mellow lustre through the air, and "gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy."

I had the first watch that night; and as I paced the deck to and fro, various tumultuous and mixed emotions occupied my breast. Charles and his poor wife were prominent subjects of my thoughts; and I need hardly tell the reader that I feared the happiness of the latter was about to receive a cruel shock. And yet I had some strong misgivings on this head. As many officers as could be spared from the ship had already been permitted to leave her, and Charles was among the number. The same big, clumsy, cumbrous chest, which had already been the subject of so many painful reflections to my mind accompanied him; and I was half disposed to turn away in anger when he paused at the gangway to say a parting word to me. "You will breakfast with Matilda and me to-morrow morning?" said he, and a faint smile curled his lip as

he gave me the invitation. I could not satisfy myself wholly what was the meaning of that smile: and in pondering upon that and other kindred topics, my watch passed away, and my relief was upon deck before I was aware that half the time had expired.

Never was guest more punctual to his appointment than I was with Charles the following morning. As I entered the hall, the first thing I noticed was the mess-chest, which had given me so much uneasiness. In the breakfast parlor I found my kind friend and his sweet wife. She was all radiant in smiles, and never looked half so charming. Charles looked happy, too—very happy; but there was an expression of mischief mingled with his smile that I could not exactly comprehend. The explanation, however, was at hand. In the recess of one of the windows sat a young man, whom I had not noticed as I entered the room. Charles turned to introduce me to him. It was the young and handsome chief, Don Castro de Valero; and, as he rose and extended his hand to me, I caught a side view of his features, and beheld the same noble profile which had so struck me in the supposed niece of the old duenna in Mahon. I comprehended the whole mystery now in a moment, and only wondered at my stupidity in not conjecturing the truth before.

"And you see," said Charles, "that I was not so great a villain as you were inclined to think me."

"Forgive me, my dear friend. But why this long concealment? Surely, after we were at sea—"

"We were officers of a national vessel, and our government was responsible for any violation of the strict laws of neutrality. If the king of Spain could show that De Valero was brought to this country by one of our frigates, how could we resist the right to have him rendered up? How he reached this country is therefore his own secret; and remember, you yet only know by conjecture the contents of the mess-chest."

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STICK! STICK!! STICK!!!—Here is some admirable advice from Blackwood's Magazine:

"To get on in the world, you must be content to be always stopping where you are; to advance you must be stationary; to get up you must keep down. Following riches is like following wild geese; and you must crawl after them both on your belly; the moment you pop up your head, off they go, whistling in the wind, and you see no more of them. If you have not the art of sticking by nature, you must acquire it by art; put a couple of pounds of bird-lime upon your office stool, and sit down upon it; get a chain on your leg, and tie yourself to your counter like a pair of scissors, nail yourself up against the wall of your place of business, like a weasel on a barn door, or the sign of the spread eagle; or what would do best than all, marry an honest poor girl without a penny, and my life for yours, if you don't do business. Never mind what your relations say about genius, talents, learning, pushing, enterprize, and such stuff; when they come advising you for your good stick up to them for the loan of a sovereign, and if you ever see them on your side the street again shiver me in welcome; but to do any good, I tell you over and over again, you must be a stickler. You may get fat upon a rock, if you never quit your hold of it."

THE CRUEL REVENGE.

A Legend of the Haunted Castle.

Ar! porque a si agitarse el hombre insano:
Y viendo ya a lose pies: o ciego! ohuerto
El sepulchro gozarte:

On a branch of the Guadalquivir, which loses itself among the heights of Sierra Nevada, may be seen to this day, the remains of an old chateau, whose bare and blackened walls frown in grim majesty upon their silver waters, which now mirror only desolation. Thick moss has grown over and obscures the once valuable memorials of an almost regal pride and magnificence. A hoary, matted mass of ivy covers and partially supports the decaying and crumbling tower which stands on the left side of the castle; its angle of inclination is so great, that the tottering old ruin seems momentarily on the point of falling, and will invariably crush in its descent, the gay group of young orange trees, whose glossy leaves and graceful wavings convey to an imaginative mind the idea, that they rejoice in being the only living things which dare to look cheerful in a spot so melancholy and desolate; the prospect is even worse on entering the house. The only furniture of the large, dark and dismal hall, which is ornamented with grotesque carvings of saints and angels, consists of an antique, worn eaten picture, half fallen from its frame. It is a portrait; and the brilliancy of a few tints which have bid defiance to time, testifies that the forgotten form of the original was once clothed in gay and costly attire.

Crumbling balustrades and crazy staircases forbid the most inquisitive adventurer to pursue his investigations much further; and the terror of the superstitious guides—for there is no heart which does not quail in the vicinity of that terrible ruin—urges the traveler to leave the bats and reptiles in undisturbed possession of their accustomed haunts.

For myself I felt a strange and peculiar sentiment of enjoyment in lingering among the scattered and decayed monuments of ancient grandeur. These appear in the magnificent proportions of the buildings and surrounding grounds, though the hand of taste can no longer be discerned amid the desolate chambers of the houses, or the garbled and matted masses which probably in former days ornamented the pleasure grounds and gardens; their dark and heavy luxuriance now makes the ruin more sombre and forbidding.

The opposite side of the river is equally desolate, although tradition tells us, that in the palmy days of splendor, when the old "Castillo de las Torres" was the wonder and admiration of the country, from Seville to Grenada, it was rendered scarcely less attractive, by a lovely unostentatious villa, whose former site is still pointed out.

These situations are remarkable, as having been, in by-gone times, the witness of a most terrible domestic tragedy. The minutest particulars relating to it are treasured with care by the neighboring peasantry, although they affect a certain air of mystery with regard to them which caused me to enquire diligently before I arrived at the following particulars.

The Castle de las Torres, as I have said, was once the pride and glory of that portion of the country. Its master, a noble marquis, in spite of hereditary pride, was revered and almost idolized by the peasants, whose descendants describe him as the noblest and

most exalted of men, perfect in the graces and accomplishments of a knight and gentleman, handsome, intelligent, brave, and generous to profusion. The lofty old walls which I have described as so startlingly desolate, were accustomed in those days to resound with music and mirth. Gay and gallant cavaliers contended upon the now matted and weed grown lawn for the supreme beauty of their fair mistresses, whose flashing eyes and merry peals of laughter enlivened the halls now made slimy and loathsome by the reptiles who creep over them.

The last noble Marquis de las Torres, while still in the state of bachelorship, had so impaired his finances by profuse hospitality and generosity, that he was fain to call to his aid his natural and acquired graces, in order to rescue embarrassments. The reputation of these so won upon the heart of a wealthy and beautiful heiress, the Senora Isabel, whose years of discretion permitted her to dispose of her wealth and charms as she pleased, that he soon found himself a far richer if not a happier man than he had ever been.

The lady no longer very young, was still singularly beautiful and fascinating; her manners having attained a perfection of polish, which is rarely or never found in early youth. Her stately step and glorious black eye were probably as attractive as her vast fortune, to her admiring husband. Her temper, however, was violent, overbearing and vindictive in the extreme, so much so, that she became the terror as well as admiration of the country. Many a harsh and cruel deed is recorded of her, though none so shocking and unnatural as the one which follows.

It was soon whispered that her husband, of whom she was intensely jealous, was happier any where than in his stately and sumptuous home. Any domestic contentions were however carefully concealed, and the marquis always appeared the most devoted of husbands.

Nearly opposite the castle on the other side of the river, arose the white walls of a less costly but very beautiful residence, whose only occupants were an old man with a maiden sister and a lovely grand-daughter. This girl, whom they called Elena, attained her seventeenth birth day on the eve of the festival of Santa Catarina, which was to be celebrated with great magnificence at the castle. She was very lovely, and so much so as to attract the marquis's friends as they occasionally caught a glimpse of her graceful form on the front of the balcony which overhung the river. Many a sportive jest, connected with the fair neighbor who smiled so sweetly whenever she saw the Marquis, had passed the lips of the guests, and rankled in the heart of the marchioness. Apparently the Lord de las Torres either despised or neglected these hints, for he continued his frequent visits to the pretty rural villa, and often spoke of its fair and almost unprotected inmate, with the admiration and affection of a fond parent.

On the eve of the festival of Santa Catarina, the young Elena de Castres sat alone on the moonlit balcony. The song had faltered on her lips, and the strings of her guitar had snapped one by one, as she endeavored to elicit their wonted melody. She gazed with tearful eyes on the water, almost beneath her feet, whose unceasing ripples broke the bright moonbeams into a thousand atoms. But neither the beauty of the mirroring water, nor the serenity of the sky, nor the snow-capped chain of the Sierra Nevada losing

itself in the distance and darkness, awoke any pleasing sensations in her bosom. She was thinking how very gay the castle would be on the next day, and how gracefully Don Louis de Mendoza would dance the fandango, and how very cruel her aunt was to consider her too young and she almost seventeen!

A manly footstep broke the stillness. Elena sprang up, and flew to meet the marquis with a degree of delight, which his fair lady would have very little approved.

"O, I am so thankful to you for coming," said she. "My aunt has said positively I shall not go to the castle to-morrow."

"And wherefore, *miscorazoncita*. Is she afraid of your meeting Senor Don Louis there?"

Elena blushed and answered, "he will be there, and my aunt forbids me to go."

"And you cannot succeed in softening the old lady's feelings toward your handsome young cavalier!"

"Not at all," sighed Elena, "her heart is like a flint—she calls Don Louis a dissipated boy, and me a silly child."

"Hard, hard indeed," laughed the visitor.

"But in truth," said the young lady, "I believe a little intrigue is all she desires. She can't bear that I should marry quietly, without at least a half a dozen lovers to break their hearts on the occasion or get up some kind of domestic romance for her amusement."

"The old lady thinks she will live over again her youth in your conquests. Is it not so?"

"It is; she thinks me the image of herself making due allowance for the degeneracy of the age, and she is continually telling me of her scores of lovers. For myself, I am quite content with one."

"And your grandfather?"

"Oh he never interferes. He puts implicit faith in the old Spanish proverb, that 'more a woman's will is thwarted, the better she will be;' and therefore he leaves the matter entirely in my aunt's hands to insure my being brought to perfection."

"And it seems your lover and yourself have determined to take the matter into your own hands and elope in the confusion of to-morrow's festivities?"

"But there is no hope now, for she said positively that I should not go."

"Well; let me arrange this little affair for you. Suppose you seem quietly to submit to your aunt's decision; I will take care to have her out of the way by sending for her to the castle for the ostensible purpose of assisting in the preparations."

At this juncture, although neither perceived it, a dark figure glided noiselessly up the river bank, and stood in a listening attitude behind a group of palmettos, which effectually screened it from view. The demon jealousy had prompted La Senora Isabel to dog her husband's footsteps, to hear and judge for herself.

"And then," continued the marquis, "you can come unobserved to the castle in the evening. You had better come masked, for to tell the truth, the Senora is a little tinctured with jealousy, and she is so violent that it would not be altogether prudent to meet her."

"Yes, yes."

"But meet me at the fountain of the Graces, near the western turret, and there shall this fair hand be disposed of, at least to our satisfaction."

"Noble marquis."

"Nay, nay, there is no time for acknowledgements—I must hasten home, or my restless Senora may perchance send hither in search of me. Adieu, my vida. Wear this jewel to distinguish you to-morrow, in case there should be any difficulty;" and placing on her hand a diamond of rare magnificence he took his leave.

The young girl gazed after him, till he was out of sight; and then with a heart full of hope, and head crowded with gay fancies she entered the house.

With very different feelings did the marchesa wend her way homeward. Her boatmen, who with their little barge lay concealed in the shadow of the bank, were heard afterward to say that the appearance of their mistress as she bared her head to the moonbeams was that of a beautiful demon. Her eyes glistened like those of a serpent, and her delicately chiseled features assumed the livid rigidity of a corpse. Long cherished doubts had hitherto fostered her mind with jealousy, and the seeming confirmation of her suspicions now goaded her to madness.

Ere she reached the opposite bank of the sparkling river, her dark resolution had been formed. Wrapping the black mantilla around her head, she hastened to her chamber, and there having secured herself from the intrusion of any living or moving object, save the flickering moonbeams which played upon the floor, and she broaded over, and arranged her scheme of vengeance, the very horror of which nerved her resolution. "Aye, aye, that fair hand shall indeed be disposed of, to the satisfaction of one whose interference they little dread."

The possibility of her mistake never for a moment entered her imagination. The increasing coldness of the marquis had long excited her indignation, and she had ever been on the watch to discover the cause—never for an instant suspecting that her own violent passions had alienated the affection of her husband whom she idolized.

It is exceedingly probable that the lady might have other cause for jealousy, than that here narrated; but this is the only one whose remembrance has survived.

The following morning rose bright and clear upon the gilded turrets and chrysal fountains. Preparations were making to celebrate with all the magnificence customary in the age and nation, the festival of Santa Catharina, less in honor of the saint herself, than of the Knights of Saint Catharine, who were sojourning in the castle.

The day wore on until the hour of siesta arrived, and every one, wearied with the heat and fatigue of the morning, sought rest and repose. The merchioness again wrapped the mantilla around her stately person, and descended to the boat. The drowsy boatmen were aroused, and again the lady approached the enchanting villa of Las Chastres.

Softly she ascended the sloping bank, and met no one to interrupt her progress. She entered the house, and, without being observed, gained the chamber of Elena. The room was small, but fitted up with an exquisite degree of neatness, emblematical of the innocence and virgin purity of its occupant. On every side were seen the simple but elegant preparations for the festivities of the evening. The gala dress lay upon the bed, and the choicest perfumes were on the table. A wreath of orange flowers for the hair, and a gold rosary with its sparkling cross were placed on a small marble near the bed, and even the delicately embroidered slippers were ready for use. The fair mistress of the chamber breathed softly in her child-like sleep. Ap-

parently pleasant fancies occupied the mind of the unconscious girl, for a smile half parted the rose-colored lips, so sweet that it might have softened the heart of her vindictive enemy, had not, at that moment, a spark of light from a diamond of singular beauty, gleamed upon her sight. She recognized her husband's ring on the delicately beautiful hand which hung so carelessly in its unconscious grace. This steeled her heart, and sealed the fate of her victim. She cautiously dropped a portion of the contents of a small vial, containing poison collected from the fangs of the cobra de capello, on the half open lips. In a few moments the rich blood quietly retreated from the cheeks, giving place to large black spots; the white bosom heaved violently for a short time, and then became perfectly still: the form of the loveliest maiden in Andalusia rapidly changed into a lived and blackened corpse. But death itself did not satisfy the cruel and vindictive woman. She drew from its silver sheath a sharp stiletto, and without quailing, without even shuddering, she severed the hand from the delicately rounded arm; then, rearranging the drapery, drew close the curtains, and withdrew from that dark and deathly chamber, with no emotions other than those of gratified revenge and triumph.

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Noblemen, bishops, knights, and ladies—the beautiful and the gay—ecclesiastics and laymen—the wise and the foolish—the young and old, crowded around the extensive tables, which groaned under all the splendor that wealth and taste could heap upon them. The pillars were garlanded with gayest wreaths. Lights flashed around the columns, and along the verandahs, and throughout the trelliced walks. Light everywhere—and jewels of priceless value blazed, and were eclipsed by brighter eyes. Loud peals of laughter and loud and merry jests resounded through the lofty halls. Wine circulated freely, and the songs were repeated with accompaniments of trumpets, drum and fife—and brave knights loudly proclaimed the beauty of their mistresses, and challenged the world to produce their equals. The ladies stretched forth their swan like necks and encouraged their champions with bright smiles and grateful applause. The marchioness moved conspicuously among all these; for her noble bearing and magnificent beauty, coupled with a grace and affability which won all hearts, had never showed more remarkable than on this memorable evening.

"A gift," proclaimed the herald, "a gift from La Senora Dona Isabel to her noble lord on his installation as Knight of the Holy order of Santa Catarina—a badge to distinguish his person, and a talisman to preserve his courage."

"Methinks your marquis is a loving lord," said the young Knight Don Louis de Mendoza, "he wears no colors save those of his lady wife, and places his lance in rest for no other beauty."

Every eye was turned on her with admiration, and the marchioness smiled haughtily.

The page at that moment approached his lord bearing the gift, supposed to be a scarf embroidered with his lady's hair, or lettered with her name or motto. It was enclosed in a small box of embossed gold, on which was inscribed in precious stones the following motto. "A talisman to stir up the heart of the most noble and valiant, the Marquis de las Torres." With a flashing eye and lips wreathed in smiles, the nobleman prepared to adorn his shield with the gift of his

transcendantly beautiful wife. He carefully unwrapped fold after fold of the silver tissue, in which it was enclosed—but he turned cold as marble, when a small and exquisitely formed hand with the well known ring on one of the stiffened fingers touched his own.

Traditional records are unable to present any picture of the tumult which ensued. Lights were extinguished, and tables overthrown in the general confusion; with its cause very few were acquainted, but among these was Don Louis de Mendoza.

Hundreds sought the marchioness but she was gone. She had disappeared in the confusion without leaving a trace behind her. They sought her throughout the castle, the surrounding grounds, the villa of Las Castres; and there they met with an object which quickened their anxiety. But she was never found. Whether kindred evil spirits guarded her from human vengeance, or whether she found refuge in some of the many subterranean passages with which the castle abounded, cannot be told. They say she has never since been known to hold communion with any mortal agent.

The festivities of the castle were never renewed. Don Louis and the marquis waited only long enough to cover the bier of the loving and beloved Elena, with the choicest flowers; then choosing for their badges boughs of yew and cypress, they wended their way to Mount Sinai, to guard the tomb of the saint, to whose order they belonged. Thence they never returned, and the castle was thereafter entirely deserted, for the marquis was the last of his family, and had there been scores of heirs, none probably would have ventured to take possession of the mansion which has been considered ever since, as the solitary abode of the dark and terrible lady. There, say the peasants, she drags out an existence prolonged beyond that of mortals to suffer more than mortal torture; there, her shrieks for mercy, which in her power she never showed, are unheeded and her repentance unavailing.

SONG.—I'M ONLY IN LOVE.

BY ARTHUR MORRELL.

Was ever a maid so abused!
Shut up like a caged turtle-dove!
'Tis cruel to be so ill used—
And only because I'm in love!

My father's hard heart I have tried
With tears and entreaties to move;
He answers me but with a chide—
And only because I'm in love!

He keeps me lock'd up in my room,
And suffers me never to move;
Confinement at home is my doom—
And only because I'm in love!

Heigh ho! that I've sinn'd I am sure
Such punishment plainly doth prove;
I wish I but knew what would cure
A maid who is only in love!

In the hurry and turmoil of *moving*, both house and office, we take advantage of this vacant corner to say we have many excellent articles on hand from correspondents, which will meet due attention. We welcome Henri Rosencrantz to our pages with pleasure.

THE PHANTOM FIDDLER.

BY HENRI ROSENKRANTZ.

THE Squire of Oak Hall was a merrie old soul—
Like a certain old king, he was fond of his bowl,
And his pipe, and his fiddler; although, 'stead of three,
He could boast of but one—but a brave one was he!
He could beat the big "Bull," and demolish "Artot,"
In a twinkling, or less, with his magical bow;
And as for "Vieuxtemps," and the rest of 'em—pshaw!
They couldn't begin with our fiddler to "saw."
He had beaten the fiddler of Holiday Green,
And play'd in the presence o' the king and the queen.
Oh, 'twere vain to essay the tenth part to relate
Of the wonders perform'd by a fiddler so great!
It is said that he played with a wonderful skill,
That the tongue of a woman would even keep still!
But this I don't vouch for, though possibly true—
As the tale was told me, so I give it to you.

Now, "once on a time," so the story is told,
The squire gave a "rout"—such a rout as of old
Country squires were much in the habit of giving,
Especially those who were fond of good living;
Invitations at once were extended to all,
To partake of a feast the next day at the Hall.

The feast was prepared, and the guests seated round;
Anon, and the welkin rang high with the sound
Of mirth and of revelry; for old Oak Hall
Was the scene of a right merrie festival.

The wine was pass'd freely around to each guest,
And he who drank most was accounted the best;
And the squire, God bless him! got as drunk as the
rest!

Their mirth grew high, and they laugh'd loud and long,
And the air rang again with the bacchanal's song;
And a toast was propos'd by a guest stout and tall—
"A health to the Squire of old Oak Hall!"
Which was drunk with a shout, such as few may hear,
By all who partook of his plentiful cheer.

'Tis night, and the lamps burn brightly now
Above the gay festal board;
And the jest and the toast pass rapidly round,
And boisterous mirth is heard.

But the fiddler!—the fiddler of old Oak Hall!
And where can the fiddler be?
For he is the pride of the gay festival,
And the life of their revelry.

They seek him, and find him at length—but where?
Victim of potations deep!
'Tis under the table the fiddler is found,
As drunk as a lord, and asleep!

And under the table already there lies
The form of full many a guest;
And he who is last of them all to give way,
Is accounted the bravest and best.

The fiddler they raise on his feet once more—
Right valiant, pot-valiant is he;
"Now bring me my fiddle!" aloud he shouts,
"For who can fiddle with me?"

"Now hear me, brave gentlemen, what I say—
I challenge both mortal and elf
To play against me for a wager—nay,
More—I challenge the devil himself!"

"Whew!" said the squire, "what is it I smell?"
"Whew!" cried the guests, "all cannot be well!"
"O, Lord!" cried the fiddler, and his hair stood up,
And the bacchanal dropt from his lips the cup.
A noise, loud as thunder, is heard 'neath the floor,
And a terrible rattling at every door;
The castle it shook to its foundation stone,
And the ponderous timbers were heard to groan;
And a sulphurous smoke seem'd to fill the place,
While each terrified guest in affright hid his face;
Then a bright blue flame flash'd up by the wall,
Disclosing a spectre, grim, gaunt and tall!
His eyeballs more dreadful than gorgon's, I ween,
Glaring from deep brazen sockets, were seen
Sternly bent on the terrified fiddler, poor wight,
Who shrunk all aghast from the horrible sight.
"And now for the trial!" the grim fiend roar'd,
And his voice shook the dishes all down from the board;
The snoring guests, wak'd from their drunken sleep,
From under the table now hastily creep,
And all eyes are turn'd on the horrible sprite,
While the fiddler is almost expiring with fight!

"And now for the trial! thy challenge was heard—
Take thy fiddle, vain mortal, and make good thy word!"
But the fiddler spoke not, nor the Squire of Oak Hall,
And fear kept in silence the tongues of all.
Then the fiend drew forth from a sable sack
A bow and a fiddle of shining black;
O'er the silver-toned strings he then drew his bow,
While the blue flame rose up with a brighter glow,
And shed forth a strange and unearthly glare
On the revelers all, assembled there.
But hark! the fiend playeth right skillfully;
His music enchanteth the companie—
For, see! driven mad by the fiddler's skill,
He maketh them dance and leap at will!
And now round the table they madly fly,
And wildly is glaring each swollen eye;
Anon, their wild laughter is heard, and then,
Joining hands, they all rush round the table again,
Now leaping, now whirling—oh, what a wild rig!
While the fiddler still plays his unhallowed jig.

But the fiddler! the fiddler of old Oak Hall!
And what is he doing now!
He joineth not in the maddening dance,
And wonder sits on his brow.

For he wondereth much at the Phantom's skill,
Which far doth his own exceed;
And the dance of the maddening revelers
He doth no longer heed.

But the music it ceases—the fiend cries out
To the fiddler to follow him;
And the fiddler he shaketh from head to foot,
'Neath the glance of the monster grim.

And he striveth in vain to elude his grasp—
By the throat doth the fiend hold him now;
His wild shrieks of agony rend the air,
And the fiddler is hurried below.

And the Squire of Oak Hall and his guests, all aghast,
Look down on the terrible sight;
Then the fiend and the fiddler both vanish below,
And all is as dark as night.

Now mind ye the moral, kind readers all—
Had the fiddler kept sober and civil,
He would not have been so unwise, it is plain,
As e'er to have challeng'd the Devil!

The following exciting and well written story was published in a London journal about ten years ago.

MAY LESLIE;

Or, Love's Sacrifice.

"The better days of life were ours,
The worst can be but mine,
The sun that shines, the storm that lowers,
Shall never more be thine;
The silence of that dreamless sleep,
I envy now too much to weep;
Nor need I to repine,
That all those charms have passed away,
I might have watched through long decay."

BYRON.

A wedding, as it has been often remarked, is a scene of perfect happiness; the highest aim of human ambition is then attained, and those who had been dreaming through many years, perchance, of the felicity which would attend the realization of their hopes, now find their full enjoyment: and though care, and strife, and mental agony, lurk immediately behind the picture, yet the happy one can see nothing beyond its brightness, and the soul is given up to delight.

The wedding of young Amelia Mallerton, which occurred in one of the smallest and prettiest villages in the kingdom, caused a perfect Arcadia to bloom on the spot, for that day at least. Amelia was young, handsome, and good, and the object of her heart's choice had also won for himself the entire good will of every body in the neighborhood. It was a pleasant sight to see the bridal procession leaving the church, round about the portal of which, and forming a line therefrom to the gate and the carriages outside: the whole of the peasantry were drawn up, attired in their best suits; the young with their faces clad in merry smiles, the old with tears upon their furrowed cheeks, murmuring prayers for the welfare of the young couple. Amelia leant upon the arm of him who had now become "sole partner and sole part of all her joys," and as they descended the steps from the church, a young and gentle girl, May Leslie, the daughter of a humble widow of the village, stepped forward from the group of peasantry, and with downcast look and trembling devotion, presented to the young bride a rose and a lily. Amelia immediately recognized the pretty maiden, and thanked her, by name, for the present and compliment.

"I shall not forget my little playfellow," said she, with a smile, "and though I have a husband now to bestow my attention and time upon, yet I am sure he will not blame me if I sometimes devote an hour or two to the companion of my earliest rambles, the associate of my happiest hours, the pretty May Leslie, through whose happy blunder, too, I first became acquainted with him who has taken me to be his companion through life for better or worse."

The fact was, that Amelia and May Leslie had been play-fellows in their youth, and with the merry thoughtlessness of girlhood, May, having been employed by Amelia to convey a letter to her cousin, a captain of hussars, who, with his regiment, had been quartered in a neighboring town, begging him to come and see her in her retirement, had given the letter to Captain Maynard instead of Captain Maitland; and some occurrences consequent upon the mistake, transpired, rather unpleasant at the time, but which ended in Amelia actually becoming the bride of Captain Maynard.

"And we must see," said the handsome bridegroom,

"if we cannot find a husband for the pretty villager who so bravely helped me to an excellent wife. We shall be absent on the continent for the next four or six months, but when we return, May Leslie shall be among the first we will renew our acquaintance with;" and thus saying, the bride and bridegroom shook May Leslie warmly by the hand, (each of them leaving a purse there,) and presently they were in the carriage, and the bridal party were followed to the residence of Amelia's family by the merry peasantry. There was one, however, who stayed behind after all the rest had departed, and who, as soon as she saw the scene vacant, nor heard a sound upon the spot, which but a few moments before had resounded with happy shouts, entered the church, avoiding the gaze of the persons engaged therein, and there, in a retired corner, she threw herself upon her knees, and gave vent to the feelings of her heart in prayers to the giver of all good, for the worldly and eternal welfare of the wedded pair. Her heart thus relieved, May Leslie was about to rise and retire, when she discovered that her conduct had been observed. Close beside her stood a handsome young man clad in wedding garments, and wearing the bridal favors, which indicated that he was one of the party, all of whom she thought had left the place. May Leslie trembled violently when she found that her emotion had been observed, and with downcast eyes and averted head, was about to retire hastily, when the young stranger caught her hand, and gently exclaimed:

"Pardon me, my little maid, and do not think me rude for thus detaining you, but after seeing what I have seen, and hearing what I have heard, I cannot withhold my thanks—a brother's thanks—for those prayers you have just breathed for my sister's prosperity."

"Your sister, sir?"

"Yes, my good girl, Amelia Mallerton, now the bride of Captain Maynard, is my sister, and when she comes to hear what I shall tell her, her gratitude can have no bounds."

"Indeed, sir," murmured May, "the prayers that I breathed were not intended for a human ear. I pray you not to mention what, by accident, you have overheard. I deemed myself only in the presence of my maker, and would not have what was intended for that ear only, spoken to others. I pray you, sir, not to mention what you have heard."

"Well, well, I will consider of it. I have often heard my sister speak of the virtues of May Leslie, but I did not think her picture so under-colored as I find it. My sister will be absent for three or four months; may I venture to request that the gentle May Leslie, and her aged parent, will allow me to stand in her place, when they are in need of friendship and advice? I return no more to college, and shall stay with my parents, at least till Amelia's return. I must offer my respects to your mother, and, with your permission, will do so before I return home. So, my charming little village girl, put your pretty arm within mine, and I'll conduct you immediately."

"Sir!" exclaimed May Leslie.

"Oh, I beg pardon," immediately replied Herbert Mallerton; "pray excuse me; I am a wild, thoughtless fellow, but shall improve by and by, no doubt. I forgot that the world would be scandalous were they to see a young gentleman arm-in-arm with a cottager, however high her virtues might exalt her above her

associates. Pray pardon me, and be assured I will not alarm your sensibility again. Good morning, and depend upon it that neither I nor my sister, nor my sister's husband, will be ungrateful to her who has breathed such prayers for her happiness."

So saying, Herbert hastily left the church, and May Leslie slowly and meditating, returned to her mother and their humble cottage.

On the following day, when May Leslie returned from the neighboring town, whither she had been to dispose of the trifling articles which she and her mother subsisted by the manufacture of, she was surprised to hear that young Mr. Mallerton had been there, and had had half an hour's conversation with the widow Leslie. He told her in what situation he had discovered May in the church, and how affected the whole bridal party had been, when he narrated the incident. Shortly after he had left the old dame, he sent a servant with cake and wine, and provisions for Madge Leslie and her daughter; and, moreover, had desired the domestic to say, that his sister had confided the mother and daughter to his care until her return.

Hubert Mallerton was not forgotten in the prayers of the mother and daughter that night; and if the prayers of the righteous can ensue gentle dreams, to Hubert Mallerton that night must have been a happy one.

After this, Hubert would frequently call at the widow's cottage; but it was remarked that he always came at times when May was absent. Sometimes he would stay away for days together, when nothing occurred to render it necessary for May to go abroad; but then, immediately that she had left the house, Hubert would be there, and many and many a happy hour did he spend with the old woman, whom he never quitted but with evident regret.

Hubert was now about nineteen; he had just left college, and possessed all the wildness of youthful feelings, with all the romance of early life, which is destroyed by early connection with the world. To be happy we should remain in perpetual youth, and making a little world of our own, at our own hearths, shut ourselves entirely from that great world, whose pleasures are illusive, however enticing they may be, and which only entice to destroy. The world finds us happy, and makes us wretched. With all his wildness and romance, Hubert inherited the virtues of his reverend father, the possessor of the neighboring rectory, a man whose wise instructions and gentle example, pointed the attention of his flock to heaven, and led the way himself. Hubert had for upward of a month frequented the widow Leslie's cottage, but he had not seen May since the bridal day, when he parted from her in the church; yet it was evident, from his manner and conversation, that her image was forcibly impressed upon his heart; that, indeed, he was struggling to master a passion which her beauty and virtue had inspired, and which, however strongly prudence disappointed it, Hubert found it impossible to destroy. He was aware of the evil of giving the village girl cause to think that he loved her, and he, therefore, carefully timed his visits to her house when he had cause to believe her absent. He deemed that, by so doing, he should ultimately be able to master his affection, and at length to behold May Leslie with nothing beyond friendly respect. But he deceived himself. Where once Love sets his seal, it is never set in vain; and Hubert deemed that he was controlling his passion;

but it chanced, one day, that May Leslie returned earlier than usual, and they met! Oh! it was a meeting of boundless gratitude on one side, and heart-burning love on the other. May Leslie burst into tears—she had no words to thank her benefactor—and she went and hid her face in her mother's bosom. And Hubert could not fly from the scene; his heart was there—there within those humble walls, and all powerful love chained him to his seat, and forbade him to remove.

Hubert Mallerton thenceforth did not shun May Leslie: he no longer refrained from visiting her cottage, when she was at home, but rather courted her society; hours, nay, whole days, did he pass with her and her aged parent; her fare his fare, her home his home; and love made the cottage to him a palace—the one bright spot—the world within the world, a place of joy, and happiness, and peace, in the midst of care, disappointment and bitterness.

He never spoke of love, but there was an expression in his looks and actions which gave forcible utterance to his passion. May Leslie, at first, strove to disbelieve the evidence of her senses, but the devotion of Hubert too plainly indicated the thoughts of her heart for her to be mistaken; and then she endeavored to fortify it, but in vain; the more she strove, the more forcibly did her heart acknowledge the virtues of her lover, and when she thought herself most secure, her whole defence gave way, and love rushed in—love, wild, burning, devastating love—love that withered all the blossoms of her life, and made her heart a sepulchre!

They loved—Hubert and May Leslie—but each, aware of the distance between them in point of rank, stifled their feelings, and both became melancholy and desponding. Hubert was no longer the forward, high-spirited youth as before; neither was May Leslie the merriest girl in the village; she became thoughtful and sad, and her sadness rather served to heighten her beauty than impair it. She had many suitors, but to all of them she gave denial: one, however, James Morris, a thriving farmer's son, thought it quite impossible that a girl in the humble condition of May Leslie, could, in her heart, refuse the heir to a farm of some acres, with horses and cattle, men and maid servants, &c., and he, therefore, was the more persevering, the more the village girl discountenanced his addresses. Hubert, perceiving the ardor of the young farmer, imagined that in her present uncertainty with respect to his own intentions, May might accept the offer of James Morris, and thus his own hopes would be forever, and completely wrecked. He hesitated not to overstep the bounds of prudence, within which he had till now restrained his passion, and openly acknowledged all his love for his young protegee. He besought a candid reply, and May Leslie, who knew no guile, was candid in her own confession, and acknowledged that she was herself struggling with a passion which she could not believe would tend to any good.

"Oh, say not so," exclaimed the enraptured Hubert, "there is no difference between us in the eye of Him to whom, when I first beheld you, you were offering your prayers; and I am sure that my good father will not object to receive as his worthy child, one so good as you are."

Hubert spoke not of his father too praisingly: the old man gave his sanction to his son's addresses to the village girl, and May Leslie and her benefactor now made no secret of their affection. Never were human

beings happier than they were then. But they were destined to experience sad misfortunes; for, suddenly, the venerable parent of Hubert died, and his brother, a cold, calculating, and heartless merchant of the metropolis, came into the possession of the greater part of his property. Hubert not only found himself deprived of a much loved parent, but, also, dependant upon a cruel uncle, whose first command it was for him to dissolve his connection with a beggar girl! Hubert manfully resisted this disgraceful mandate, and avowed his honest love for May Leslie, which the heartless one laughed to scorn, and simply said that unless his nephew complied with his wishes, he could expect no favor from him.

But Hubert was constant to his village girl; and she, who loved him more in his distress than in the days of his prosperity, strove to console him with words of affection and hope. But she had other enemies to contend with; another power was put in motion to drive Hubert from his faithful one. James Morris, who found that it was now impossible to gain the object of his wishes by fair means, endeavored to destroy the happiness of his successful rival, and drive him from her, by inventing a string of falsehoods, and contriving frauds that might have deceived the father of lies himself. He commenced by writing a letter to May Leslie to the following effect:

"My dearest May—I perfectly agree with you in thinking that secrecy for the present is essentially necessary for our purpose. You must still make something like a show of fondness for that love-sick boy, Hubert Mallerton. As you say it is very disagreeable for you to do so, you will no doubt hasten the progress of the scheme, and fly to your adoring C. H."

This note, which was addressed to May Leslie, Morris took care should fall into the hands of Hubert, instead of the girl, together with a fragment of a letter addressed to May, in his own name, and which ran thus:

"Ungrateful girl—I would expose you to the man whom you are so grossly deceiving, did I not love you too well to injure you. I am acquainted with all the villainous schemes in which you and Charles Hammond are engaged. I pity your victim, but I have loved you—still love you too well to tell him what I know."
JAMES MORRIS."

The black-hearted rival caused these papers to be conveyed to Hubert, with some books from May Leslie, having bribed the servant who fetched them. Hubert perused the documents with surprize and terror; his first impulse was to lay them before his heart's idol, and happy would it have been for them both had he done so; but after re-perusing the fragment, which bore the name of Morris, he determined upon seeking that man, and, pretending not to have any knowledge of his letter, endeavor to learn more from him. This was what Morris expected, and the lover fell into his diabolical snare. Hubert went to his farm, under some pretence, and commencing a conversation, which Morris did not at all object to, he, by degrees, brought it round to the real object of his visit.

"I believe that you, James, once proffered suit to May Leslie?" said he.

"Yes, I did once," replied James, "but she rejected me, *they say*."

"They say," echoed Hubert. "And do they not speak truly?"

"Why, as for the matter of that, I'm not the one to

say anything against a young woman; and if so be as they like to talk about her rejecting me, why let them, I shan't make them any wiser."

"What, and you *could* make them wiser, James, eh?"

"That's neither here nor there, your honor; it's plain she either rejected me, or *I rejected her*," exclaimed the farmer, laying great emphasis upon the last sentence.

"Well, there's no accounting for tastes," said Hubert, affecting a smile. "I suppose that May Leslie was too much of a sensitive plant for you, James, eh?"

"Rather too much of a weathercock!" cried James.

"Eh!" exclaimed Hubert, "you don't mean to say, James, that she has had other lovers—"

"I mean to say nothing; the least that's said is the soonest mended."

"But, James, let us understand each other. You know how I am situated with May Leslie, and it is your duty, as it may be your interest, to acquaint me with anything you may have heard."

"Sir," cried James, "to you only (and to no other man upon earth would my lips be unclosed) I will reveal what I know; but you must give me your word of honor that you will not disclose your informant's name, as I should be despised by my neighbors if it were known that I tell tales of a woman."

"I will tell no one, you may be assured."

"But your word of honor, sir—"

"Well, well; on the word of a gentleman."

"I will trust you, Sir; and happy shall I be if I become the instrument and means of saving you from the artifices of that fair-faced imposter. Why, Sir, her attachment to Charles Hammond, an idler, a roving vagabond who lives by his wits, that is to say, by cheating everybody, a swindler; her attachment to him is becoming generally known. She does not mean to marry *you*—oh, no; she would trick you out of as much money as she can, and elope with Hammond."

"Impossible!" cried Hubert.

"Oh, you need not believe me unless you like. You may, perhaps, believe this," and he produced a note which appeared to be of May Leslie's writing, the purport of which was the appointment of a meeting near Farmer Harwood's close, at six o'clock that evening.

"Now, Sir, if you doubt me," continued Morris, "go to the close and convince yourself."

Hubert said nothing, but hastily quitted the house. He proceeded toward his home in a state of mind bordering upon desperation.

By the hour of six he was at Farmer Harwood's close, where he observed a man closely muffled up, loitering about, evidently waiting for some one; trusting that he had not been seen, he contrived to hide himself behind some hayricks, and impatiently awaited the coming of May Leslie. He had not been there long, before she approached, smiling and looking as beautiful and as innocent as ever; he could not be mistaken—there was but one May Leslie in the world, and this was she! They spoke in whispers. Hubert saw the man press her hand—he caught the words "eternal love," and "constancy," and was about to rush from his hiding-place, and strike his supposed rival to the earth: but, at that moment, May Leslie bade the stranger good night, and hastened away.

From that moment the lovers never met again. That was the last time Herbert Mallerton gazed upon the fair face of the beloved and innocent May Leslie. This

occurrence, which was a trick of James Morris's, destroyed one heart utterly, and planted that agony and grief in another, which no time could drive away. May had been enticed to the meeting by a letter from a stranger, signed "Charles Hammond," the writer of which stated himself to be in possession of some papers belonging to her family, which might be of great service to her; but when she came to Farmer Harwood's close, she discovered in the person of the muffled stranger, none other than James Morris, who there renewed his protestations of eternal love and constancy; upon which she broke away from him, and returned, in tears, to her mother's cottage. Had Hubert followed, all might have been well; for May would have thrown herself into his arms, and have revealed to him the deceit which had been practised; but, high-spirited as he was, he fancied he had sufficient evidence of May's perfidy, and immediately upon his return home, he made preparations for departing to the Continent, and on the following morning, without giving any person the least intimation of his destination, he quitted England, leaving a brief note for May Leslie, to this effect:

"When I thought you innocent, I loved with passionate devotion. Your meeting with the man called Hammond, last night, proves how much I was deceived. May you be happy, May Leslie, but you have almost broken the heart of
HUBERT MALLERTON."

May Leslie never saw Hubert after that. His letter came like a thunderbolt upon her; withering and destroying her. She never held up her head again. No tidings were heard for many months of Hubert, and then his family learned that he was wandering among the Swiss mountains, attended by a single servant, and that he had not the most remote intention of returning home. In the meanwhile, Captain and Mrs. Maynard had concluded their Continental ramble, and were again on the spot of their native home. The trees, birds, flowers, all were the same as when they left; but one was changed—poor May Leslie! Now a blighted and spirit-broken thing, she no more bounded over the greensward like the fawn, nor caroled in the sunshine like the lark winging its flight to heaven's gate; a fearful change had come over her, and they knew that she was dying. True to her promise, Mrs. Maynard visited the widow's cottage soon after her arrival: there was her once playfellow upon the bed of sickness from which it was destined that she never more should arise.

In loneliness she had dwelt,
May be, too much: her bosom had recoiled
On its own self, and knawed its own delights,
For want of other food. She had felt—oh, felt
Remembrance of the past's a mazy wild;
'Twas more, much more, perchance, than should have
dwelt

Within a maiden's breast; It was a rush
Of daring thought, that overflowed her mind,
A something in the inward self, too restless,
Too powerful!
And it destroyed her. She recognized the happy bride
whom she had prayed for in the village church, on her
bridal day, and taking her hand, she pressed it to her
lips, exclaiming:

"God bless you! bless you—and—and—your brother!"

She spoke no more, and the once beautiful May Leslie lay numbered with the silent dead.

He, the dark-minded man, James Morris, the cause of all this woe, met with a horrible death. Returning home from a revel one night, his horse became restive, threw him to the ground, and dragged him to his home with his head dashing to and fro among the stones of the road. He breathed his last within a few hours afterward.

But deep woe remained for the hapless Hubert. His friends discovered his place of retreat, and allured him home; there, to his agony, the innocence of his beloved was proved to him, and he became sensible of the error of his own impetuous temper which had destroyed her. But there is a power that "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," and it was relief to the mourner to offer up his daily prayers upon the grave of her, his first love and his last, that he might so walk through life's pilgrimage, as to meet his soul's idol in the land of everlasting bliss.

"HOUSE OF MOURNING."

We presume this production, which we take from Hood's Magazine, to be the editors, more from its merit than from any other evidence. Indeed it is frequently difficult to distinguish Mr. Hood's contributions. No writer has less of mannerism; he possesses the very rare faculty of perfectly accommodating his style to his subject; a flexibility of mind which enables him, when he pleases, to drop his identity, and defy detection. We are tempted to extract the greater portion of the paper, for it is certainly one of the wittiest pieces that has lately appeared. We must premise that it is suggested by one of those mourning establishments which are now becoming common in London. A Hampshire squire and his lady came to town to see the lions, and their curiosity is tempted by the view of one of these establishments, painted raven gray, picked out with black. The squire supposes it to be an undertaker's, but his lady, correcting him, says it is a *mason de dool*. The squire consents to his lady's desire to enter this

HOUSE OF MOURNING.

Squire.—Well, well, come along, then! But stop. Ask your pardon. Sir, (*to a passenger*) would you oblige me with the English of that Greek or Latin yonder under the hatchment.

Stranger.—Oh, certainly—"Mors Janua Vitæ"—let me see—it means, Jane between life and death.

Squire.—Thankee, Sir, thankee. I'll do as much for you when you come into our parts. Poor Jane! So it may come, mayhap, to be a real house of mourning after all!

[The SQUIRE and his LADY cross over the road and enter the shop, where ebony chairs are placed for them by a person in a full suit of sable, very like *Hamlet*, minus the cloak and the hat and feathers. A young man, also in black, speaks across the counter with the solemn air and tone of a clergyman at a funeral.]
May I have the melancholy pleasure of serving you, madam?

Lady.—I wish, Sir, to look at some mourning.

Shopm.—Certainly, by all means. A relic, I presume?

Lady.—Yes; a widow, Sir. A poor friend of mine, who has lost her husband.

Shopm.—Exactly so—for a deceased partner. How deep would you choose to go, ma'am? Do you wish to be very poignant?

Lady.—Why, I suppose crape and bombazine, unless they're gone out of fashion. But you had better show me some different sorts.

Shopm.—Certainly, by all means. We have a very extensive assortment, whether for family, court, or complimentary mourning, including the last novelties from the Continent.

Lady.—Yes, I should like to see them.

Shopm.—Certainly. Here is one, ma'am, just imported—a widow's silk—*watered*, as you perceive, to match the sentiment. It is called the "Inconsolable;" and is very much in vogue in Paris for matrimonial bereavements.

Squire.—Looks rather flimsy, though. Not likely to last long—eh, Sir?

Shopm.—A little slight, Sir—rather a delicate texture. But mourning ought not to last for ever, Sir.

Squire.—No, it seldom does; especially the violent sort.

Lady.—La! Jacob, do hold your tongue; what do you know about fashionable affliction. But never mind him, Sir; it's only his way.

Shopm.—Certainly—by all means. As to mourning, ma'am, there has been a great deal, a very great deal indeed, this season, and several new fabrics have been introduced, to meet the demand for fashionable tribulation.

Lady.—And all in the French style?

Shopm.—Certainly—of course, ma'am. They excel in the *funebre*. Here, for instance, is an article for the deeply afflicted. A black crape, expressly adapted to the profound style of mourning—makes up very sombre, and interesting.

Lady.—I dare say it does, Sir.

Shopm.—Would you allow me, ma'am to cut off a dress?

Squire.—You had better cut me off first.

Shopm.—Certainly, Sir—by all means. Or, if you would prefer a velvet; ma'am—

Lady.—Is it proper, Sir, to mourn in velvet?

Shopm.—O quite!—certainly. Just coming in. Now, here is a very rich one; real Genoa and a splendid black. We call it the *Luxury of Woe*.

Lady.—Very expensive, of course?

Shopm.—Only eighteen shillings a yard, and a superb quality; in short, fit for the handsomest style of domestic calamity.

Squire.—Whereby, I suppose, sorrow gets more superfine as it goes upward in life?

Shopm.—Certainly: yes, Sir; by all means, at least a finer texture. The mourning of poor people is very coarse—very; quite different from that of persons of quality. Canvas to crape, Sir?

Lady.—To be sure it is! And as to the change of dress, Sir, I suppose you have a great variety of half mourning.

Shopm.—O, infinite, the largest stock in town. Full, and half, and quarter mourning, shaded off, if I may so say, like an India-ink drawing, from a grief *prononce* to the slightest nuance of regret.

Lady.—Then, Sir, please to let me see some half mourning.

Shopm.—Certainly. But the gentleman opposite superintends the Intermediate Sorrow Department.

Squire.—What that young fellow yonder in pepper-and-salt?

Shopm.—Yes, Sir; in the suit of gray. [*Calls across.*] Mr. Dawe, show the neutral tints!

[The SQUIRE and his LADY cross the shop and take seats vis-a-vis; Mr. DAWE, who affects the penance rather than the solemn.]

Shopm.—You wish to inspect some half mourning, madam?

Lady.—Yes—the newest patterns.

Shopm.—Precisely—In the second state of distress. As such ma'am, allow me to recommend this satin—intended for grief when it has subsided—alleviated you see, ma'am, from a dead black into a dull lead color.

Squire.—As a black horse alleviates into a gray one, after he's clipped!

Shopm.—Exactly so, Sir. A Parisian novelty, ma'am. It's called "Settled Grief," and is very much worn by ladies of a certain age, who do not intend to embrace Hymen a second time.

Squire.—Old women, mayhap, about seventy.

Shopm.—Exactly so, Sir—or thereabouts. Not but what some ladies, ma'am, set in for sorrow much earlier; indeed, in the prime of life: and for such cases it's very durable wear.

Lady.—Yes; it feels very stout.

Shopm.—But, perhaps, madam, that is too *lugubre*. Now, here is another—not exactly black, but shot with a warmish tint, to suit a woe moderated by time. We have sold several pieces of it. That little *nuance de rose* in it—the French call it a *Gleam of Comfort*—is very attractive.

Squire.—No doubt; and would be still more taking, if so be it was violet color at once, like the mourning of the Chinese.

Shopm.—Yes, Sir. I believe that is the fashionable color at Pekin. Now, here ma'am, is a sweet pretty article, quite new. A mourning dress for the funeral promenade. The French ladies go in them to *Pere la Chaise*.

Squire.—What's that—a chaise and pair?

Shopm.—Excuse me; no, Sir. By your leave it's a scene of rural interment, near Paris. A black cypress sprig, you see ma'am, on a stone color ground, harmonizes beautifully with the monuments and epitaphs. We sold two this very morning—one to Norwood, and one to Kensal-green. We consider it the happiest pattern of the season.

Squire.—Yes; some people are very happy in it, no doubt.

Shopm.—No doubt, Sir. There's a charm in melancholy, Sir. I'm fond of the pensive myself. But possibly, madam, you would prefer something still more in the transition state, as we call it, from grave to gay. In that case, I would recommend this lavender ducape, with only just a *souvenir* of sorrow in it—the slightest tinge of mourning, to distinguish it from the garb of pleasure. Permit me to put aside a dress for you.

Lady.—Why, no—not at present. I am not going into mourning myself; but a friend, who has just been left with a large family.

Shopm.—Oh, I understand; and you desire to see an appropriate style of costume for the juvenile branches, when sorrow their young days has shaded. Of course, a milder degree of mourning than for adults. Black would be precocious. This, ma'am, for instance—a dark pattern on grey; an interesting dress, ma'am, for a little girl, just initiated in the vale of tears.

Squire.—Poor thing!

Shopm.—Precisely so, Sir—only eighteen pence a yard, ma'am—and warranted to wash. Possibly you would require the whole piece?

Lady.—Why no—I must first consult the mamma. And that reminds me to look at some widow's caps.

Shopm.—Very good, ma'am. The Coiffure department is backward; if you would have the goodness to step that way.

[The *LADY*, followed by the *SQUIRE*, walks into a room, at the back of the shop: the walls are hung with black, and on each of the three sides is a looking-glass, in a black frame, multiplying infinitely the reflections of the widow's caps, displayed on stands on the central table. A *SHOWWOMAN* in deep mourning is in attendance.]

Show.—Your melancholy pleasure ma'am?

Lady.—Widow's caps.

Squire.—Humph! that's plump any how!

Show.—This is the newest style, ma'am—

Lady.—Bless me! for a widow!—Isn't it rather—you know, rather a little—

Squire.—Rather frisky in its frilligigs!

Show.—Not for the mode, ma'am. Affliction is very much modernized, and admits more *gout* than formerly. Some ladies, indeed, for their morning grief wear rather a plainer cap—but for evening sorrow, this is not at all too *ornee*. French taste has introduced very considerable alleviations—for example, the *sympathizer*—

Squire.—Where is he?

Show.—This muslin *ruche*, ma'am, instead of the plain band.

Lady.—Yes; a very great improvement, certainly.

Show.—Would you like to try it, ma'am?

Lady.—No, not at present. I am only inquiring for a friend—Pray what are those?

Show.—Worked handkerchiefs, ma'am. Here is a lovely pattern—all done by hand—an exquisite piece of work—

Squire.—Better than a noisy one!

Show.—Here is another, ma'am—the last novelty. The *Larmoyante*—with a fringe of artificial tears, you perceive, in mock pearl. A sweet pretty idea, ma'am.

Squire.—But rather scrubby, I should think, for the eyes.

Show.—Oh! dear, no, Sir!—if you mean wiping. The wet style of grief is quite gone out—quite!

Squire.—O! and a dry cry is the genteel thing. But, come, ma'am, come, or we shall be too late for the other exhibitions.

[The *SQUIRE* and his *LADY* leave the shop: on getting into the street he turns round, and takes a long last look at the premises.]

Squire.—Humph! And so that's mason de dool! Well, if it's all the same to you, ma'am, I'd rather die in the country, and be universally lamented, after the old fashion.

True humor is so rare a quality that we would not resist begging from Mr. Hood one of its most genuine examples. The quiet style of the scene increases its effect. The characters are perfectly sustained; the old squire's homeliness of feeling; his wife's ingenuity in naming her convenient friend, and the complacency of the shop-people. "Certainly by all means," are perfectly true to nature. Many of the expressions, though not at all forced, are irresistibly comic, as "How deep do you choose to go, ma'am—do you wish to be very poignant?"—the real Genoa velvet, termed the luxury of woe, and "fit for the handsomest style of domestic calamity;"—the deal of mourning that has prevailed "this season," and the consequent novelties

that have been invented to meet the demand "for fashionable attribution;"—and the interesting dress for "the little girl just initiated in the vale of tears." But the shopwoman even beats her male companion. "Your melancholy pleasure ma'am?" her nice distinction between "morning sorrow and evening grief," and, best of all, her answer to the squire's remark, that the handkerchief with a fringe of artificial tears of mock pearl must be scrubby to the eyes—"Oh dear no, sir—if you mean wiping. The *wet style of grief* is quite gone out—quite."

LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MY DEAR EDITOR.—Perhaps of all monomanias that ever haunted a poet's cells of imagination, that of scribbling is the most ruinous and unsatisfactory; for what guaranty has he that that which cost him thought, and the labor of embodying it (which is the worst of all) will ever meet the eye of an appreciating reader? All men have not minds, or if they have, they choose the least troublesome medium for exercising them. "I never read poetry," exclaimed a blustering little man on board of one of the North River steamers the other day; his voice pitched an octave higher, than any sane man without "literary pretensions" would have dared to assume. "I see it," said he "but I never read a line—after Lord Byron I can read no poetry." Now Mr. Editor, I'll bet ten to one, that this self-same admirer of Byron, if called upon, could not quote correctly ten lines of the bard he pretended to idolize. So much for criticism; as if a man may not have but sixteen dollars in the world, but that be all in one gold piece.

I met Halleck to-day in one of the most unfrequented thoroughfares. Time has *not* touched him gently. Its frosty fingers have been toying with his ear-locks and they quite gray. Is he never to wake his muse from its lethargy again? or, are all those bright, but unborn fancies to lie forever rusting in their sheath, and the great heavens stoop no more to wait them up to God? Has "Imagination's world of air," no more fascinations? will it not repay the toil of struggling through it?—"will Mr. Astor's account never be posted—but whither would conjecture stray?"

The fountain, is as arid as a brick-kiln; the "spouting" inside the park (theatre) is too strong in its rivalry, perhaps—the main artery I hear has ruptured—what a splendid sea-serpent would that aqueduct make, if it could be transported "off Nantucket!"

The great feature at the New York Museum is the Lapland dwarf, a waxy little savage; harmless of course, such savages are, unless you insert your finger in their mouths. He is something shorter than Tom Thumb, now creating so great a sensation in Europe, and much less symmetrically proportioned.

Men, said Napoleon, should be seen with a favorable light as well as pictures. Raddo Scauff might easily place himself, and light also, under a bushel.

My dear Editor, I've an idea—perhaps you will say that you are very happy to hear it; well, a suggestion, then. In these days of Home Libraries, "Rococo's," and shilling Extras, pray what's to prevent your getting out an extra Rover, filled with little gems of fugitive poetry—such sunbeams of thought as have made music to our heart for years; and now floating about, boasting no acknowledged parentage, but still the adopted children of the whole community. How will the

world thank you, or Major Jack, for bringing them into the family circle again; besides, it might be worn as an amulet, for those suffering from a plethora of rhyme. Should it not pay, let that be a secondary matter. Zeuxis gave his pictures away, declaring that no wealth was sufficient to purchase them; let that be your consolation; and as you reverence the muse, fulfil your trust impartially; cut and carve, as the conspirators did at Cæsar, as if it were a "dish for the Gods."

The National Academy of Design has just opened for the season, and most of the pictures are wretched daubs. Sully of Philadelphia exhibits this year two female heads—it's a charming picture, without any attempt to catch the eye by an exaggerated and meretricious tone of color—which, by-the-by, is the besetting sin of all our young painters. There are some other creditable pieces—one by Durand, another from Mount, and Ingham's portrait of a lady are very fine; though, upon the whole, the exhibition is much inferior to former years. Yours,

H. H. C.

REMARKABLE DISCOVERY—MNEMONICS.

The article which we give below, on Mnemonics, was published in the *Mechanic's Gazette* of March 26th 1823! printed in New York. If Mons. Gouraud never saw the work from which the extract is taken, it is a very astonishing coincidence of discoveries, for it will easily be seen that his system bears a most wonderful resemblance to that taught in the work referred to, which was published more than twenty years ago. It is possible that Mons. Gouraud will disclaim any knowledge of Halworth's book; but that there will spring up a strong feeling toward the Professor among his class in New York, upon the promulgation of the following article, we are pretty certain from indications already given by such of his class as have read it. We are highly gratified in recalling to light the unpretending work of Halworth, which, for simplicity and originality, deserves all praise. We shall be glad to hear from any one who possesses a copy of Halworth.

"A NEW SYSTEM OF CHRONOLOGY MADE EASY FOR THE MEMORY.—By T. Halworth," has come under our notice, and we think it highly deserving of public patronage, and particularly of the attention of teachers, who pursue the correct mode of communicating that very important branch in connection with history.

"The student of history has always found it the most difficult part of his labor to acquire, and permanently retain in his memory to dates of historical facts, so as to be able to quote them at pleasure, with certainty and precision. The system before us is so perfectly simple; so easy of comprehension, and so eminently calculated to relieve the intense application of those who seek to become perfect historians, that we recommend it to our readers with confidence, as a most useful and pleasant method of fixing dates and numbers to any extent in the mind, with scarcely a possibility of forgetting them. We speak with more certainty, relative to its merits, as a practical demonstration has been made by the Principal of the Mechanic's Society School, who has introduced this system of Chronology and also some other branches of study upon mnemonic principles with a success truly astonishing.

"We will give a few examples selected from the

work, but will previously insert the author's key consisting of all the consonants of the alphabet.

B or C expresses No. 1	P or R expresses No. 6
D " F " " 2	S " SH " " 7
G " H " " 3	T " CH " " 8
K " L " " 4	J V W " " 9
M " N " " 5	Q X Y Z TH FH WH NG O

"After committing the above to memory, a sentence may be formed expressive of the transaction to be remembered, with mnemonic words placed in such a manner, as to become particularly conspicuous. In the following facts they are in *italics* at the end of the sentence; which plan is pursued throughout the work, and accounts for occasional peculiarity of phraseology.

"FACTS PREVIOUS TO THE CHRISTIAN ERA.

"The sun and moon stand still, that Joshua may *blow make*. The consonants in the last two words give the date, 1454.

The Prophet Jeremiah pays the debt of *nature*—586. Damon and Pythias proving themselves *great*—363. Pythagoras, as a philosopher, is *mighty*—538.

Euclid flourishes, at whose knowledge the world is *gazing*—300.

Virgil descends into his *cave*—19.

Death causes Livy's pen to *cease*—17.

Horace makes his *exit*—8.

"CHRONOLOGY OF NORTH AMERICA.

"The discovery of the West Indies, by Christopher Columbus, whose geographical opinions were not *believed*—1492.

The colonists are required to pay a tax on tea, &c., to their *abusers*—1767.

The East India Company's tea rejected at Boston, and into the dock the *cases go*—1773—from the hold, (342 boxes.)

The battle at Bennington where General Stark his green mountain *boys uses*—1777.

The treachery of Arnold detected, whose punishment ought to be *shooting*—1780.

Cornwallis with his army captured, and the Americans receive his *best bow*—1781, &c.

"As an additional specimen of the utility of this mode of committing numbers, we will add the following lines which are applied to the science of Astronomy.

The situation of upward of a thousand stars in the heavens, may be easily gathered from the consonants in the *italic* words; and if any association of each line be made in imagination, with the zodiacal figures in which the stars are grouped, we presume that neither the picture nor its corresponding number will be easily obliterated from the memory. This association is odd we acknowledge, yet it matters very little by what means the recollective faculty is assisted; if the object be obtained, and science become facilitated to our acceptance.

1. A rope for Arles, tie him fast; - - 66
2. A club for Taurus like a mast; - - 141
3. A chain may Gen'ni fast unite; - - 85
4. Eat hay, you Crab, for you can bite; - - 83
5. A vine grows where the Lion lies; - - 95
6. To be obeyed Virgo tries; - - 110
7. A mob applauds the honest scale; - - 51
8. Look! Scorpion's sting is in his tail - - 44
9. An ape in view the Archer's prey; - - 69
10. See mee with Capricornus play; - - 51
11. Be quiet, rogues, the Wal'rer cries; - - 103
12. A boy to beg the fishes tries; - - 113

Total number of the stars in the 12 signs, 1016

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THE BANTAN TREE

THE ROVER.

THE BANYAN TREE.

WHERE Barampooster rolls his waves,
Through sultry India's wide domain,
Or silver Ganges proudly laves
The margins of his flowery plains;
As stately as the Ganges flows,
And silent seeks the distant sea,
So silent seeks the skies, an I grows
The beauteous, stately *Banyan Tree*.

Erect and firm, the trunk ascends
And widely spreads its branches round;
And many a bough it downward sends
To seek again the genial ground;
Formed into trunks, they shoot above,
Bend down again, new trunks to be;
Till all united, form a grove
Around the parent *Banyan Tree*.

And thus may hearts of pious worth,
In peaceful, friendly union stand;
And spirits, too, though tied to earth,
May still be joined in golden band.
How beautiful, when many a soul
From discord and defilement free,
Unite to form a perfect whole
Like thee, delightful *Banyan Tree*.

THE BANYAN TREE.

WITH A FINE STEEL ENGRAVING.

THE engraving in this week's *Rover* is copied from the *Oriental Annual*, published in London in 1834, and is from a drawing by the distinguished artist Daniell. The following account of the banyan tree in general, and of the identical tree which stood to the artist for this particular portrait, is also copied from the *Oriental Annual*.

"We passed a beautiful banyan tree, at a short distance from Mizapoor, under which from the sanctity of the situation, a most excellent piece of sculpture had been originally fixed. Around this the tree had twisted its strong and sinewy arms, lifted it completely from the pedestal, and carried it up in its growth throwing around it a frame formed of its own picturesque and convoluted branches; thus rendering it a natural curiosity well worth beholding. The effect was as singular as it was striking. The tree from which the accompanying engraving is taken, was a much finer specimen of this extraordinary production of the vegetable kingdom, than that to which I have just referred; it grew a few miles farther up the river. It had two stems of nearly equal circumference, forming a junction at the root, and from these stems there branched laterally two large arms, from which numerous strong fibres depended: these two arms throwing out horizontal shoots in all directions, and covering a prodigious space with thick and verdant foliage. The tree afforded daily shelter to men and cattle, to pilgrims and travelers, who at times congregated in great numbers beneath its branches. It appeared to be in the full vigor of its maturity, as not a single portion of it had begun to decay.

"The boughs grow horizontally from the stem, and

VOLUME III.—No 9.

extend so far, that in the ordinary process of nature they would be unable to support themselves. To supply this support, small fibrous shoots fall perpendicularly from them, and take root as soon as they reach the ground, thus proping the parent bough, while the lateral branches continue to throw out new sprouts, from which other fibres drop, until, in the course of years, one tree forms a little forest. The perpendicular stems put forth no shoots, and vary in circumference from a few inches to eight or ten feet. Before they reach the ground they are very flexible, and seem to dangle from the parent boughs like short, thick thongs. The leaves of the banyan tree are of an elliptical shape, smooth, crisp and glossy. They are about the size of a lettuce-leaf, and grow in regular alternations on each side of the branch. The fruit, which adheres to the smaller twigs, has no stem; and is about the size of a hazel nut, and its color a deep bright red. It is eaten by monkeys, paroquets and other birds, but is insipid, and therefore seldom made use of by the natives, and never by Europeans, as an article of food. The seeds are said to pass through birds uninjured; on the contrary, their germinating properties are improved by the process. They are thus deposited in various parts of the country, and frequently on buildings, where they take root, and by these means the tree becomes extensively propagated. It is held in great veneration by the Hindoos, and has been, therefore, confounded with the "*figus religiosa*," a tree altogether different in its growth and properties."

THEORY AND PRACTICE.

BY WILLIAM GRANDIN.

Wonder not,
And be not grieve; she is of good esteem,
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;
Beside so qualified as may becom
The spouse of any noble gentleman.

"I assure you again, my dear sir, that until you throw aside the Benedickline robe, and array yourself in the garments of the married man, you need not expect to know anything of true earthly happiness! I say this to you as a married man. I have seen and experienced, and sure I ought to know."

"Aye, indeed, my good friend, you have experienced in your own proper person and peculiar case; but let me have leave to imagine other cases, where the parties, instead of tasting what you are pleased to call true earthly happiness, have been rendered miserable by marriage."

"Oh, I grant you; there may have been instances, and indeed it were contrary to the natural course of things, to suppose that all married people are happy. But I contend for the general proposition, that a young man, situated as you are, cannot know anything of real enjoyment until he takes a sensible woman to wife, and settles down as a man of family and responsibility."

Somewhat in this fashion was the conversation of two gentlemen in a morning's ramble from Washington Square to their respective places of business in the lower part of the city. The one had compassed some fifty summers, and was accounted in high esteem among

his fellows. His companion, a young bachelor of brilliant talents and fine acquirements, poor in purse as he was rich in mental stores; and, in brief, he was a briefless lawyer! There are many, very many of this class among those who are denominated by De Toqueville, "the aristocracy of the United States." In a walk such as our gentlemen have taken during the hours of a bright April morning, numerous specimens of nature's loveliest handiwork may be encountered. Some ladies will be seen promenading in the Square; some in the public streets, and not a few partially and bewitchingly concealed in the folds of the window tapestry, or within the arras of the balconies. A passing glimpse of a lovely, fair and youthful face in one of those palaces near the University, had caused our legal gentleman to lose himself in admiration, and he was hardly conscious of the "good gracious!" that escaped his lips something in the way of Placide's Sir Harcourt Courly, when his more sedate and propriety-loving companion wished to know the cause of his excitement. He was informed; but instead of expressing a degree of admiration commensurate with the sanguine temperament of his friend, he forthwith proceeds in his lecture upon the general subject of matrimony—the necessity thereof, and the benefits that might naturally be expected from a *judicious* life partnership.

"I am free to confess" (and at this point the speaker had the boldness to turn his gaze toward the residence of the fair one) "that at no hour of the day does a young lady appear more worthy of a sensible man's admiration, than about this time in the morning. Here are no glittering lamps to shed their light upon gaudy jewels or rustling silks, to heighten the effect of artificial color on the face, or the gloss imparted to the hair. How much more admirable does that lovely being appear, because she is, in fact, making herself partially useful, even in arranging those ornamental flowers, and imparting to them the necessary moisture? And as you are pleased to say something about a *judicious* marriage, what kind of a wife, think you, would such a girl make for a poor man of business? You perceive that even in the simple duty of cultivating flowers, she is early at work, and makes a pleasure of that which is oftentimes imposed on the servants of the household. Would a life partnership with such a lady come within your idea of the *judicious*?"

"There are two sides to every wall. *That* lady lives in a splendid mansion. Doubtless she is heiress to a mine of wealth. If her father is alive, he must be rich, and if he has shuffled off this mortal coil, she stands unquestionably in her own right, and not by reversion or remainder, the mistress of a competence complete. But—can she do any other more valuable work than that in which she is now engaged? It is sweet and commendable, and counts highly in her praise, this early rising to tend the flower-stands; but can she bake or brew, wash or mend? These, I grant, are homely qualifications; most young ladies, nowadays, would laugh you to scorn upon such a proposition. Yet there is force and effect even in this homeliness, for when you meet with one of nature's noblewomen, be assured you have found a brilliant of the first water—one combining the *utile cum dulce*—one that

— In play, in dancing,

In suffering courtship, in requiting kindness,
In use of places, hours and companies,
Free as the sun, and nothing more corrupted;
As circumspect as Cynthia in her vows,

And constant as the centre to observe them."

"Upon my gallantry, you grow eloquent on this theme! Pray suggest the habitation and the name of such a treasure."

"With all the pleasure in life. I shall be at your service in this behalf, any evening you may be pleased to set apart for such a praiseworthy object. And let me promise you an acquaintance with the loveliest of her sex—one who is accomplished as the world phrases it, and one who can, in addition to the accomplishments, manufacture her own bonnets!"

"Perhaps she is not a member of the respectable sisterhood of milliners?"

"By no means; though if she did—but no matter: you shall see and judge for yourself."

The two friends had parted at the post-office, and each took his way to his business. The married man had business; but the young bachelor sat himself down in his office to spend the lonely hours as best he might, in waiting for clients! And what a heart-trying existence is this to one who is conscious of the possession of talents and abilities; one who feels his power to be commensurate only with his ambition! To sit day after day like a spider in his web, anxiously looking for the arrival of victims! We will not do injustice to the members of an honorable profession by classing all clients among the victims; for there are those who engage in the contests of the law to make fortunes, not to dissipate them. But no man who has not tried the lonely and heart-crushing probation of waiting for clients, day after day, or rather from moment to moment, can form the most feeble idea of the wear and tear of energy and spirit imposed by the process. It is terrible! Why does he not occupy the wearisome hours in studying the ponderous tomes of legal knowledge which he may peruse and welcome? Why does he not read and digest the stores of learning accumulated by the mighty intellects of by-gone ages? It is because he imagines himself the possessor of learning enough for ordinary and perhaps extraordinary cases, and feels an earnest desire for opportunities to *practice* some of the legal theories with which his mind is filled to overflowing. He is tired with accumulative knowledge, and wishes for those happy chances of imparting the results of his researches to the judges and juries of the courts. Reading or writing do not pay in the available currency for which all men are expending their time and energies. He looks from the windows of his cage, and is a passive and powerless observer of the busy world. He sees that "all the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players;" but at the same time he imagines everybody more prosperous than himself. They all play a part—he alone plays without hope and without reward! His prospects diminish, according to his view, in the same ratio as other men's increase. Clients seem to retain other lawyers, until their offices are perfect hives of industry and thrift! Why, oh, why do not some of these inquiring gentlemen find the way up three flights of stairs to his office? He is not known—he is not properly appreciated; and all because no profitable client has yet ascertained his merits, and in the fullness of an appreciating disposition, afforded him the long desired opportunity of displaying himself in the courts! A thousand times he has petulantly asked himself what folly could have prompted him to "adopt the law?" Fancy has said,—had it happened otherwise—were you a tenant of the sacred desk, a professor of pills, a mer-

chaunt, a farmer, a blacksmith or a carman, surely the most complete success would have blessed your efforts long since! And he believes with fancy.

A man must have a sprightly and vigilant soul to discern and lay hold on favorable junctures—to look ahead and descry opportunities at a distance, keep his eye constantly upon them, observe all the motions they make toward him, make himself ready for their approach, and when he is quite sure his time has come, lay fast hold and not let go again till he has done his business. Our young disciple of Coke's mysteries had often discerned favorable junctures for improving his worldly prospects in the way of a matrimonial alliance, but he had never laid hold on them; he had observed all the motions made by the other parties toward him, had been thoroughly prepared for their approach, and, although his time had more than once come in reality, his soul was not sufficiently vigilant or sprightly to animate a fast hold. Any time for six years he had been in a position to marry fortune, and yet he would not permit it to be buckled on his back. The idea of marrying a money-box and not a lovely woman, was abhorrent to his sense of self love and propriety. It is true he had no special objection to a fixed and certain amount of lucre, if it were joined to "a person and a smooth dispose" calculated to make life enjoyable. But why is it, that in a majority of cases, these heir-esses are subjected to drawback in some shape or another? Why are they not perfect in all other essentials as well as in the money department? A lady in her own right, or in honest expectancy worth almost her weight in gold, or in valuable deeds, bonds and various sorts of conveyances, may have hair of that color which, according to historians, was the abomination of the Egyptians—her temper may be vinegarish—her disposition haughty and proud, and of that cast which prompts the wife to say, "I brought you all the money you are worth!" This suggestion from the lips of a wife has a tendency to obscure the most radiant personal charms; it makes home, or a boarding house, a thorough prison; it embitters those moments which ought to be the most joyous of life, and, in a word, it has a direct purpose to transform the poor imbecile husband—if he ever had it in his power to aspire to the character of a man—it transforms him into a brute! We have known this to be the case, and equivocation cannot undo us, for we speak in this matter by the card. In some cases out of ten, the man who "marries a fortune" makes a palpable miss, instead of a fortunate hit.

It is all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow,
But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency
To be so moral when he shall endure
The like himself. * * * *

Among the sciences which our young friend, Mr. Wanderford, had attempted to master, was the science of humanity, "the noblest study of mankind." He had not devoted so much time to this pleasing and instructive research as to neglect the greater and more important business of his life, for he had made the daughters of Eve a lesson, conned principally from books—from law books. To any one who will devote the necessary patience and time to the perusal, a vast amount of instruction and amusement will accrue from the pages of the books containing the chancery and law reports from the days of Alfred down. Here we have full particulars of woman's character, not painted

with Fancy's pencil; but drawn from life, neither extenuated nor set down in malice, but solemn authenticated truth.

Virtue is ever sowing of her seeds

In the watchful study of the scholar!

and in these time honored books, the softer sex are portrayed in various positions and under every possible contingency, where virtue or vice may have sway. In the contests for estates, the title to property, in cases of divorce, either as principal or witness—we can hardly turn a page wherein women are not as much interested as are men. In law books, therefore, human nature as it has been developed in various ages may be very profitably studied. But it is not intimated that Mr. Wanderford had only seen and heard of the sex in the books of his profession. We would not give him credit overmuch. In every part of the country he had mingled in society, and was sufficiently vain to believe that he could read a woman with much the same facility, and with less thought than was necessary to bestow upon any abstruse book. But whether his opinions in this behalf can meet the approbation of others, who have devoted themselves to the same study, is a question. This science "the noblest study of mankind," is precisely one of the most deceptive in the calendar. When one has the idea that he understands the mind and character of his neighbor, he is more than likely to be in the first stages of his study. Wanderford had gladly consented to be introduced by his experienced married friend to a practical young lady, as much with the view of taking another lesson in the science of human nature, as for any other reason which first at the time he could imagine. Remote from his mind was any idea of being captivated or caught, for he had been many times in perilous situations, and flattered himself with the possession of uncommon ability in escaping from any vexation of spirit to be expected from a pair of bright eyes. Latterly he had not mingled in society, but under the impression that he was advancing in his profession slowly and surely, he had measurably despised the soft allurements of the sex, preserving his dignity as a learned man, and pluming himself upon his exemption from the frailties of his fellows. "Who can control his fate?"

Wanderford accepted the offer of his married friend, and in his company made a first call at the house of William Slingerland, Esq., a gentleman of great wealth, a long line of ancestors, not a trifle proud, and the father of some eight children, four of whom were daughters. The mansion of Mr. Slingerland, was one of the most elegant and tasteful in the country. Nature had done much, and all the appliances of art had been brought into requisition to beautify and adorn the house of a gentleman who "lived on his income." In fact, for our country, it seemed worthy to be called a palace, and fit for the residence of men high in degree. Everything which comfort or luxury could demand was to be met with in and around the residence of Mr. Slingerland.

Mr. Wanderford having been presented in due form and after the most approved manner, to the ladies of the household, set upon the task of making himself as agreeable as possible, being not a little envious of a pleasant reputation wherever he permitted himself to take the necessary steps for becoming acquainted. The evening passed very delightfully, and the parties had encroached nearly upon the small hours, before

leave-taking had been thought necessary as a matter of course.

"Well, my young friend, what do you think of the sex by this time?" was the inquiry of our married man, when the street door had fairly closed upon the guests.

"When I have seen more of the specimens presented to-night, I shall be better qualified to express an opinion. At present I think they will do very well with certain stipulations."

"Stipulations!"

"Yes, I said stipulations."

"Why, my dear sir, you speak of these things in a truly business like manner. You surely have not the audacity to suppose that ladies are articles to be trafficked for, to be made the subject of bonds and deeds?"

"No, not precisely as you understand bonds and deeds. But in all things, whether belonging to marriage or other relations, the old saying comes timely into play: 'business is business?'"

"I shall not attempt to dispute such a self-evident and universally recognized proposition; but in the present stage of our negotiations I cannot appreciate its force or application."

"Very well at present; on some future occasion you shall be made thoroughly *au fait* upon the force and application. I flatter myself (I say it with humility,) that a man with only half an eye can gather much food for pleasant thoughts from the operations of this evening. In any event you must accept my warmest thanks for an introduction to such an amiable family."

"So then you are gratified?"

"Unquestionably: what an exquisite voice has Miss Elizabeth? and what a skilful musician she is!"

"Precisely; and yet she makes her own bonnets!"

"And *entendue*; did you observe with what discretion and judgment she spoke of the poets and the *litterateurs* of ancient and modern fame?"

"And she can bake as excellent bread as ever graced a feast!"

"But I must confess I did not fancy the learned and doctrinal opinions she expressed about this clerical controversy. Women ought not to meddle in such matters. 'In the religion of the bible there is a beauty and purity which commend it almost instinctively to the enlightened and refined intellect.' As such I rejoice to see our wives and sisters participators in its blessings. In no position is woman more beautiful than when bending in prayer. But from these petty quarrels about terms and 'dogmas,' and the political questions of the day which divide men into sects and parties—women ought to be distinct and separate."

"And I am credibly informed that in addition to all her good qualities—she is one of the best practical housewives in the compass of all our sovereignties." That intelligent lady can 'bake and brew, wash and mend.' Perhaps it is not dignified; but yet she can and will do all these menial services. Is she any the less worthy of admiration?"

"Not a jot, my good friend. On the contrary, from what I have seen and heard this evening, I think Miss Elizabeth is just one of that class who, without the useful and homely accomplishments which seem to fill you attention, would serve to make any man a most excellent wife. Besides, in her position I cannot appreciate the necessity of knowing how to make and mend, to brew and bake. Poor girls should understand these matters, for to them they are absolutely in-

dispensable. But the subject of our present considerations has all the means and appliances of wealth."

"That is very true at present; but there is yet another homely and proverbial saying about 'the wings of riches.' According to all appearances, and the reputation furnished by the world, Mr. Slingerland is possessed of unknown wealth. Yet it may happen that time will disappoint the promise of the present—he may even now be a poor man. Appearances are deceitful; 'for all men live by seeming.'"

"Well, if I thought—but no matter. It is well to enjoy the present hour, nor anticipate unpleasant events."

If we can sleep, says Franklin, without dreaming, it is well that painful dreams are avoided. If, while we sleep, we can have any pleasing dreams, it is as the French say, *tant gagne*, so much added to the pleasure of life. Wanderford gained much in his dreams—for in those forgetful hours everything was well and prosperous with him. His "cage," or office, which had been accessible only by mounting three flights of stairs, was now on a first floor front. The vacant walls had given place to elegant cases, well stored with valuable and costly books, and from morning till night his eyes were greeted with the pleasing view of suitors and clients in crowds. These dreams were heavenly! and then, too, he was conscious of the peculiar emotions resulting from a most brilliant forensic effort in a case of vast importance. He had the satisfaction of reading a most glowing description of the proceedings in court, and more than all, his argument was spoken of in such terms of praise, that he almost felt his face suffused with a lawyer's blush!

That sober wakefulness and reality should have the power to dispel such visions!

Wanderford was sitting as usual in his office with the last volume of Hill's reports open before him, and any one might have supposed his mind to be deeply intent thereon. But he was thinking over the events of the last evening and uttering involuntary blessings upon the deceptive nature of dreams. He could not blame sleep on this account, for it seemed that he had been often dreaming with open eyes. He was partially aroused from his position by a knock at the door of his office, and a gentleman of business (fortunate sight!) entered the quiet room.

"Pray be seated sir."

"Mr. Wanderford I believe?—I have been recommended to call on you in relation to an investment I am desirous to make upon bond and mortgage. The property appears, from what I know at present, to be valuable; and I think I may make the loan asked for, with safety. I wish you to make the necessary and usual searches of title, and if you should be satisfied upon that point, you will be good enough to draft the required papers."

The anchor of hope with a long cable of patience, has at length found bottom! thought our young disciple of Blackstone as he replied,

"It will afford me pleasure to be of service to you, sir."

"Thank! you, sir. You will learn the position and description of the property by referring to this map and paper which I will leave in your possession. By the day after to-morrow, I will call on you; and hope the papers will be in readiness. Good morning sir;" and the business gentleman took his leave.

Wanderford had not passed along without having some business to lighten the weariness of the com-

commencement of a professional life; but such a task as had been placed in his hands that moment, seemed really to promise the dawning of a more auspicious period. It sounded lofty to be told about searches after titles, bonds and deeds; there was in the employment itself a certain "relish of the saltiness of time," which savored highly of magnificent fees, and dignified employment. There was in this description of business none of that small and trifling fagging-out of one's mental and corporeal energies, in the thankless service demanded of a professional man who practices in the minor courts, or about the prisons. In fact this task was precisely of that species of which Wanderford was specially desirous and envious.

While engaged in looking over the records in search of the title to the property, Wanderford, much to his astonishment, of en saw Mr. Slingerland's name. This happened in the records of mortgages and judgments more frequently than comported with his view of what a "rich man" should permit; and with reference to the object of his search, he found the present title to rest without encumbrance in Mr. Slingerland; so that it seemed he was about to place another most valuable piece of property in that situation where by a foreclosure in accordance with law, it might pass from him and his forever! and yet this was not particularly a matter which, just at the time, was of any special interest to him. Prospectively it was of importance. It might be, however, that Mr. Slingerland was so very wealthy, as he had the reputation of being, that a mortgage for twenty thousand dollars upon property worth double the sum, would be a trifle, not worthy of a moment's serious consideration. It is a pleasant thing to be the owner of a bit of land, or a pile of bricks and mortar, upon the security of which the small sum of twenty thousand dollars can be had in an emergency. Many men think so. There are few who can bless themselves with such a consoling reflection. Wanderford had not been a sufficiently long time in the mazes of legal business to understand that a gentleman "living on his income," might be in mortgages up to his eyes, and yet pass for a rich man. It seemed to him that there was a decaying symptom in the body of any business, which required so many sacrifices of money to keep it vigorous. However, these were matters foreign to his present pursuit.

His search completed, the necessary papers were drafted, and the eyes of the young practitioner were gratified with the view of a check, for an amount large enough to pay his office rent for a year! It was not less gratifying than astonishing—such unusual generosity in the requital of services. His client upon leaving his office with the papers, assured him that at an early day, he should have occasion to require his professional aid in various business transactions, and should be happy moreover to be the medium of introducing other valuable clients!

Wanderford sat down in his office with a bounding heart—for he was conscious of that real pleasure flowing from money honestly and laudably earned. Here was a small sum, and yet a large one; for he was more than paid for the labor he had expended in the service of his client. But he had earned the money. It was not an inheritance *volens volens*, but the lawful payment for time and labor expended in his profession. No one who has not received a first fee, however small, can imagine the pleasant sensations arising therefrom. The first success after years devoted to preparation

and study, is perhaps the most agreeable reward experienced by a professional man in his whole career. This success caused Wanderford to redouble his exertions; it imparted new energy to his actions, and not many weeks had passed away ere he found himself almost overwhelmed with business. His calls at the residence of Mr. Slingerland, originating more from curiosity than from any desire to be considered one moving in society, were become frequent and exceedingly agreeable. Without entering very minutely into those details so well known to people who have at anytime "fancied each other," it is enough to say that after the lapse of a reasonable time Mr. Wanderford was actually conscious of a sentiment nearly allied to love. Notwithstanding all his excellent qualities of head and heart, no member of the profession was more diffident in his nature. The object of his passion must have perceived this—for she permitted no occasion to pass without intimating in very intelligible modes that he might make his declaration in this suit, without fear of a demurrer or an adverse plea. But Eliza was a dutiful child; and when Wanderford had the courage to express his sentiments, he was referred in the most kind and amiable manner to Mr. Slingerland. This was somewhat of a refrigeration, for with one or two exceptions, it had never been his fortune to be thrown into contact with the gentleman who "lived on his income," and he was doubtful about the reception he might meet.

The chiefest action for a man of spirit is never to be out of action, and Wanderford having bestowed a reasonable amount of reflection upon the subject engrossing the greater portion of his attention, resolved to get over a serious looking obstacle in the easiest possible manner. He addressed a studied letter to the father of "his Elizabeth," setting forth at some length his anxiety to become a member of his household. Some days elapsed after his letter had been regularly delivered according to its address, when about the hour of twelve, the father of "his Elizabeth" honored the office of Mr. Wanderford with a visit. He proved to be a most inquisitive gentleman, and expressed a laudable desire to be informed of the grounds upon which a suitor for the favor might stand. Like a practical man, as it seemed he was, he wished to know how Mr. Wanderford proposed to support himself, not to say anything of the expense he must undergo as a married man. In a word he wished to know all about the business. Wanderford replied to all the interrogatories as best he might. He told Mr. Slingerland of some things already known to him; such for example as that he was regularly admitted to the bar, and licensed to practice in all the courts—that he depended entirely on his own exertions—that the success of such exertions was mainly dependent on the number and capabilities of his clients—that just at the present time, like all of his profession in the early days of a business life, he was compelled to struggle manfully against a variety of vexations—that he was poor, and many other scraps of information calculated to convince any reasonable mind that of all men he was perhaps in the most unpropitious situation to contract the proposed alliance. Yet he was in love!

Mr. Slingerland heard him with commendable patience, and was pleased to assure Mr. Wanderford, that under ordinary circumstances, and with prudent view, nothing could give him more pleasure than to accept the flattering proposal; but his solicitude for

the welfare and happiness of his daughter, added to his desire not to embarrass the rising fortunes of Mr. Wanderford, must form his excuse for giving a most distinct and positive negative. It was painful, yet he knew that Mr. Wanderford's good sense would readily acquiesce in the propriety and prudence of the decision. He sincerely hoped however that this decision would not have the effect to prevent the friendly and social intercourse with his family, which he understood had heretofore been entertained. When Mr. Slingerland had taken his leave, Wanderford mentally abjured all intercourse with society except in the way of business. He would have married Miss Slingerland on the instant, but he was well assured of her thorough disapproval of any such step in opposition to the wishes of a father who had made her his idol from her youth up to womanhood. Although he was a strenuous advocate of law and order, he would have carried an elopement, but he knew the principal party would not consent. In the first hours of desire and disappointment he would have committed almost any rash or violent act to possess himself of the treasure he had so long coveted. But he resolved wisely to put a bridle upon the headstrong passions which agitated him, and let events shape themselves after their own fashion. He was almost furious against the decision of Mr. Slingerland, and although he could not but acknowledge its justice, he would not see the benefit of it. He sought his friend, poured the cup of his sorrows into his ear, made him his confidant, and asked his advice. As is ever the case this friend spoke of patience, the lapse of time, the constancy of affection, and all those other matters so easily spoken, but followed with so much difficulty. And as a salve to his wounded hopes, he intrusted an important matter to his direction, and flattered him with brilliant promises of what he would do for him by means of his influence among men of business. And the date of his failure in the negotiation with Mr. Slingerland proved to be the beginning of a new order of things in his business relations; for from that time he had more claims upon his attention than he could master. He was gradually making his way to the possession of a competence, if not to fortune. He became celebrated at the bar, he won a reputation; and upon the strength of this his business was more than flourishing.

Of Mr. Slingerland and his family he saw but little. Occasionally he made a call of ceremony, but from no word or act could any indication of his disappointment be drawn. Time rolled on: Mr. Slingerland had invested large sums of money in profitless and ruinous speculations, and there were rumors beginning to be heard that he was sorely pressed to meet his payments, albeit he was a very rich man. In fact such was the difficulty of his position that he was eventually unable to meet the instalments of interest, due upon some of his bonds. Mr. Wanderford's client, who had loaned him twenty thousand dollars, was a very kind and amiable man, and yet he was desirous of becoming the owner of the mortgaged property, which in his eyes had a peculiar value. He was therefore unusually urgent as to the payment of the interest money. When he ascertained that this was not forthcoming according to the condition of the bond, he gave Mr. Wanderford instructions to take the steps necessary for a foreclosure of the mortgage. Perhaps it was culpable in him not to follow the directions of his client without delay—but he addressed a note to Mr. Slin-

gerland, with a view to prevent the sacrifice of such valuable property, and was a second time, under different circumstances, honored with a call from the man who "lived on his income." There was a sensible difference in his manner and tone. He begged for a little time "to turn round"—and stated, that at the moment, he did not for his life know how or where to raise the small amount due as interest. Should the fact of this foreclosure become known it would jeopardize his all. Wanderford sympathized with him heartily, but was compelled to assure him that his instructions were explicit and positive, and that he was even then acting in bad faith with his client. One course suggested itself. Mr. Wanderford had in bank a small amount of money; not much, but sufficient to discharge the existing liability; if Mr. Slingerland would avail himself of it he might do so and welcome, giving his promissory note as a memorandum.

Here was a position for a gentleman who "lived on his income!" But under the circumstances he was truly grateful, and accepted the generous offer with alacrity, assuring his "young friend" that he should not be a loser by the transaction. "Want makes strange bedfellows," and the cramps of business are potent in softening the tempers of the most proud and stubborn. The difficulty was passed, and Mr. Slingerland at home, snugly seated in his arm-chair, could not refrain in the fullness of his heart from dwelling at some length, and with apparent pleasure, upon the self denial and generosity displayed by the "young shark." He spoke of the loan of two thousand dollars in such perilous times upon no other security than a promissory note, as being in his opinion a most bold venture. His wife and daughter, not so well versed in business as himself, regarded the lender in the most favorable light, and Miss Elizabeth vowed in her heart that "let us say what he pleased, she would marry Mr. Wanderford if she ever had another opportunity!"

The other opportunity was not far distant; for Wanderford being in a situation to afford the expense and vexation of marriage, renewed his application to Mr. Slingerland, and received his unqualified and willing approval. In the course of time, and before the day set apart for the celebration of the nuptials, the clouds that for a time had obscured the sun of prosperity were rolled away, and Mr. Slingerland was in fact once more a man of wealth, and really "living on his income." His property was released from encumbrance.

On the morning of his marriage a package was placed in the hands of Wanderford, and he was not less amazed than gratified at the sight of a deed of gift conveying in due form to him and his heirs forever, the very identical property he had once saved, if not by equity of redemption, at least by the equity of generosity and magnanimity.

New York, May, 1844.

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 READING.—Reading, says Lord Bacon, serves for delight, for ornament, and for ability; it perfects nature, and is perfected by experience. The crafty contempt it, the simple admire it, and the wise use it. Reading makes a full man, conference a ready one, and writing an exact man. He that writes little, needs a great memory; he that confers little, a present wit; and he that reads a little, needs much cunning to make him seem to know that which he does not.



## THE BLIND BEGGARS.

BY ARTHUR MORRELL.

By the side of the busy thoroughfare  
 Sat a beggar old and weak;  
 Few and thin were his locks of hoary hair,  
 And wrinkled his brow and cheek;  
 Outstretch'd was his wither'd and feeble hand,  
 Trembling like a leaf in the wind;  
 I sigh'd as the mournful face I scann'd—  
 For the poor old man was blind.

Oh, bright was the day, and many a fair  
 And beauteous form went by;  
 Full many a happy face was there—  
 Joy beam'd in every eye;  
 Yet they heed'd not the outstretch'd hand  
 Of the beggar they left behind;  
 And I sigh'd again, as his face I scann'd—  
 For the poor old man was blind.

Now a man of wealth, moving proudly by,  
 Unconsciously nears the spot;  
 Now he hears at his feet th' imploring sigh,  
 But, oh, shame! he heeds it not.  
 And onward he moves to his princely hall,  
 The comforts of life to find;  
 Yet he heedeth not the poor beggar's call,  
 And that beggar, too, is blind.

The next that I mark'd was a playful child—  
 She was bright as a summer's day;  
 She paused—something fell in the old man's hand,  
 Then lightly she trip'd away.  
 Heaven's choicest blessings for aye attend  
 The path of a child thus kind!  
 There's a hand above will reward the friend  
 Of the old, the lame, the blind.

Thither stray'd I again, by pity led,  
 But the beggar I saw no more;  
 I learn'd that the poor old man was dead—  
 He had died but the day before.  
 Now a feeble young boy was in the place  
 That the old man had left behind;  
 And I sigh'd as I view'd his mournful face,  
 For, alas! he, too, was blind.

"Oh, my poor grandpapa lies cold and dead,  
 And my mother she mourns by his side:  
 No friends had we—no fire—no bread—  
 The day my poor grandpa died.  
 Oh, the day was cold, it was bitter cold,  
 And loud howl'd the northern wind;  
 But our sad tale is not yet all told—  
 My poor mother, too, is blind."

With a faltering lip and feeble breath,  
 Thus the boy his story told;  
 But his mother and he now sleep in death,  
 By the side of the beggar old.  
 Oh, this is a cold, unfeeling world—  
 Few indeed to the poor are kind;  
 But there is another and better land,  
 Where those three are no longer blind.

The following article is from an old Philadelphia magazine published thirty years ago.

## ORIGIN OF THE GRAY MARE BEING THE BETTER HORSE.

I HAD lately the pleasure of passing a very agreeable evening in a mixed company of both sexes, where the conversation happening to turn upon the propriety of that power which men usually arrogate to themselves of ruling over their wives with despotic sway, a young lady of wit and humor, then present, replied, "it might possibly be so sometimes, but much oftener the *gray mare is the better horse!*" and very obligingly entertained the company with the following account of the rise of that proverbial saying, which is made use of when a woman governs her husband.

A gentleman of a certain county in England having married a young lady of considerable fortune, and with many other charms, yet finding, in a very short time, that she was of a high domineering spirit, and always contending to be mistress of him and his family, he was resolved to part with her. Accordingly he went to her father and told him he found his daughter of such a temper, and he was so heartily tired of her, that if he would take her home again, he would return every penny of her fortune.

The old gentleman having inquired into the cause of his complaint, asked him "why he should be more disquieted at it than any other married man, since it was the common case with them all, and consequently no more than he ought to have expected when he entered into the marriage state?" The young gentleman desired to be excused, if he said he was so far from giving his assent to this assertion, that he thought himself more unhappy than any other man, as his wife had a spirit no way to be quelled; and as most certainly no man, who had a sense of right and wrong, could ever submit to be governed by his wife.

"Son," said the old man, "you are but little acquainted with the world, if you do not know that all women govern their husbands, though not all, indeed, by the same method. However, to end all disputes between us, I will put what I have said on this proof, if you are willing to try it: I have five horses in my stable; you shall harness these to a cart, in which I shall put a basket containing one hundred eggs; and if, in passing through the county, and making a strict inquiry into the truth or falsehood of my assertion, and leaving a horse at the house of every man who is master of his family, and an egg only where the wife governs, you will find your eggs gone before your horses, I hope you will then think your own case not uncommon, but will be contented to go home, and look upon your own wife as no worse than her neighbors. If, on the other hand, your horses are gone first, I will take my daughter back again, and you shall keep her fortune."

This proposal was too advantageous to be rejected; our young married man, therefore, set out with great eagerness to get rid, as he thought, of his horses and his wife.

At the first house he came to, he heard a woman, with a shrill and angry voice, call to her husband to go to the door. Here he left an egg, you may be sure, without making further inquiry; at the next he met with something of the same kind; and at every house, in short, until his eggs were almost gone, when he arrived at the seat of a gentleman of family and figure in the county. He knocked at the door, and inquiring for

the master of the house, was told by a servant that his master was not yet stirring, but if he pleased to walk in, his lady was in the parlor. The lady, with great complaisance, desired him to seat himself, and said, if his business was very urgent, she would wake her husband to let him know it, but had much rather not disturb him.

"Why, really, madam," said he, "my business is only to ask a question, which you can solve as well as your husband, if you will be ingenious with me. You will, doubtless, think it odd, and it may be deemed impolite for any one, much more a stranger, to ask such a question; but as a very considerable wager depends upon it, and it may be some advantage to yourself to declare the truth to me, I hope these considerations will plead my excuse. It is, madam, to desire to be informed whether you govern your husband, or he rules over you?"

"Indeed, sir," replied the lady, "this question is rather odd, but, as I think no one ought to be ashamed of doing their duty, I shall make no scruple to say that I have always been proud to obey my husband in all things; but, if a woman's own word is to be suspected in such a case, let him answer for me, for here he comes."

The gentleman at that moment entering the room, and, after some apologies, being made acquainted with the business, confirmed every word his obedient wife had reported in her own favor; upon which he was invited to choose which horse in the team he liked best, and to accept of it as a present.

A black gelding struck the fancy of the gentleman most; but the lady desired he would choose the gray mare, which she thought would be very fit for her side-saddle; her husband gave substantial reasons why the black horse would be most useful to them; but madam still persisted in her claim to the gray mare.

"What!" she exclaimed, "and will you not take her, then? But I say you shall; for I am sure the gray mare is much the better horse."

"Well, my dear," replied the husband, "if it must be so —"

"You must take an egg," replied the gentleman carter, "and I must take all my horses back again, and I must endeavor to live happy with my wife."

VENO PORTFOLIO.

#### LOCAL SKETCHES.

An unfortunate son of the Emerald Isle has lately crossed our path, whose forlorn appearance excited our sympathies, and whose mental capabilities could not but attract our respectful notice. We know nothing of his history or of his real merits, but be his merits large or small, we will endeavor what we can to minister to his good. He is suffering from physical derangement of his system, and almost entire destitution of pecuniary resources; and yet he sits down and writes such a sketch as here follows, evincing graphic powers of description, ready use of language, and much of the depth of human sympathy. We should not be surprised if our readers should hereafter become better acquainted with him.

The Battery, at Evening, Night, and Morning.

BY J. B., A SON OF THE EMERALD ISLE.

THOUGH art has not been sufficiently munificent, nature has made the battery the most delightful retreat that adorns any city in the union. Not only the beauty

of the scene it presents gives food to the meditative mind, but the variety of characters which resort there moves the philanthropist and philosopher with sympathy, pleasure, pain and pity.

The moon seems gliding fast amidst a host of twinkling stars, yet makes no headway, and thin fleecy clouds, like the light covering of some fashionable danseuse, endeavor in vain to hide her shape and beauty. The oars of many boats rise from the water, and bright topaz drops fall from them. The walks are crowded with beauty, fashion and aristocracy — pruce, long haired, dry-goods clerks, and the cream of boarding houses, who meditate a treat at Castle Garden. Along the benches sit a motly group — red shawled Irish servant girls in care of unruly children — white frocked colored ones, accompanied by their Samboes, bursting in tight kneed pants and small dress coats. There stands a ring of chattering politicians, settling the affairs of the nation; making it no longer a mystery why one party won and another lost. A little further on is a knot of mustachioed French or Italians, shrugging up their shoulders and puffing their segars. Here are two leaning against the rails and gazing on the waters, who seem alone in the midst of many. Are they unhappy? The crowd passes by unnoticed, nor does that rocket, which is the brightest, highest and most valued in its colors, attract their attention, though all around exclaim "beautiful." No, the joy known only by the young, and that but once, is theirs.

I see the quiet, almost melancholy look of pleasure, which springs from deep seated gratification, light up her countenance, and the pride of returned affection in his smile. Long pent-up feeling has had its vent in words few, broken, and incoherent; but perhaps of more importance to those two, in the twin selfishness of love, than the rise and fall of empires.

There glides the wary lynx-eyed pickpocket, feeling for his prey, and near him struts well dressed vulgarity with the sauntering steady man of substance, immersed in calculation. The courtizan, with dreadful efforts to attract, sweeps by the innocent beauty. Look around — faces of all casts, all colors meet your view. Such is the battery on a summer's evening.

The night draws on apace, and the chilling dew falls heavily. The lights go out in Castle Garden, and that which before dazzled, now looks gloomy. The walks are deserted by wealth and fashion for a new tribe to take possession. Parties of reckless young men, wild with exciting drink, in noisy meriment pass through the gates; making the poor lingering outcasts of vice tremble. Drunkenness comes to sleep away its fumes, and houseless poverty creeps into the shadow of some tree to glude observation; while predatory loafers peer in the deeper's faces, looking for a last hope of plunder.

At length all is still, and nothing moves except the heavenly bodies in their noiseless course. No sound breaks the breathless silence, save the distant watchman's beat, a voice from some far off ship, or a tiny ripple in the waters. But hark! Even at this late hour a sweet strain mingled harmoniously with voices and mellowed by distance, sometimes will steal upon the ear, though you may look in vain toward the shadowy islands for its source. It is as well you cannot see it; for if aught destroys the pleasing sensation made by music, it is the frivolous beings who make it.

"The morn is up again, the dewy morn, with breath all incense and with cheek all bloom." The scene

again starts into life, and nature puts on a fresh dress of beauty. Steamboats puff, and white sails make their graceful evolutions, obedient to the helm. Again the walks are peopled—a few ladies in elegant undress accompanied by prudent gentlemen, come to enjoy a morning walk, and patronize the news-boys—children play at hoop, while pretty nurses watch them, and cradles roll on wheels drawn by domestic fathers. But what character is this, who proceeds with such an aimless gait and shy wandering look? He has escaped attention in the crowd at night, but view him now. His clothes are shabby, mean, yet seem as if they once might have become gentility—his face is clean, and his thin hands look pale and feverish—he sits him down and gazes into vacancy. In vain the skies look blue, and smiling beauties pass him by and childhood's jocund mirth rings in his ears; they have no charm for him—his eyes are heavy and he seems as if he could pawn his soul for one hour's undisturbed repose; yet an innate, unquenched decency forbids him to expose his actual want to public view—he shivers, starts up and walks again.

What is he? A reduced gentleman—one who has been reared in the lap of luxury, laughed with the light, and revelled with the gay; but whom calamitous circumstances have reduced by degrees, so slow yet sure, as to natter all away his strength of mind, or else ere this he might have found a grave. He has lost caste, and belongs now to no class of society—that laborer there, with nothing but his striped shirt, canvas trousers, flannel hat, spotted with white-wash, and red lime-burned shoes, is a happy man, while this poor wretch is misery personified. He must drink? He does, and the burning draught that renders him insensible, he deems his greatest friend—Alas, drunkenness is sometimes the consequence and not the cause of abject poverty! If the rich and heedless could but feel for one day the self-degrading pang of poverty, and learn to palliate another's weakness as they do their own, they would exclaim with Lear in his adversity, when he views the looped and windowed wretchedness of poor Tom, "Oh! I have taken too little care of this."

*New York, May, 1844.*

#### WHAT IS LIFE?

What is life? 'Tis a morning cloud,  
Ruddy with Aurora's light,  
Which, gath'ring sullenness and gloom,  
Weeps away in tears ere night.

What is life? 'Tis a fitful dream,  
Lighted at ambition's fires,  
Which, mocking with its phantom joys,  
Too soon an empty cheat expires.

What is life? 'Tis a fresh op'd rose,  
Rich in odor, bright in dyes—  
Which offers incense for a day,  
Then fades away, and droops and dies.

What is life? It is a bubble  
Cast upon a dashing stream;  
Though prism-like hues illumine its crest,  
'Tis empty as a baseless dream.

What is life? On earth a vapor,  
Dark and rife with misery—  
In Heaven 'tis all of bliss and truth,  
Expanding through eternity!

ESTD.

*New York, May, 1844.*

#### THE EISENHAMMER.

FOUNDED ON A GERMAN FACT.

It would have been difficult, and perhaps impossible, throughout all Germany, to find a nobleman more beloved and idolized by his tenantry and vassals, than Wilhelm, Count of Savern. A warrior in the field, and a profound statesman in the cabinet, his subjects and retainers rewarded the exertions he had made to increase their prosperity and happiness with the most devoted affection and unshaken fidelity. The territory of Savern under his dominion became the most flourishing tract of land in all Germany, and a perfect paradise in comparison with the desolate and uncultivated provinces by which it was surrounded, and it was ever with an erect mein, a proud air, and a swelling chest, that an inhabitant of this part of the world declared himself a follower of the noble house of Savern.

The happy and prosperous condition of his vassals, the high cultivation of his lands, and the devoted attachment of all around to his person, plainly declared him to be a wise and sagacious ruler. There seldom was crime committed in his dominions, but when such did occur, the criminal found the avenging sword of justice speedily and invariably overtake him, and it was remarkable that no crime committed in the boundaries of Savern, had ever yet escaped unpunished or unrevenged. His love of peace was great, but in those turbulent times, war often became absolutely necessary, and it was not the wont of the house of Savern to allow their privileges to be encroached on, or to suffer indignity or insult from the proudest prince in Christendom.

Some three years previous to the period in which our tale commences, Wilhelm was compelled to proceed to Vienna on business intimately connected with the interests of the province. George, Count of Rauberschloss, claimed a town belonging to Wilhelm of Savern, and by mutual agreement the two candidates placed the decision of their respective claims in the hands of Maximilian II. Emperor of Austria.

This dispute called Wilhelm to Vienna, and he had already passed some days in this capital, when one evening, while engaged in preparing some papers relative to the discussion, a horseman galloped into the court-yard of his hotel, threw himself from his foaming steed, and, without an instant's delay, hurried up the narrow and winding stairs, and burst into the chamber of the lord of Savern.

"Sigismund, by Heaven!" cried the astonished nobleman.

Sigismund threw himself on a bench exhausted from fatigue.

"What tidings, good Sigismund—what tidings?"

"Ill tidings, my lord, from your good town of Treustadt."

"Speak, Sigismund—out with them, man."

"Treustadt is in the possession of George of Rauberschloss."

The count leaped from his seat, drew his hand across his brow, and then, with one mighty effort mastering his feelings, he calmly requested Sigismund to proceed.

The Count of Savern heard him to the end of his tale, which was a melancholy one. Four days after that nobleman's departure, George of Rauberschloss assembled his vassals and retainers, and called out against Treustadt, determined to take advantage of Wilhelm's absence, and seize upon that town by force.

to which his claims and pretensions in equity would never have entitled him; succeeded in surprizing the town and citadel, but the inhabitants, with the chief magistrate at their head, a fat but honest and gallant man, ran to arms and attacked the intruders with such desperation and fury, that it required the whole force of the trained and warlike bands, and the powerful arm and assistance of George of Rauberschloss himself to compel these civic assailants to retire, and the many lifeless corpses which covered the hauptstrasse plainly told that the steel of the men of Treustadt, unaccustomed as they were to wield the sword and the spear, could bite deep through helm and corslet when fighting for their country and their homes. The citizens were overpowered, and Gerard Dickbauch, the magistrate, was forced, with the remnant of his command, which had suffered severely in the bloody fray, to retire toward Savern, where preparations for war were already begun; and Sigismund concluded his narrative by informing him that his return was looked forward to with the greatest anxiety.

"Cold tidings, indeed," cried the count. "I trust, good Sigismund, there is naught more to relate?"

"There is more ill yet, my lord—George of Rauberschloss has taken the castle of Edelstein."

"And the Lady Adelheid?" faltered out the count.

"Carried to Rauberschloss, by directions of its daring and reckless lord."

Wilhelm stood for a few minutes immovable, this last news appearing quite to overpower him—he stood fixed as a statue, then suddenly shouting to his attendants for horses, himself and Sigismund five minutes after were galloping along the streets of Vienna, at a pace which placed the emperor's subjects in most imminent danger.

The people of Savern were in a state of the greatest excitement, their rage and indignation knew no bounds, and it was with boiling blood and ready hearts that they waited for the arrival of their beloved chief, who might now be hourly expected. The warder even now had blown a blast upon his horn, announcing the approach of some stranger, and every eye was strained, every look directed to the road which led to Vienna, along which two horsemen were seen urging their steeds with the velocity of the wind, and a loud and ringing shout rent the air as the gazers recognized in one of the cavaliers William of Savern. A few seconds brought the chief into the midst of his people; he bowed low to the renewed burst of triumph which broke from the lips of his adherents, and calling for fresh horses for himself and Sigismund, he ordered his banner to be unfurled, put himself at the head of his retainers, and instantly began his march on Treustadt. Gerard Dickbauch gave a lamentable account of the destruction of property, the loss of life, and the strength of the invaders, but the firm and decided mein of their chief, his known abilities and approved valor, sustained the hearts of the less courageous, and increased the ardor and anxiety of the more vallant to come to an engagement, when they might show their lawless foes with what rigor and interest an insult, offered to the house of Savern, was repaid.

It is not my wish to lead thee, dear reader, through the scenes of blood and slaughter which now followed each other in quick succession; suffice it to say, that after a sanguinary engagement at Treustadt between the two bands, George was compelled to retreat to his hitherto considered impregnable castle of Rauber-

schloss, which had endured siege after siege, leaguer after leaguer, and still remained proud and towering, laughing at the impotent exertions of its besiegers. But on this occasion it was otherwise. Whether Wilhelm possessed a greater share of military talent than fell to the lot of its former assailants, or whether the castle had been weakened by previous assaults, or whether the thought of the Lady Adelheid, a prisoner in the fortress, drove the Savern chief to deeds of greater daring, I will not pretend to say, but this much I know, that *three days after* his appearance before it, the castle of Rauberschloss became his own, its lord having perished by the hand of him of Savern; *three weeks after*, the town of Treustadt did not show a vestige of the bloody warfare which had desolated her streets; *three months after*, Adelheid of Edelstein became the beloved wife of Wilhelm of Savern; and *three years after* brings us to the period to which, gentle reader, I am about to introduce thee.

These three years had been a period to the Count and Countess of Savern of the most unrequered happiness; their marriage had already been blessed with a son and daughter; adored by their own domestic circle, and idolized by their vassals, it seemed as if Heaven were showering down blessing on blessing, benefit on benefit, to repay them for former trials and former dangers. Fortune smiled on them, and they were happy.

Among all her household there was not one who had received such marked favor and distinguished honor from Lady Adelheid as a youth, named Fridolin, who was ardently and devotedly attached to her service. The kindness he experienced from his generous mistress only tended to increase his excessive devotion, and Fridolin always considered a smile, and a kind word from the Lady Adelheid as more than an equivalent reward for hours of labor, and days of toil. From the lowest description of menial service, he had successively mounted the ladder of promotion, and was now placed at the head of the household of his adored lady. Conquered and disarmed of envy, by his gentle manner, and unassuming deportment, the other less favored servants, with one exception, had seen him rise to his present comparatively high station with feelings of pleasure rather than of jealousy. The solitary exception was Robert, chief huntsman to Wilhelm, who viewed Fridolin's good fortune with eyes of envy, malice, and all those malignant feelings which can animate a vicious man, on seeing another honored and preferred beyond himself. He had often sought a quarrel with his more fortunate fellow-servant, but in this he was always repulsed by the other's natural affability and peaceable disposition. Fridolin's ready wit was always sufficient to make the bitter and invidious sarcasms of Robert glide from his shoulders, and fall harmless to the ground, and the huntsman soon found that all the malicious speeches which he launched at his hated rival, not only missed their mark, but recoiled with a sharper and keener edge against himself. On one occasion, and that quite recently, he had managed to rouse the gentle spirit of Fridolin into all the fury of a Numidian lion. One day the laugh of his companions being decidedly against him in a wordy war with the steward, and not being able to put him out of temper, his fierce passion so far mastered him, that he said aloud. "You dare, sir steward, to say anything, conscious and certain as you are of protection from Lady Adelheid, your paramour."



The words had scarcely passed his lips, when the usually passive Fridolin sprang to his feet with the leap of a tiger, and one well-directed blow, from the hand of the stripling, felled the slandering giant to the earth. Robert rose, his countenance black as night, his eyes glaring wildly, his teeth clenched, his right hand grasping a large *couteau de chasse*, and looking the very demon that he was. Fridolin, on the other hand, stood collected, a small dagger in his hand, carried more for ornament than use, watching, with a quick eye, the movements of his antagonist, and ready with confidence to oppose his slight and tender frame to the towering gigantic bulk of the other, who fiercely panted for revenge. Robert stood for a moment, as if determining where to strike, and then sprang on the gallant youth. Each seized the armed hand of the other, and the struggle became dreadful between brute force and inconceivable agility. For a long time the contest was doubtful; at length Robert made a slip, and his antagonist, aiding it with his whole force, the huntsman again measured his length upon the pavement, and the recreant only saved his dastard life by declaring the speech he had made was a diabolical, black, and slanderous lie.

Even while this confession passed his lips, he made an inward vow, and sealed it by a solemn oath, that he would work out Fridolin's destruction, and he retired to brood over some plan of revenge, determined that nothing less than the heart's blood of his foe should atone for his late defeat and mortification. On his way to his apartment he picked up a scrap of paper, and seeing on it the hand-writing of Fridolin, he made bold to read its contents, and found a few verses, not ill-written, wherein the youthful author expressed his devotion and attachment to his noble mistress, and his gratitude for the high honors and favor she had continually bestowed upon him. On reading this, a smile, quite demoniac, played upon his dark and swarthy features, and carefully introducing the scrap into his pocket, he exclaimed—"You'll find it a difficult task, my young master, to escape me now—and if I'm not out in my reckoning, you'll not live to see to-morrow's sun;" and with another sardonic grin, gleaming on his ill-omened countenance, the huntsman prepared to follow his lord to the chace.

The hunt was unsuccessful, and during their return home, Robert determined to commence his plans of revenge by instilling into the count's breast doubts of his good and virtuous wife. After some conversation, in which he had been showing how happy all the blessings he enjoyed should render him, he continued,

"There is besides one more blessing, my lord, which I have not enumerated."

"Indeed; and what is that?"

"It is the Lady Adelheid, Countess of Savern, high-born, noble, generous, and amiable."

"You are eloquent in her praise, good Robert."

"Not eloquent, my lord, but just. You, my lord, are never troubled by that arch-fiend jealousy?"

"No, indeed; I know Adelheid too well, far too well; but how came you with the question?"

Robert hesitated.

"How came you with the question?"

"You can lie down, my lord, upon your pillow, fully trusting in your noble lady's honor and discretion?"

"What mean you, Robert, with these demands? The Lady Adelheid——"

"Is chaste, I'll swear; trust me, my lord, he never can seduce her."

The blood rushed from Wilhelm's heart, his eye flashed; scarcely able to contain himself, the count commanded him to speak.

"I do not say, my lord, that he has dared."

"Dared! I think not. Seducer in Savern there may be, but one who, in his wildest dreams, could raise his thoughts to Adelheid of Savern, lives not."

"Right, my lord—forget the slave who dares——"

"And does he live? name him."

"A slave, my lord, a low born slave."

"In mercy name him."

"Merits contempt and scorn, disdain——"

"Name him—or you die."

"Fridolin, the steward."

It was with difficulty the count kept himself in his saddle. Robert felt that he had the fate of his enemy in his hands, he continued.

"The boy owns a pretty face, and is much famed for great success among the fair sex. How strange, my lord, you never marked him—his eyes ne'er leave her, and when at table, he forgets his lord is present, and stands as if enchained at his lady's side."

The count in silence drank in his poisonous discourse; he was fast losing all command of his impetuous passion.

"More proof," he gasped, "more proof, before I slay the traitor."

Robert triumphantly produced the verses. The count perused them rapidly, uttered a cry of despair, dashed his spurs deep in his horse's flanks, and galloped off in the direction of the adjacent forest.

The good steed carried him on at a gallant pace, and a few minutes had elapsed before he reached the Eisenhammer, situated in the thickest and closest part of the whole forest. This place completely beggars description: no words can give the reader an adequate idea of its horrors.

There was a large and open space, surrounded by ancient trees, which reared high their lofty heads, and seemed to kiss the clouds, their thick foliage guarding the spot from every ray of light. Day was banished, and darkness held her reign. It was the principal seat of the iron-works, which are carried on to a great extent in that country. The ore is melted in large furnaces; night and day they are fed with fuel; ever watched, ever flourished, the fire is never suffered to decay. A strong and powerful stream rushes impetuous through the area, and in its course, with power irresistible, puts in motion mighty wheels attached to mightier mills. The roaring of the stream, the continued ringing of the ponderous hammers, the sparks of fire emitted from the heated iron on each successive blow, all contributed to render the appearance of the place infernal, drear, and devilish.

Such the place—now for the inhabitants; and I err much if the reader can trace great resemblance to man in my short description? for the honor of the human race, I hope little, if any, will be found. Virgil's idea of Cyclops, may with great propriety be applied to them of the Eisenhammer.

*Monstrum horrendum informe ingens cui lumen ademptum*, which is perfectly correct, with the exception of *cui lumen ademptum*, for each of the gentlemen now in question possessed two red and bloodshot orbs, which claimed the denomination of eyes.

Reader, imagine, if thy imagination will permit thee,

a creature utterly devoid of symmetry and proportion, above six feet high, raw-boned, blear-eyed, shaggy brows, long red hair, matted and entangled, streaming down the back, the face begrimed with smoke and filth, bull-necked, of herculean build, powerful and unwieldy as the elephant, and say if this be aught human—this a man.

The minds of these beings correspond with their outward appearance; shut out from all converse with mankind, they had not imbibed a feeling of that kindness which generally animates the breast of man. Their hearts were hard as the metal which they worked, and the pleasure which they took in cruelty and crime, showed the natural depravity of their minds.

Wilhelm rode into the midst of these rude inhabitants of the forest, and was saluted by each with a growl of recognition which remained unanswered by their lord, who appeared utterly regardless of the scene. The works went busily on, the noise of the rushing stream as it dashed impetuously along its course, and the ringing of the hammers continued, but Wilhelm sat his horse as if he was incapable of motion—suddenly he raised his eyes, and some short time elapsed before he could collect his thoughts and ideas—he seemed surprised to find himself at the Eisenhammer; he gazed round with amazement at the vast furnaces, and wondered how he could have strayed eight miles from the hunt—he saw his favorite steed covered with foam, and his memory began to return; he found a paper crushed up in his right hand, he looked at it, with the speed of lightning all flashed upon his mind.

"Audacious vassal, ingrate Fridolin!" he cried, "thy doom is death, but death were far too merciful." His eyes suddenly fell upon a furnace, which two of the giants were replenishing with fuel; a savage joy sparkled in his eyes, and he beckoned the two to approach.

"Missgestalt, your services are needed."

Missgestalt put himself in a posture of attention.

"You, Krebs, will aid him."

Krebs attempted to bow.

"A man will come here from Savern—he dies."

The hands of the monsters instinctively grasped their knives.

"Not so, Missgestalt, not so, good Krebs; he must suffer—suffer much."

The eyes of the two beamed with delight.

"Throw him in yon heated furnace."

The giants testified their readiness, and Missgestalt inquired—"How know we the victim?"

The count bethought himself. "The first man who comes from Savern, and asks if my commands be executed; him cast ye in, and remember that prayers or entreaties avail him not."

The monsters retired to their furnaces with savage glee, again fed the fire; the count was satisfied, and galloped homewards.

Arrived at Savern, Fridolin was summoned to his presence, and the count charged him to proceed immediately to the Eisenhammer, and inquire of Missgestalt if his orders had been executed. The unsuspecting youth charged himself with the commission and retired, but before mounting his horse, thinking the Lady Adelheid in the interim might stand in need of his services, he proceeded to her apartments, and informed her of his destination.

"My boy is ill," said the countess, "or I should,

this morning, have gone to mass; but do thou, Fridolin, before thy ride to the Eisenhammer, enter the chapel of the Heilige Trau, and say a short prayer for thy mistress and her sick boy."

Fridolin bowed low, kissed her fair hand, and was soon on his road to the chapel which lay full two miles out of the direct path to the Eisenhammer. "But what matter?" said the steward, "'tis for the Lady Adelheid."

Wishing to assure himself of the fate of his victim, the count informed Robert of his orders to Missgestalt and Krebs, to throw the devoted Fridolin into the furnace, and the triumph which shone in the countenance of the huntsman would have inevitably betrayed him, had not the count been too much blinded and occupied by his own thirst for revenge to heed the looks of the other.

"A few short minutes," thought the count, "and he, who would touch mine honor, is no more."

"A few short minutes," thought the huntsman, "and my hated rival is undergoing such torment, that even I can wish him no worse."

"Missgestalt can never fail," said Robert.

"Impossible," replied the count; "my directions were clear, decided, peremptory; no mistake can possibly occur. By this time, indeed, is Fridolin no more."

"Suppose, my lord, I ride and learn from Missgestalt."

"Do so, Robert—yet 'tis useless; ask him if my commands have punctually been executed."

"I will, my lord."

Fridolin arrived at the chapel, and uttered a long and fervent prayer for the health and happiness of his mistress and her son—he rose from his knees, mounted his horse, and endeavored, in some degree, to regain by speed, at least some part of the time he had exhausted in his pious mission. But misfortune seemed to follow him—his horse stumbled and broke his knee. Fridolin dismounted, and was compelled to walk ten minutes before he could procure another steed. He repressed the curse which arose on his lips at this unfortunate delay, and consoling himself with "everything that happens is for the best," rode on. He soon reached the Eisenhammer, and called aloud to Missgestalt—"Have Count Wilhelm's orders been obeyed?"

Missgestalt and his companion pointed to the glowing furnace and replied—"Tell your lord the man is cared for, and his slaves await their reward."

Fridolin, astonished, and comprehending the answer as little as he did the question, turned his horse's head, and left the Eisenhammer.

The count walked up and down his apartment, his quick unquiet step served to show the uneven state of his mind—he was waiting the arrival of Robert, who, ere now, might easily have returned. Steps were heard in the corridor, the door opened, and Fridolin calmly entered.

The count could scarcely believe the evidence of his eyes. Recovering his speech, he cried,

"Whence come you, Fridolin?"

"From the Eisenhammer, my lord."

"Impossible—hast arrived by the way?"

"I visited, my lord, the Chapel of the Heilige Trau on a mission from the Lady Adelheid."

"Hast been to the Eisenhammer?"

"I have, my lord."

"What answer dost thou bring?"

"The answer's dark, my lord, I understand it not."

"Quick! the answer."

"The man is cared for; and your slaves await reward."

"And Robert—hast met him by the way?"

"I have not, my lord."

The count remained for some moments with his eyes raised to heaven and then exclaimed—"The guilty one has perished, and the innocent is saved." And so it was. Robert impelled by his own bad passions and anxiety to hear his enemy was destroyed, soon reached the Eisenhammer, and on asking Miss-gastalt if the orders of the Lord of Savern had been obeyed, was instantly seized by that monster and his relentless confederate, and, in spite of his resistance, prayers, and entreaties, was hurled into the furnace, where he soon must have been reduced to a cinder. The commission Fridolin had received from his lady, together with the accident that had occurred to his horse had been the means of occasioning the steward to arrive only *second* at the scene of death, in time to hear that the punishment, destined for him, had fallen where it was so justly due; and the high honors with which he was immediately loaded, showed that his noble, but misled lord, was making ample reparation for his former unjust suspicions, and never yet did master own so true a servant as Fridolin the steward, nor servant so generous a master as Wilhelm of Savern.

#### SONG.

BY CAROLINE M. SAWYER.

Oh, chide me not!—I cannot bear

From thee an unkind word or look—

Nor breathe, with cold and haughty air,

The bitter taunt I cannot brook!

A tone, a smile, with kindness fraught,

May bind a fetter sure and fast,

But tension, harsh or overwrought,

Will break the strongest chain at last!

Forbear! I know thy heart is warm

And gentle as the summer day—

I know thou art too kind to harm

The veriest reptile in thy way!

Then should thy tender accents be

For my poor ear alone unspoken?

Or heard, but as the memory

Of some sweet morning-dream that's broken?

Ah, chide not! for thy harsh words fall,

Like molten lava, on my heart—

Nor turn the honied stream to gall

Ere from my bosom it depart!

Speak kindly—and my eyelids fill

With sudden and delicious tears;

As flowers their gentlest dews distil

When evening's soothing hour appears!

Thou wilt!—thou wilt!—for in thine eyes

A tear and smile together start—

Ah, traitor! was it but to try

The weakness of my woman's heart?

How needless was the cruel test!

How bitter was the answering pain!

Ah! let me feel, upon thy breast,

That all is reconciled again!

New York, May, 1844.

#### CORRESPONDENCE OF THE ROVER.

THE following extracts of a letter from an officer on board the U. S. ship *Potomac* give an interesting description of the scenery and inhabitants of one of the loveliest islands in the West Indies; besides some sea-scenes, which being connected with one of our national ships, have more than ordinary interest.

U. S. SHIP *POTOMAC*.

*At sea off West end St. Domingo, March 5, 1844*

MY DEAR FRIEND—I promised to write you a letter on condition of finding one from you at Havana, and also under expectation that we should have an opportunity of visiting the interior of Cuba, a description of which might interest you. But now it is quite uncertain whether we do more than send a boat into Havana, and if we do not anchor there I could have no time to answer any communication you might send me, *therefore* I will write you now, if you have written me, well, if not you will please consider yourself punished by reading this.

Let me tell you that after leaving Boston we were in a gale of wind for several days, a fair wind, and the way our ship rolled cannot be imagined by the uninitiated, nor understood by those who have never sailed in the *Potomac*. Sometimes it seemed as if it were impossible for her to come up—that she must turn over. You can imagine how the crockery stood it; I never before knew exactly how much music there is in plates, cups and saucers, and the like, when duly operated on. Everything that was not well fastened "fetched away." Almost every chair in the ward-room was wrecked. One day a sea boarded us and carried away our dinner, including a fine fat goose. We did not attempt to sit at table save at dinner, and that we had to take without soup. Wasn't the weather cold? I had rheumatism so severely that I could hardly wash myself. We had the misfortune to lose a fine young man overboard the first night out, while tending the lead line. It was blowing a gale at the time, and impossible to save him. Our ship was uncomfortable near a fortnight, during which time the main deck was constantly wet and prevented our taking necessary exercise. Let me here remark that the same mystery as to *time when and place where* that distinguished our former commodore, characterizes this. After running south of Barbados we stood north and came down the north-west side of Martinique. A boat was ordered to be got ready, officers were told they would have an opportunity of sending letters into St. Pierre; but when we got off the harbor about eight miles distant, the commodore changed his mind, and the ship stood on to Grenada about 12° N.; then we tacked and stood for the Virgin Islands. We came to off the harbor of St. Thomas, 13th February, and anchored 7 miles from the town, and sent in a boat with letters. The next day about night we set sail for Santa Cruz and were moored in the harbor of Frederiksted about noon on the 15th.

You may have heard from Mr. M. the beauties of this delightful island, the garden of the West Indies, and for that reason anything I may say about it will be tame, but though at the risk of this I will take you along with me to Dr. Stevens's cottage on Carleton estate. The fleet surgeon and myself were invited to breakfast with the Dr., so early in the morning we left the ship; and on landing found a carriage which we had previously engaged, waiting for us. Abraham was directed to drive out to Carleton by the pleasantest road.

After turning some half dozen corners, and passing through as many streets, we found ourselves out of town on one of the most perfect roads I ever saw; made of limestone and as smooth and solid as a railroad. We passed along near a mile with tall luxuriant cane fields on each side, when a turn in the road brought us in full view of the open sea, a magnificent prospect. From this point for a long distance we rode along in sight of the ocean, reminding one strongly of the fore-side road between North Yarmouth and Portland, excepting the island. And now after riding three miles we are up to Carleton, and must turn at the left, for the the doctor's residence is that cottage—the top of which you can just see buried in orange, tamarind, mango and almond trees. As you passed along you noticed these tall graceful trees, limbless, with a tuft of long leaves putting out from the top of the trunk twenty-five to thirty feet from the ground; you thought them cocoa-nut trees, but look at the trunk; you perceive it resembles a cabbage stump, and if you will examine the top you will find no fruit. It is the mountain cabbage, and gives an original feature to the landscape. The road for miles is lined on each side with these trees and the cocoa-nut; and when these disappear the road is completely embowered with a tree like our locust, called the tibbet tree. You would believe yourself riding up the avenue of a gentleman of fortune rather than the king's highway. Here we go up to the doctor's, the tall cane waving on each side of us; now we turn about to the left, now to the right and here we are just at the edge of the garden, passing over a pretty little bridge, and now what a beautiful sight, fruit and flowers in the middle of February! The orange trees are almost breaking down with fruit, the air is loaded with the fragrance of sweet-smelling flowers! what a paradise! We will look through the garden. Here we find growing the clove, nutmeg, cinnamon, almond, orange, apple, mango, and many other trees and shrubs that I am not acquainted with. The doctor has many rare plants, among which I remember the one from which Croton oil is extracted. A plenty of roses in bloom, the tube rose among them. Look up into that wide spreading tamarind tree and observe the large congregation of fan-tailed pigeons, and here is a cage of birds, two canaries, a goldfinch and a mule, (a bird between the linnet and the canary.)

The doctor is a bachelor of some 55 years of age, and has one of those pigeons for a pet, who when he hears the carriage coming will fly down the avenue to meet him, and will alight in his lap. Now we will ascend this long flight of steps and enter the house in the second story, for the first one seems little used here. Just look at the prospect that is before us from this front door. How rich, beautiful and variegated the foliage is, how luxuriantly the cane grows in those broad fields yonder, and beyond all observe the broad blue ocean sparkling and bright. But there are carriages coming, filled with epaulettes and lace, the captain of the Potomac and a number of officers on their way to dine with the Gov. Van Scholten; they too are to breakfast with us. At nine we sat down, the doctor and eight guests, to a very respectable breakfast for a bachelor to give, which we despatched in an hour and a half. It was a real gander party, and of course wanting in that refinement which the fair sex always throw over everything with which they are connected. If the widow or some equally interesting personage had been present to have sauntered among those beautiful

groves and gathered with me some of those beautiful flowers, it might have added much to the pleasure of the excursion. It is positively horrible to be in so delightful a place and have no one to be sentimental with except some indifferent man, who is as dead to the beauties of the place as the dry leaves you crush under your feet. He sees no particular beauty in anything but a ripe orange or some delicious fruit which is about to melt in his mouth—practical man; a rose has no charms for him only as he associates with it the idea that it is good for inflamed eyes. I was delighted with everything around me, and after satisfying my eyes as much as they ever can be by seeing, we returned homeward, and stopped at Concordia on our way to see them make the best sugar that is made on the island.

The cane is brought from the fields on the backs of mules generally, and is "dumped" at the windmill door, where blacks stand ready to feed it into the machine which presses out the juice so perfectly that the cane comes out nearly dry, and is used for fuel after lying some months. The juice passes from the mill to the clarifiers through two sieves—from the clarifiers through a huge flannel strainer into the cauldrons, where it is boiled, one hour, down to sugar—thence into large wooden receivers, trays, to cool, thence into hogsheds standing on the heads with holes in them. The drainings of these hogsheds are molasses, which together with the skimming during the process of clarifying and boiling, the washings of the cauldrons, &c., is converted into rum—the famous St. Croix rum. After the hogsheds have drained sufficiently they are headed up and shipped to New York and elsewhere.

The Concordia sugar is very white and bright, and commands in the market 1-2 to 1 cent per pound more than other sugars. The process of manufacturing seems to be neat, and I begin to think the story they used to tell us about there being "nigger's toes" in the sugar is rather problematical, particularly as I noticed no deficiencies in those useful appendages of the foot. Speaking of feet calls back to my mind that disgusting disease called elephantiasis of which I saw a number of cases on the road, the ankle resembling in a most remarkable degree that of the elephant.

It requires a year to ripen cane, and in order to grind it when it is ripe they plant in January, and thence on till July, so that they manufacture sugar during those months, or till the hurricane months set in. Windmills are often greatly damaged by squalls and of course they are useless in a calm. This makes the steam-mill of value, and already there are four on the island. When it is calm all the hands are idle on an estate where there is only a wind-mill, but with steam they cannot only continue work, but calculate just how much they can do in a day; which greatly facilitates all operations. They know when they will have one hundred hogsheds of sugar made, and can make contracts with a certainty of fulfilling them at the time. But I am not interesting you.

The Danish possessions in the West Indies are St. Croix, St. Thomas and St. John, and the governor resides at Christiansted, St. Croix, 15 miles from where we lay at anchor. The purser and myself called on him, and not understanding Danish we did not learn the fact of his sickness till we were ushered into his bed-room, where his excellency lay stretched out on an immense bed eight or ten feet wide, severely afflicted with gout. He had several very interesting



spasms in the few minutes we were with him, and I thought to myself if this is the penalty of high living, give me plain fare. A few days after, he got up from his bed, and entertained some thirty persons, our commodore and several officers among the number.

Governor Van Scholten is a very hospitable person, and on a salary of \$15,000, has the means of entertaining in a princely style. On his table was some of Lord Nelson's plate. The inhabitants are very hospitable people, and did all they could to make us pass our time pleasantly. The death of the first man on the island—a man who was related to most of the better families on the island, prevented many attentions that under other circumstances we should have received. His name was Semple. The Episcopalians remarked that they were about entering upon lent, and therefore were less gay than at other seasons.

On the 22d February, the ship having been put in fine order, we returned the civilities of the inhabitants by giving them a kind of ball and supper on board ship. Sixty to eighty persons availed themselves of the invitation, and after looking at every part of the ship, they tripped it on the light fantastic toe till supper, and after that, about 11 o'clock—a six hours visit, they left the ship. They seemed to enjoy dancing very much, and appeared quite au fait at the business. Of the whole company there was but one lady that attracted attention, and she would have compelled it anywhere. Mrs. Rohde came here from Copenhagen three years since, and though she has lost that freshness and bloom which made her beautiful exceedingly, and which all those who live in that climate, she retained handsome features, a firm black eye, a slightly aqueline nose, a perfectly formed mouth, and teeth "like a flock of sheep just from the washing," a firm, noble, form and a mien of empery. Any company would be graced by her presence. She reminded me strongly of an old flame of mine who is now a widow for the second time. Had she been unmarried I should have been quite excusable in falling in love with her, more especially if she had been the proprietress of a large estate. But so far, I am true to the widow, and shall remain so till I have a favorable opportunity to be off.

These Danes seem very hospitable, and when you are their guests, appear almost over anxious that you should enjoy yourself. The purser and myself dined on shore with the comptroller of customs. He invited some of his friends, and made a party of eighteen or twenty, including several ladies. We sat down at half past 5 o'clock, and arose from the table at half past 9, making only four hours in discussing turtle soup and stake, Copenhagen geese and hams, with an abundance of everything (too numerous to mention,) in addition to settling the old important subject of matters and things in general. We arose at the same instant and commenced, as we passed away from the table, the interesting Danish custom of shaking hands all round, and at the same time wishing that the repeat might do them good. "Much good may it do you." The ceremony is gone through with in a manner, and with a squeeze that assures you it is all meant, and is from the heart.

The remainder of the evening till ten o'clock, was spent in dancing to the music of a pair of fiddles, and a tambourine, played by very dark looking darkies, with an unction that belongs alone to the sable sons of Adam. I was greatly amused at one of the fiddlers, who when he had become much fatigued, occasionally

fell into a fit of somnolency, when his hand would falter and bring his bow from a very animated motion, gradually down to a dead stand still, and then on being aroused would dash away into the tune, and apparently at the right place, with a spirit and energy which Ole Bull might covet. The wagging of the tambourine players had demonstrated in a remarkable degree, the truth of those beautiful lines of the poet,

Music hath charms to sooth the savage,  
Blow a rock, or split a cabbage.

At half past 1 o'clock we found ourselves safely returned to the ship; and on the whole favorably impressed with Danish hospitality.

Before I proceed any further in this long yarn which I am almost unconsciously spinning out to you, and of which I fear you will become very tired before you finish reading it, let me say that it is now Saturday evening, March 9th, and that we are off Grand Cayman where we have purchased several huge turtles out of boats that have come alongside. We have now been two weeks out of Santa Cruz, and the weather has been most delightful, and the sea so smooth that we have had our air-ports open which is a comfort you can have no idea of, till you have been boxed up in a little state-room like ours, in a tropical climate. So much by way of digression, now for St. Croix again. The climate is remarkable for the evenness of its temperature, varying from seventy-five to eighty-eight degrees. Invalids enjoy a remarkable uniformity of temperature, during the months they remain at St. Croix. In the early morning, or very early evening, say 5 P. M. they ride out, but avoid the heat of the noon-day. I met several interesting gentlemen of this class of visitors; one was Woodbridge the geographymaker, and another a nephew of our late President Harrison, a Presbyterian minister from Virginia. They are hunting after health. It struck me that a congregation of invalids, would have an unfavorable effect on each other's recovery.

#### THE AMERICAN SCULPTOR POWERS.

EXTRACT of a letter from Mrs. Trollope, to an American gentleman in London.

"In my opinion there is no studio in Florence which so well deserves repeated visits as that of Powers the truth-inspired sculptor of Ohio. I should, perhaps, express this opinion with less confidence, had I not heard the great Thorwaldsen pronounce such a judgment upon this trans-atlantic Apelles, as may well justify it. In a conversation upon arts and artists, which I had with this great man, at Rome, two years ago, his eye kindled at the mention of Powers; and he said: 'I consider the birth of this young man as an epoch in the art of sculpture.' This word from Thorwaldsen is worth a million of minor voices, and therefore well deserves respect. But, if there ever was an artist who might set all words of praise at defiance, it is Powers; for nature and truth speak for him in his own eloquent marbles. He is in sculpture what Shakspeare is in poetry. In neither do you find the 'faultless monster that the world ne'er saw,' but such strength, such beauty, and such grace as nature invented, and to attempt surpassing which is about the worst blunder that either poet, painter or sculptor can commit. Powers has finished modeling a young Greek female slave, in a tone of such deep feeling, if the expression may be permitted, and with such exquisite

truth of youthful innocence and womanly beauty, that few marbles I have ever seen, (less than two thousand years old or so,) could stand beside it without running a terrible risk of being overlooked. The young girl stands in no theatrical, no melodramatic pose. Her attitude is as simple as innocence and sorrow can make it, all lovely as she is, one thinks less of her beauty while gazing at her, than of her melancholy fate. Powers was born a poet; there can be no doubt about it; but he writes with a chisel instead of a pen. Even in his portrait busts, notwithstanding their inconceivable truth of resemblance, there is poetry. For, where a matter-of-fact, prosaic eye, would only see a nose or a lip, short or long, thin or thick, Powers catches the impression which the workings of the spirit have left upon the countenance, and contrives to give a more striking character of moral individuality to every head, than I have ever found in marble portraits before. I doubt much if the United States are yet aware of the value of the noble specimen of native genius which they have sent forth; for notwithstanding the wealth of many of the States, I cannot find that any work of this great artist has yet been ordered to adorn either of the numerous public buildings of his native country, with the exception of the bust of Chief Justice Marshall, which, if I mistake not, is placed in some public building at Washington. His majestic Eve still remains in his studio, nor has the matchless Greek slave yet found a master. Traveling nobles and gentlemen cannot always be caught as they gallop across the land, and, in fact, the higher labors of the sculptor can rarely be purchased, save by crowned heads, or public bodies of men. Our own admirable Gibson would not, and could not have reached the commanding elevation on which he stands, had his genius been encouraged by private patronage alone. But it is to be hoped, that the great and yearly increasing number of intelligent Americans, who are perpetually visiting Italy, will, in time, make the name of Powers known, as it ought to be, from Maine to Georgia; and then this highly gifted man will receive his fame and reward from the quarter, whence, I think, he would most rejoice to welcome it.

"Yours, very truly, FRANCES TROLLOPE.

#### SONG.

BY C. D. STUART.

The bark is parted from the shore,  
One lingering look, one sad adieu;  
And swiftly on, the gale before,  
It lightly cleaves the ocean blue!  
The tear is trembling on my cheek,  
My heart is yearning o'er the sea;  
And thoughts that lips may never speak,  
Are swelling up, my friend, for thee!  
I would have bound thee with a chain,  
Had love been strong to hold thee here;  
But nay, I will not give thee pain,  
By one regret, or idle tear!  
May fairer fates, and bluer skies,  
And better friends be henceforth thine;  
Though I must bear the sacrifice  
That burns within this heart of mine!  
Yet, once again the sad adieu,  
The starting tear, the bitter moan;  
And thou art far upon the blue,  
And I am left alone, alone!

TO AGENTS AND DISTANT READERS.—Full sets of the *Rover* can still be obtained of the publishers, at 123 Fulton street, from the commencement of the work, in single numbers, monthly parts, or bound volumes. Single copies sent to any part of the country for three dollars a year, in advance; two copies for five dollars, or five copies for ten dollars. The *Rover* is quietly and steadily winning its way to public favor. Its career thus far has been like those children who are not "brought up," but "come up alone." No enterprise of the kind could have labored under greater embarrassments, or have been less favored with extra aid or influence. But it still lives and grows and flourishes; and not unfrequently our exchange papers tell us the *Rover* is the "best Magazine in the country."

We must request our correspondents to have patience with us yet a little longer. We have been in the *aud* two or three weeks past, suffering under the delightful epidemic, that visits New York annually about this season of the year—the *moving fever*. But having got nearly settled, we will soon bring up arrears again. The greater portion of the present number is original, both prose and poetry; its quality speaks for itself.

#### THE ROVER BOOK-TABLE.

LIFE IN THE NEW WORLD, or sketches of American society. By Searsfield.

J. Winchester, New World press, 30 Ann street, is publishing this remarkable work in numbers. It is having a run, like the works of Frederika Bremer and Eugene Sue. The author is a German, who spent a few years in this country, and since his return home has been electrifying his countrymen by his strong and original sketches of life in the new world.

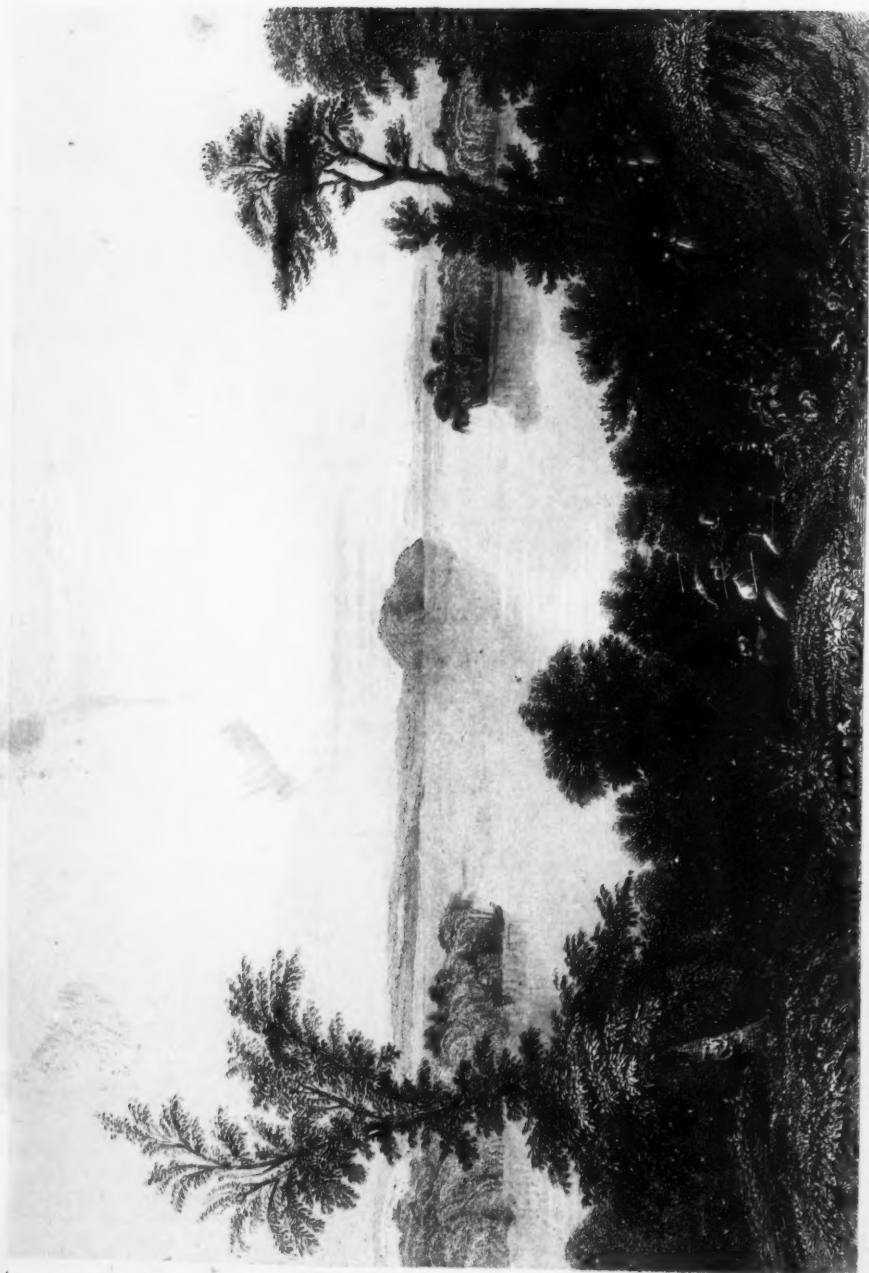
Mr. Winchester is also publishing in handsome style, with engravings, *The Highlands of Ethiopia*, described during eighteen months residence of a British embassy at the Christian court of Shoa, by Major W. C. Harris. This is a work of undoubted value and strong interest, relating to a people of whom but very little has before been known.

Among other works recently published at the New World press, are a *Narrative and Recollections of Van Dieman's Land*, during a three years captivity of Stephen S. Wright; and "*The cruise of the Somers*" under Commander Mackenzie, at the time of the mutiny.

THE CHEAPEST CHEAP LITERATURE YET.—Six new novels for twenty-five cents! We have before us "*The Omnibus No. 2 of Modern Romance*," edited by Epes Sargent, and published by James Mowatt, at 174 Broadway, corner of Maiden Lane. It contains *The Game of Life*, by Leigh Ritchie; *Marrying for Money*, by Mrs. Gore; *the Queen*, by John Galt; *the Loaded Dice*, by John Banim; *Murder whist out*, by Mrs. Opie; and *Bertrand de la Croix*, by G. P. R. James. All valuable stories from popular authors, in one compact volume, with clear good type, large enough to read without spoiling the eyes, and all for twenty-five cents.

A postscript in the last letter from our friend, the Major, says, "This *ere Omnibus*, that carries 'six inside,' will knock all the shilling novels into the middle of next January. Stow close and put the fire down, that's the way to go ahead. Folks never mind stowing close, if you have all good company. Tell Mowatt to send me another load as soon as possible; them that he sent afore, went off as quick as a cat could lick her ear."

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SARATOGA LAKE.







# THE ROVER.

## SARATOGA LAKE.

Our engraving this week is a rich and beautiful specimen of the art, and the subjoined illustration from the "slater art," by Bishop Doane, is equally delicate and beautiful.

Lines by the Lake-Side.

BY BISHOP DOANE.

This placid lake, my gentle girl,  
Be emblem of thy life,  
As full of peace and purity,  
As free from care and strife;  
No ripple on its tranquil breast,  
That dies not with the day,  
No pebble in its darkest depths,  
But quivers in its ray.

And see, how every glorious form  
And pageant of the skies,  
Reflected from its glassy face,  
A mirror'd image lies,—  
So be thy spirit ever pure,  
To God and virtue given,  
And thought, and word, and action bear  
The imagery of Heaven.

## THE INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

A GRAVE figure with a pair of mysterious spectacles on his nose and a pen behind his ear, was seated at a desk, in the corner of a metropolitan office. The apartment was fitted up with a counter and furnished with an oaken cabinet and a chair or two, in simple and business-like style. Around the walls were stuck advertisements of articles lost, or articles wanted, or articles to be disposed of; in one or another of which classes were comprehended nearly all the conveniences, or otherwise, that the imagination of man has contrived. The interior of the room was thrown into shadow, partly by the tall edifices that rose on the opposite side of the street, and partly by the immense show-bills of blue and crimson paper, that were expanded over each of the three windows. Undisturbed by the tramp of feet, the rattle of wheels, the hum of voices, the shout of the city-crier, the scream of the news-boys, and other tokens of multitudinous life that surged along in front of the office, the figure at the desk pored diligently over a folio volume, of ledger-like size and aspect. He looked like the spirit of a record—the soul of his own great volume—made visible in mortal shape.

But scarcely an instant elapsed without the appearance at the door of some individual from the busy population whose vicinity was manifested by so much buzz and clatter, and outcry. Now it was a thriving mechanic, in quest of a tenement that should come within his moderate means of rent; now, a ruddy Irish girl from the banks of Killarney, wandering from kitchen to kitchen of our land, while her heart still hung in the pent-smoke of her native cottage; now a single gentleman, looking out for economical board; and now—for this establishment offered an epitome of wordly pursuits—it was a faded beauty inquiring

VOLUME III.—No 10.

after her lost bloom; or Peter Schlemil inquiring for his lost shadow; or an author, of ten years standing, for his vanished reputation; or a moody man for yesterday's sunshine.

At the next lifting of the latch there entered a person with his hat awry upon his head, his clothes perversely ill-suited to his form, his eyes staring in directions opposite to their intelligence, and a certain odd unsuitableness pervaded his whole figure. Wherever he might chance to be, whether in palace or cottage, church or market, on land or sea, or even at his own fireside, he must have worn the characteristic expression of a man out of his right place.

"This," inquired he, putting his question in the form of an assertion, "this is the Central Intelligence Office?"

"Even so," answered the figure at the desk, turning another leaf in his volume; he then looked the applicant in the face, and said briefly—"Your business?"

"I want," said the latter, with tremulous earnestness, "a place!"

"A place! and of what nature?" inquired the Intelligence. "There are many vacant, or soon to be, some of which will probably suit, since they range from that of a footman up to a seat at the council-board, or in a cabinet, on a throne, or a presidential chair."

The stranger stood pondering before the desk, with an unquiet dissatisfied air—a dull, vague pain of heart, expressed by a slight contortion of the brow—an earnestness of glance, that asked and expected, yet continually wavered, as if distrusting. In short, he evidently wanted, not in a physical or intellectual sense, but with an urgent moral necessity that is the hardest of all things to satisfy, since it knows not its own object.

"Ah, you mistake me!" said he at length, with a gesture of nervous impatience. "Either of the places you mention, indeed, might answer my purpose—or, more probably, none of them, I want my place! my own place! my true place in the world! my proper sphere! anything to do, which nature intended me to perform when she fashioned me thus awry, and which I have vainly sought, all my lifetime! Whether it be a footman's duty, or a king's is of little consequence, so it be naturally mine. Can you help me here?"

"I will enter your application," answered the Intelligence, at the same time writing a few lines in his volume. "But to undertake such a business, I tell you frankly, is quite apart from the ground covered by my official duties. Ask for something specific, and it may doubtless be negotiated for you, on your compliance with the conditions. But were I to go further, I should have the whole population of the city upon my shoulders; since far the greater proportion of them are, more or less in your predicament."

The applicant sank into a fit of despondency, and passed out of the door without again lifting his eyes; and, if he died of the disappointment, he was probably buried in the wrong tomb; inasmuch as the fatality of such people never deserts them, and, whether alive or dead, they are invariably out of place.

Almost immediately, another foot was heard on the

threshold. A youth entered hastily, and threw a glance around the office to ascertain whether the man of intelligence was alone. He then approached close to the desk, blushed like a maiden, and seemed at a loss how to broach his business.

"You come upon an affair of the heart," said the official personage, looking into him through his mysterious spectacles. "State it in as few words as may be."

"You are right," replied the youth "I have a heart to dispose of."

"You seek an exchange?" said the Intelligencer. "Foolish youth, why not be contented with your own?"

"Because," exclaimed the young man, losing his embarrassment in a passionate glow—"because my heart burns me with an intolerable fire; it tortures me all day long with yearnings for I know not what, and feverish throbblings, and the pangs of a vague sorrow; and it awakens me in the night-time with a quake, when there is nothing to be feared! I cannot endure it any longer. It were wiser to throw away such a heart, even if it brings me nothing in return!"

"Oh, very well," said the man of office, making an entry in his volume. "Your affair will be easily transacted. This species of brokerage makes no inconsiderable part of my business; and there is always a large assortment of the article to select from. Here, if I mistake not, comes a pretty fair sample."

Even as he spoke, the door was gently and slowly thrust ajar, affording a glimpse of the slender figure of young girl, who as she timidly entered, seemed to bring the light and cheerfulness of the outer atmosphere into the somewhat gloomy apartment. We know not her errand there; nor can we reveal whether the young man gave up his heart into her custody. If so, the arrangement was neither better nor worse than in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, where the parallel sensibilities of a similar age, importunate affections, and the easy satisfaction of characters not deeply conscious of themselves, supply the place of any profounder sympathy.

Not always, however, was the agency of the passions and affections an office of so little trouble. It happened—rarely, indeed, in proportion to the cases that came under an ordinary rule, but still it did happen—that a heart was occasionally brought hither, of such exquisite material, so delicately attuned, and so curiously wrought, that no other heart could be found to match it. It might almost be considered a misfortune, in a worldly point of view, to be the possessor of such a diamond of the purest water; since in any reasonable probability it could only be exchanged for ordinary pebble, or a bit of cunningly manufactured glass, or, at least, a jewel of native richness, but ill-set, or with some fatal flaw, or an earthly vein running through its central lustre. To choose another figure, it is said that hearts which have their well-spring in the infinite, and contain inexhaustible sympathies, should ever be doomed to pour themselves into shallow vessels, and thus lavish their rich affections on the ground. Strange, that the finer and deeper nature, whether in man or woman, while possessed of every other delicate instinct, should so often lack that most invaluable one, of preserving itself from contamination with what is of a baser kind! Sometimes it is true, the spiritual fountain is kept pure by a wisdom within itself, and sparkles into the light of heaven, without a stain from the early strata through which it

has gushed upward. And sometimes, even here on earth, the pure mingles with the pure, and the inexhaustible is recompensed with the infinite. But these miracles, though he should claim the credit of them, are far beyond the scope of such a superficial agent in human affairs, as the figure in the mysterious spectacles.

Again the door was opened, admitting the bustle of the city with a fresher reverberation into the Intelligence Office. Now entered a man of wo-begone and downcast look; it was such an aspect as if he had lost the very soul out of his body, and had traversed all the world over, searching in the dust of the highways, and along the shady footpaths, and beneath the leaves of the forest, and among the sands of the sea-shore, in hopes to recover it again. He had bent an anxious glance along the pavement of the street as he came hitherward; he looked, also, in the angle of the doorstep, and upon the floor of the room; and, finally, coming up to the man of Intelligence, he gazed through the inscrutable spectacles which the latter wore, as if the lost treasure might be hidden within his eyes.

"I have lost—" he began; and then he paused.

"Yes," said the Intelligencer, "I see that you have lost—but what?"

"I have lost a precious jewel," replied the unfortunate person "the like of which is not to be found among any prince's treasures. While I possessed it, the contemplation of it was my sole and sufficient happiness. No price should have purchased it of me; but it has fallen from my bosom, where I wore it, in my careless wanderings about the city."

After causing the stranger to describe the marks of his lost jewel, the Intelligencer opened a drawer of the oaken cabinet, which has been mentioned as forming a part of the furniture of the room. Here were deposited whatever articles had been picked up in the streets, until the right owner should reclaim them. It was a strange and heterogeneous collection. Not the least remarkable part of it, was the great number of wedding-rings, each one of which had been riveted upon the finger with holy vows, and all the mystic potency that the most solemn rites could attain, but had, nevertheless, proved too slippery for the wearer's vigilance. The gold of some was worn thin, betokening the attrition of years of wedlock: others, glittering from the jeweller's shop, must have been lost within the honey-moon. There were ivory tablets, the leaves scribbled over with sentiments that had been the deepest truths of the writer's earliest years, but which were now quite obliterated from his memory. So scrupulously were articles preserved in this depository, that not even withered flowers were rejected; white roses, and blush roses, and moss-roses, fit emblems of virgin purity and shamefacedness, which had been lost or flung away, and trampled into the pollution of the streets; locks of hair—the golden, and the glossy dark—the long tresses of woman and the crisp curls of man—signified that lovers were now and then so heedless of the faith entrusted to them, as to drop its symbol from the treasure-place of the bosom. Many of these things were imbued with perfumes; and perhaps a sweet scent had departed from the lives of their former possessors, ever since they had so wilfully or negligently lost them. Here were gold pencil-cases, little ruby hearts with golden arrows through them, bosom-pins, pieces of coin, and small articles of every description, comprising nearly all that have been lost,



since a long while ago. Most of them, doubtless, had a history and a meaning, if there were time to search it out and room to tell it. Whoever has missed anything valuable, whether out of his heart, mind, or pocket, would do well to make inquiry at the Central Intelligence Office.

And, in the corner of one of the drawers of the oaken cabinet after considerable research, was found a great pearl, looking like the soul of celestial purity, congealed and polished.

"There is my jewel! my very pearl!" cried the stranger, almost beside himself with rapture. "It is mine! Give it me—this moment! or I shall perish!"

"I perceive," said the Man of Intelligence, examining it more closely, "that this is the Pearl of Great Price."

"The very same," answered the stranger. "Judge then of my misery at losing it out of my bosom! Restore it to me! I must not live without it an instant longer."

"Pardon me," rejoined the Intelligencer, calmly. "You ask what is beyond my duty. This pearl, as you well know, is held upon a peculiar tenure; and having once let it escape from your keeping, you have no greater claim to it—nay, not so great—as any other person. I cannot give it back."

Nor could the entreaties of the miserable man—who saw before his eyes the jewel of his life, without the power to reclaim it—soften the heart of this stern being, impassive to human sympathy, though exercising such an apparent influence over human fortunes. Finally, the loser of the inestimable pearl clutched his hands among his hair, and ran madly forth into the world, which was affrighted at his desperate looks. There passed him on the door-step a fashionable young gentleman, whose business was to inquire for a damask rose-bud, the gift of his lady-love, which he had lost out of his button-hole within an hour after receiving it. So various were the errands of those who visited this Central Office, where all human wishes seemed to be made known, and, so far as destiny would allow, negotiated to their fulfilment.

The next that entered was a man beyond the middle age, bearing the look of one who knew the world and his own course in it. He had just alighted from a handsome private carriage, which had orders to wait in the street while its owner transacted his business. This person came up to the desk with a quick, determined step, and looked the Intelligencer in the face with a resolute eye; though, at the same time, some secret trouble gleamed from it in red and dusky light.

"I have an estate to dispose of," said he, with a brevity that seemed characteristic.

"Describe it," said the Intelligencer.

The applicant proceeded to give the boundaries of his property, its nature, comprising tillage, pasture, woodland, and pleasure-grounds, in ample circuit; together with a mansion-house, in the construction of which it had been his object to realize a castle in the air, hardening its shadowy walls into granite, and rendering its visionary splendor perceptible to the naked eye. Judging from his description it was beautiful enough to vanish like a dream, yet substantial enough to endure for centuries. He spoke, too, of the gorgeous furniture, the refinements of upholstery, and all the luxurious artifices that combined to render this a residence where life might flow onward in a stream of

golden days undisturbed by the ruggedness which fate loves to fling into it.

"I am a man of strong will," said he, in conclusion; "and at my first setting out in life, as a poor, unfriended youth, I resolved to make myself the possessor of such a mansion and estate as this, together with the abundant revenue necessary to uphold it. I have succeeded to the extent of my utmost wish. And this is the estate which I have now concluded to dispose of."

"And your terms?" asked the Intelligencer, after taking down the particulars with which the stranger had supplied him.

"Easy—abundantly easy!" answered the successful man smiling, but with a stern and almost frightful contraction of the brow, as if to quell an inward pang. "I have been engaged in various sorts of business—a distiller, a trader to Africa, an East India merchant, a speculator in the stocks—and, in the course of these affairs, have contracted an incumbrance of a certain nature. The purchaser of the estate shall merely be required to assume the burden to himself."

"I understand you," said the Man of Intelligence, putting his pen behind his ear. "I fear that no bargain can be negotiated on these conditions. Very probably, the next possessor may acquire the estate with a similar incumbrance, but it will be of his own contracting, and will not lighten your burden in the least."

"And am I to live on," fiercely exclaimed the stranger, "with the dirt of these accursed acres, and the granite of this infernal mansion, crushing down my soul? How if I should turn the edifice into an almshouse or an hospital, or tear it down and build a church?"

"You can at least make the experiment," said the Intelligencer: "but the whole matter is one which you must settle for yourself."

The man of deplorable success withdrew, and got into his coach, which rattled off lightly over the wooden pavements, though laden with the weight of much land, a stately house, and ponderous heaps of gold, all compressed into an evil conscience.

There now appeared many applicants for places; among the most note-worthy of whom was a small, smoke-dried figure, who gave himself out to be one of the bad spirits that had waited upon Doctor Faustus in his laboratory. He pretended to show a certificate of character, which, he averred, had been given him by that famous necromancer, and countersigned by several masters whom he had subsequently served.

"I am afraid, my good friend," observed the Intelligencer, "that your chance of getting a service is but poor. Now-a-days, men act the evil spirit for themselves and for their neighbors, and play the part more effectually than ninety-nine out of a hundred of your fraternity."

But, just as the poor fiend was assuming a vaporous consistency, being about to vanish through the floor in sad disappointment and chagrin, the editor of a political newspaper chanced to enter the office, in quest of a scribbler of party paragraphs. The former servant of Doctor Faustus, with some misgivings as to his sufficiency of venom, was allowed to try his hand in this capacity. Next appeared, likewise seeking a service, the mysterious Man in Red, who had aided Bonaparte in his ascent to the imperial power. He was

examined as to his qualifications by an aspiring politician, but finally rejected, as lacking familiarity with the cunning tactics of the present day.

People continued to succeed each other, with as much briskness as if everybody turned aside, out of the roar and tumult of the city, to record here some want, or superfluity, or desire. Some had goods or possessions, of which they wished to negotiate the sale. A China merchant had lost his health by long residence in that wasting climate; he very liberally offered his disease, and his wealth along with it, to any physician who would rid him of both together. A soldier offered his wreath of laurels for as good a leg as that which it had cost him, on the battle-field. One poor wretch desired nothing but to be accommodated with any creditable method of laying down his life; for misfortune and pecuniary troubles had so subdued his spirits, that he could no longer conceive the possibility of happiness, nor had the heart to try for it. Nevertheless, happening to overhear some conversation in the Intelligence Office, respecting wealth to be rapidly accumulated by a certain mode of speculation, he resolved to live out this one other experiment of better fortune. Many persons desired to exchange their youthful vices for others better suited to the gravity of advancing age; others, we are glad to say, made earnest efforts to exchange vice for virtue, and, hard as the bargain was, succeeded in effecting it. But it was remarkable, that what all were the least willing to give up, even on the most advantageous terms, were the habits, the oddities, the characteristic traits, the little ridiculous indulgences, somewhat between faults and follies, of which nobody but themselves could understand the fascination.

The great folio, in which the Man of Intelligence recorded all these freaks of idle hearts, and aspirations of deep hearts, and desperate longings of miserable hearts, and evil prayers of perverted hearts, would be curious reading, were it possible to obtain it for publication. Human character in its individual developments—human nature in the mass—may best be studied in its wishes; and this was the record of them all. There was an endless diversity of mode and circumstances, yet withal such a similarity in the real groundwork, that any one page of the volume—whether written in the days before the Flood, or the yesterday that is just gone by, or to be written on the morrow that is close at hand, or a thousand ages hence—might serve as a specimen of the whole. Not but that there were wild sallies of fantasy that could scarcely occur to more than one man's brain, whether reasonable or lunatic. The strangest wishes—yet most incident to me who had gone deep into scientific pursuits, and attained a high intellectual stage, though not the loftiest—were, to contend with Nature, and wrest from her some secret, or some power, which she had been fit to withhold from mortal grasp. She loves to delude her aspiring students, and mock them with mysteries that seem but just beyond their utmost reach. To concoct new minerals—to produce new forms of vegetable life—to create an insect, if nothing higher in the living scale—is a sort of wish that has often reveled in the breast of a man of science. An astronomer, who lived far more among the distant worlds of space than in this lower sphere, recorded a wish to behold the opposite side of the moon, which, unless the system of the firmament be reversed, she can never turn toward the earth. On the same page of the volume, was writ-

ten the wish of a little child, to have the stars for playthings.

The most ordinary wish, that was written down with wearisome recurrence, was, of course, for wealth, wealth, in sums from a few shillings up to unreckonable thousands. But, in reality, this often repeated expression covered as many different desires. Wealth is the golden essence of the outward world, embodying almost everything that exists beyond the limits of the soul; and therefore it is the natural yearning for the life in the midst of which we find ourselves, and of which gold is the condition of enjoyment, that men abridge into this general wish. Here and there, it is true the volume testified to some heart so preverted as to desire gold for its own sake. Many wished for power; a strange desire, indeed, since it is but another form of slavery. Old people wished for the delights of youth; a fop, for a fashionable coat; an idle reader for a new novel; a versifier, for a rhyme to some stubborn word: a painter, for Titian's secret of coloring; a prince, for a cottage; a republican, for a kingdom, and a palace; a libertine, for his neighbor's wife; a man of palate, for green peas; and a poor man for a crust of bread. The ambitious desires of public men, elsewhere so craftily concealed, were here expressed openly and boldly, side by side with the unselfish wishes of the philanthropist, for the welfare of the race, so beautiful, so comforting, in contrast with the egotism that continually weighed self against the world. Into the darker secrets of the Book of Wishes, we will not penetrate.

It would be an instructive employment for a student of mankind, perusing this volume carefully, and comparing its records with men's perfected designs, as expressed in their deeds and daily life, to ascertain how far the one accorded with the other. Undoubtedly, in most cases, the correspondence would be found remote. The holy and generous wish, that rises like incense from a pure heart toward heaven, often lavishes its sweet perfume on the blast of evil times. The foul, selfish, murderous wish, that steams forth from a corrupted heart, often passes into the spiritual atmosphere, without being concerted into an earthly deed. Yet this volume is probably truer, as a representation of the human heart, than is the living drama of action, as it evolves around us. There is more of good and more of evil in it; more redeeming points of the bad, and more errors of the virtuous; higher up-soarings, and baser degradation of the soul; in short, a more perplexing amalgamation of vice and virtue, than we witness in the outward world. Decency, and external conscience, often produce a far fairer outside than is warranted by the stains within. And be it owned, on the other hand, that a man seldom repeats to his nearest friend, any more than he realizes in act, the purest wishes, which at some blessed time or other, have arisen from the depths of his nature, and witnessed for him in this volume. Yet there is enough, on every leaf, to make the good man shudder for his own wild and idle wishes, as well as for the sinner, whose whole life is the incarnation of a wicked desire.

But again the door is opened; and we hear the tumultuous stir of the world—a deep and awful sound expressing in another form, some portion of what is written in the volume that lies before the Man of Intelligence. A grandfatherly personage tottered hastily into the office, with such an earnestness in his infirm alacrity that his white hair floated backward, as he

hurried up to the desk; while his dim eyes caught a momentary lustre from his vehemence of purpose. This venerable figure explained that he was in search of To-morrow.

"I have spent all my life in pursuit of it," added the sage old gentleman, "being assured that To-morrow has some vast benefit or other in store for me. But I am now getting a little in years, and must make haste; for unless I overtake To-morrow soon, I begin to be afraid it will finally escape me."

"This fugitive To-morrow, my venerable friend," said the Man of Intelligence, "is a stray child of time, and is flying from his father into the region of the infinite. Continue your pursuit, and you will doubtless come up with him; but as to the earthly gifts which you expect, he has scattered them all among a throng of Yesterdays."

Obliged to content himself with this enigmatical response, the grandsire hastened forth, with a quick clatter of his staff upon the floor: and as he disappeared, a little boy scampered through the door in chase of a butterfly, which had got astray amid the barren sunshine of the city. Had the old gentleman been shrewder, he might have detected To-morrow under the semblance of that gaudy insect. The golden butterfly glided through the shadowy apartment, and brushed its wings against the Book of Wishes, and fluttered forth again with the child still in pursuit.

A man now entered, in neglected attire, with the aspect of a thinker, but somewhat too rough-hewn and brawny for a scholar. His face was full of sturdy vigor, with some finer and keener attribute beneath; though harsh at first, it was tempered with the glow of a large warm heart, which had force enough to heat his powerful intellect through and through. He advanced to the Intelligencer, and looked at him with a glance of such stern sincerity, that perhaps few secrets were beyond its scope.

"I seek for Truth," said he,

"It is precisely the most rare pursuit that has ever come under my cognizance," replied the Intelligencer, as he made the new inscription in his volume. "Most men seek to impose some cunning falsehood upon themselves for truth. But I can lend no help to your researches. You must achieve the miracle for yourself. At some fortunate moment, you may find Truth at your side—or, perhaps, she may be mistily discerned, far in advance—or, possibly, behind you."

"Not behind me," said the seeker, "for I have left nothing on my track without a thorough investigation. She flits before me, passing now through a naked solitude, and now mingling with the throng of a popular assembly, and now writing with the pen of a French philosopher, and now standing at the altar of an old cathedral, in the guise of a Catholic priest, performing the high mass. Oh weary search! But I must not falter; and surely my heart-deep quest of Truth shall avail at last."

He paused, and fixed his eyes upon the Intelligencer, with a depth of investigation that seemed to hold commerce with the inner nature of this being, wholly regardless of his external development.

"And what are you?" said he, "It will not satisfy me to point to this fantastic show of an-Intelligence Office, and this mockery of business. Tell me what is beneath it, and what your real agency in life, and your influence upon mankind?"

"Yours is a mind!" answered the Man of Intelli-

gence, "before which the forms and fantasies that conceal the inner idea from the multitude, vanish at once, and leave the naked reality beneath. Know, then, the secret. My agency in worldly action—my connection with the press, and tumult, and intermingling, and development of human affairs—is merely delusive. The desire of man's heart does for him whatever I seem to do. I am no minister of action, but the Recording Spirit!"

What further secrets were then spoken, remains a mystery; inasmuch as the roar of the city, the bustle of human business, the outcry of the jostling masses, the rush and tumult of man's life, in its noisy and brief career, arose so high that it drowned the words of these two talkers. And whether they stood talking in the Moon, or in Vanity Fair, or in a city of this actual world, is more than I can say.—*Democratic Review.*

#### TWO LOVES.—To S.

BY A. J. H. DUGANNE.

Two loves within me, love, there are—  
The one a changing flame,  
The other like some radiant star  
That ever beams the same.

The first love is a mortal fire,  
That, mortal, glows and dies—  
'Tis chained to earth—to earth's desire,  
Hopes, seeks, yet fails to rise.

But in my spirit's heart—above  
The world—a ray divine  
Has lit from Heaven's shrine a love—  
My spirit's love for thine.

For the Rover—Boston, May, 1844.

#### THE BLIND PREACHER.

BY WILLIAM WIRT.

As I traveled through the county of Orange, my eye was caught by a cluster of horses tied by a ruinous old wooden house, in the forest not far from the road side. Having frequently seen such objects before in traveling through these states, I had no difficulty in understanding that this was a place of religious worship.

Devotion alone should have stopped me, to join in the duties of the congregation; but I must confess that curiosity to hear the preacher of such a wilderness, was not the least of my motives. On entering, I was struck with his preternatural appearance. He was a tall and very spare old man; his head, which was covered with a white linen cap, his shriveled hands, and his voice, were all shaking with the influence of a palsy—and a few moments ascertained me that he was perfectly blind.

The first emotions that touched my breast were those of mingled pity and veneration. But how soon were all my feelings changed! The lips of Plato were never more worthy of prognostic swarms of bees, than were the lips of this holy man! It was the day of the administration of the sacrament—and his subject was of course, the passion of our Saviour. I had heard the subject handled a thousand times—I had thought it exhausted long ago. Little did I suppose that in the wild woods of America was I to meet a man, whose eloquence would give to this topic a new and more sublime pathos, than I had ever before witnessed.

As he descended from the pulpit to distribute the

mystic symbols, there was a more peculiar, a more than human solemnity in his air and manner, which made my blood run cold, and my whole frame shiver.

He then drew a picture of the sufferings of our Saviour—his trial before Pilate—his ascent up Calvary to the crucifixion. I knew the whole history—but never till then, had heard the circumstances so selected, so arranged, so colored! It was all new—and I seemed to have heard it for the first time in my life. His enunciation was so deliberate, that his voice trembled on every syllable, and every heart trembled in unison.

His peculiar phrase had that force of description, that the original scene appeared to be at that moment acting before our eyes. We saw the very faces of the Jews; the staring, frightful distortion of malice and rage. We saw the buffet; my soul kindled with a flame of indignation—and my hands were involuntarily and convulsively clenched.

But when he came to touch on the patience, the forgiving meekness of our Saviour—whom he drew to the life, his voice breathed to God a soft and gentle prayer of pardon on his enemies, "Father forgive them for they know not what they do"—the voice of the preacher, which had all along faltered, grew fainter and fainter, until his utterance being entirely obscured by the force of his feelings, he raised his handkerchief to his eyes, and burst into a loud irrepressible flood of grief. The effect was inconceivable. The whole house resounded with the mingled groans, and sobs, and shrieks of the congregation.

It was sometime before the tumult had subsided so far as to permit him to proceed. Indeed judging by the usual but fallacious standard of my own weakness, I began to be very uneasy for the situation of the preacher. For I could not conceive how he would be able to let his audience down from the height to which he had wound them, without impairing the solemnity and dignity of the subject, or perhaps shocking them by the abruptness of his fall. But—no, the descent was as sublime as the elevation had been rapid and enthusiastic.

The first sentence with which he broke the awful silence, was a quotation from Rousseau: Socrates died like a philosopher, but Jesus Christ like a God!

I despair of giving you my idea of the effect produced by this short sentence, unless you could perfectly conceive the whole manner of the man, as well as the peculiar crisis in the discourse. Never did I completely understand what Demosthenes meant by laying such stress on delivery.

You are to bring before you the venerable figure of the venerable preacher; his blindness constantly calling to your recollection old Homer, Osgood and Milton, and associating with his performance the melancholy grandeur of their geniuses; you are to imagine that you hear slow, solemn, well-accented enunciations and his voice of affecting trembling melody; you are to remember the pitch of passion and enthusiasm which reigned through the house; the preacher removing his white handkerchief from his aged face, (even yet wet from the recent torrent of his tears,) and slowly stretching forth his palsied hand which held it, begins the sentence—"Socrates died like a philosopher"—then pausing, and raising his other, with warmth and energy, to his breast, lifting his "sightless balls" to heaven, and pouring his whole soul into his tremulous voice—"but Jesus Christ like a God!"

If he had been in deed and in truth an angel of light, the effects could scarcely have been more divine. Whatever I had been able to conceive of the sublimity of Massillon or the force of Bourdaloue, has fallen far short of the power which I felt from the delivery of this simple sentence.

If this description gives you the impression that this incomparable minister had anything of a shallow theatrical trick in his manner, it does him great injustice. I have never seen in any orator such a union of simplicity and majesty. He has not a gesture, an attitude, or an accent, to which he does not seem forced by the sentiment he is expressing. His mind is too serious, too earnest, too solicitous, and at the same time, too dignified, too stoop to artifice.

Although as far removed from ostentation as a man can be, yet it is clear from the train, the style and substance of his thoughts, that he is not only a polite scholar, but a man of profound erudition! I was forcibly struck with a short yet beautiful character which he drew of your learned and able countryman, Sir, Robert Boyle; he spoke of him as if "his noble mind had, ever before death, divested itself of all influence from his frail tabernacles of flesh," and called him, in his peculiar emphatic and impressive manner, a "pure intelligence; a link between men and angels."

This man has been before my imagination almost ever since. A thousand times, as I rode along, I dropped the reins of my bridle, stretched forth my hands, and tried to imitate his quotation from Rousseau: a thousand times I abandoned the attempt in despair, and felt persuaded that his peculiar manner and power arose from an energy of soul which nature alone could justly copy. As I recall at this moment, several of his awfully striking attitudes, the force with which my blood begins to pour along my arteries, reminds me of the emotion produced, by the first sight of Gary's introductory picture of his Bard.

#### LAKE WONDERS.

ON various lakes in different parts of the world, there exist phenomena not easily accounted for. The Lake Baikal is remarkable from its waters, at certain times, though not a breath of wind is stirring in the neighborhood, being agitated to foaming, and at other times, although the pines on the hills are bowed down by the blast, its surface is almost perfectly calm. There are heard at one time loud moaning sounds, at another sweet sounds like those of the *Æolian* harp. Similar agitations and sounds are frequently observed on other lakes, and are considered to be owing to the electrical state of the atmosphere. On some lakes there are floating islands; such are found on Derwent Water and Loch Lomond, and there is a remarkable one at Gerdan, in Russia which supports one hundred head of cattle. These islands appear and disappear from time to time, and are found to be formed of the roots of trees, and of aquatic plants, which are sometimes disengaged from the adjoining banks, being undermined by the action of the waves. While dry, they float upon the surface, but when saturated they sink to the bottom. Sometimes lakes have double bottoms. These are perhaps, caused by a tissue of roots and aquatic plants being raised up from the bottom by the gas they contain. A lake of this kind is in Anegada, one of the Virgin Islands, the bottom of which, sinking, sometimes causes the death of men and cattle.



Some lakes are supposed to have disappeared altogether; one of these existed in Bohemia, and covered that country, which is entirely surrounded by mountains, until by some means a passage was forced through a defile, and the water drained off. Several lakes are decreasing in size, as the Lake of Mexico, which, when Cortez conquered that country, surrounded a large part of the city of Mexico, giving it a beautiful appearance; now however, the lake has retreated to a considerable distance from the city. Among these lakes most celebrated is the Dead Sea, lying between two bleak parallel chains of mountains on the borders of Palestine, with no sign of vegetation about it, except a few stunted shrubs. It is chiefly surrounded by salt, mud, or moving sands. Its length is thirty miles, and its waters remarkably clear, and strongly impregnated with salt. It was said by former travelers, that no fish would live in its waters, nor birds fly over it; but this appears a mistake, as modern travelers have found a small species of fish in the lake, and have seen swallows skimming along its surface. This region was formerly the site of Sodom and Gomorrah. The destruction of these cities is supposed by some to have been caused by the bursting forth of a volcano, but it is more in accordance with scripture to suppose that the lightning from heaven may have fallen upon the bituminous substances which served to build the houses and furnish materials for the conflagration. Ruins are still to be seen underneath the waters.

Mephitic lakes sometimes throw up gasses which form an explosion like distant thunder. Similiar gasses arise in certain caves and valleys. Carbonic acid gas will not rise above three feet above the ground, so that men are found to walk in safety through it, while stray sheep perish. There is a valley in Java, about half a mile in circumference, strewn with bones, bleached as white as ivory. Some are the bones of tigers, dogs, peacocks, and some of men; yet the sides of the valley are covered with luxuriant vegetation, both trees and shrubs. Near the bottom is perceived a noxious smell; a dog, upon being forced to the bottom, died in fifteen minutes, a fowl in one and a half minutes, and another, which was thrown down, apparently before it reached the bottom. On the opposite side is seen the skeleton of a man, with his head resting upon his right hand, the bones bleached perfectly white. They are supposed to have been rebels, and who, wandering without knowing the country, finding themselves seized with a sudden attack, had sat down, and lost all presence of mind, so as not to be able to leave that dreadful region. There is in that valley no smell of sulphur, though the region is highly volcanic.

## MAY MORNINGS.

BY C. D. STUART.

A FIE to misanthropy! said I, as pushing back the lattice of a window overlooking the west, I saw the vines and young trees tossing their leaves in a dozen gardens, and felt on my cheek the trembling fingers of the soft wind laden with the odor of myriad flowers, all glittering with morning dew—a fie to misanthropy, in this sweet May-month, this delectable spring-time. Yet how many there are, who profess so deep a hate for the world, as to wish themselves out, had they not rather

"Suffer the ills that flesh is heir to,  
Than fly to others that they know not of!"

I have no sympathy with their lamentations, for the most wo-begone scamp among them, though thoroughly inducted into all the desolation of "Five Points" abandonment, had better live than die, for to die were to leave the past but darkness—to live, might be to atone. Certainly what little ill they bear is no fault of the seasons, and instead of cursing "thorns and thistles," which they have busily sown themselves, they might even in their maddest mood thank God for fresh air, and flowers, and all that—but nay; and all the mischief they and their fellows have wrought, is a poison for which they curse the green and innocent earth! Shut them up in a dark cage for a twelve-month, and feed them on bread and water, and I stake my faith that they will come out real lovers of May mornings, and by no means turn up their noses at a dish of "greens." The truth is, our world-haters have been indulged too much, and have come to look upon God's bounties as they would on so many old clothes! Shut them out, and I wager a penny that their misanthropy is cured. One of Milton's devils, up to the chin as he was in sulphurous flame and a whole "hell of horrors," had an infinitely better estimate of life than these unthankful ones, who

"For a corn upon the little toe,  
Or friendship false, or loss of cash,  
Or but the shadow of a broken heart,  
Their loves, their duties, and their lives forego."

He, after summing up the chances of his fate, "Belial" as he was, thus reasons—

"To be no more: sad cure! for who would lose,  
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,  
Those thoughts that wander through eternity,  
To perish rather, swallowed up and lost  
In the wide womb of uncreated night,  
Devoid of sense and motion?"

Keen as the angels tastes must have been for good or evil, he, rather than be blotted out, would bear an eternity of pain! So precious "this intellectual being"—but our man and world-hater thinks life hardly "value received" for the "ills that flesh is heir to!" I mock at no man's grief, his unrest, his pain and despair, for they are burdensome enough without additional torment; but as virtue lies chiefly in doing and suffering, I should have a small opinion of him if he failed to bear his load. After all, men are seldom so miserable as they imagine themselves, if they but cast their eyes upon the mountains whose cedars bend with perfume, and the valleys mantled with fruit and foliage, crying, Gather us, gather us, oh ye inhabitants of the earth! For myself, I would willingly bear my share of wo, which is no small one, an eternity long, for the goodness and beauty that rises everywhere over it like foam flashing on the chafed bosom of dark waters. Suffering, I conceive, gives intensity to the intervals of joy, as storms floating out from a summer's sky leave a bright and serener blue. Be that as it may, spring is full upon us with music and beauty, and a golden glory pervades all things!

"Now while the early budders are just new,  
And run in mazes of the youngest hue  
About old forests; while the willow trails  
Its delicate amber, and the dairy pails  
Bring home increase of milk!"

or, as another poet of the past pictures—while the young minnows

"Staying their wavy bodies 'gainst the streams,

To taste the luxury of sunny beams  
Which is their sweet delight; and ever nestle  
Their silver bellies on the pebbly sand—"

who would, or can keep closed lips, and not breathe out in the fullness of a heart peopled anew by all these fresh delights, the eloquent thanksgiving of the Psalmist, "Praise ye the Lord, praise ye the Lord, oh my soul!" I care not how hard the man's heart may be, if he will rise with the sun on a pleasant May morning, and go forth amid the influences of nature, he cannot return without a deeper gratitude to God, and a kindlier feeling toward every living thing! There are ministering angels upon the gentle breeze, in the song of birds, and in the joyousness of innumerable leaves which toss themselves like hands toward heaven, shaking their dewy crowns in the first rays of the rising sun, while the rich air is populous with wings, unseen yet visible, that quiver about the meanest heart with a buoyant and beautiful life; irresistible wherever it is felt! We can see, with Shelley,

"All things are recreated, and the flame  
Of concentaneous love inspires all life:  
The fertile bosom of the earth gives suck  
To myriads, who still grow beneath her care,  
Rewarding her with their pure perfectness."

God forbid that you, reader, or I, should ever subscribe to the creed of a misanthrope; nature is worth living for, if all companionship with flesh were lost. If you have any feud with man, settle it, or flee from him; do not curse nature for your own sins; if you have anything against nature, state your cause, and it shall be answered, or else hereafter hold your peace! It would be a severer punishment to one half—aye, nine tenths of the world, to lose simply its sight, than all else it suffers, and so help me truth—I never saw a blind person yet who, when comparing himself with the dumb, did not think his lot fortunate. We are too well kept, many of us, to relish what is good, or contentedly bear what seems evil. If every middling-well man in New York had been with me in the Park one morning last week, I would have pointed them to a sight which I warrant would have sent them all home like good Christians, with their hearts full of thankfulness and content! By the bye, at sunrise the Park is a paradise for city denizens, who, during the day, are only treated to scorching heat and choking dust. Right beautiful indeed is it just now, when the trees are assuming their green garments, sheltering the invalid and the idler from the hot sun, and charming to their fresh arms the gay song-birds! And the fountain, too, is that no luxury to the swallow cheeks, the rosy lips, the faint hearts, to the filthy and the clean? Is it not a sweet hour of forgetfulness of all human ills and cares, to sit by that classic and chaste looking *chain*, and watch the young rain-bows nestling amid the spray? To note the spray and mist grow golden in the quivering rays of the sun? To behold the innumerable bubbles gather and break, filling your vision with fantastic hues, and your fancy with a bright but bewildering dream? There they rise and fall, rain-bows, spray and bubbles, like playful phantoms, emblemizing the lights and shades, the pursuits and pleasures of life—a day-dream, forsooth, more beautiful in vision than reality! How long, oh ye city governors, will ye delay an appropriation to ornament the fountain ye have made?—a fountain the glory of your park and the delight of your people! Speaking of the fountain re-

minds me of that chapter on "Astor Baths" by a gifted lady; has the outline of her vision—a beautiful one, which magnificent wealth might fulfill—found the spirit of the gray-haired millionaire? And will he not ensure something better than wreathed statues—the gratitude and blessing of thousands, by carrying it out? I pray that he will, and the deed shall be remembered while the Croton lasts!

Spring has done something, too, for the graves; and rank green plumes waving over the rest of the dead, challenge us with a rusle as we pass. A lady walking with me yesterday, by St. Paul's, thought the long grass a melancholy sight. I differ, and know of none pleasanter. If the turf was barren I might grieve that all was desert below, but these daisies and violets, and this fresh grass point eloquent to the heaven located beyond, the felicity of unbroken peace! I cannot forbear, while speaking of graves, asking

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest,  
By all their country's wishes blest?"

and this with reference to the tomb of Lawrence, which, while opulence is lifting its spires, not its heart, toward heaven is crumbling beneath the storm silently to dust in one corner of Trinity church-yard! Shame on the gratitude and patriotism which cannot, or will not, furnish *mortal* enough to replace the bricks and marble, which, marred as they are, may serve to protect his vault from the rains and snows of heaven! Citizens of New York, I leave it to your ability, if not your willingness, to do justice to yourselves and him.

And now what has spring done for us who write and read? Has it kindled within our hearts freshness and beauty, and devout gratitude to the bountiful giver of good? Do we feel the "winter of our discontent" made glorious spring time by the love of God? Have the living juices of our nature, the kindness, the joyousness, and the blessed innocence of our childhood, that angel-time of being, gushed up into the dry and fevered, perhaps desolate, chambers of the heart? Have our feelings and sentiments, one toward another, blossomed anew under the gentle influences of the spring? After all, this is the consummation we wish, and for which we should strive. Why are beautiful and true forms and spirits given to, and surrounding us, unless it be to awaken their similes in us—and why should we be taught the great lesson of goodness that smiles out from every sun-beam and flower, unless it be to kindle in our souls deeds that shall correspond? For one I have felt and feel a kind of genial resurrection from the elastic touch of spring. I feel humbler before God and nearer to all men, and it cannot be otherwise, while

"Soothing notes

Of ivy fingered winds, and gladsome birds,  
And merriment are resonant around."  
*For the Rover—New York, May, 1844.*

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THE Sensitive Plant is part vegetable and part animal. The water pink of Minorca, and the grass at the bottom of the bay, is all animal! The pink is attached to a rock, and out of a long stalk throws fibres, and forms flowers of a beautiful color. Touch them, and they are all drawn down into the stalk out of sight by a grisly, worm-like animal, from six to seven inches long. Touch the grass there, and it disappears in a knotted cone, or star-like animal.

THE ENTHUSIAST.

BY LAWRENCE LABREE.

He lay upon the earth. The roseate hues
Of the new morn were glowing all around him;
And the bright caroling of many birds
In the mid air and on each leafy spray,
And the soft gushing of the limpid streams,
The tinkling of the bushy-margined brook,
The am'rous zephyr sighing through the grove,
Made Nature seem all musical with joy,
As when the earth was in its infancy,
Ere crime had cast her shadow o'er its face,
Or sorrow nip'd the blossoming flowers of faith.

He gazed into the air. His full soul rose
With a redundancy of glorious thought,
And his wrapt spirit seemed not of the earth,
So full was it of heavenward aspirations.
He felt as though the world was not his home,
And to be free—free as the deathless mind,
To pierce the depths of dread eternity,
Among the myriads of revolving orbs,
Where time ne'er had beginning nor hath end,
And read the awful and mysterious book
Of the DIVINITY;—to learn of angels—
Those bright-winged seraphs, that around God's throne
Make most harmonious praise to Him whose power
Call'd all things into action, and did form
The grandest of all shapes of earth or air—
Man in His own bright image! He did long
To be companion of some mighty spirit,
Roaming on joyous and expectant wing
From system unto system, until thought
Absolves itself from awful mystery,
And ecstasy, and wonder, and much love
Do clothe the soul in unimagined bliss!

Evening came, and still the enthusiast lingered.
He had roamed far o'er hill and verdant plain,
Through flowery mead, and mid the copsewood green,
And from the fountain of his mind's deep wealth
Drank glorious inspiration, till himself,
A worm upon the earth, became a wonder;
And when the imperial monarch of the day
Had drawn his flaming banner from the sky,
And Cynthia, in her silver car, like sober matron,
Led forth the vast assemblage of bright worlds,
That with their lustre make the night so glorious,
He gazed upon them as though he would search
The depths of their mysteriousness, and learn
If bliss, flying when sought for here, was there
A constant and administering angel, or
A tantalizing dream that frets the soul!
He felt his immortality, and long'd—
Long'd for the hour when his free soul might mount
On tireless pinions unto worlds so distant
That thought can never reach them, and thus roam,
Eternally acquiring some new knowledge
To feast his wonder and add new delight:
To visit worlds whose air is melody,
And every breeze bears perfume on its breath!
Existing through eternities of joy—
An unembodied magnitude of bliss!
Where gratitude, outswelling all things else,
Worships th' eternal, omnipresent God!

These are the enthusiast's dreams—
Brighter and happier than pedantic lore;
More pure, less selfish than fanatic zeal!

THE PRESIDENT'S HOUSE FORTY YEARS AGO.

BY MRS. HARRISON SMITH.

"WALLS," is proverbially said, "have ears;" had they likewise tongues, what important interesting and amusing facts, might the walls of the President's house reveal.

What a variety of characters, of events, of scenes and conversations, recur to the mind of one who has been a witness of the mutations which have taken place in this dwelling of our chief magistrates.

During the last forty years, eight presidents have successfully lived beneath its roof; each one introducing not only new inmates into the house, but a new circle into the society of Washington, and thereby imparting to it a variety unknown in our other cities; thus affording to a contemplative mind more interesting subjects for reflection, than are elsewhere to be found.

These successive administrations, when thus reviewed, seem like so many different dramas—each distinct, and seen in itself complete, and with each, a new set of actors. How few of those actors now remain! Most of them have passed from the stage of life—the voice of public favor or condemnation cannot disturb the repose of the grave; and no motive can now exist to misrepresent their conduct or characters. But not only have the performers, the scenery of these dramas is likewise changed, and the seat of government, then a wild waste, where the farmer drove his plough—the sportsman followed his hounds, and the botanist pursued his studies, is now putting on the aspect of a city, with its houses and streets, its churches, its public buildings, and ornamented grounds. It is still an infant, but a thriving and handsome infant.

The comfortless and unfinished condition of the President's house forty years ago, is well described by Mrs. Adams, in her recently published letters—It stood on a wide common, uninclosed—unsheltered by a single tree, and so puerile was it to the weather, that wind and rain found access to its best sleeping apartments; and its first tenants were exposed to every species of inconvenience and discomfort. It was not long, however, that Mrs. Adams had to endure the disagreeables she so graphically describes, and whatever her husband felt on leaving the Presidential mansion, she, it may easily be imagined, was glad to return to the quiet and comfort of her happy home.

Then came Mr. Jefferson. Borne on the full tide of popularity, sustained by a strong and triumphant party, with what exhilaration of spirit must he have entered on his new sphere of action.

His cabinet was formed of men of the highest talents, who were not only his political, but his personal friends, whose interests, opinions and principles were so identified with his own, that the different views, necessarily taken by different minds of the same subjects, never produced a discordance destructive of unanimity of action. Often has Mr. Jefferson been heard to declare, that this distinguishing characteristic of his administration, was the one which he most highly valued, and his face beamed with satisfaction as he said, "in fact we were one family."

This official family lived with him on terms of domestic intimacy; the courtly forms that had been previously established for the regulation of the presidential circle were little observed, if not entirely discarded, and a system of more simplicity and equality intro-

duced into the social intercourse between the president and his fellow citizens.

As Mr. Adams came to the new seat of government, only a few months before the close of his administration, there was no new furniture provided for the president's house, as appropriations for that purpose could only be made at the commencement of the presidential term. When Mr. Jefferson took up his residence there, he found it scantily furnished with articles brought from the President's house in Philadelphia, and which had been in use from the time General Washington resided in that place; these, though worn and faded, he retained, out of respect to their former service—particularly in his drawing-room, which was fitted up with the same crimson damask furniture that had been used in Mrs. Washington's drawing-room—it was his wish that it should never be parted with, but when no longer fit for service, should be carefully preserved as a kind of relic of past times.

On the new furnishing the President's house, if Mr. Jefferson erred in the system he adopted, it was in too much plainness and simplicity—yet, though plain, it was in good taste, and in every arrangement, comfort and convenience were more consulted than mere appearance. The *East room*, designed by the architect for an *audience chamber*, was not finished, and was never finished and used until General Jackson came into the presidency.

The apartment Mr. Jefferson had taken most interest in fitting up, was his cabinet. It was a spacious, pleasant room, opening to the south, and commanding a view of the Potomac and intervening grounds—the recesses of these south windows were filled with his favorite plants and flowers, of which he, himself, took the entire care. Around the walls were maps, books, charts, &c.; through the centre of the room, ran a long table covered with green cloth, and furnished with everything necessary for its designated purpose; it had numerous draws, containing not only articles appropriate to writing and council table, but such as were suited to his own peculiar tastes and occupations. Among these, were carpenters' tools that he often found amusement in using, and a set of small nice garden implements, that afforded him still more pleasure.

Among his roses and geraniums, was suspended the cage of his favorite *mocking-bird*, that he cherished with peculiar fondness, not only for its melodious powers, but for its uncommon intelligence and affectionate disposition, of which qualities he gave the most surprising instances. It was the constant companion of his solitary and studious hours—when he was alone, he always opened the cage and left it at liberty—it would fly about the room, alight on the table, and pick the crumbs he there scattered—or perch on his shoulder, seeming to understand what he said to it, and to answer him with its intelligent looks as well as its tuneful voice. On Mr. Jefferson's return from his daily ride, it was his habit to take an hour's repose on a couch in his chamber—before he did so, he would go into his cabinet, open the cage, call his bird, who would follow, hopping up the stairs after him, and then placing itself on the head or feet of his couch, would regale and soothe him with its sweetest and most varied strains. How he loved this bird! How he loved his flowers! He could not live without something to love, and in the absence of his darling grand-children, his bird and his flowers became the objects of his tender cares. In a man of such dispositions, such tastes,

who would recognize the rude, unpolished *democrat*, that some foreigners and some political enemies described him to be? Sir Augustus Foster, in his notes on the United States, thus depicts him, although he candidly says, he looked upon this rudeness and coarseness of dress and manner, to be mere affectation, assumed to win popularity from the democratic party, of which he was the head. The picture that this gentleman has drawn of Mr. Jefferson, is a mere caricature, in which those who knew him best, would never recognize the least resemblance. If his dress was plain, unstudied, and sometimes of rather an antique fashion, it was always of the finest materials; in his personal habits, he was fastidiously neat, and in his manners, simple, affable and unceremonious; it was not from ignorance of the usages of the highest circles, with whom he had long and familiarly lived while in Europe, but because he despised the trivialities and conventionalisms, the mere forms and puerile distinctions imposed by the tyranny of fashion. His simplicity never degenerated into vulgarity, nor his affability into familiarity. He received foreign ministers when they visited him, with as little ceremony as he received other gentlemen, without any of the form and etiquette attending their intercourse with European courts; and if, as was more than once the case, these foreign dignitaries mistook this absence of ceremony, for ignorance of courtly forms, or for incivility, they not only misunderstood Mr. Jefferson, but likewise the spirit of our government.

He was often called a *national* man, full of odd fancies and strange contrivances, and it must be owned he had a great number of original contrivances; with few exceptions, however, they were likewise conveniences, which it is believed, were never met with in any house but his own. Sometimes, the practical was sacrificed to the fanciful, and utility, to beauty, as was peculiarly the case in the location and structure of his house at Monticello.

"What could have induced your father," asked a friend, "to build on this black and barren peak, where every drop of water must be brought from the bottom of the mountain, and where the soil is so parched and sterile, that it is to be feared his lawns, shrubberies, groves and gardens must be absolutely burned up?"

"I have heard my father say," replied his daughter, "that when quite a boy, this mountain top was his favorite retreat. Here he would bring his books to study; here would pass his holiday and leisure hours; here indulge the wanderings of fancy, and the contemplation of the beauties of nature; here he never wearied of gazing on the sublime scenery that spread around, bounded only by the horizon, or the far off Alleghany. He became so attached to this spot, that he determined, when arrived at manhood, here to build his family mansion."

The same fanciful disposition characterized his architectural plans and domestic arrangements, and made Monticello, though a very beautiful, yet a most inconvenient habitation.

Some of his most useful inventions he introduced with advantage at the President's house; among others, in the dining room, a machine consisting of circular revolving shelves, was constructed in the wall, by which the dinner and its appurtenances could be introduced into, and carried out of the room, without the opening or shutting of door, was found peculiarly convenient. When persons with whom he wished to

have a free and unrestrained conversation, dined with him, the number at his table never exceeded four, and by each individual was placed a *dumb waiter*, containing everything that might be wanted during the process of the dinner, so as entirely to dispense with the attendance of servants, it being his opinion, that much of the social, and even public discord that existed in society, was produced by the mutilated and misrepresented conversations, repeated by these mute, but attentive listeners.

One day when William M'Clure and Caleb Lownds (both well known and distinguished characters) were invited together to one of these dinners, Mr. M'Clure, who had traveled over Europe, and just returned to the United States, after a long residence in Paris, could of course impart a great deal of important and interesting information, with an accuracy and freedom not allowable in epistolary communications; Mr. Jefferson gave him his whole attention, but closely as he listened, Mr. M'Clure spoke in so low a tone, that although seated at his side, the President scarcely heard half that was said. "You need not speak so low," observed Mr. Jefferson, "you see we are alone, and our *walls have no ears*."

"I have so long lived in Paris, where the walls have ears," replied Mr. M'Clure, "that I have contracted the habit of speaking in an under tone, and even then, every word must be weighed before it is uttered, for no place—no family—no table, however private, is secure from the observation of the police, whose agents, under the character of servants, insinuate themselves into the most domestic circles."

At Mr. Jefferson's usual dinner parties, the company was always small, seldom, if ever, exceeding fourteen, including himself and his secretary. The invitations were not given promiscuously, or as of late years, alphabetically, but his guests were selected in reference to their tastes, habits and suitability in all respects; which attention had a wonderful influence in making his parties so peculiarly pleasant and agreeable, as was remarked by all who were ever admitted to his table. This limited number prevented those little knots or separate conversations in an under tone, which are common at large dinner parties. At Mr. Jefferson's table the conversation was general; every guest was entertained and interested in whatever topic was discussed; to each an opportunity was afforded for the exercise of his colloquial powers, and the stream of conversation enriched by such various contributions, flowed on, full, free and animated. Of course he took the lead, and gave the tone with a tact so admirable, that all were pleased and no one offended, while the talents and information of each—of which he seemed to have an intuitive perception—were drawn out in such a manner as to place them in the most advantageous light. Did he perceive an individual silent or unnoticed, he would make such a one the object of his peculiar attention, and in a way apparently the most undesigning, would draw him into notice and make him a participator in the general conversation. One instance will be given that will illustrate Mr. Jefferson's manner in this respect better than any description. On one occasion when there was several distinguished persons at table, and the conversation was unusually earnest and animated, he perceived one individual remain silent and unobserved, who, having recently returned from Europe, where he had resided so long a time as to be comparatively a stranger in his own country, and was entirely

unknown to the present company; after having, seemingly without design, given the conversation the turn he wished, Mr. Jefferson addressing himself to the stranger, said, "Mr. C—, it is to you we are indebted for this benefit; no one more deserves the public gratitude." Every eye was turned on this before unnoticed person, and no one looked more surprised than he himself. "Yes, sir," continued the President, "the upland-rice, which you sent from Algiers, if generally cultivated—and its success thus far authorizes the hope that it will be—will prove an inestimable blessing to the Southern states." Immediately, Mr. C—, who had been a mere cipher in this intelligent circle, became a personage of considerable importance; he was listened to with attention, and took a large share in the conversation which ensued.

When Mr. Jefferson took up his residence in Washington, on becoming President, he did not forget that he was a fellow citizen of its inhabitants, with whom he kept up a friendly and social intercourse, and although he, himself, never made visits, he received all who visited him with frankness and cordiality. While congress was in session, the invitations to his table were confined to that body, to other public characters and to strangers, who at that time thronged the city; but during the recess of congress, the respectable citizens of Washington, Georgetown and Alexandria, were generally and frequently invited, especially those with whom he was personally acquainted; on these occasions, when the guests were known to each other as well as to him, nothing could exceed the ease, and frankness, and social enjoyment of these delightful parties. Often, however, the company was necessarily made up of strangers to himself and to each other, whose official station entitled them to a place at the President's table, when there sometimes occurred *awkwardnesses* (if there is such a word) which were quite amusing. One day a lady that sat next Mr. Jefferson, who had no personal acquaintance with him, but on such an occasion, wishing to do her prettiest, thought she must talk to the President, and having heard his name, though she knew not how, coupled with *Carter's Mountain*, she made a still more awkward inquiry of him, than Madam Talleyrand made of the celebrated Denon when he dined at her husband's table, although the ignorance it betrayed was not so great and inexcusable as that exhibited by the French minister's lady; turning to Mr. Jefferson, she asked him if he did not live close by *Carter's Mountain*. "Very close," he replied, it is the very next mountain to Monticello."

"I suppose it's a very pleasant place," persisted the lady, not perceiving the significant frown of her husband, or the irrepressible smiles of other gentlemen.

"Why yes," answered Mr. Jefferson, smiling, "I certainly found it so."

Then, catching a glimpse of her husband's countenance, she forbore any further inquiries on the subject, and not being able to think of anything else, which she supposed might be interesting to the President, continued silent during the rest of the entertainment.

One great reform in dining parties was made by Mr. Jefferson; instead of remaining for hours at table after the ladies had withdrawn, at his parties, the gentlemen after taking two or three glasses of wine, left the table and took their coffee in the drawing-room, which custom not only preserved temperance, but promoted the most refined social enjoyment.

The whole of Mr. Jefferson's domestic establishment

at the President's house, exhibited good taste and good judgment. He employed none but the best and most respectable persons in his service. His *maitre d'hôtel* understood his business to perfection, having served in some of the first families abroad. The excellence and superiority of his French cook, were universally acknowledged even by those accustomed to the best tables, and no one surpassed him (*viz.* Americans) in the variety and costliness of his wines. In his entertainments, republican simplicity was united with epicurean delicacy, while the absence of splendor and profusion, was more than compensated by the neatness, order and elegant sufficiency that pervaded the whole entertainment.

He secured the best services of the best domestics, not only by the highest wages but more especially by his justice, moderation and kindness, and by the interest he took in their comfort and welfare—without an individual exception they all became personally attached to him. It was remarked by one, often an inmate of his family, that their watchful, cheerful attendance, seemed more like that of humble friends, than of mercenary menials. On the breaking up of his establishment, every one of his domestics on leaving his service, was, by his generous interference, enabled to obtain some advantageous employment for themselves, and in losing him, felt as if they had lost a father. In sickness, he was peculiarly attentive to their wants and comfort, often to the sacrifice of his own convenience. On an occasion when the young family of one of his domestics had the whooping cough, he wrote to a lady residing some distance from the city, requesting her to send him a recipe for a remedy, which he had heard her say had proved effectual in the case of her own children, when laboring under that disease. This lady relates another instance of his kind consideration of the case of his servants.

She, one day as she was passing through a small parlor, adjoining his cabinet, leaning on his arm, noticed a piece of furniture of rather singular form, and struck by its beauty as well as novelty, stopped to inquire its use; he touched a spring the little doors flew open, and disclosed within a goblet of water, bottle of wine, a plate of light cakes, and a night-taper.

"I often sit up late," said he, "and my wants are thus provided for, without keeping a servant from his rest."

The place of coachman was little more than a sinecure, as his handsome chariot and four beautiful horses were never used except when his daughters were with him, and even then it was seldom he allowed four horses to be driven, never, unless distance or bad roads made it necessary.

He was opposed to ostentation and mere display of any kind, and sometimes carried his plainness and simplicity farther than the most democratic taste would have required, in this instance particularly, as the driving four in hand was the general custom among the old and wealthy families in the southern states—likewise, of the foreign ministers, and it was not for a long time that they dispensed with this distinction and followed the example of the President.

Eventually, it was generally adopted, no President, since Mr. Jefferson, using more than a pair of horses, and it has become a rare sight in our city to see a coach and four.

Scarcely any weather, however severe or oppressive

in winter or summer, prevented Mr. Jefferson from taking his daily ride on horseback, alone and unattended. This was one of his greatest enjoyments; added to the exhilarating effects of exercise in the open air, were other pleasures he highly prized—that freedom of thought and feeling solitude only can insure, and best enjoyed amid the works of nature, of which he was a fond lover and a great admirer.

He used to explore the most lonely paths—the wildest scenes along the high wooded banks of the Potomac, or among the hills, and woods, and valleys of the beautiful country, which in every direction surrounds the city. He was passionately fond of botany—not a plant from the lowliest flower to the loftiest tree, escaped his observation. Dismounting from his horse, he would climb rocks, or wade through swamps, to obtain any plant he saw and desired, and seldom returned from these excursions without a variety of specimens of the indigenous productions of our native soil, it being a favorite plan of his to use these, in exclusion of all foreign trees and plants, in ornamenting the public grounds of our metropolis. This idea imparted an additional interest to his botanical researches, and in reference to it, he had a long list made out, in which they were classed according to their forms, colors and the seasons in which they flourished.

To him it would have been a high gratification, in every way to have improved and ornamented our infant city, but with a power so limited, the only thing he effected was the planting of Pennsylvania avenue with a double row of Lombardy poplars, which he designed as a merely temporary plantation, only to remain until the willow-oak (a favorite tree of his) and other more durable and beautiful trees should yield a sufficient shade. But this and many similar plans had to be relinquished.

One day at the dinner-table, when conversing on this subject, he suddenly exclaimed, "I wish I possessed despotic power!"

All looked surprised, and one of the company said "You, you wish for despotic power?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Jefferson, "for by no other means can I preserve the noble forest trees that are still left growing in different parts of the city-grounds. It seems to me akin to murder to cut down trees that have been the growth of ages; yet I am powerless, and cannot prevent the ruthless destruction that is going on. Such trees! to be cut up for fuel! trees that would form such durable and magnificent ornaments around our capitol, covering, as they now do, the whole hill and adjacent grounds. Yet I cannot save them!"

"Why not purchase them, since they are to be sold?" asked one of the guests.

"The President of the United States has no funds for such a purpose," replied Mr. Jefferson.

He was anxious to put the grounds immediately around the President's house in order, but, as congress would make no appropriations for this or similar purposes, he had to abandon the idea, and content himself with enclosing it with a common stone wall. When the *grizzly bears* brought by Capt. Lewis from the *far west*, (where he had been to explore the course of the Missouri,) were confined within this enclosure, a witty federalist called it: "*The President's bear garden.*"

With a view to improve the market gardens about the city, Mr. Jefferson often visited and supplied the

gardeners with the seed of fine rare fruit and vegetables, which, by his desire, were transmitted to him by our consuls, who vied with each other in sending the best to be found, in the different countries where they were located. These he not only distributed himself, but accompanied these gifts with the information necessary for their proper culture and management, and throughout the season would occasionally call and watch the progress of their growth. This attention excited the emulation of our horticulturists, and was the means of greatly improving our markets, and for their further encouragement he ordered his steward to give the highest prices for the earliest products of their gardens. There were two nursery gardens that he took a special interest in; both were located in situations of romantic beauty, one on the banks of the *Eastern Branch*, the other on those of the Potomac. To these he frequently resorted, as he found in their proprietors an uncommon degree of scientific information and an enthusiastic fondness for botanical researches.

Although the President made no visits in the city, he would sometimes call on acquaintances whose houses he passed in his rides, would show a lively interest in their rural improvements, and where he discovered a taste and fondness for such objects, would always share with them the plants and seeds he received from abroad.

Mr. Jefferson was known in Europe as much, if not more, as a philosopher than as a statesman. While minister at the court of France, he lived familiarly in a circle of literary and scientific men, formed of distinguished savans from all parts of Europe. He was the successor of Franklin, not only in his diplomatic, but likewise in his scientific and social relations. On introducing Mr. Jefferson to his chosen and most intimate friends, Dr. Franklin expressed his hope that his friend might succeed to the same confidence and the same privileges which he himself had enjoyed.

"Pray," said Mr. Jefferson, smiling, "procure for me the most flattering and delightful of all those privileges, that of being saluted by your fair friends."

"No, no," replied the venerable philosopher, "you are too young for that; it was my gray hairs procured me that distinction."

Mr. Jefferson's acquaintance in this distinguished circle of learned men made him well-known throughout Europe, and when he became President, his reputation as a man of letters, induced many literary and scientific men to visit our capitol. Among others, Baron Humboldt.

One day, in answer to some inquiries put to him, this celebrated traveler replied, "I have come not to see your great rivers and mountains, but your great men." Of these he held Mr. Jefferson in the highest estimation. On the arrival of the Baron on our shores, he hastened to Washington, and during his stay, he passed some hours of every day with Mr. Jefferson, who not only paid him every attention due to his high character, but what seemed still more acceptable to the Baron, showed him the cordial hospitality and kindness of a friend. In fact he became domesticated in the President's family, and visited him at any hour without form or ceremony.

Baron Humboldt formed not his estimate of men's manners by their habiliments or conventionalism: refined as was his taste, and polished as were his own manners, he was neither shocked nor disgusted, as

was the case with the British minister, (Mr. Foster,) by the old-fashioned form, the ill-assorted colors, or simple materials of the dress of our republican President, but, indifferent to these external and intrinsic circumstances, he quickly discerned and highly appreciated the intrinsic qualities of this philosophic statesman, beneath the homely costume and simplicity of manner which had concealed them from the more fastidious diplomat.

Not so with the Baron's young friend and companion, Don Carlos Montufar, the grandson of the viceroy of Peru; he was not only disappointed but absolutely shocked at the absence of all attendance, etiquette, and splendor in the presidential mansion. "I could scarcely believe the fact," said he, "that it was the President of the United States I was presented to; not a person was to be seen outside of the house—for palace I cannot call it—and, when we ascended the steps and rang at the door, it was opened by a servant, not only out of livery, but most plainly dressed—without being announced we were led through an empty hall, no guards, no attendants, and ushered into a very plainly furnished apartment, where an elderly gentleman, of still plainer appearance, received us with as little ceremony as if he were the simplest citizen—he shook hands with us! asked us to be seated, and conversed as freely and unreservedly as if we were his equals and friends. How astonishing! Why at my grandfather's court, the palace is surrounded with guards, the halls and antechambers with officers and attendants, in the richest costume. There everything bespeaks the viceroy to be the first personage in the country; but here one could not tell your President from any other citizen!"

Though not expressed in precisely these words, such were the impressions made on this young courtier, who, it was evident lost much of his respect for the United States and its government, by what he deemed this semi-barbarous simplicity and equality.

The Baron's visits to the President being thus unshackled by form or ceremony, and not confined to any prescribed hour, he called one evening about twilight, and being shown into the drawing-room without being announced, he found Mr. Jefferson seated on the floor, surrounded by half a dozen of his grandchildren, so eagerly and noisily engaged in a game of romps that the Baron's entrance was not perceived for some moments; when his presence was discovered Mr. Jefferson started up, and shaking hands with him said, "you have found me playing the fool, Baron, but I am sure to you I need make no apology."

Another time he called of a morning, and was taken into the President's cabinet; as he sat by the table conversing, his eye was caught by the title of one of the journals, or newspapers, which lay scattered on it, distinguished by its party virulence and violence, particularly by its abuse of Mr. Jefferson, calumnies not only political but personal.

"Is it possible," exclaimed the Baron, "that by receiving you encourage this libelous journal! Why is it not suppressed—its editor fined and imprisoned?"

Mr. Jefferson smiled, saying, "Put that paper in your pocket, Baron, and on your return to Europe, should you hear the freedom of our press questioned, show the paper and mention where you found it."

A long conversation then ensued on the subject; among other observations, Mr. Jefferson remarked—"I cannot deny that this freedom of the press some-

times degenerates into licentiousness, yet I look on it as one of the best preservatives of our liberty, of our institutions, of our morals; and that an inquisition into the private conduct of public men has the most beneficial consequences."

"But these base insinuations—these calumnies—why are they not explained—why not refuted?"

"If I cannot live them down, believe me I cannot write them down—actions speak louder than words," replied Mr. Jefferson.

In these sketches, it is not pretended to give the exact words of the speakers here introduced; but the opinions, the facts, the sentiments, and even manner, are faithfully adhered to.

Another foreigner of distinction, who was often with Mr. Jefferson, accompanied him one day when he went out to review the militia and other military companies of the district. As they rode along the stranger expressed his surprise that the President, being commander-in-chief, should on this occasion wear his citizen's dress, and inquired his reason for so doing.

"To show," replied Mr. Jefferson, "that the civil is superior to the military power."

When this gentleman returned to France, among other inquiries made of him by the emperor, Napoleon asked him, "what sort of government is that of the United States?"

"One, sire," replied he, "that is neither seen nor felt."

Mr. Jefferson held no levees, but received visitors every morning at stated hours, (a practice all his successors in the presidency have adopted,) excepting, however, *New-Year's Day* and the *Fourth of July*. On these public days, not only the President's house, but the whole city was thronged with visitors from the other towns of the District, and the surrounding country.

They were *national festivals*, on which the doors of the presidential mansion were thrown open to persons of all classes, where abundant refreshments were provided for their entertainment. On Mr. Jefferson's accession to the presidency, the mayor and corporation of Washington waited on him, requesting to be informed which was his birth day, as they desired to celebrate it with proper respect.

"The only birth-day I ever commemorate," replied he, "is that of our independence—the Fourth of July."

During his administration this was indeed a gala-day in our city.

The well uniformed and well appointed militia of the District, the Marine Corps, &c. &c., after parading through Pennsylvania Avenue and the roads, rather than streets, of our almost houseless city, formed on the open ground in front of the President's house. The gay appearance of the troops, their martial music, enlivened the scene, and exhilarated the spirits of the crowds of country people and citizens, assembled from all parts.

At that time there were no buildings—no enclosures in the vicinity of the President's house, but an extensive and verdant common, where the inhabitants found pleasant walks, and the herds and flocks abundant pasture, on the day of this national festival.

A wirr's a feather, and a chief's a rod,
An honest man's the noblest work of God.

TO THE UNKNOWN ONE.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

"It is a gentle and affectionate thought,
That in immeasurable heights above us,
At our first birth this wreath of love was woven,
With sparkling stars for flowers."—WALLENSTEIN.

Oh where art thou, whom, seeking, I ne'er find,
Congenial friend, all-sympathizing heart,
Companion, in my fancy long enshrined,
Loved being, of my soul the dearest part?

Sometimes a voice will make my pulses fly
As at thy real presence, beauty's smile
Will oft beguile me, and a kindly eye—

Not long can such similitudes beguile;
For I have wandered far, and felt the might
Of southern loveliness and northern wit,
But every charm at length has taken flight,
And at a Vision's feet again I sit.
Oh, now become embodied, spirit-bride,
Reward at last my faith, assume thy form,
A sacred place awaits thee by my side,

Come, share with me the sunlight and the storm!
I long for thee at twilight, when the leaves
Tremble with joy to meet the cheering air,
And Nature her serenest garland weaves
To crown with peace the weary brow of care.
Without thy arm's soft pressure, no delight
Steals o'er my senses in the evening stroll,
Refreshment comes not on the wing of night,

Nor do the stars exert their sweet control.
Through the free woods with listless step I walk,
And o'er the gleaming fountain idly lean,
I leave the wild flower on its lonely stalk,
Thou art not there to consecrate the scene!

Ah! what to me is verdure, and the play
Of crystal waters—what the warbler's tone,
And play fragrance, or the sunset ray,
If mid their fond communions I am lone?
From the rich page of genius I would turn
To read responses in thy glowing cheek,
And see the bard's seraphic fire burn

In thy bright gaze of rapture—wild and meek.
With thee the air of song I would inhale,

And feel anew its sweetness, down the tide
That windeth to Elysium, turn our sail,
And in melodious trance exultant glide.

Come with affection's solace! pain is mine,
And weariness of heart; Ah, lay thy hand
Upon my brow, it hath a touch divine,

As to a sea-worn frame the breath of land.
I need thy tender counsel—it would guide
My wayward footsteps in the path of right,
Uplift my gaze, like Dante's holy bride
Bathing my spirit with celestial light.

Oh for thy prayers! Might we together bend
In trust and adoration! Saints above
To swell such orisons their voices lend,

And Heaven's smile would sanctify our love.

AMUSING INCIDENT IN ENGLISH HISTORY.

THE annexed anecdote, in relation to a visit made to Bristol, England, in *old times*, by the husband of a queen, forms a striking contrast to the late visit of Prince Albert to the same place, and in the same capacity. The extract is from "Correy and Evans' History of Bristol," and was originally taken from an old Bristol newspaper:

Prince George of Denmark, consort of Queen Anne, in passing through this city appeared on the exchange, attended only by one gentleman, a military officer, and remained there till the merchants had pretty generally withdrawn; not one of them having sufficient resolution to ask such a guest to their houses. But this was not the case with all who saw him; for a person whose name was John Duddleston, a bodice-maker, who lived in Corn street, (probably the house now occupied by Norton & Son, booksellers, which is very ancient,) went up to him, and asked him—"If he was not the husband of the queen?" who informed him "he was," John Duddleston told him he had observed with a good deal of concern that none of the merchants had invited him home to dinner, telling him he did not apprehend it was for want of love to the queen or to him; but because they did not consider themselves prepared to entertain so great a man.

But he was ashamed to think of his dining at an inn, and requested him to go and dine with him, and bring the gentleman along with him; that he had a piece of good beef and a plum-pudding, and ale of his dame's own brewing. The prince admired the loyalty of the man; though he had bespoken a dinner at the White Lion went with him. When they got to the house, Duddleston called his wife, who was up stairs, desiring her to put on a clean apron and come down, for the queen's husband and another gentleman were come to dine with them. She accordingly came with a clean blue apron, and was immediately saluted by the prince. In the course of the dinner the prince asked him if he ever went to London. He said since ladies wore stays instead of bodices, he sometimes went to buy whalebone; whereupon the prince desired him to take his wife with him when he went again, at the same time giving a card to facilitate his introduction to court. In the course of a little time he took his wife behind him to London, and with the assistance of the card, he found easy admittance to the prince, and by him was introduced to the queen, who invited them to an approaching public dinner, informing them they must have new clothes for the occasion. So they each chose purple velvet, such as the prince had then on, and in that dress they were introduced by the queen herself as the most loyal persons in Bristol, and the only ones in that city who invited the prince, her husband, to their house.

After the entertainment, the queen, desiring him to kneel down, laid a sword on his head, and (to use Lady Duddleston's own words) said to him, "Ston up, Sir Jan." He was offered money or a place under government, but he did not choose to accept either, informing the queen that he had 50l out of use, and he apprehended that the number of people he saw about her must be expensive. The queen, however, made Lady Duddleston a present of a gold watch, which my lady considered as no small ornament when she went to market, suspended over a blue apron. Sir John Duddleston with his lady, lie buried in All Saints Church, Bristol, on the right side of the entrance from the north door.

FROM THE RUSSIAN OF BOEROO.

The wo to come—the wo that's gone,
Philosophy thinks calmly on;
But show me the philosopher
Who calmly bears the woes that are.

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

FATHER of mine, thou hast long pass'd away,
Mother of mine, thou art wrinkled and gray,
Sisters of mine, ye are scattered around,
Brothers of mine, where may ye be found?

Friends of my youth, in the tomb are ye laid,
Home of my youth, I return to thy shade,
Seeking repose in the autumn of life,
Away from the cauldron of tumult and strife.

Joys of my youth, ye have vanished and fled,
Hopes of my youth, ye are withered and dead,
Once ye were bright as the flowers of May,
But like the fair flowers, soon faded away.

My coffers with gold to the brim have been piled,
But my heart with the dross hath ne'er been defiled;
No poor widow's mite ever burned in my purse,
And no orphan's tears brought with them a curse.

Distinction and honor have covered my name,
And enrolled it hath been in the annals of fame,
But detraction and envy will strip from my brow
The laurels I've gathered—they are perishing now.

Home of my youth, oh grant me a tomb,
Where the green willow waves, and the sweet flowers bloom;

Mother of mine, let me die on thy breast,
Saviour of mine, take me home to thy rest. A. S. H.
For the Rover—Ellerslie, N. Y., 1844.

A DISCOVERY.

THE following is an extract of a letter from a young American, now traveling in Europe. We know nothing in the range of science to equal the discovery mentioned, except, indeed, some of the wonderful discoveries in Mesmerism.

"Professor Von Grusselbach, of Stockholm, has very lately brought to a state of perfection the art of producing a torpor of the whole system, by the application of cold of different degrees of intensity, proceeding from a lesser to a greater, so as to cause the human body to become perfectly torpid, without permanent injury to any organ or tissue of the frame. In this state they may remain for a great number of years, and again, after a sleep of ages, be awakened to existence, as fresh and blooming as they were when they first sunk into their frigorific slumber.

"The attention of the learned professor was first led to the subject by finding a toad enclosed in a solid fragment of calcareous rock ten feet in diameter, which, when taken out, showed unequivocal signs of life; but it was supposed that the concussion caused by blasting the rock occasioned its death in a few hours after. The opinion of Baron Grulthizen, who is geologist to the king of Sweden, was, that it must have been in that situation for at least seven thousand years; and his calculations were drawn from the different layers of strata by which it was surrounded. From this hint, the professor proceeded to make experiments; and, after a painful and laborious course of experiments for the last twenty-nine years of his life, he has at last succeeded in perfecting his great discovery. No less than sixty thousand reptiles, shell-fish, &c., were experimented on before he tried the human subject. The process is not entirely laid before the public as yet,

but I had the honor, in company with a friend, of visiting the professor.

"I shall give a slight description of one of the outer rooms, containing some of his preparations. Previous to entering, we were furnished with an India rubber bag, to which was attached a mask with glass eyes. This was put on to prevent the temperature of the room from being varied the slightest degree by our breathing. It was an circular room, lighted from the top by the sun's rays, from which the heat was entirely disengaged by its passage through its glass, &c., colored by the oxide of copper, (a late discovery, and very valuable to the professor.) The room is shelved all around, and contains nearly one thousand specimens of animals, &c. One was a Swedish girl, aged, from appearance, about nineteen years; she was consigned to the professor by order of the government, to experiment upon, having been found guilty of murdering her child. With the exception of slight paleness, she appeared as if asleep, although she has been in a state of complete torpor for two years. He intends to resuscitate her in five more years, and convince the world of the soundness of his wonderful discovery. The professor, to gratify us, took a small snake out of his cabinet into another room, and although it appeared to us to be perfectly dead and rigid as marble, by application of a mixture of cayenne pepper and brandy, it showed immediate signs of life, and was apparently as active as ever it was, in a few minutes, although the professor assured us it had been in a state of torpor for six years."

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Under the spreading chesnut tree
The village smithy stands,
The smith a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like the sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a thrashing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling—rejoicing—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morn sees some new task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks, to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought!

RELIGION.

THE following short and beautiful quotation is from the pages of the elegant, the benevolent, the inspired M'Kenzie. Speaking of those who profess a disbelief in religion, he expresses himself in the following heart-touching manner:

"He who would undermine those foundations upon which the fabric of our future hope is reared, seeks to beat down that column which supports the feebleness of humanity, let him but think a moment, and his heart will arrest the cruelty of his purpose. Would he pluck its little treasure from the bosom of poverty? Would he wrest its crutch from the hand of age, and remove from the eye of affliction the only solace of its woe? The way we tread is rugged, at best; we tread it, however, lighter by the prospect of the better country to which, we trust, it will lead. Tell us not it will end in the gulf of eternal dissolution, or break off in some wild which fancy may fill up as she pleases, but reason is unable to delineate; quench not that beam which, amidst the night of this evil world, has cheered the despondency of ill-requited worth, and illuminated the darkness of suffering virtue."

THE ROVER OMNIBUS.

CORRESPONDENTS.—"Robert Wilson, the Destroyer," has considerable merit in its plot and moral, but is too full of errors for publication. It is very creditable for a "first attempt," as it professes to be.

"The Broken-Hearted" does not equal some of the author's previous contributions. We think it hardly up to the standard we wish to maintain in the Rover. And yet perhaps the difficulty rests more in the commonplace subject, than in the execution.

A. J. H. DUGANNE writes sweet and beautiful poetry, "and no mistake," as they say down east. Witness the "Winter of the Heart" published in the Rover two weeks ago, and the "Two Loves" in the present number; besides several previous effusions from his muse, which we have had the pleasure of presenting to our readers. Few writers of verse who have recently entered the lists, give fairer promise of excellence.

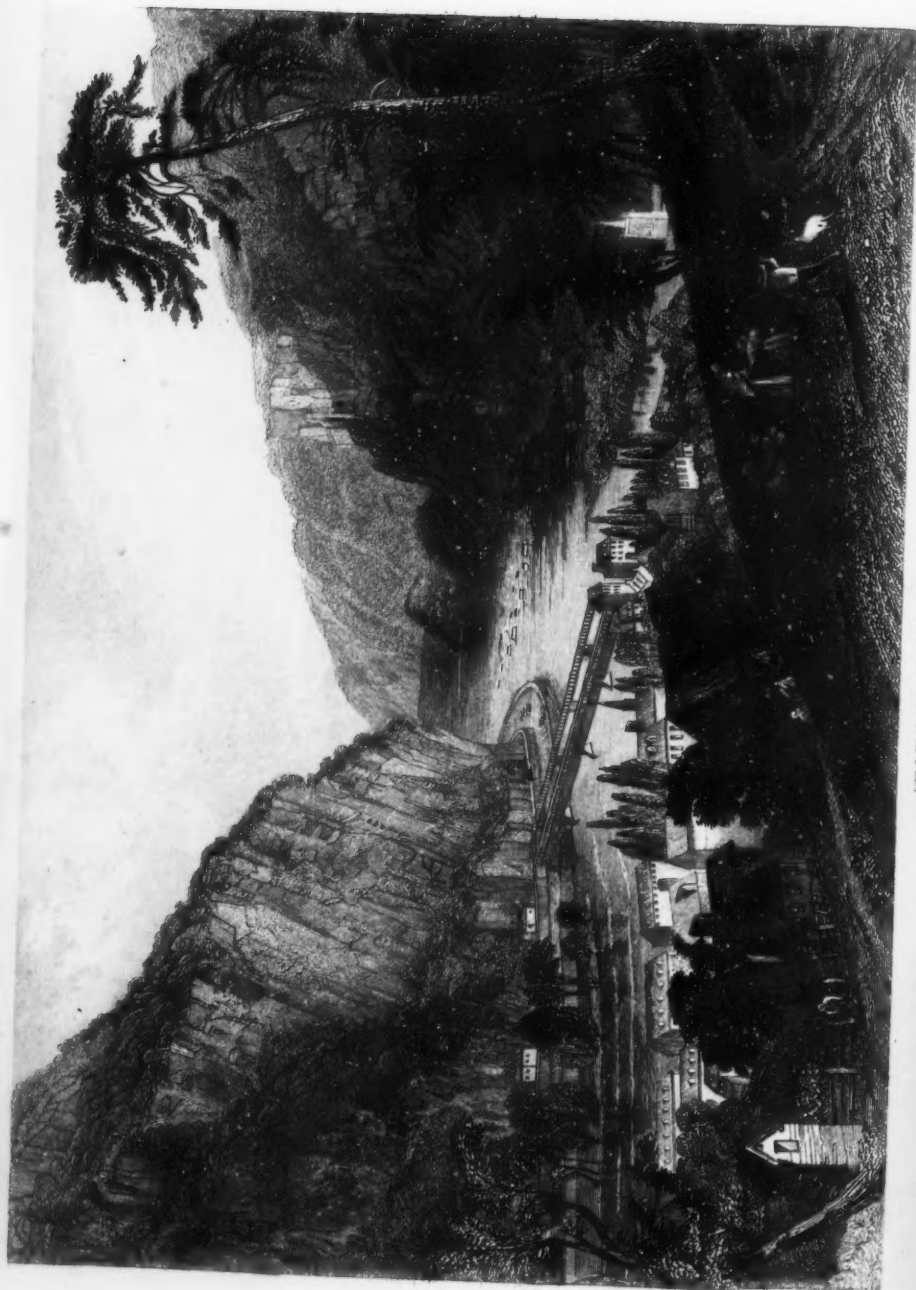
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BELAIR HEIGHTS FORT
(From the Potomac side)

THE ROVER.

THE CHILD AND THE FLOWERS.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

LITTLE flowers, sweet and fair,
Blooming 'neath the tall tree shade,
Breathing perfume on the air,
Wherefore was your beauty made?
Wherefore should your colors vie
With the rainbow of the sky?

Little child, our colors bright
Are the skillful work of God,
He, to please his creatures' sight,
Paints with beauty every sod;
And we would, with kindly spell,
Bid you love your Maker well.

Pretty flowers, when the breeze
Shakes his pinion o'er your home,
Or the bird amid the trees
Round among your bright ones roam,
Why should perfume all around
Breathe from every floweret's ground?

Little child, each blossom's cup
Is an altar, pure and lone,
Whence is always rising up
Incense to our Maker's throne:
Little child, come bend the knee,
Let thy heart an offering be.

HARPER'S FERRY.

We present our readers this week with another of those rich and magnificent views of natural scenery with which our country so eminently abounds. The drawing was made by a distinguished artist, and gives a very accurate and life-like picture of a scene, which Jefferson said was "worth a voyage across the Atlantic" to behold. Here it is, beautifully engraved, book and all, for *six cents*. We cannot do better than to add Jefferson's powerful and vivid description of the place and the scenery, from his Notes on Virginia.

Passage of the Potomac through the Blue Ridge.

BY JEFFERSON.

The passage of the Potomac through the Blue Ridge, is perhaps one of the most stupendous scenes in nature. You stand on a very high point of land. On your right comes up the Shenandoah, having ranged along the foot of the mountain a hundred miles to seek a vent. On your left approaches the Potomac, seeking a passage also. In the moment of their junction, they rush together against the mountain, rend it asunder, and pass off to the sea.

The first glance at this scene hurries our senses into the opinion, that this earth has been created in time; that the mountains were formed first; that the rivers began to flow afterwards; that, in this place particularly, they have been dammed up by the Blue Ridge of mountains, and have formed an ocean which filled the whole valley; that, continuing to rise, they have at length broken over at this spot, and have torn the mountain down from its summit to its base.

The piles of rock on each hand, but particularly on

VOLUME III.—No 11.

the Shenandoah, the evident marks of their disruption and avulsion from their beds by the most powerful agents of nature, corroborate the impression. But the distant finishing, which Nature has given to the picture, is of a very different character. It is a true contrast to the foreground. It is as placid and delightful as that is wild and tremendous.

For, the mountain being cloven asunder, she presents to your eye, through the cleft, a small catch of smooth blue horizon, at an infinite distance in the plain country, inviting you, as it were, from the riot and tumult roaring around, to pass through the breach, and participate in the calm below. Here the eye entirely composes itself; and that way, too, the road happens actually to lead.

You cross the Potomac above its junction, pass along its side through the base of the mountain for three miles, its terrible precipices hanging in fragments over you, and within about twenty miles reach Fredericktown, and the fine country round that.

This scene is worth a voyage across the Atlantic. Yet here, as in the neighborhood of the Natural Bridge, are people who have passed their lives within half a dozen miles, and have never been to survey these monuments of a war between rivers and mountains, which must have shaken the earth itself to its centre.

THREE FINGERED JACK.

A West India Story.

Obi, and gambling, are the only instances I have been able to discover, among the natives of the negro land in Africa, in which any effort at combining ideas has ever been demonstrated. The science of obi is very extensive. Obi, for the purposes of bewitching people, or consuming them by lingering illness, is made of grave-dirt, hair, teeth of sharks, and other creatures, blood, feathers, egg-shells, images in wax, the hearts of birds, and some potent roots, weeds and bushes, of which Europeans are at this time ignorant; but which were known, for the same purposes, to the ancients. Certain mixtures of these ingredients are burnt, or buried very deep in the ground; or hung up a chimney; or laid under the threshold of the door of the party to suffer; with incantation songs or curses, performed at midnight, regarding the aspects of the moon. A negro, who thinks himself bewitched by obi, will apply to an *Obi-man* or *Obi-woman*, for cure—laws have been made in the West Indies to punish this *obian* practice with death; but they have no effect. Laws constructed in the West Indies, can never suppress the effect of ideas, the origin of which is in the centre of Africa.

I saw the obi of the famous negro robber, *Three fingered Jack*, the terror of Jamaica in 1780 and 1781. The Maroons who slew him brought it to me. His obi consisted of the end of a goat's horn, filled with a compound of grave-dirt, ashes, the blood of a black cat, and human fat; all mixed into a kind of paste. A black cat's foot, a dried toad, a pig's tail, a slip of parchment of kid's skin, with characters marked in blood on it, were also in his *obian* bag.

These, with a keen sabre, and two guns, like Robin-

son Crusoe, were all his obi; with which, and his courage in descending into the plains, and plundering to supply his wants, and his skill in retreating into difficult fastnesses, commanding the only access to them, where none dared to follow him, he terrified the inhabitants, and set the civil power, and the neighboring militia of that island, at defiance, for two years.

He had neither accomplices, nor associate. There were a few runaway negroes in the woods near Mount Libanus, the place of his retreat; but he had crossed their foreheads with some of the magic in his horn, and they could not betray him. But he trusted no one. He accepted assistance. He ascended above Spartacus. He robbed alone; fought all his battles alone; and always killed his pursuers.

By his magic, he was not only the dread of the negroes, but there were many white people who believed he was possessed of some supernatural power. In hot climates, females marry very young; and often with great disparity of age. Here Jack was the author of many troubles: for several matches proved unhappy. "Give a dog an ill-name, and hang him." Clamors rose on clamors against the cruel sorcerer; and every conjugal mishap was laid at the door of Jack's spell on the wedding-day. God knows, poor Jack had sins enough of his own to carry, without loading him with the sins of others. He would sooner have made a *Medean* cauldron for the whole island, than disturb one lady's happiness. He had many opportunities; and, though he had a mortal hatred to white men, he was never known to hurt a child, or abuse a woman.

But even Jack himself was born to die.

Allured by the rewards offered by governor Dalling, in a proclamation, dated the 12th of December 1780, and by a resolution which followed it, of the house of assembly, two negroes, named Quasher, and Sam both of Scots Hall, Maroon town, with a party of their townsmen, went in search of him.

Quasher, before he set out on the expedition, got himself christened, and changed his name to James Reeder. The expedition commenced; and the whole party had been creeping about in the woods, for three weeks, and blockading, as it were, the deepest recesses of the most inaccessible part of the island, where Jack, far remote from all human society, resided—but in vain.

Reeder and Sam, tired with this mode of war, resolved on proceeding in search of his retreat, and taking him by storming it, or perishing in the attempt. They took with them a little boy, a proper spirit, and a good shot, and left the rest of the party. These three, whom I well knew, had not been long separated, before their cunning eyes discovered, by impressions among the weeds and bushes, that some person must have lately been that way. They softly followed these impressions, making not the least noise. Presently they discovered a smoke.

They prepared for war. They came upon Jack before he perceived them. He was roasting *plantains*, by a little fire on the ground, at the mouth of a cave. This was a scene: not where ordinary actors had a common part to play.

Jack's looks were fierce and terrible. He told them he would kill them. Reeder, instead of shooting Jack, replied, that his obi had no power to hurt him; for he was christened; and that his name was no longer Quasher. Jack knew Reeder; and, as if paralyzed,

he let his two guns remain on the ground, and took up only his cutlass.

These two had a desperate engagement several years before, in the woods; in which conflict Jack lost the two fingers, which was the origin of his present name; but Jack then beat Reeder, and almost killed him, with several others who assisted him, and they fled from Jack.

To do *Three fingered Jack* justice, he would now have killed both Reeder and Sam; for, at first, they were frightened at the sight of him, and the dreadful tone of his voice; and well they might; they had beside no retreat, and were to grapple with the bravest and strongest man in the world. But Jack was cowed; for he had prophesied *white obi* would get the better of him; and from experience, he knew the charm would lose none of its strength in the hands of Reeder.

Without farther parley, Jack, with his cutlass in his hand, threw himself down a precipice at the back of the cave. Reeder's gun missed fire. Sam shot him in the shoulder. Reeder, like an English bull-dog, never looked, but, with his cutlass in his hand, plunged headlong down after Jack. The descent was about thirty yards, and almost perpendicular. Both of them had preserved their cutlasses in the fall. Here was the stage on which two of the stoutest hearts that were ever hooped with ribs began their bloody struggle. The little boy who was ordered to keep back, out of harm's way, now reached the top of the precipice, and, during the fight, shot Jack in the belly.

Sam was crafty, and coolly took a round about way to get to the field of action. When he arrived at the spot where it began, Jack and Reeder had closed, and tumbled together down another precipice, on the side of the mountain, in which fall they both lost their weapons. Sam descended after them, who also lost his cutlass, among the trees and bushes in getting down. When he came up to them, though without weapons, they were not idle; and luckily for Reeder, Jack's wounds were deep and desperate, and he was in great agony.

Sam came up just time enough to save Reeder; for Jack had caught him by the throat, and with his giant's grasp. Reeder then was with his right hand almost cut off, and Jack streaming with blood from his shoulder and belly; both covered with gore and gashes.

In this state Sam was umpire; and decided the fate of the battle. He knocked Jack down with a piece of a rock. When the lion fell, the two tigers got upon him, and beat his brains out with stones. The little boy soon after found his way to them. He had a cutlass, with which they cut off Jack's head and three-fingered hand, and took them in triumph to Morant Bay. There they put their trophies into a pall of rum; and, followed by a vast concourse of negroes, now no longer afraid of Jack's obi, they carried them to Kingston, and Spanish town; and claimed the reward of the king's proclamation, and the house of assembly.

AN ANECDOTE OF THE REVOLUTION.

The year of 1775 was to the civil, though not to the military councils of America more rife with doubt and anxiety than those years which followed. The first battles had been fought—the first blood shed—the weapon of death was bared, and the arm nerved to the contest—but it was the child arrayed against the parent, and many a patriotic heart bled at the seeming

sacrilege. The petitions and remonstrances of Congress and the nation had been treated with contempt; and it was plain to all men that submission, or resistance to the death, must thenceforth be the choice. Yet few dreamed of independence, and those to whom the dream did come, started at the dim, gigantic shade. The wise still wished to heal the breach—in the language of one of the public addresses, "though insulted and abused they wished for reconciliation—though defamed and seditious they were ready to obey the laws; what more could they say—what more could they offer?" But reconciliation was daily becoming more difficult—the gulf which sundered America from England was hourly widening—but even when they saw that gulf impassable, there were but few who dared to think America might stand alone, self sustained—few who dared believe that she, an infant, could single handed, contend with the Queen of Nations, the "the mistress of the ocean;" and though to bow the neck and receive the yoke again, was what never entered their thoughts, yet annihilation, if not physically, at least politically and morally, did flit before their eyes, and make them burn in their sockets.

The summer had passed and melancholy autumn laid her hand upon the forest and field. It was in the latter part of November, and even the calm Jay and the fiery Adams trembled for their country, when they were aroused by a message which was sent to Congress, saying that there was a foreigner in Philadelphia, who wished to make that body a confidential communication of great importance. At first Congress considered it beneath their dignity to notice a private anonymous message of this kind; but after it had been repeated several times, they at length appointed a committee, consisting of Benjamin Franklin, John Jay and Thomas Jefferson to receive what the foreigner wished to communicate. The committee agreed to meet the gentleman in one of the Committee rooms in Carpenter's Hall.

At the hour appointed, Mr. Jay, with that punctuality and strict regard to engagement which was as remarkable in him as in Washington, entered the committee room; he found in it an elderly gentleman, lame, and having the appearance of a French officer. The American at once introduced himself as one of the committee who had been appointed to receive the communication referred to. With many thanks for his kindness, the French gentleman began to open his business; but Mr. Jay desired that nothing might be said upon the subject until those associated with him arrived; at his request the officer dropped the subject—but after a little general conversation again skillfully approached it. It was a maxim of Jay's to separate himself from his enemy; and it was his practice never to commit himself, and particularly upon public affairs, with a stranger; while therefore with that politeness and kindness, which he never could be driven to abandon, he continued the conversation, he at once, by taking the lead, passed from America to Europe; and by direct inquiries which could not be evaded, he learned much of foreign matters before his colleagues arrived; thereby making him who thought to be the receiver, the giver.

At length Franklin and Jefferson appeared and the committee declared themselves ready to hear the gentleman who had met them.

"My friends," said the officer, "I have long looked with delight and enthusiasm at this noble people. My

heart has yearned to be with them, to consult with them, to do battle with them for the great principles of popular freedom."

"A demagogue," whispered Jefferson to Jay, with a sneer. The New Yorker made no answer; he was too wise, even at thirty, to think a man of course a demagogue because he used the language that the hypocrite affects to use.

"I have fought," continued the Frenchman, "for these great principles in my own land; and were I but what I once was, I should be proud to fight for them again in this land, with this virtuous people."

"Sir," interrupted Mr. Jay, with that gravity which gave him while a youth the tone and manner of age—"we came to hear your communication."

The soldier bowed as if rebuked, but his eye caught that of Jefferson, and with a Frenchman's tact he read in its glance the spirit of the man. "My communication," he continued, and he addressed his discourse to the Virginian—"my communication, gentlemen, shall be made; and if I have rightly guessed the spirit of the sons of this free land, if the master minds of the South have their due weight in your councils—(he bowed)—then will my communication be received with joy; but if the cold unconfiding councils of the north"—

"Stop sir," said Franklin, whose tongue had till then been silent—"we wish no reference to our councils or our patriots—to your secret, sir, if you please, at once."

The voice of the sage produced the desired result, and the officer stated that the King of France had heard with pleasure of their struggle for freedom, and stood ready to aid them. "By whose authority do you state this?" said Mr. Jay. The Frenchman smiled, shrugged his shoulders, and drawing his hand across his throat said, "Gentlemen, I shall take care of my head."

"And how shall we be aided?" inquired Jay.

"If you want arms, you shall have them; ammunition, it is yours; money, you may command it at any moment."

"All this, my good friend," said Jefferson, "is very well; but from what authority do you speak?"

"Even to you, sir," said the Frenchman, bowing, "even to you I can only say, I must take care of my head," and once more he drew his hand across his throat; no other answer could be obtained from him, and the interview ended.

The Frenchman was seen no more publicly in Philadelphia, nor was it known who he was, nor wither he went—the impression of the committee was, that he was a secret emissary from the French court, and on the 29th of November, a secret committee of correspondence was appointed in consequence of that impression. But though this meeting was of some importance to the country, its indirect influence was, perhaps, much greater. As Jay and Jefferson went out from the committee room, they met John Adams, who was waiting to hear the result of the investigation. "It is all smoke?" said he to Jay—but before that gentleman could answer, Jefferson exclaimed—"No by my faith, 'tis not smoke; or if it be, what does it prove but that there is fire somewhere? John Adams, France will help us with men, money, arms, anything." "How so?—did he bring letters?" "No; nor would he tell his authority even to me; but I'll see the old man in private, and if we don't make his

majesty of France, out of pure hatred to his royal brother of England, cut off the heads of all absolute monarchies, we must be young indeed."

"Mr. Jefferson," said Jay, "think a moment before you decide on seeing this man privately. Is it becoming in you, a member of the committee appointed to meet him publicly, to seek a private interview with him?"

"Is it becoming?" repeated the proud Virginian, stepping back, "let me ask, in return, if it is becoming in you, my junior, thus, to advise me?—I know, sir, what is due my own honor, and my country's."

"Be not offended," said Jay, calmly; "you designated the man as a demagogue, and I have much doubt of his honesty; he is, as I know by my conversation with him, previous to your arrival, a close diplomatist."

"And shall I fear his diplomacy? What if he is a demagogue! I could be one myself for a consideration." "I trust not," said Jay; "from Absalom down there never can be, there never has been—from this time forth, an honest demagogue." The face of the Virginian flushed, and perhaps his hand clenched, but he was not a man of war, and before he could speak, Adams took his arm. "What's all this pothier?" said the Bayman, "are you quarreling? and at the moment when God has given us hope of deliverance? Shame on you!—Here's the way opened to independence; the very aid we needed, given us without the asking; the helm put into our hands, and do you dare have private feuds—personal differences? Why, hot-head as I am myself, I could not do that, nor will I see it in another."

Mr. Jay at once put forth his hand; "There is no spirit of discord in me," said he, smiling; "I was but seeking to convince Mr. Jefferson that he had better not see this foreigner in private." "Of course not," said Adams, "Mr. Jefferson could not so demean himself." "Gentlemen," replied Jefferson, separating from them, "I scarce know how to construe your language; but in the present condition of our affairs, I wish to make no private feud of consequence enough to be apparent, and therefore leave you."

"John Adams," said Jay, when they were alone, "that man is with us, and for us, but he is not of us I fear—not his honesty or honor, but his discretion and judgment; he is beyond us, and I think beyond the true line, in respect to liberty—and mark me, should we go through this struggle triumphantly, and by God's help we shall, Thomas Jefferson and ourselves will be in very different ranks, and I shall look with fear and trembling to the result of his actions. With the materials of a great and good man, he has imbibed principles which may fester in his bosom, till his very excellences become deadly poisons."

The prophecy of Mr. Jay was in a great part fulfilled—whether his fears were also realized, it is for each one to judge—but it is worthy of note that Jefferson, plucked at the advice of his associates, did seek the Frenchman, who was a disciple of the ultra-French liberals, and was by him made more fully acquainted with those principles which placed him in opposition to Washington, Jay, and Adams, became at length his guiding rules, and through him, to a great extent the political creed of the United States.

J. H. F.

One of the marks of mediocrity of understanding is to be always telling stories.

The wisest man is he who does not think he is so.

I LOVE THEE.

BY J. R. ORTON.

I LOVE thee—and I fondly prize
Thy beauty and thy perfect grace,
The lustre of thy gem-like eyes,
Thy queenly form and sunny face;

Thy silken tresses hanging wild,
Thine elegant and modest mein,
Where innocence, as in a child,
Tells that no guile hath ever been.

For Beauty is a thing of Heaven,
A part of all in earth or air;
And God unto the heart hath given
A love for beauty everywhere.

I prize the riches of thy mind,
Thy sense unvarnish'd, and thy skill,
Thy just discernment of the kind
Of duties woman should fulfill;

Thy noble soul, and disregard
And conquest of thyself, thy sure
And gentle trust, for thy reward,
In God who made thee bright and pure.

But strange, for these I love thee not;
(Yet Heaven preserve them all to thee!)
I love thee that thou hast a heart,
And better, that thou lovest me.

I love thee for the wells of feeling
Thou stirrest in this heart of mine,
Whose like, as in a mirror stealing,
I see reflected back in thine.

For those I love thee, gave my heart,
And better, that the Graces three
Combine to make thee what thou art,
And better, that thou lovest me.

For the Rover—Binghampton, N. Y. May, 1844.

THE WIFE.

BY MRS. FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

CHAPTER I.

"ALL precious things, discovered late,
To those that seek them, issue forth;
For Love, in sequel, works with Fate,
And draws the veil from hidden worth."

Cold and bright as the bridal blossoms in her hair, was the youthful cheek, which a glow of love and pride should have kindled into color—for Harriet Percy, though about to become the bride of one of the most distinguished men in the country, was too well convinced of his indifference to be happy in the prospect. She knew that with him it was a marriage expediency. That he was poor—that he required means to further his ambitious views, and that, though uniformly kind and respectful in his manner, when they met, he had scarcely bestowed a thought upon her mind, heart or person, during the three weeks which intervened between their introduction to each other and this their bridal morning.

For years before that introduction, even from childhood, she had worshipped his lofty genius, and admired at a distance his noble form. He was the idol of her every dream—her hero—her ideal! His haughty bearing, his coldly intellectual expression, which

would have repelled a less ardent and romantic heart, had for her an inexpressible charm. And when, at a party given by a mutual, match-making friend, during the first season of her entrance into society, he had been introduced to her, she was so agitated and confused by her various emotions, that she could only blush and reply in monosyllables to his polite attempts at conversation.

Poor Harriet was angry and mortified at herself; and utterly unsuspicious, in her own guileless truth, of any mercenary motive on his part, she was not less amazed than delighted when, after two or three interviews of the same description, he formally proposed to her father for her hand, and was at once accepted. Exulting in her conquest, yet awed by his distant demeanor, she hardly knew at first whether to be happy or the contrary; but loving as she was, there was a latent spirit of pride and lofty resolution in her soul, which she had never dreamed of till it was awakened by her present situation.

With a woman's instinct, she learned to read his heart. She saw that the demon Ambition had obscured, without obliterating its nobler and more tender feelings, and she trusted to time and her own truth to conquer the one and arouse the other.

But in the meantime she would be no pining victim to neglect. Her sweet lip curled—her dark eyes flashed—her high spirit revolted at the thought! She would love him, it is true, dearly, deeply, devotedly; but it should be in the silent depths of a soul he could not fathom. Not till he should own a love, fervent and devoted, as her own, would she yield to the tenderness he inspired. Not till then should be unveiled to him the altar on which his image dwelt enshrined like a deity of old, with the breath of affection for its incense, ever burning over and around it, and the fruits and flowers of feeling and of thought—its sacrifice.

She would wed him, because her fortune could assist his efforts for the good of his country and his own distinction. She would have bestowed that fortune upon him without her hand, but she knew his pride too well to dream he would accept it, and her resolution was taken.

For his life Mr. William Harwood could not have told whether his intended bride had any claims to beauty or to talent. He saw that her manners were refined, he knew that her fortune was immense, and he was satisfied. He heeded not—he never dreamed of the riches of her heart and mind. But while ambition and selfishness blinded his eyes to her superiority, it was not so with others. A dazzling fair complexion, soft, wavy hair, of the palest brown, hazel eyes, intensely dark and fringed with long thick lashes of the same hue, a straight Greek nose, a mouth of exquisite beauty, in the expression of which sweetness and spirit were charmingly combined, a light and gracefully moulded form—these were the least of her attractions. A thousand nameless graces, a thousand lovely but indescribable enchantments in manner, look and tone, betrayed the soul within; and yet, with all this, she was so modest, so timid, so thoroughly feminine and gentle in all her ways and words, that the world never dreamed of calling her a beauty, or of making her a belle. It was those she *loved* that she enchanted.

CHAPTER II.

She stood like a beautiful statue by his side. She quelled her tears—she hushed her heart, and spoke in

accents calm and cold as his own the vows which were to bind them for life unto each other. She received the congratulations of her friends and acquaintances without a sigh, a blush, a sign of emotion—modestly but coldly. Even Harwood himself wondered at this strange self-possession, and while he wondered, rejoiced that she had so little feeling to trouble him with. But when her father approached to say farewell, and lead her to the carriage, which was to bear her far from home, her proud resolve gave way! She threw herself upon his breast and sobbed passionately and wildly, like a grieved and frightened child, till her husband, astonished at such a display of emotion in one usually so quiet and subdued, drew her gently away, and seating himself beside her in the carriage, ordered the driver to proceed.

Harriet withdrew from his arm, pleaded fatigue, covered her face with her veil, and soon succeeded in conquering any outward sign of emotion, sat still and silent during the journey.

It was the evening of the wedding-day. The bride had retired to dress for dinner, and Harwood sat dreaming before his library fire, when a note was put into his hand by a footman. What was his surprise at the contents:

"You do not love me!—and no pretence of love which you may adopt from motives of duty or compassion will avail with me. You had your object in proposing this union—I had mine in accepting that proposal. Be content that those objects are gained, and let me be your wife but in name, I beseech you.

HARRIET HARWOOD."

Harwood stared at the paper in astonishment at first; but he had always looked upon Harriet as a child, and he soon began to consider this as some childish and romantic whim, which required his indulgence.

Amused, perplexed, and, if the truth must be told, a little piqued withal, he hastily wrote on a slip of paper—"Be it so!" and folding it, laid it on the table by the side of her plate.

Harriet blushed as she entered, but took her seat quietly and silently. She glanced at the paper, and with a trembling hand unfolded it. Her cheek and eye kindled as she read, and her pretty lip quivered for a moment. The next she put the billet by, and proceeded, with calm and graceful self-possession, to the duties of the table. And Mr. Harwood thinking to himself, for the first time, that his wife was a remarkably pretty woman, dismissed the subject from his mind, and discussed his dinner with great *gout*, and the political topics of the day with still greater.

Fair reader! you will say that Mr. William Harwood was a most unfeeling person. But that was by no means the case. He had been, from childhood, so devoted to intellectual pursuits, that he had never found time even to think of love. Had his good angel but whispered to him, at that moment, that his beautiful *vis a vis* loved him as her life, and that her full heart was waiting and expecting his love in return, he would have given it as in honor bound, and have wondered he never thought of it before; but the trouble was, he didn't happen to think anything about it; and I, for one, cannot find it in my heart to scold him, for if he *had* thought I should have had no story to tell.

CHAPTER III.

Seeing Harriet only at meals, and absorbed in his ambitious schemes, Harwood at last almost forgot that he had a wife, and the poor girl strove to content her-

self in her own silent and secret worship of her husband—

But love, unloved, is but
A wearying task at best!
Better be lying in the grave,
In dreamless, careless rest!

She mingled sometimes with the gay; but society had no excitement for a mind like hers. She could not long enjoy a conversation in which her heart was not in some way interested. For, while the poetry of feeling was her element, Harriet was not an intellectual person—she was more spiritual than intellectual—her heart supplied the place of a mind.

One evening, at a party, a young English officer, approaching Harwood exclaimed, "My dear sir, do you know, can you tell me the name of that beautiful creature leaning by the window? There, that pale, dark eyed girl in white! You ought to know, for she has been looking at you, with her whole soul in the look, for the last five minutes."

Harwood looked up; he caught the eloquent gaze of those beautiful eyes; he saw her start and instantly avert them, with a sudden blush, as if detected in a crime, and strange and new emotions thrilled his heart. The hour had come. Love, the high priest, had suddenly appeared at the altar, and the fire was kindled at length, never again to be wholly extinguished. For the first time aroused to a sense of her singular loveliness, for the first time suspecting her hidden passion for himself, he colored; smiled, and seemed so confused that his friend was turning away in surprise. But Harwood recovered himself and taking his arm, led him forward and introduced him to his wife.

As we said before, Harwood was by no means without a heart, but his giant intellect and his situation in life had hitherto rendered him unconscious of so valuable a possession. After listening for a few minutes impatiently to Harriet's grace and *naïve* conversation with the handsome young officer, he drew her hand within his arm, and pressing it tenderly, whispered "let us go home, dear Harriet, I am weary of this scene."

"Dear Harriet!" Was she dreaming! the words, the tone, the look, the light caresses, all thrilled to her inmost heart. Her eyes filled with tears, and trembling with the heavenly ecstasy of the moment, almost fainting indeed from excess of emotion, she murmured, "Yes, let us go at once."

He sprang into the carriage after her, and drew her to his heart. "Oh, William! do you—do you love me? Can it indeed be true?"

"My wife?"

The scene is sacred—let the curtain fall.

CHAPTER IV.

"More close and close his footsteps wind,
The music in his heart
Beats quick and quicker till he find
The quiet chamber far apart."

At an unusually early hour, the next evening Harwood returned to his now happy home, and, hastening up the stairs, paused at the door of his wife's boudoir, arrested by her voice within. She was singing, in a low and touching voice, and with exquisite taste, a simple song which he had never heard before. Though naturally very fond of music, it had happened by some strange chance, that he had not heard Harriet play or

sing, indeed he did not know that she possessed the accomplishment. The words of the song went straight into his heart, and thus they ran:

I knew it! I felt it!—he loves me at last!
The heart-hidden anguish forever is past!
Love brightens his dark eye and softens his tone;
He loves me—he loves me—his soul is mine own!
Come care and misfortune—the cloud and the storm—
I've a light in this heart all existence to warm—
No grief can oppress me, no shadow o'ercast,
In that blessed conviction—he loves me at last!

Echoing, with his rich, manly voice, the last five words, Harwood opened the door and held out his arms, and his happy and beautiful wife flew to his embrace, with a fresh and artless delight, peculiarly fascinating to the world-worn man she worshipped.

CHAPTER V.

For three months, Harwood was a devoted lover and husband, and Harriet was happy in his love; but he could not all at once, and forever, forego the glorious dreams of his youth—and by degrees he returned to his political duties, and grew gradually stately and cold, and apparently indifferent as before.

And now Harriet was more wretched than ever. Now, that she had once experienced the happiness of being loved, caressed, admired, she could not endure life unblest by tenderness and hope. By nature, ardent, susceptible, dependent upon those around her for happiness, and clinging to all who could offer her affection, it had been only by a violent struggle that she had forced herself into a state of apparent apathy, during the first few weeks of her marriage; but, once aroused from it, she had abandoned her whole being to the enchantment of Love's happy dream, and henceforward life was lost without it.

Her husband's returning coldness and neglect had wounded, but not subdued her heart; and what was the wife to do with all the now unemployed feeling and fancy awakened in its depth.

The interesting young officer, before mentioned, had fallen in love with Harriet at first sight, ere he knew she was the bride of his friend; and, though distinguished in the field by his bravery and skill, *self conquest* was an art he had neither learned nor dreamed of. Visiting from time to time at the house, he soon saw her unhappiness, and penetrated its cause. His sympathy was excited—his visits grew more frequent—with refined and subtle tenderness, almost irresistible to a heart like hers, he entered earnestly into her pursuits—read with her, walked with her, sang with her—praised her mind and heart—called her "the sister of his soul," and so adapted himself to her taste and her affections that Harriet found herself on the verge of a precipice, ere she was aware she had overstepped the limits of propriety and discretion. It was a sort of spiritual magnetism, which she tried in vain to resist.

Harriet would never have been guilty of actual crime—she was too proud and too pure for that; but in a soul so highly toned, so delicately and daintily organized as hers, the slightest aberration, in thought, look or deed, from the faith which was due to her husband, produced a discord, involving the loss of self-respect, and consequent misery and remorse.

And now Love and Sorrow swept the strings, and awakened a melody sweet, but plaintive as the sound of an *Æolian harp*. They had made her a poet, and

she poured forth, in frequent verse, the various emotions they aroused.

CHAPTER VI.

Mr. Harwood had just returned from a long journey. He had been unsuccessful in two or three important projects, and, disgusted with the uncertainty attending his pursuits, he had suddenly determined to abandon politics altogether. His heart yearned toward his sweet wife as it had never yearned before. He had been away from her so long! He needed her love now—he needed her soft voice to soothe and comfort him, and he came prepared, not only to receive but to give consolation. He entered her boudoir softly, intending to surprize her. She was reclining on the sofa asleep—pale and sad, with tears still lingering on her lashes, and her fair hair streaming from her childish brow—her lips half parted, and sighing as she slept, she looked so enchantingly lovely that he sprung forward to her with a kiss, when a paper lying loosely in her hand, arrested his attention. He drew it softly from her. It was addressed "To My Husband," and thinking himself thus justified in reading it, he did so, with what emotions may be better imagined than told. It was as follows:

Oh! hasten to my side, I pray!

I dare not be alone!

The smile that tempts when thou'rt away,
Is fonder than thine own.

The voice that oftenest charms mine ear,

Hath such beguiling tone,

'Twill steal my very soul I fear—

Ah! leave me not alone!

It speaks in accents low and deep,

It murmurs praise too dear,

It makes me passionately weep,

Then gently soothes my fear;

It calls me sweet, endearing names,

With Love's own childlike art,

My tears, my doubts, it softly blames—

'Tis music to my heart!

And dark, deep, eloquent, soul-filled eyes

Speak tenderly to mine;

Beneath the gaze what feelings rise!

It is more kind than thine!

A hand, even pride can scarce repel,

Too fondly seeks mine own,

It is not safe—it is not well!—

Ah! leave me not alone!

I try to calm, in cold repose,

Beneath his earnest eye,

The heart that thrills, the cheek that glows—

Alas! in vain I try!

Oh! trust me not—a woman frail—

To brave the snares of life!

Lest lonely, sad, unloved, I fail

And shame the name of wife!

Come back! though cold and harsh to me,

There's honor by thy side!

Better unblest, yet safe, to be,

Than lost to truth, to pride!

Alas! my peril hourly grows,

In every thought and dream;

Not—not to thee my spirit goes,

But still—yes, still to him!

Return with those cold eyes to me,

And chill my soul once more,

Back to the loveless apathy

It learned so well before!

Jealousy, anger, pity, remorse and love were at war in the breast of Harwood; but, with a moment's reflection through the past, upon his own conduct, the three latter conquered, and, kneeling by her side, he pressed his lips upon her brow. She murmured softly in her sleep—"Dear, darling husband! do you love me?" and the color trembled in her cheek like the rosy light of morning on the snow.

Harwood pressed her passionately to his heart, she awoke terrified, ashamed, penitent, yet happy at length beyond expression, for she forgave and was forgiven. She had overrated, in her sensitive consciousness, the extent of her error. Her fancy, her mind, rather than her affections, had been beguiled. Harwood felt at once that the dewy bloom of purity had not been brushed from the heart of his fragile flower, by the darling wing of the insect that had sought it, and henceforth it was cherished in its proper home—his own noble and faithful breast!

THE following bold and somewhat original view of the character and career of Oliver Cromwell is from the Louisville Journal. It is ably written and full of interest.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

The new houses of the British Parliament are to be decorated with the statues of the English sovereigns from William the Conqueror to Victoria, but among them no niche is assigned to Oliver Cromwell. We are told that that glorious old Roman, Cato, remarked that he had much rather posterity should enquire why statues were not erected to his memory than why they were, and in this Cromwell would have agreed with him. If Cromwell's spirit is cognizant of the proceedings of this world, he will feel flattered that an effigy of the body it once animated is to be the only exception in a long line of tyrants and fools.

In Oliver Cromwell's nature the elements of greatness and littleness, goodness and badness, were singularly mixed up. He had all the mind of the master spirits of the human family, and all the weakness of the commonest members of the species. He is one of the most prominent men of past ages, and he towers above his predecessors and successors on the English throne, like a giant among a race of pigmies, or a son of Anak among the common men of our day. He was unquestionably the greatest man—greatest in all the energies which vitalize the human soul, and in all the faculties which deliy the human mind—that ever held the reigns of the English Government. To place the statue of such a man between any two dwarfs of the Stuart family is a juxtaposition "Old Noll" himself would have scorned, unless his eccentric spirit gloried in the most startling contrasts. It is like placing the head of Socrates in Raphael's sublime picture of the school of Athens, between two daubs of a common artist, or Michael Angelo's sublime statue of Moses between two of the figure-heads which adorn our western steamboats. The illegitimate sovereign of England, the ruler by the right divine of genius

among the rulers *jure divino* of the British realm, overhadows them all as the wings of the eagle do the smaller members of the feathered kingdom. What rights had the illegitimate among the lineals of the English throne? None but the right which belongs to the superior soul endorsed by the will of the governed. This right, it is true, is considered utterly insignificant to that belonging to the mere accident of birth, by the advocates of monarchy, but it is a right which, in the estimation of that stern republican judgement which decides agreeably to merit, appeals to the human heart by the most irresistible argument.

We think great injustice has been done to the character of Cromwell. English historians have exhausted all the vituperative epithets in the language in their indecent fervor to render his memory ignominious. To say that the mere hypocrite and buffoon, which he is said to have been by the lovers of monarchy, usurped the reigns of government at a period in English history remarkable for the number of superior minds which graced it, is not only to utter a libel on human nature, but to assert a gross calumny on the men of the time. The truth is, the baubles of legitimacy were afloat on the perilous tides of revolution, and the throne became the prize of the strongest arm and stoutest heart. Cromwell was victor in that Olympic game of ambition, and when the laurel of triumph was placed on his brow, it shaded a body of thought inferior in vigor and in majesty to none that had previously been known in the courts of christendom.

But Cromwell, it is said, was a canting hypocrite. How stands this charge in the view of truth? The conduct and writings of the Protector are referred to in vindication of the charge. In judging of a man you must give him the advantage of all the circumstances in which he is placed. Now, cant was the language of the Cromwellian epoch. It was a period of great religious excitement. Fanatics, with their long hair and sullen brows, were to be met with in the loftiest and lowest places. Cromwell was one of these men in whom the fervor of genuine religion, becoming blended with mere human passion, produces that strange combination of dirt and delfy, which, fancying itself accomplished in holiness, justifies itself in its hellishness by assuming that it has the sanctions of divinity on its side. After ages perceive the errors and the vices of such a character, but to the men of its own period, it seems all it professes to be. In judging of the character of a man by the criterion his writings afford, the fact that all ages have their peculiarities must not be overlooked. The student of that philosophy, which history enforces, knows very well that mutations in styles of thought are as great as the changes which fashion prescribes to dress. Dr. Johnson's literary labors, particularly his essays, are not tolerated now, by the many, because of their style, and yet, at the period of their production, criticism, by the most rigid application to her rules and compasses, could discover no defects in them. The literature of the present period is more akin to that of the age of Anne than any other. It has bridged the chasm of a century, and allies itself, by its affinities, with a style that was regarded quite obsolete by our literary grandfathers of fifty years ago. This is true, however, only of our prose literature. The present race of poets are unlike those of the period referred to in their style.

The style of the age of Cromwell was a canting one. All the writers of the period were infected by it,

and, hence, Cromwell is not to be adjudged to be a canting hypocrite because his writings wear the garb of the time. Such writings, produced now, would, very properly, stigmatize their author as a hypocrite. We do not think the charge of extraordinary hypocrisy, which has been so generally urged against him, can be sustained. He was a sinner against his own convictions of right and duty, and, at times, he dissembled when he thought the exactions of state policy required it, as every other monarch does. Shadows "struck" as much "terror" to his soul as they did to the soul of Richard. The fact that he shivered in the presence of his own conscience proves, not only the vitality, but the sensitiveness of his moral sense. Had he been as bad a man as his slanderers represent him, his conscience would have been seared, his inward eye would have been blinded to the terrors of an outraged moral sense, and he would have died like a hardened villain, "game to the last."

Although we do not think that hypocrisy in religious matters was a very serious vice in Cromwell's character, yet there is sufficient evidence on record to convict him of profound dissimulation. He seems, indeed, to have prided himself on the success with which he practiced this art. He was on a perilous theatre, and undoubtedly thought it necessary to play a part adapted to the circumstances in which he was placed; and, yet, we are not aware that the vicious influences of this ingredient in his character extended much or seriously beyond himself. Dissimulation, however, is a hateful vice, and Cromwell is fully deserving of all the reprobation that should be directed against all who who practice it.

Cromwell began his career as a pious man. He entered on the field of public service from a sense of duty. He desired to serve the men of his generation, and this was the governing motive of his early acts in the Parliament, and though modified afterward by selfishness, it never ceased to exert some influence over him. As things progressed, some splendid prizes were offered the daring, the strong, and the resolute. The trophies of victory dazzled him, and in the vain attempt to run the race for the glittering prizes of ambition, and at the same time preserve a dutiful allegiance to the foot-stool of Heaven, he reached a dilemma in which he was forced to choose between the gilded baubles of an earthly throne or the reversionary glories of the realms beyond the grave. He was already drunk with success, and, apologizing to himself for some enormities, by promising future good to his species, he shipwrecked his early faith and staggered into the English throne. The act of seizing the reigns of the government betrays at once his strength and his weakness, the force of his genius and the instability of his resolves in favor of right and duty.

We have thus shadowed forth the outline of Cromwell's character and history. The filling up of this outline would occupy more space than we can afford the theme, though the labor would by no means be ungracious. For we regard Oliver Cromwell to be one of the most curious and amazing heroes that figure on the pages of history. He made himself what he was, namely, the head and source of power in the greatest nation in the world. The mere fact of such an achievement stamps the intellectual powers of the man as miraculously great. His competitors were not pigmies; they were men whose moral and intellectual natures were fortified by the most inveterate and un-

quailing energies. Alexander said he would be a competitor in the Olympic games of Greece, if his antagonists were princes. Cromwell's competitors were princes in the realms of intellect, and his success over all of them is a proof, not to be questioned, that his mind and heart were constructed on a scale of grandeur rarely paralleled.

Under his rule England prospered beyond all precedent, not in spite of his blunder, but because of wisdom and the energy that characterized his counsels. The inflexibility of his will, like springs of steel, might bend beneath pressure, but it was terrific in its rebound. The creature of a revolution, his hand was all powerful in crushing the spirit of rebellion within the regions over which his sceptre waved. His sternness yielded to persuasion what opposition could not force from it. His edicts in favor of religious liberty prove him to have been in advance of the age in his convictions on this most important subject. In fine, we regard him as incalculably superior in wisdom, genius, and general powers to any other sovereign that has yet occupied the British throne.

And this is the man whose statue it is thought by the wise men of England, would be out of place among those of the sovereigns of that nation. We think so, too, but for reasons differing widely from theirs. What they call illegitimacy, we call legitimacy; what they call absence of right to rule, we call heaven-derived right to govern. Heaven sends great men into this world to rule little men, and Cromwell's usurpation, in a worldly sense, is a clear right in the view of truth. He stands forth among the panoramic processions of the past, one of the tallest and most luminous of spirits. The back ground which gives his prominence relief is dark, and full of evil things, which, in the light of Christianity, authorizes us in meting out much reprobation on his head; but over all, and through all, is the justification of a fiery soul swayed frequently by the motives of selfishness, but generally by an anxious desire to confer benefactions on his day and generation.

THE MURDERER.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

The following remarkable and highly wrought ballad is supposed to have been founded on fact. It appeared originally in an English annual. The name of the murderer was Eugene Aram.

'Twas in the prime of summer time,
An evening calm and cool,
And four-and-twenty happy boys
Came bounding out of school:
There were some that ran and some that leapt,
Like troutlets in a pool.

Away they sped with gamesome minds,
And souls untouch'd by sin;
To a level mead they came, and there
They drove the wickets in:
Pleasantly shone the setting sun
Over the town of Lynn.

Like sportive deer they coursed about,
And shouted as they ran,—
Turning to mirth all things of earth,
As only boyhood can;
But the usher sat remote from all,
A melancholy man!

His hat was off, his vest apart,
To catch heaven's blessed breeze,
For a burning thought was in his brow,
And his bosom ill at ease;
So he leaned his head on his hand, and read
The book between his knees!

Leaf after leaf, he turn'd it o'er,
Nor ever glanced aside;
For the peace of his soul he read that book
In the golden eventide:
Much study had made him very lean,
And pale, and leaden-eyed.

At last he shut the ponderous tome,
With a fast and fervent grasp
He strain'd the dusky covers close,
And fix'd the brazen hasp:
"O God, could I so close my mind,
And clasp it with a clasp!"

Then leaping on his feet upright,
Some moody turns he took,—
Now up the mead, now down the mead,
And past a shady nook,—
And lo! he saw a little boy
That pored upon a book!

"My gentle lad, what is't you read—
Romance or fairy fable?
Or is it some historic page,
Of kings and crowns unstable?"
The young boy gave an upward glance—
"It is 'The Death of Abel.'"

The usher took six hasty strides,
As smit with sudden pain—
Six hasty strides beyond the place,
Then slowly back again:
And down he sat beside the lad,
And talked with him of Cain.

And long since then, of bloody men
Whose deeds tradition saves;
Of lonely folks cut off unseen,
And hid in sudden graves;
Of horrid stabs, in groves forlorn,
And murders done in caves;

And how the sprites of injured men
Shriek upward from the sod,—
Ay, how the ghostly hand will point
To show the burial clod;
And unknown facts of bloody acts
Are seen in dreams from God!

He told how murderers walk the earth
Beneath the curse of Cain,—
With crimson clouds before their eyes,
And flames about their brain:
For blood has left upon their souls
Its everlasting stain!

"And well," quoth he, "I know for truth,—
Their pangs must be extreme,—
Wo, wo, unutterable wo—
Who spill life's sacred stream!
For why? Methought last night I wrought
A murder in my dream!

"One that had never done me wrong—
A feeble man, and old:

I led him to a lonely field,
The moon shone clear and cold:
Now here, said I, this man shall die,
And I will have his gold!

"Two sudden blows with a ragged stick,
And one with a heavy stone,
One hurried gash with a hasty knife,—
And then the deed was done:
There was nothing lying at my foot,
But lifeless flesh and bone!

"Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone,
That could not do me ill;
And yet I feared him all the more,
For lying there so still;
There was a manhood in his look,
That murder could not kill!

"And, lo! the universal air
Seem'd lit with ghastly flame,—
Ten thousand thousand dreadful eyes
Were looking down in blame:
I took the dead man by the hand,
And called upon his name!

"O God! It made me quake to see
Such sense within the slain!
But when I touch'd the lifeless clay,
The blood gush'd out again!
For every clot, a burning spot
Was scorching in my brain!

"My head was like an ardent coal,
My heart as solid ice;
My wretched, wretched soul, I knew,
Was at the devil's price:
A dozen times I groaned; the dead
Had never groaned but twice!

"And now, from forth the frowning sky,
From the heaven's topmost height,
I heard a voice—the awful voice
Of the blood-avenging Sprite:
'Thou guilty man! take up thy dead,
And hide it from my sight!'

"I took the dreary body up,
And cast it in a stream,—
A sluggish water, black as ink,
The depth was so extreme.—
My gentle boy, remember
This is nothing but a dream!

"Down went the corpse with a hollow plunge,
And vanished in the pool;
Anon I cleansed my bloody hands,
And washed my forehead cool;
And sat among the urchins young
That evening in the school!

"O Heaven! to think of their white souls,
And mine so black and grim!
I could not share in childish prayer,
Nor join in evening hymn:
Like a devil of the pit, I seem,
'Mid holy cherubim!

"And peace went with them, one and all,
And each calm pillow spread;
But Guilt was my grim chamberlain
That lighted me to bed;

And drew my midnight curtains round,
With fingers bloody red!

"All night I lay in agony,
In anguish dark and deep—
My fever'd eyes I dare not close,
But stared aghast at Sleep;
For Sin had rendered unto her
The keys of hell to keep!

"All night I lay in agony,
From weary chime to chime,
With one besetting horrid hint,
That rack'd me all the time,—
A mighty yearning, like the first
Fierce impulse unto crime!

"One stern tyrannic thought, that made
All other thoughts its slave;
Stronger and stronger every pulse,
Did that temptation crave,—
Still urging me to go and see
The dead man in his grave!

"Heavily I rose up, as soon
As light was in the sky,
And sought the black accursed pool
With a wild misgiving eye;
And I saw the dead in the river bed,
For the faithless stream was dry!

"Merrily rose the lark, and shook
The dew-drop from its wing;
But I never mark'd its morning flight,
I never hear'd it sing:
For I was stooping once again
Under the horrid thing.

"With breathless speed, like a soul in chase,
I took him up and ran,—
There was no time to dig a grave
Before the day began:
In a lonely wood, with heaps of leaves
I hid the murdered man!

"And all that day I read in school,
But in thought was other where;
As soon as the mid-day task was done,
In secret I was there:
And a mighty wind had swept the leaves,
And still the corse was bare!

"Then down I cast me on my face,
And first began to weep,
For I knew my secret then was one
That earth refused to keep:
Or land, or sea, though he should be
Ten thousand fathoms deep!

"So wills the fierce avenging Sprite,
Till blood for blood atones!
Ay, though he's buried in a cave,
And trodden down with stones,
And years have rotted off his flesh—
The world shall see his bones!

"O God! that horrid, horrid dream
Besets me now awake!
Again—again, with a dizzy brain,
The human life I take;
And my red right hand grows raging hot,
Like Cranmer's at the stake.

"And still no peace for the restless clay
Will wave or mould allow;
The horrid thing pursues my soul—
It stands before me now!"—
The fearful boy look'd up, and saw
Huge drops upon his brow!

That very night, while gentle sleep
The urchin's eyelids kiss'd,
Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn,
Through the cold and heavy mist;
And Eugene Aram walked between,
With gyves upon his wrist.

The late Admiral Burney went to school at an establishment where the unhappy Eugene Aram was usher, subsequent to his crime. The admiral stated that Aram was generally liked by the boys; and that he used to discourse about murder, in somewhat of the spirit which is attributed to him in the poem.

A WHISPER TO THE WIFE.

STUDY your husband's temper and character; and be it your pride and pleasure to conform to his wishes. Check at once the first advances to contradiction, even of the most trivial nature. Beware of the first dispute.

Whatever might have been concealed as a defect from the lover, must with greater diligence, be concealed from the husband. The most intimate and tender familiarity cannot surely be supposed to exclude decorum.

Let your husband be dearer and of more consequence to you than any other human being; and have no hesitation in confessing those feelings to him.

Endeavor to make your husband's habitation alluring and delightful to him. Let it be a sanctuary to which his heart may always turn from the ills and anxieties of life.

I know not two female attractions so captivating to men as delicacy and modesty.

If possible, let your husband suppose you think him a good husband, and it will be a strong stimulus to his being so.

No attraction renders a woman at all times so agreeable to her husband as cheerfulness and good humor.

In the article of dress, study your husband's taste, endeavor to wear what he thinks becomes you best.

Make yourself as useful to him as you can, and let him see you employed as much as possible in economical pursuits.

Endeavor to feel pleased with your husband's friends.

Encourage in your husband a desire of reading out at his leisure hours.

On the day of her marriage a woman's tower of gaiety should be ended.

How indecorous and offensive it is to see a woman exercising authority over her husband and saying "I will have it so." "It shall be done as I like," &c.

Never join in a jest or laugh against your husband. Assiduously conceal his faults and speak only of his merits.

In married life confidants are by no means desirable. Conceal from others any little discord or disunion that occurs between you and your husband.

Never receive the particular attention of any other men.

Be you ever so conscious of a superiority of judgment or talent, never let it appear to your husband.

THE ACTOR'S CHILD.

"SHADE of Kemble!" ejaculated Ward, at the time manager for Jefferson Mackenzie, Baltimore; "here it is, past seven o'clock, and crook'd back Richard not in his dressing room!"

"My dear sir!" said the most original of all men, the imperturbable Thomas W. Gardner, "do not be precipitate, when the late Daniel Reed —"

"And you love me, Hal," interrupted the stage manager, "go to the devil," and then the poor manager chazzed, as was his wont—with his hands clasped in an agony, from one side of the Holiday street stage to the other.

"Ring in the first music, sir?" inquired the call-boy, who scratched his head and seemed to enjoy the despair of the manager.

"Ring? You red headed imp of Satan!—you juvenile Caliban, get out of my sight or I'll wring your neck off!"

Away went the call boy and away went the manager. Ward searched every bar-room in the vicinity of the theatre, for the great tragedian, but all in vain. At last a little boy came running to him, almost breathless with fatigue, and told him that Mr. Booth was in a hay-loft in Front street.

The manager found a crowd of people gathered around the building in question, and he had some difficulty in edging himself through the dense mass. Climbing up a rough ladder, he cautiously raised his head above the floor of the second story, and there he saw the object of his search seated on a beam, with a wreath of straw about his temples in imitation of a crown.

"Booth!" said the manager imploringly, "for Heaven's sake, come down! It's nearly eight o'clock, and the audience will pull the theatre to pieces?"

The tragedian fixed his dark eye on the intruder, and raising his right arm majestically, he thundered forth,

"I am seated on my throne?"

As proud a one, as yon illumin'd mountain,
Where the sun makes his last stand."

"Come, my good fellow, let's go, we'll have a glass of brandy and a supper, and all that. Come."

Booth descended gracefully from his yellow pine throne, and kissing the tips of his fingers replied with a smile, "I attend you with all becoming grace. Lead on, my lord of Essex. To the Tower—to the Tower."

After a little persuasion, Ward led the tragedian to the theatre, got him dressed, the curtain rose, and the play went on. Just as the second act was about to commence, a messenger covered with dust, rushed behind the stage, and before he could be stopped, was in earnest conversation with the tragedian.

"What?" said Booth as he pressed his long fingers on his broad, white temples, as though he tried to clutch the brain beneath; "dead, say you?" My poor little child—my loved, my beautiful one?" And then seeing the curtain rise, he rushed on, commencing—

"She was in hearth to progress far as Chertsey,
Though not to bear the sight of me." &c.

The scene between Anne and Gloucester was never better played. The actor, "the noblest of them all," when he chose to be, gave the words of the bard with thrilling effect; but there was a strange calmness about his manner that told his mind was not upon the cha-

racter. Still the multitude applauded until the old roof rang again, and those behind the scene stood breathless with eager delight. The third act came on; but Booth was no where to be found!

It was a bitter cold night, and the farmer, as he drove his wagon to market, was startled from his reverie, as he saw a horseman wrapped in a large cloak, which as it opened disclosed a glittering dress beneath, ride rapidly past him.

It was Booth in his Richard costume! Madness had seized him, and regardless of everything, at the still hour of mid-night, he was going to pay a visit to his dead child. Drawing his flashing sword, and throwing the jeweled hat from his head, he lashed his horse's flank with the bare weapon, until the animal snorted in pain. The tall dark trees on each side of him touched his heated brow with their silver frosted branches, and thinking they were men sent in pursuit, the mad actor cut at them with his sword, and cursed them as he fled rapidly by.

At last after a gallant ride of two hours, the horseman came in sight of a country grave-yard, and as he saw the white tops of the monuments peeping through the dark foliage, like snowy crests upon the bosom of the black billow, he raised a shout wild enough to have scared the ghosts from their still graves. He dismounted, and away sped the riderless horse over hill and dale. It was the work of a moment, (and the insane are cunning beyond all imagining) to wrench the wooden door from the vault containing the body of his child. He seized the tiny coffin in his arms, with the strong arm of a desperate man he tore open the lid, and in a moment more the cold blue lips of the child were glued to the mad actor's!

The next morning some member of the tragedian's family heard a wild strain of laughter that seemed to proceed from his sleeping room. The door was forced open and Booth was discovered lying on his bed gibbering in idiotic madness, and carressing the corpse of his little one!

THE BASTILE.

BY JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

"It must come down!" exclaimed Julian; "Frenchmen will no longer endure it. What's a man's life worth without security of person and property? I may possess health, I may possess honesty, I may be blessed with wife and children, my affairs may thrive, I may have friends on every side of me, and yet may end my days in a dungeon, if I happen to displease a man in power. It must come down!"

"What must come down?" demanded Monsieur le Croix, suddenly entering his apartment; "what must come down?" repeated he, in a still more authoritative tone.

"The Bastille," replied Julian, calmly raising his eyes, which at first he had dropped, and fixing them steadily, but respectfully upon his master. There was a pause.

"Julian," at length said Monsieur le Croix, "I have heard of this before. Do you know that you are talking treason?"

"Yes," replied Julian, rather doggedly; "but I also know that I am talking reason and justice."

"That is, as you conceive," rejoined Monsieur le Croix. He took a turn or two across the apartment. "Julian,"

he resumed, "you are a dissatisfied man, and there are too many such in France. You are a dangerous man, too; for you read, and talk of what you read, and unsettle the opinions of those who know less than you do; you are tainted with that feeling of jealousy and rancor, with which Frenchmen unhappily begin to regard the established and venerable institutions of our country. How came it that you treated with insolence the valet of Monsieur le Comte de St. Ange?"

"Because he treated me with insolence," answered Julian; "he called me to hold his horse while he alighted, as though I had been his master's groom."

"Was it not rather because his master is a nobleman?" sternly interrogated Monsieur le Croix. "You have been insolent to the count, too."

"He threatened to apply his whip to my shoulders," said Julian, "and I told him he had better reserve it for his horse."

"And had he put his threat into execution, what would you have done?"

Julian was silent.

"I command you to answer me!" impatiently demanded the former. "What would you have done, had the count struck you?"

"Struck him again!" indignantly vociferated Julian, "though my hand had been cut off the very next moment!"

"And you think the count was afraid of you?" said Monsieur le Croix. "The count afraid of you! Do you know the power of the count?"

"I do," replied Julian, "and the character of the count. He is not fit to be admitted into an honest man's family. He is the most dissolute young nobleman of Paris."

"Dare you say so?"

"He is a libertine, sir! I can prove it! What then should prevent me from saying it?"

"Respect to me," said Monsieur le Croix. "Julian, you quit my service."

"Very well."

"You quit it to-night."

"This minute!" exclaimed Julian, walking coolly to the other side of the apartment, and taking his hat from a peg on which it had been hung. "Good bye, sir," said he; but he stopped as he was going out of the door, and turning, stood and fixed his eyes full upon Monsieur le Croix—"I have been a faithful servant to you, sir," resumed Julian.

"Stay," said his master. "You have lived with me eight years. You have been a faithful servant to me—up to this moment. But you are a dangerous subject. You have begun to think for yourself—to question the rights of your betters—to make light of the distance which stands between them and you. Because a nobleman happens to lose his temper, you put yourself upon an equal footing with him—you give him word for word, and would give him blow for blow—and in your master's house!"

Monsieur le Croix took a purse from his pocket.

"I settled with you this morning," continued he, "and thought we had commenced another year; that's out of the question now. Here, Julian, there are eight louis d'ors in this purse; take them for your fidelity. Better to reward it now, and stop, than go on, and have reason to reproach it."

Julian mechanically took the purse, but still kept extended the hand which he had reached to receive it, looking his master all the while in the face.

"You think, if I continued to serve you, that I might prove unfaithful to you?" said Julian.

"Your principles are undermined in other matters," remarked Monsieur le Croix.

"And you think they could be undermined with respect to you?"

"When a part of a foundation gives way," observed Monsieur le Croix, "there is danger of the whole."

"And your confidence in my fidelity is shaken?"

"It is," said Monsieur le Croix.

Julian, whose color had been gradually mounting as he spoke, stood silent for half a minute, without once withdrawing his eyes from his master's face. At length he broke silence.

"It is?" echoed he.

"It is," calmly repeated Monsieur le Croix.

"Then perish your gold!" exclaimed Julian, dashing the purse on the ground, and rushing from the apartment.

Monsieur le Croix was an advocate for the old regime. He believed that, like the sun, it fitted the world now as well as in the beginning—never taking into consideration the difference between the Creator of the one and the framer of the other. He was at the same time a disinterested, conscientious, generous, and honorable man. He was handsome, too, and of a graceful commanding figure, though now in his fiftieth year. He was married, and, strange to say, the object of a still ardent and devoted attachment to a wife who was nearly twenty years younger than himself. Women are capable of such love. He had entered his fortieth year when his Adelaide had completed her twentieth one. From particular causes they were frequently thrown into one another's society, and the more intimate they became, the more coldly did Adelaide look upon many a youthful admirer who was a suitor for her hand. This was attributed to absorption in the prosecution of various studies, to which Monsieur le Croix had directed her attention; until the increasing pensiveness of the fair one too plainly indicated an occupation of the heart, far more active and intense than any of the mind could be. Monsieur le Croix was interested. He soon detected within him symptoms of the first genuine passion he had ever felt, but not before he was too much fascinated to struggle successfully with wishes, which, from excessive disparity of years, he at once concluded must be hopeless. Little did he dream of his good fortune: it came upon him like the arrival of a rich inheritance to one who had lived in penury, and always thought to die so. He entered his Adelaide's boudoir one day when she was so deeply absorbed that she did not perceive him. She was seated at a table with her back toward him, and she held in her hand something which she alternately gazed upon and pressed to her lips. Unconscious of the act of treachery which he was committing, he advanced on tip-toe a step or two. It was a miniature!—a step or two nearer—'twas his own! He could not suppress his emotions; he clasped his hands in an ecstasy of transport. She started up; and turning, shrieked at beholding him. He extended his arms, and she threw herself into them. In a month she became Madame le Croix. A son, their only issue, blessed their union. He was now nearly nine years of age—a promising boy, whose sole instructors were, hitherto, his father and mother—as by preference, as well as full contentment in each other's society, they always resided in the country; receiving occasionally

the visits of their Paris friends, among whom was reckoned Monsieur le Comte de St. Ange.

Monsieur le Croix felt too much discomposed to rejoin immediately his wife and the count. He turned into his study—"Julian is ruined!" exclaimed he to himself. "I am sorry for him; but there is no help for it. The moment one of his order begins to dispute, or even to examine the claims of those above him to his respect, he is fit for nothing but mischief, and, sooner or later, will think of nothing else. Not hesitate to strike the count!"

"Papa!" cried little Eugene, running into the room, "you are wanted."

"Who wants me?" inquired Monsieur le Croix.

"My mother." "Did she send you for me?"

"No."

"Why did you come, then, and what do you mean?"

"She threatened the count to call you."

Monsieur le Croix started from the chair, into which, upon entering the room, he had thrown himself, and stared upon his son.

As he was rushing up stairs, he heard a scuffling in the room, and then a noise. Frantic with conjecture, alarm, and indignation, he rushed in, his hand upon his sword. The count was stretched upon the floor; Julian standing over him with rage and triumph painted in his looks; and on a chair reclined Madame le Croix, half swooning.

"Rise, villain, and defend yourself!" vociferated Monsieur le Croix: but the count was either unable to rise, or pretended to be so. The room was presently filled with domestics, the count's attendants among the rest, who, obeying the signs of their lord, raised him, and conveyed him to his carriage.

"His life shall answer for it!" exclaimed Monsieur le Croix, pacing the room, after his wife, upon being left alone with him, had acquainted him with the insult which the count had offered to her.

"He has been punished sufficiently," said Madame le Croix; "thanks to the brave and faithful Julian."

"Where is Julian?" exclaimed her husband. The bell was rung and answered. Julian was on his way to Paris. He had gone by the diligence, which at this hour every evening regularly passed the gate of the chateau.

"A lovely sunset!" exclaimed Madame le Croix sitting beside her husband, at a window which looked to the west, her head reclining upon his breast, and her little boy on the other side of him; "a lovely sunset!"

"Yes," replied he, "though its beauty is waning fast. The moon, however, will soon be up. Come, throw on your shawl, and let us take a stroll in the grounds." Madame le Croix caught her husband's hand as she rose, and looked up anxiously in his face.

"You are afraid of the stranger whom for the last three nights they have observed about the grounds," said Monsieur le Croix. "What harm have we to apprehend from him?"

"What brings him here, and at night?"

"What mischief can he do, and alone?"

"He may have associates, who are at hand," said Madame le Croix, after a pause. "Did you not part in anger with Julian?" added she.

"Do you think 'tis Julian?" asked M. le Croix.

"Would you be uneasy if it was?" inquired his

wife. "I should almost think so, from the tone in which you speak."

"He has taken up with companions, I fear," said Monsieur le Croix, "who are not very scrupulous in the respect which they pay to the laws—some of those vile bands of republicans who have given rise to the recent ferments in Paris, and caused so much alarm to the court. Do you think it is he?"

"Jacqueline thinks so," replied Madame, in a whisper. At that moment a heavy and hurried step was heard in the passage, the door was burst open, and Julian stood before them! Madame le Croix shrieked, her husband half drew his sword, and the little Eugene instinctively sprang forward, and clasped Julian round the knees. The man had been always particularly fond of the boy.

"Conceal yourself, sir," cried Julian; "they are here!" "Conceal myself from the bandits of Paris!" ejaculated le Croix; "I'll perish first!"

"From the executioners of the Bastille!" rejoined Julian. "What!" exclaimed Le Croix. Several steps were heard ascending the staircase.

"They are here!" cried Julian despondingly; "for these three nights I have been expecting them, and hoped to have time to give you warning; but they have taken me by surprise, and you are lost!" The door, which Julian had shut after him, was rudely opened, and a band of armed men entered the apartment. Madame le Croix threw her arms about her husband, while the little boy, quitting Julian, ran back to his father, and caught him by the hand.

"Your business?" haughtily demanded Le Croix.

"Your company!" replied the leader, whose sword was drawn. "Your authority?"

"A lettre-de-cachet!" Imagine the conclusion of the scene. That night Monsieur le Croix slept in the Bastille.

He fancied it was morning—not a blink of day was admitted to announce to him the coming or the going of the sun. He rose, and after taking a turn or two of his dungeon—with the dimensions of which an acquaintance of now three weeks had made him familiar—he sat down by the side of the bed, his frame still vibrating with the effects of his dream. He could have wept, was it not for the presence of his own dignity. He started at the call of a sensation which warned him that the hour of his morning's repast had gone by. He listened—not the whisper of a footstep! "To be starved to death in a prison! Such a thing had occurred, and might occur again! Heaven! for an innocent man to be placed, by an arbitrary power, in a predicament which would extract compassion for the most guilty one!" He paced his dungeon again! "What was intended?" He leaned against the wall, at the damp and chill of which he shivered, as they struck to his heart. He listened again—"did he not hear something? No!" He resumed his walk. "His wife and child unprotected!—ignorant whether he was alive or dead. A kingdom upon the verge of a convulsion! A people broke loose and wild! Rapine!—Murder!—Houses in flames!—All the combustion and havoc of a civil war!" He threw himself upon his pallet. "Well! he was entombed in the Bastille. The moral earthquake might shake the foundations of his prison, and throw down its walls and set him free!" The walls—the very earth on which he stood—began to shake! He sprang upon his feet. "Was it thunder

that he heard above him, or the play of cannon?" He could almost hear his heart throb! Shock now followed shock incessantly, and with increasing violence. "Was the Bastille beset? It was!" He thought he could catch the sound of human tumult! He threw himself upon his knees in supplication, imploring heaven to strengthen the hands of the assailants! He could now distinctly, though faintly, hear the shouts of an immense multitude of people—and presently, all was comparatively still. "The Bastille has surrendered," exclaimed Monsieur le Croix, "or the military have overpowered the people!" He heard the sound of bolts withdrawing, and doors flung violently open—presently, of voices, numerous, loud, and confusion, as of men in high excitation. He clasped his hands convulsively, he stirred not, he scarcely breathed! Footsteps were rapidly approaching, traversing the intricate passages of the underground portion of the prison. A ray of light shot through the key-hole of his dungeon door. "Merciful Providence!" The broadest, brightest sunbeam he had ever gazed upon, had not the thousandth part the glory of that little ray. The bolts flew!—the lock!—the hand of liberty swung, light as a feather, the massive door back upon its hinges. The vision of Monsieur le Croix was drowned in a flood of light from the torches of his liberators. He could scarcely distinguish the figure of Julian, who rushed forward, and clasping his almost insensible master in his arms, exclaimed, or rather shrieked—"Tis down!—THE BASTILLE IS DOWN!"

ACROSTIC.

ALL amiability and gentleness,

No marvel that our hearts in homage bend,

Nor deem the shrine unfitting. To confess

Earth's heaven-reflected beauties as they blend

With Love, and Truth, and Virtue—forms divine—

In thee, fair one, is to rehearse anew, and tell,

Like actors in their scenes, what eye and brow of thine

Sweetly, yet in mute eloquence, proclaim so well.

Of earth's bright sisterhood of stars, to mortal given,
None yields a milder beam to light his path to Heaven.

For the Rover—New York, May, 1844.

ANECDOTE OF MR. CLAY.

A FRIEND of ours, who had the pleasure of an interview with Mr. Clay at Milledgeville, and who heard him relate a number of anecdotes of himself, told us the following which we have endeavored to give in his own words:

Shortly after entering Georgia, a man was seen running down the hill from a house some fifty yards from the road-side, hallooing at the top of his lungs, "stop! stop! stop!" The driver reigned in his horses. In a few moments the man, almost breathless, reached the coach, and inquired if Mr. Clay was a passenger.

"That's my name," said he, at the same time thrusting his head through the window of the coach.

"Well, then," said the man, "I'm glad you've come at last—my wife has had me looking for you for the last three days. She's in that house up on the hill—she's too sick to come out in this rain (it was pouring down at the time)—and she wants you to go and see her."

"My dear sir," remarked Mr. Clay, "I should be very glad to oblige your good lady—but, really, I do

not think it would be prudent in an old man like myself to get out and walk up that hill in this soaking rain. Give my compliments to your wife and tell her under any other circumstances, I should be most happy to make her acquaintance."

But even this did not satisfy our farmer. He offered to take off his coat and give it to Mr. Clay in order to protect him from the rain. And while expostulating with him, in a most urgent manner, a little boy, a son of the farmer's, was seen hurrying down the hill, hallooing at every jump, "Daddy! daddy! daddy! Mammy says you must get Mr. Clay to name the b-a-b-y, if he won't come!"

"Ah, that I will do with a great deal of pleasure," said Mr. Clay; "what is it, a girl or boy?"

"A girl," answered the farmer.

"Then tell your good lady," said Mr. Clay, "to call it *Lucretia* after my wife. What is your wife's name?"

"Louisa."

"And tell her," continued Mr. Clay, "that my next daughter shall be named Louisa, after her!"—*Southern Miscellany.*

PARLIAMENTARY WISDOM.

LEGISLATORIAL blunders are as amusing as the they are instructive. So carelessly have acts of parliament been framed, that one, in prohibiting the doing of a certain act, under pain of transportation, contained a clause dividing the penalty between the king and the informer. The 6th, George III, cap. 48, passed for the protection of timber trees, enumerates all the trees which it was supposed would come under this denomination. Seven years afterward, it was necessary to pass another act, adding to the enumeration poplar, alder, larch, maple and hornbeam trees. An act of Edward VI, made it a capital felony to steal horses; it was doubtful if this included the stealing of a single horse, and an explanatory act was accordingly passed to compose the doubt. In one session there was a law made subjecting hackney coachmen to a penalty if they had not a check string; and the next session another law was made requiring the coachman to hold the string in his hand.

Lord Rochester, the wit of "Charles's days," is said to have complied with the directions of an act of parliament requiring a lamp to be placed over every door; but he would not suffer it to be lighted, the act containing no words to that effect. Sheridan used to compare the numerous acts amending the errors of preceding acts to the story of the "House that Jack built." "First comes a bill imposing a tax; then comes a bill to amend the bill imposing the tax; then a bill to explain the bill for amending the bill imposing the tax, followed by another bill for remedying the defects of the bill to explain the bill for amending the bill imposing the tax; and so on *ad infinitum*." We could scarcely expect to find food for mirth in the solemn records of parliament; but rarely can we read them, at least such as relate to our early ages, without meeting with some absurdity rendering the maintenance of gravity a difficult matter. While a bill for the improvement of the London police, brought into the House of Commons, in George III's reign, was going through committee, a clause was read which enacted that the watchmen should be *compelled* to sleep in the day-time. An old Baronet stood up and proposed that the clause should be extended to members of the House of Commons, for gout had many nights past prevented

his sleep, and he doubted not that others, as well as himself, would be glad to be *compelled* to sleep!

JONATHAN'S HUNTING EXCURSION.

"Did you ever hear of the scrape that I and uncle Zekelel had duckin' on't on the Connecticut?" asked Jonathan Timbertoes, while amusing his old Dutch hostess, who had agreed to entertain him under the roof of her log cottage, for, and in consideration of, a bran new tin milk pan.

"No, I never did—do tell it," was the reply.

"Well—you must know that I and uncle Zeke took it into our heads on Saturday afternoon to go a gunning arter ducks, in father's skiff; so in we got and skulled down the river; a proper sight of ducks flew backwards and forwards, I tell ye—and bimeby a few on 'em lit down by the marsh, and went to feeding on muscles. I caught up my peauder horn to prime, and it slipped right out of my hand and sunk to the bottom of the river. The water was amazingly clear, and I could see it on the bottom. Now I couldn't swim a jot, so I sez to uncle Zeke, 'You're a pretty clever fellow—jest let me take your peauder horn to prime,' and don't you think the stingy critter wouldn't. 'Well,' sez I, 'you're a pretty good diver, an' if you'll dive and git it, I'll give you a primin'.' I thought he'd leave his peauder horn, but he didn't; but stuck it in his pocket, and down he went—and there he staid."

Here the old lady opened her eyes with wonder and surprise, and a pause of some minutes ensued, when Jonathan added—

"I looked down, and what do you think the critter was doin'?"

"Lord!" exclaimed the old lady, "I'm sure I don't know."

"There he was," said our hero, "settin' right on the bottom of the river, pourin' the peauder out of my horn into hizen."

PADDY'S EXPERIMENT OF REDUCING A HOLE.—An Irish weaver, just imported from the sister isle, took to his employer in Kilmarnock, the other day, the first cloth he had woven since his arrival. His employer detected in the cloth two holes, within half an inch of each other, and told him he must pay a fine of a shilling for a hole. "And blaze ye," returned Pat, "is it by the number of holes, or by the size of them, that you put the fine on?" "By the number of holes, to be sure." "And a big hole and a small one is the same price?" "Yes, a shilling for each hole big or little." "Then give me a hould of the piece," replied Paddy, and getting the cloth into his hands, he tore the small holes into one, and exclaimed "By the hill of Howth, and that saves me one shilling anyhow!"

THE HUNGRY ARAB.—An Arab was lost in the desert. For two days, he found nothing to eat and was in danger of death from starvation, until, finally, he discovered a fountain, from which travelers were accustomed to water their camels. Near the fountain, lying upon the sand, he saw a leather sack.

"God be praised!" said he, as he raised and felt it—"these are I believe, dates, or nuts of some kind. Oh, how I will strengthen and refresh myself upon them!"

In this sweet hope, he opened the sack, saw the contents, and cried out full of sorrow.

"Alas! they are only *Pearls*!"

"AWAY DOWN EAST;"

Or, "The Jumping-off Place."

BY ARTHUR MORRELL.

THERE'S a famous fabled country,
Never seen by mortal eyes,
Where the pumpkins aye are growing,
And the sun is said to rise;
Which man doth not inhabit,
Neither reptile, bird, nor beast—
And this famous fabled country
Is "away Down East."

It is call'd a land of "notions,"
Of "apple-sauce" and "greens,"
A paradise of "pumpkin pies,"
A land of "pork and beans,"
Where "wooden nutmegs" grow, with
Which the "Yorkers" oft get fleec'd;
And this famous fabled country
Is "away Down East."

Once a man in Indiana
Took his bundle in his hand,
And he came to "New York city,"
To seek this fabled land.
But how he stares on learning,
What is new to him, at least,
That this famous fabled country
Is "further Down East."

So away he posts for "Boston,"
With all his main and might;
And he puts up at the "Tremont House,"
Quite sure that all it right.
But they tell him in the morning—
A curious fact, at least—
That he hasn't yet begun to get
"Away Down East."

He hurries off for "Portland,"
With his bundle in his hand,
And sees "Mount Joy"—great joy for him,
For this must be the land.
Pooh! nonsense, man—you're crazy—
For doubt not in the least,
You'll go a "long chalk" further
Ere you find "Down East."

Then he hies to proud "Augusta,"
By the famous "Sou' West Bend."
And he chews this cud of comfort,
That his search is at an end.
But, oh! my "goodness gracious!"
How he foams like baker's yeast,
When seriously they tell him
This is not "Down East."

Then away through mud to "Bangor,"
By which he soils his drabs;
The first that greets his vision,
Is a pyramid—of "slabs!"
Why this, says he, is Egypt—
And I'm a "long ear'd beast;"
For he then began to "reckon"
He was too far "East."

Ah!—now his search is over—
See how he cuts his pranks!
He thinks he can't get further,
For the piles of "boards and planks."

So, pompously he questions
A Pat of humble caste,
Who tells him he *was niver yit*
"Away Down Aist."

And now he takes the steamer
For the other end of Maine,
And "Eastport" brings him up at last,
Where he hopes to breathe again.
But his tongue it well may falter,
While he hails yon burly priest,
Who *ne'er before had heard of*
Such a place as "Down East."

But soon he spies a "native,"
Who is "up to snuff," I ween;
Who, pointing o'er the precipice,
Says, "don't you see—something—green?"
So off he jump'd, to rise no more,
Unless he lived on yeast;
And that, I think, should be his drink
"Away Down East."

And now his "anxious mother,"
Whose tears will ever run,
Is ever on the look-out
To see her "rising son."
But she may strain her eyes in vain,
I "calculate," at least;
Her son has set, in regions wet,
"Away Down East."

For the Rover—New York, May, 1844.

THE ROVER OMNIBUS.

"THE MURDERER," in the present number of the Rover, is a very powerful and thrilling poem, hardly surpassed by any poem of similar length in the English language. Hood possesses great versatility of talent, and talent too of a very high order. He writes in every style, prose and poetry, "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," and with almost equal felicity and power in all.

ARTHUR MORRELL is certainly very clever at humorous sketches. His "Down East," in the present number of the Rover will strongly remind the reader of some of the comical verses of Hood, or Oliver Wendell Holmes.

We have several excellent correspondents, who write almost exclusively for the Rover.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The lines from Boston addressed to M. M. received several weeks ago, are not quite up to the mark. We are sorry we cannot oblige the writer by publishing them. We have not yet seen the prose articles to which he alluded.

A little gem of a poem from Mrs. Matilda P. Hunt, Brunswick, Maine, was received a little too late for this number. It will be inserted next week.

"The last Welsh Harper" is not without merit, and yet we are not quite satisfied with the last stanza. Will the author alter it, or shall we?

FULL SETS OF THE ROVER, from its commencement, can still be furnished by the publishers, at 123 Fulton street, in single numbers, monthly parts, or bound volumes. Terms, three dollars a year, five dollars for two copies, or ten dollars for five copies, in advance.

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Edw Lytton Bulwer

THE ROVER.

OUR YOUTH.

BY CAROLINE M. SAWYER.

Let its pleasures depart!—they are bright as the hues
That blush on the cheek of the dawn—
The fragrance they yield is more fresh than the dews
That gem the young flowers of the morn!
But they come not to linger!—all fleeting and frail—
They wither and die on the heart,
And their mem'ry comes back like a sorrowful tale—
Let the pleasures of youth-time depart!

Let its beauty depart!—as the day-lily opens
To the morn, but to perish at night—
As the star that seems ever most bright to our hopes,
Is the soonest to fade from our sight—
So the fairest, the brightest, most beautiful bloom,
Which youth to the cheek may impart,
Is shadowed, at length, by the pinions of gloom—
Let the beauty of youth, too, depart!

Let its day-dreams depart!—as the mirage that beams
On the wanderer's sight to betray—
As the meteor-light through the darkness that gleams,
But dazzles to lead us astray:
So the visions we nurse in youth's rose-tinted day,
Appear but to cheat the fond heart,
Then fade—making darker and sadder our way—
Let the dreams of our youth all depart!

Aye, perish!—the pleasures, the beauty of youth,
And the day-dreams we fondly have nursed!
But, oh, let us keep its affection and truth,
And its innocence pure as at first!
Then the peace that encircled our earlier years,
Around us in age will be cast—
And the bright bow of hope, though 'tis born amid tears,
Illumine every scene to the last!
For the Rover—New York, May, 1844.

SIR EDWARD LYTTON BULWER.

WITH A BEAUTIFULLY FINISHED PORTRAIT.

This distinguished author, it is said, is about to visit our country, and perhaps will have arrived among us before the issue of our present number. Committees have already been appointed in Boston to make arrangements for his reception. We are always glad to see due respect paid to talent and genius under all circumstances; but we hope our countrymen have had sufficient experience in these matters to avoid those extravagant manifestations of man-worship, which have in some signal instances been returned only by contempt and ridicule. Let them, if they please, show respect for intellect, for high talent, but let them not at the same time forget what is due to their own self-respect.

All will accord to Bulwer the possession of extraordinary powers of mind, a very high grade of talent and genius as an author; but the vote in his favor as a man would not be so unanimous. Many regard the moral effect of a large portion of his writings as unfavorable to the welfare of society. Indeed his position among the prose writers of England may well be compared with that of Byron among her poets. But we

VOLUME III.—No 12.

did not sit down to write an essay or criticism upon the man or his writings, but to draw the attention of our readers to the very finely engraved portrait of this author which we now present them.

From a work just published by the Harpers, called "A New Spirit of the Age," giving an account of the most distinguished living authors of England, we make the following extracts concerning Bulwer and his writings.

"It should be remembered to the honor of Sir E. L. Bulwer, that although born to an independence and to the prospect of a fortune, and inheriting by accident of birth an advantageous position in society, he has yet cultivated his talent with the most unremitting assiduity, equal to that of any 'poore scholar,' and has not suffered his 'natural gifts' to be smothered by indolence or the pleasures of the world. He is one of the most prolific authors of our time; and his various accomplishments, habits of research, and extraordinary industry, no less than his genius, well entitle him to the rank he holds as one of the most successful, in that branch of literature in which he eminently excels. We must not be dazzled by his versatility; we entertain no doubts about his real excellence, and shall endeavor to fix his true definite position.

"Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer is the youngest son of General Bulwer, of Heydon Hall, in the county of Norfolk, and of Elizabeth, daughter and heiress of Henry Warburton Lytton, Esq., of Knebworth Park, Herts, to the possession of which estate he has just succeeded; and is connected on both sides of the house, with many noble and ancient families. He sat in parliament at an early age for the borough of St. Ives, and subsequently for the city of Lincoln. His parliamentary career was highly creditable, and in one respect, in especial, has left an honorable testimonial to his exertions; we allude to the bill for the protection of dramatic copyright, which he brought in and carried. He distinguished himself at the same time as an able political writer. As a speaker, he had won the respect of the House, though his voice is weak, his manner somewhat hesitating, and his style more florid than accords with the taste of that assembly. His train of argument surmounted these disadvantages, and, what was more difficult still, induced honorable members to overlook a certain appearance of fastidious nicety in dress, which by no means accords with their notion in general. He was made a baronet; the date and occasion of which event we forget. His political labors interfered not in the least with his literary career, to the progress of which we now turn.

"The development of his literary taste is ascribed to the influence of his mother, to whose charge he was early consigned by his father's death. The 'Percy's Reliques' was a favorite book of his childhood, and he wrote some ballads in imitation, when only five or six years old. He was never sent to any public school, but graduated at Cambridge. He, however, found for himself a kind of education; which was probably of more importance to the development of genius than any he received in the University, by wandering over the greater part of England and Scotland on foot during the long vacation, and afterward making a similar tour of France on horseback. He began to publish

when only two or three and twenty, at first in verse; next anonymously a novel now forgotten, entitled 'Falkland.' It hence appears that his early attempts were failures. His first successful work was 'Pelham,' and this established his reputation as a clever novelist. It was rapidly followed by 'The Disowned,' by 'Devereux,' and then by 'Paul Clifford,' which stamped him as a man of genius. 'Eugene Aram' well sustained the high reputation thus gained.

"There was a considerable interval between these two fine works last named, and the other novels and romances of their author, in which he undertook the editorship of the 'New Monthly Magazine.' His own papers, of which he wrote many, were various in subject; sometimes political, sometimes literary criticism. A series entitled 'The Conversations of an Ambitious Student' was in general devoted to abstract speculation. The best of these were afterwards re-published under the title of 'The Student.' The germ of many of the thoughts embodied and developed in these papers belongs to Hazlitt; but the germ has power and life sufficient to bear the branching stems, and foliage with which it was elaborated by Bulwer, and in a manner that was often worthy of it. If the saying attributed to Sir Lytton Bulwer concerning his editorship is true, it belongs to that 'dandiacal' portion of him, which disagreeably interferes with one's confidence in his sincerity; for if he said he became an Editor 'to show that a gentleman might occupy such a position,' it must simply be set down to the same Beau-Brummel idiosyncrasy which makes him seriously careful of the cut of his coat, and the fashion of his whisker. But it was only a "flourish of the *queue*," whoever said it. The motive was more worthy; and if a proof were wanting, the papers of the 'Student' might be referred to, in which the aim is always high and pure. 'England and the English,' was more the work of the man of the world, and the member of Parliament, super-added to the thinker. No doubt it contains some exaggerations, but it is correct in the main, and is an admirably applied and much required dose for our overweening conceit of our national prejudices and pride. It might have been entitled 'An Exposition of the Influences of Aristocracy.'

"A return to the region of fiction was perhaps accelerated by a tour on the Continent. Passing over the 'Pilgrims of the Rhine,' a piece of prettiness in literature beautifully illustrated,—a work which, to use appropriate language, a perfect gentleman might permit himself to write for a thousand pounds—we see Sir Lytton Bulwer in his own element again upon the publication of his 'Last Days of Pompeii,' followed by 'Rienzi,' and, at intervals wonderfully short, by 'Ernest Maltravers,' 'Alice,' 'Night and Morning,' 'Zanoni,' and 'The Last of the Barons.'

"Had the author of these works—giving evidence of a range and variety of intellect, invention, and genius sufficient to satisfy a high ambition—attempted no other walk of genius, he would have stood above and beyond the analytical portion of criticism, and commanded its far more worthy and genial office of syncretical appreciation of excellence. But he has aimed at the fame of a poet, and a dramatist, besides. Those who are used to think of Sir Lytton Bulwer as a uniformly successful author—a sort of magician under whose wand paper will always turn into gold, do not know that several already forgotten poems have been put forth by him since his acquirement of popularity,

the very names of which sound strange. 'Ismael, an Oriental Tale,' 'Leila, or the Siege of Granada,' 'The Siamese Twins' have gone into forgetfulness, and 'Eva, and other poems and tales,' are not destined to a long life. Then there have been patriotic songs, and odes, in which there was a curious mixture of the roast-beef of Old England style, with an attempt at imaginative impulse and intensity of meaning, depending chiefly for high personifications and abstract qualities upon the use of capital letters. Moreover, there was a tragedy of 'Cromwell' which is said to have been re-written, and its design and character changed while it was going through the press: and finally, after it was printed, was suppressed. 'The public was not worthy of it,'—we heard this intimated. But there were some few intellects alive who were; and they could not obtain it. Besides, the public has many good things of which it is not worthy as a mass; and yet, here and there, the right sort of man always picks up the right sort of book to his thinking.

"That there are great elements of popular success, and a mastery of the worldly side of it, in Sir Lytton Bulwer, is undoubted; nor would it in the least surprise us if he became a peer of the realm, sometime within the next ten years; nevertheless there are several other things which he cannot accomplish.

"The known dramatic works of Sir Lytton Bulwer consist of 'The Duchess de la Valliere,' 'The Lady of Lyons,' 'Richelieu,' 'The Sea Captain,' and 'Money,' all brought out on the stage by Mr. Macready. The first was deservedly a failure. Of the others, one only retains a share of popularity, but its share is a large one. 'The Lady of Lyons' is a decided favorite with the public. It is usual to place its author among the first of modern dramatists, which he decidedly is not, as well as among the first of our novelists, which he assuredly is, of whatever period.

"Sir E. L. Bulwer is, in private, a very different and superior man to the character indicated by the portraits of him. That of Chalon, conveys the last infirmities of mawkish sentimentality and personal affectation; whereas Sir Lytton is very frank, easy, careless, (sometimes, perhaps, studiously so,) good-natured, pleasant, conversable, and without one tint of those lack-a-daisy qualities conferred upon him by the artists. If his sitting had its 'weak moment,' the artist ought not to have copied it, but to have taken the best of the truth of the whole man.

"Now, it may be the fact, that nothing would convey so complete a conviction to the mind of Sir Lytton of his own genius and general talents, and so perfect a sensation of inward satisfaction and happiness, as to be seated at a table—say in the character of an Ambassador—with his fingers covered with dazzling rings, and his feet delightfully pinched in a pair of looking-glass boots with Mother-Shipton heels, while he held a conversation with two diplomatic foreigners of distinction, from different courts, each in his own language: took up the thread of an argument with a philosopher on his right; put in every now and then a capital repartee to the last remark of a wit at his left elbow, while at every moment's pause he continued three letters lying before him—one to the Minister of State for the Home Department, one to a friend (inclosing a postscript for his tailor,) and one on love, containing some exquisite jokes in French and Italian on the Platonic Republic—and all those conversations and arguments, and repartees, and writings, continu-

ing at the same time—each being fed from the same fount with enough to last till the turn came round. And finally, that he should discover the drift of one diplomatist, talk over the other to his views, confute the philosopher, silence the court wit, convey the most important information to the English Premier, give his friend all the advice he asked, with something far more subtle besides, (together with the clearest directions and fractional measurements in the postscript,) and that the love-letter should not only answer every possible purpose of kindness, delight, amusement and admiration, but should, by a turn of the wrist, be easily convertible into an exquisite chapter for a future novel.

"Notwithstanding the popularity of Sir E. L. Bulwer, we hardly think he has been sufficiently appreciated as a great novelist by the majority, even of those critics who admire his works; while the hostile attacks and depreciations have been very numerous and unceasing. Of his philosophy we would say in brief that we believe the world is hardly in the main so bad as he considers it, and certainly with many more exceptions than he seems to admit; and that he himself is a much better man than he knows of, and only wants more faith in genuine and sincere nature to be himself the possessor of as large a share as his faith."

THE MIDNIGHT REQUIEM.

BY ARTHUR MORRELL.

At midnight I was suddenly awakened by the strange music that ever before greeted my ear; and which proceeded from a rear house occupied by colored families. A negro woman had died during the day, and her family and friends, assembled to watch over the corpse, employed the time until day-break in singing hymns the most strange, with voices the most wild and discordant I ever heard; yet it was a solemn religious rite performed over the dead, and who could help being deeply moved?

HARK! 'tis midnight's still hour, and to my ear
Strange music is borne along;
What discord—but oh, it is sweet to my soul,
For religion attunes the song.

'Tis a negro choir, and o'er the dead
The unskilful anthem is raised;
Untutor'd voices join in the song,
And the God of the dead is praised.

How discordant the sound! yet round my heart
A hallowed spell it throws;
And within my wicked bosom a spark
Of devotion brightly glows.

Religion—O God! what a void in the soul
Where thy blessed light hath not shone!
Religion—O God! what a sinful heart
Is this same one of my own!

Still they sing—and the song is borne on high,
The wild hallelujah is heard;
Though their features are black and their voices
harsh,
They are blest with the Holy Word.

Sing on! to the spirit of her that is dead
Is your wild yet sweet melody given;
She hears you, perchance, in another world,
And responds to your anthem in Heaven!
For the Rover—New York, May, 1844.

THE MOURNING RING.

BY H. HASTINGS WELD.

CHAPTER I.—THE OMNIBUS.

THE clear sky at noon—beg pardon of the sky for supposing it out of fashion—we mean of morning, had tempted out the modish butterflies in clouds; and Broadway presented a moving panorama of the gay and beautiful. Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like these; and the splendor of Tyrian purple are outdone in elegance by the walking costume of the daughters of republican America.

A distant rumble, and the affrighted fair were hurried from the majesty of a stately promenade into a quicker walk. Soon the dust rose in clouds—the wind discomposed at the puff all that the patience of hours at the toilet had accomplished. The sky was overcast. Big drops of rain mocked the insufficient shelter of the parasol, and then in a calm, as if the earth held its breath to receive the bath, down came the rain in torrents. Among those caught in the shower, one lady dressed in the extreme of fashion, cast an imploring look at a passing omnibus. It had but one vacant seat, but, for a miracle, half a dozen hands were raised at once, to pull the signal strap, and stop the stage. People safely sheltered usually make it a point of honor not to notice the desire and perplexities of less fortunate pedestrians in a shower, but in this instance the Porcine code of the omnibus was forgotten.

Nay, more—the passengers were exuberant—almost oppressive in their politeness. One insisted on holding her parasol, that the water might not drop from it upon her dress—the lady was conducted to the driest place in the carriage, and her fringes and furbelows were gathered up for her—all of which attention she received as a matter of course, scarce thanking the officious gentlemen with a gracious look, and almost visiting upon them the discomposure with which the weather had afflicted her. Another face presented itself at the door. "Go on, driver! You are full!" And yet it was a female face. Why would those who had waited upon one lady with so much eagerness, leave another of her sex in the middle of the street, ankle deep in mud and water? Why? She was not fashionable—not even in the last year's fashion; and, if the truth must be said, she was not so much as tolerably well dressed. "There are differences, look you," as Parson Hugh hath it.

"Come in, child," said one of the passengers, a benevolent, and rather old gentleman—"Come in! Any port in a storm!" He seated her upon his knee—the lady bridled—the child, she was no more, though her face showed that she had cares beyond her years—could see no impropriety in accepting the courtesy of a man apparently old enough to be her grandfather. If she had scruples, however, the rain left her no choice. The young men began to cast very "knowing" glances at her, but her protector calmly gave his eyes a tour of observation round the vehicle, which at once put down all their glances. Still the lady minced, and looked from time to time superciliously and with a great deal of the appearance of outraged propriety over her shoulder. The girl wore nothing but a shilling calico; and, what was conclusive against her "respectability," she had a basket upon her arm!

The coach had reached the head of one of the unfashionable streets, in which the poor pay more rent than the wealthy do for their palaces. The child pulled

at the string once, but the driver did not notice it. Nobody assisted her, for her only friend could not reach the strap while she sat upon his knee. She tugged at it again, the vehicle stopped—she pushed her way timidly out, amid knees which seemed more than ever angular and protuberant, was half drowned in the gutter to begin with, and ran home in a pelting shower.

The lady but raised the tip of her finger a few minutes afterward, and three gentlemen caught hold of the signal string together.

"Do you alight here, ma'am?" one of them inquired.

"My house is a few steps farther down, but"—

"Driver, can't you turn a step or two out of your way?" one asked, and all assented in the implied request. The stage turned, and the omnibus drew up at the door of a princely mansion. A servant came out with an umbrella, and the lady was safely conducted within her own door.

* * * * *

"Dear! How you are wet, child!" cried an old woman in a tremulous voice, as the sewing girl entered her poor but neat apartment. The grandmother—for that was her relation to our young friend—did not rise to meet her as she entered, for she not risen unassisted for many months—she was palsied. Mary busied herself at once in attending to her grandmother's comforts, and then, the old lady's insisting upon it, she heeded her own. And then, over their frugal cup of hot water, sparingly tinctured with the Chinese weed, the two compared notes upon family expenses. After the purchase of a few necessities, which she had brought in her basket, Mary had remaining a half dollar, less the sixpence which she had paid for her ride. Miss Modiste, from Paris, for whom she had toiled beyond twelve on the night preceding, could not pay her. She was sure that girls should be willing to wait a day or two for their money, in such times, when they were fortunate to find work at all. The lady for whom the dress was made owed the milliner a hundred dollars; and if Miss Modiste could wait weeks for that sum, she was sure that Mary could wait days for a few shilling. All this Miss Modiste delivered with a voluble and rapid English accent which showed that she was from Paris—very far from it, but no further than she always had been. But then what could a fashionable milliner do, without the name of the capital of the world of fashion in her advertisement? Mary almost sighed aloud as she withdrew from the shop, to be driven by the storm into the same stage with the very garment for the making of which she was unpaid; to see the wearer treated with overstrained civility, and herself almost shut into the street in a drenching rain.

It was Saturday night. Mary thanked God that she was still above starvation, and concealed from her grandmother the partial despondence which she could not help feeling. She checked the desire to repine, until, in the calm twilight of a beautiful evening which had succeeded the shower, her thoughts were schooled into absolute and heartfelt gratitude. The morrow, welcomed in such a frame of mind, she felt must be a happy day.

But Mary's happiness was short-lived. She had intended a surprise for her old relative, and as she prepared to enjoy it with her, her pleasure was damped with surprise of another color. Age is peevish, and the approach of dotage brings unreasonable whims. Mary and her grandmother had not always been poor.

The old lady was, before her later infirmity, which made her taciturn, garrulous upon her happy days—first, when a husband and a son made her former residence in New York delightful—then of her removal to the South, where in that sunny clime her every wish was answered by affectionate servants. And in this part of her narrative, Mary's memory of her infancy could assist her—for none can recollect more vividly the comforts of childhood in competence, than those whose maturer years are fated to fall in penury.

The last stage of these days of ease was when, returned to New York after the death of her second husband, Mrs. Haynes vested under the advice of a friend all that was left to her in a then profitable stock. The fearful tornado which is too well remembered and too deeply felt by many of our readers, swept away the dependence of the widow and the orphan. They were compelled to retire from the circle in which they had moved, and were soon forgotten.

Mary, in their destitution, turned the knowledge of needlework which the old-fashioned and wise-fashioned educational notions of her grandmother had given her, to good account. It was well that adversity rather strengthened than broke down her young mind; for it had nearly prostrated her grandmother, and an attack of palsy completed the wreck. The newspapers speak of "commercial embarrassments," of cent per cent, and of financial operations checked or ruined by the almost universal failure of corporate credit, and breaches of moral honesty—but these are nothing in the catalogue of woe that follows. It is bad when the broker cannot pay his "differences," but oh, it is worse when the widow cannot pay for her bread. It is bad when the merchant's note is dishonored; but it is worse when the broken faith of those in whom the fatherless trusted breaks the heart of the indigent inheritors of straw and stubble, where they had fancied gold was hoarded.

Bit by bit their mementos of other days, their once indispensable comforts, had been wrested from them. But there was one trifle to which the widow clung as with her life. It was a mourning ring, the gift of her son, Mary's father, upon the death of her first husband. When the second bridal took place the ring was lost sight of. It laid perdue till the presence of her second husband no longer kept her heart from the grave of the first. When the second was also laid in the earth, her heart returned to her first love, memory recurring only to the second husband as to a kind friend. And Mary's father, whom she also wept as no more; her first and only child, he too spake through his orphan daughter to her heart. The mourning ring came out from its concealment, and had been worn for many years, as an indispensable part of the old lady's toilet.

Age, we have remarked, has unreasonable whims, Mrs. Haynes in competence, when the expense of such an alteration would not have been inquired, did not think of having a lock of her son's hair inwoven in the brooch with that of her husband. Now, that every penny was counted and saved for absolute necessities, she wished aloud a thousand times that the hair of her son should be braided in the trinket with that of the father. Hours she would sit and look at the finger on which she wore the precious relic, having apparently no thought for any other object—no interest in anything else. Ever anxious to make her aged relative comfortable, Mary at length proposed to the old lady to take the ring to a jeweller's. In the melancholy

seclusion and poverty in which the old lady lived, the outside world was to her one dark Egypt, to which Mary went only to procure bread and return; and Jacob did not stipulate more earnestly for the safety of Benjamin than did Mrs. Haynes for the safety of the ring; and the brethren of Benjamin did not promise more confidently than Mary did that all should be well. That very evening she had procured it from the jeweller's, she was about to crown the old lady's melancholy happiness by returning it to her, when the poor child discovered that it was lost!

Fortunately, as Mary had intended to surprise her with the trinket that evening, the grandmother did not once mention it. A long hour of anxiety it caused poor Mary. She even lay awake waiting for the dreaded question, which she could not answer. But sleep must visit the weary; and Mary was insensible to trouble and to sorrow, and back in her dreams to the dimly remembered but happy days of childhood, long before the brilliant lights in the house of her fashionable fellow passenger of the omnibus gave any token of the close of a fashionable evening.

Mrs. Meredith, the lady whose retreat to the omnibus we have recorded, was on the point of retiring for the night when Betty her maid brought her the ring. The footman said that a gentleman had just called with it, supposing Mr. Meredith had dropped it in the omnibus. It was a lady's ring, and he remembered no other lady. A girl in a homespun gown could not of course have lost such a trinket; and indeed the gentleman did not remember that any such person was his fellow-passenger.

"The thing is none of mine, Betty."

"So I thought, mawm. You can't want no such trumpery as this, mawm. Where shall I put it, if you please, mawm?"

"I'm sure I don't care what becomes of it," yawned the lady.

Betty did—for with all her depreciation of the article, Betty had quite a weakness for jewelry, and the result of her presenting it to her mistress had been just as she had hoped. It was packed in cotton in a pill-box, and deposited in Betty's trunk within the half hour, and Mrs. Meredith thought no more about it.

CHAPTER II.—WHERE HAVE I SEEN THAT FACE BEFORE?

"I wish, Mary, you would manage to bring home that mourning ring to-night," said old Mrs. Haynes as her grand-daughter tied on her hat on Monday morning.

Poor Mary! She did not know how to prevaricate, and, if she had known, she felt aware that prevarication would only delay the discovery that must be made after awhile. She only signed, and dared not turn her head toward the old lady.

"Well, I suppose you could get it," pursued her grandmother, "if it was not for that woman that don't pay her bill. I don't see why people don't pay their bills—I always did."

Little did they know in what manner Mrs. Meredith did stand in the way of the return of the trinket. Mary placed her grandmother's frugal dinner within her reach, and putting her own in her reticule, hurried out. She was a different looking lassie from the storm-dragged maiden of the preceding Saturday. She was careworn and pale, it is true, but the inquietude which sat upon her countenance made it even more interesting. Her raven curls dropping in natural ringlets upon her

neck, harmonized with her brilliant though sunken eyes—unnaturally brilliant. For, when adversity forces young women into a struggle with the world, out of their gentle sphere, and beyond their strength, the exertions which at last enfeeble and prostrate them, give them at first unnatural mental and physical strength, and light the eye while the heart may be ready to flag. Mary was not what is generally styled "beautiful." There was nothing winning in her appearance, but at the same time there was nothing of that carelessness of personal attire which, too often for their respectable appearance, attends the dispirited poor. Far removed from coquetry or desire to attract attention, her dress and person still bespoke all that care, cleanliness and attention could do for her toilet; and if her *tout ensemble* did not at once strike the spectator with its elegance, it left an impression which would at once give the observer, upon a second meeting, the vague recollection of having before met the orphan child.

She encountered her friend of the omnibus. It was on her lips to ask him if he had seen her lost treasure. She even stopped, and was upon the point of addressing him, when the ill-concealed smiles of the other men in the stage, and the open superciliousness of the one woman crossed her mind. Pure in thought as a babe, it now for the first time crossed her mind that it might have been something more than the mean appearance of her clothing which caused the half contempt and complete insult which she had experienced on Saturday, while accepting what seemed to her the simple and well-timed kindness of a stranger. Then, with her natural frankness, she was about to say something to him in apology, or in explanation of—she knew not what—and then, quick as a flash, she thought that if anything were wrong, this would only make it worse. She blushed, hung her head, and passed on.

The gentleman looked after her. "Where have I seen that face before?" he asked himself. The incident in the omnibus did not occur to him, and if it had he would hardly have thought of Mary in that connection, so different was she in general appearance on Monday from the girl that his genuine politeness had sheltered on Saturday.

"Where have I seen her before? So young!"—and he ran over in his mind the portraits of all the pretty servants whom chance had thrown in his way in his wanderings. An acquaintance saluted him, and Mary was forgotten again, after, with the characteristic injustice of man to the other sex, he had set her aside as one beneath a virtuous man's thoughts. Mary went her way, grieving that a little foolish indecision had probably shut her out for ever from her last chance of recovering her lost treasure.

Betty, the maid, meanwhile, had derived much enjoyment from the contemplation of the prize which had thus fallen into her hands. The ownership of it did not trouble her mind in the least. Why should it? Better moralists than Betty do not hesitate to appropriate to themselves larger matters, the property of others; and had not the conduct of her mistress also, in relation to the subject, been enough to remove all scruple? Had Mrs. Meredith done as she would be done by, she would have caused the ring to be advertised, and thus at once have found a claimant for it. Mary diligently studied the advertisements in all the newspapers which fell in her way, and even advertised the loss herself. But Mrs. Meredith had entirely forgotten the ring, and Betty could not read.

So passed a week. The grandmother was growing daily more importunate for the ring, which she was sure had been gone quite long enough to be altered. She was certain she should never see it again, she said. So was poor Mary, but she dared not, could not acknowledge it. Her home became every day more and more uncomfortable. The return to her humble lodgings, to which she had been in the habit of looking forward as the happy and quiet hour of the day, was so no longer. Her peevish relative did not fail to open the subject of the lost ring, as soon as her grandchild opened the door, and poor Mary quailed as the old lady did not scruple to accuse her of ingratitude—of lack of filial affection, in thus neglecting a memento of her father—of terrible carelessness in general. Mary was deeply affected as she perceived that her grandmother's mind was growing yet more imbecile under this, to her, terrible calamity; but her constant reproaches at length drove the child in desperation to acknowledge that the ring was lost, and how.

"And why didn't you tell me this before? why didn't you set right about finding it? I've faith to believe, Mary Richardson, that you've sold that ring. It cost ten dollars when it was new, and it was such good old-fashioned gold that the jeweller gave you twelve for it. But I shall know. I shall watch you—you—you—that ever it should come to this! You might have had the hair saved—your own poor father's and his father's—but there. It was swept into the street long before this, without they saved it to put into a new ring, for it was beautiful hair—and—"

The old lady had talked herself to sleep, and as Mary adjusted the pillows under her head, a single scalding tear fell from the orphan's eyes upon the old woman's cheek. She opened her eyes—the loss of the ring was forgotten.

"Never mind, if we are poor, Mary. God will be good to us—and there's that ring with your grandfather's hair in it, you shall have your father's put in too, as soon as we are able."

The old lady sank into slumber again. Poor Mary sat down in the twilight and sobbed as if her heart would break.

"If she falls thus, in a short time she will be to me but as the living dead."

CHAPTER III.—THE INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.

It was Sunday, three weeks from the commencement of our sketch. Betty was arranging herself for the afternoon parade which all servant maidens in New York, so much affect, and which is indeed their right as well as their privilege. Many, perhaps most of them, attend church; and it is a beneficent order of Providence that the poor dependent whose recreations are abridged by her situation, finds in the visit to the sanctuary at once the fulfilment of religious duty and the gratification of a not necessarily criminal vanity, the display of her well saved holiday clothes; the exchange of greetings between friends who scarce meet except at such times; the affectation of independence which all put on, induced by the natural exaltation of spirit which they feel, that, for a few hours at least, they are their own mistresses, the cheerfulness which the day inspires making the laborer contented with his lot; certainly in these, the simple pleasures of the poor, there are reasons enough that the Sabbath should be to them a welcome day, apathetically as it is received and wearily as its hours may pass with those who

are endowed with more of this earth's blessings and comforts. And if in their enjoyment of the Sabbath these should indulge in what rigid observers of form consider improper, surely over such a sin the Recording Angel, to borrow Sterne's beautiful figure, may drop an obliterating tear, as he makes the record.

But we are all infirm. Betty had no business with her mistress's wardrobe, certainly; and if that mistress had done nothing to weaken her sense of right and wrong; if she had never treated with slight and derision any moral obligation, however apparently trivial, Betty might not have found herself in difficulty. Mrs. Meredith did not care anything about the ring, and it was an easy train of ratiocination by which Betty reached the conclusion that if she helped herself to the loan of a few articles of her mistress's dress, in order that the ring could be worn to better advantage, Mrs. Meredith would be none the worse. Perhaps she would never know it, and if she did she would never care. But she did care, and poor Betty lost her place.

When men have reached fifty years of age, if there is any good in them it comes out. They discover that the world is much more endurable when its inhabitants mutually assist, encourage, and befriend each other. Men of such an age are polite, not from form merely, but from generosity of impulse and of habit. It was therefore that our friend in the omnibus was so attentive to Mary. He saw that she needed politeness and attention; and that was enough for him. He did not repulse her, because there was no eclat in waiting upon a poor girl in a homespun dress. He did not care for the doubt of his motives or the affected superiority which the young gallants in the conveyance betrayed.

Middle-aged-old single gentlemen are invariably the favorites of landladies. Middle-aged-young single gentlemen are different sort of people, as difficult to please as a boy between his teens and twenties. The boy is afraid of being suspected of juvenility, the middle-aged young gentleman is afraid of being suspected of age. So neither can be treated except with extreme punctilio. But your dear, kind, middle-aged, old gentleman, with just two crow's-feet to each eye, and about a score of gray hairs among his whiskers, can be "done anything with." So his landlady asked our old friend if he wouldn't be kind enough to step in to the "Institute for the Encouragement of Faithful Domestic Servants," and ask the principal to send her a chambermaid. The young men at the breakfast table laughed, and so did our middle-aged friend a little, for he was not in the habit of laughing much, and consented.

Reader, did you ever happen to pass one of these places, once denominated "Intelligence offices," now become "Institutes," with the march of mind? On long benches are seated rows of girls; these with their sewing, those with nothing but sour looks; these slumbering, those chatting; these practising palmistry, and others intently listening. Here a party are earnestly attending to some vivid description of the unheard-of atrocities to which the speaker was subjected in her last place, and how she will never be subjected to the like again if she dies for it. Stop and look in, and suddenly and uniformly as a file of soldiers obey the word, "eyes right," the whole optical battery is directed to you: blue eyes, black eyes, and gray—hazel and nondescript. Some stare, some quizz, some leer, some

look imploringly, some curiously, and some carelessly, and some look defiant, as much as to say, "If you go for to come for to think that I am to be had for less than twelve dollars a month, and all my afternoons and Sundays, you'd better not come in here Mr. Servant-seeker!"

Our friend hesitated on the threshold, and repented of his promise. He had dared in his time to refuse to fight a duel; he had once skillfully rescued a victim from an infuriated mob; he had even been in a real battle, where they fired leaden bullets. Nay, more, he had in his life-time crossed the Park, in New York, at high noon, during the pyrotechnical festivities of the Fourth of July. All these things, and more and more terrific ones he had dared and done without flinching; but when he put his foot on the threshold of the "Institute," he did tremble a little, so strange, unappreciable, and unintelligible did the danger of something seem to him.

"Oh, come in old feller," shouted some one in the crowd, observing that he hesitated. He did come in, and with absolute awkwardness and timidity made his way up to the throne of the Pluto of this receptacle for girls out of service; and such a buzz of comment and inquiry rose behind him, with here and there a word intelligible, that he involuntarily looked at his coat sleeves, to ascertain if the garment was right side out, and felt of his nose to be sure his head was not turned. The master of ceremonies was provokingly dull of apprehension, and the interview was cruelly protracted. When at length the man was made to understand, he said,

"Perhaps you can agree with one of them here."

Richardson looked round; and at the sight of the amphitheatre of moon faces, pale faces, red faces, clean faces, coquettes, demurres, prudes, and wantons—he blushed, absolutely blushed. Upon my word it is true, but there was never a woman of the company who changed countenance, except from a look of curiosity to a smile, and from a smile to an expression of countenance even more open, and showing more teeth. He turned suddenly to make his exit.

One of them stood directly in the doorway. He strove gently to put her aside, but she was not to be put off so easily.

"Come," she said, "you'd better take me than one of them young flirts, and then your wife won't be jealous."

A shout of laughter rose, and Richardson felt his ears tingle, and still pressed forward. She caught his arm.

"Oh stop and look a body in the face, if you aint ashamed of yourself."

It was our old acquaintance, Betty. Richardson looked at her mechanically for an instant, and then all his embarrassment vanished.

"Where did you get that?" he asked anxiously, pointing to the ring.

"What?" cried the woman, bridling up with an air of injured innocence.

The conversation had become interesting, and the others huddled round them, uttering, stretching their necks, and standing upon tiptoe.

"That ring I mean, and you know it, for you never came by it honestly."

"What is the difficulty?" inquired the man of the "Institute," emerging from his corner.

Richardson turned to answer, and Betty seized the

moment to flit. She undoubtedly had her own reasons for not answering questions. Perhaps she was determined to keep the ring—perhaps it did not seem best to her to refer any person to Mrs. Meredith for a "character," as the document of that description which she now found it proper to use was one of a date somewhat antiquated.

CHAPTER IV.—THE PAWNBROKER'S.

Poor Mary's grandmother had grown much worse. Anxiety—for in the second childhood, the few trifles which interest are clung to with more than infantile eagerness—had broken her down fearfully in a few weeks. She sat in her chair silent for hours together. Mary could no longer leave her; and, indeed, if her situation would have permitted her to be left alone, there was no cause for Mary's absence. Her employer, kind at heart, though somewhat unceremonious, had given her occupation while any lasted, but now the fashionables had all left town—the seasonable dresses were made up, and all was dull for the poor operatives. Mrs. Meredith had paid her bill, with a threat of the withdrawal of her "patronage," from such importunate people; and the milliner had paid Mary, not only a portion of the cash received from her customer, but also a portion of the patronizing condescension of that lady, as she told her poor dependent that she was sorry to say she could no longer give her work at present. Mary thanked her, passed silently into the street, summoned her fortitude to her aid, and tried to persuade herself she was merely wiping dust from her eyes, when she was stanching a tear. Mary could not be idle. She divided her little stock of money into sums to be used from day to day, and in no case to be exceeded, and found that by economy they could exist ten days—by parsimony they might make it last longer. She looked over her small stock of personal effects, to think what among them could possibly be spared, if the worst came to the worst; and she shuddered at the necessity which might occur for her visiting a pawnbroker's—a place from which her intuitive sense of delicacy shrunk. She busied herself in repairs of her scanty wardrobe, and that of her aged relative; and, after that was done, time hung heavy upon her hands, and she volunteered repairs upon the clothing of the wretched near her. It might make her some return one day—but of that she did not think, for even our poor Mary, in all her destitution, felt that there were others even more wretched than she.

Poverty makes its victims acquainted with strange associations. The gay, the happy, and the easy living world little wot of the shades and degrees of misery, which are concealed beneath the revolting and forbidding exterior of those we consider the vile, and pass without mercy as the victims of their own voluntary debasement. *Voluntary!* God in heaven, and the poor sin-infected heart on earth, alone know how little of debasement is *voluntary*. Step by step the moral leprosy steals over the human soul, each descent preparing for the next, and circumstances and temptations come unbidden, till the poor degraded being is cheated into the belief that he is not to impute blame to himself, but to accident. Or, if he remember a voluntary act of error, it is so far, far back, that he does not connect it with the present though it was the first step in his descent. But we are digressing.

"It is a pity"—said our pleasant friend of the omnibus, as he saw a girl emerge from a filthy subterranean

hole in the low part of the city. Drunken words and sounds followed her out, as she seemed to flee them, not so much in astonishment as in fright, and not so much in fright, neither, as in avoidance of annoying things, too common to excite surprise, or to induce excessive fear. Our middle-aged man would not have descended, for the world, to the den from which he saw that intelligent face coming up. "So neat too—it is a pity—a terrible pity! If she could only be snatched from this life!" and he advanced a step to follow and address her. "Humph!" he said, as he drew nearer, and then fell back again irresolute—"It is the same poor creature that came so near speaking to me in the street a week or two ago, I verily believe! So young, so neat, so modest, so superior to the others of her class; and now I recollect, it is—it must be the same girl that I took care of in an omnibus some time since. It's a pity—a terrible pity. I've a great mind to speak to her." He looked up, but she had vanished. It was Mary; and she had been clothing the unconscious child of a drunken father and heart-broken mother. Charity had lighted her path, consecrated her purposes, defended her person. Her little stock of money was almost gone, and still there opened no hope of an increase. And her poor old grandmother! It was almost a pain to Mary to see her awakening to any partial and temporary interest in things about her; for she would invariably at such times ask for the lost ring, the thought of which formed the whole occupation of her feeble mind. Had Mary been wealthy—had she possessed anything beyond what was even insufficient for her instant necessities, affection would have prompted the innocent deception of substituting another trinket, as near like the lost as could have been devised.

But Mary was poor—abjectly poor. The last shilling had been expended, and for the morrow's subsistence there remained in her possession but a few pennies. She was driven to the much dreaded step, and wrapping in a kerchief the Prayer Book, the only article save her Bible which remained, which would command even a shilling at the brokers, she took her way to Chatham street. She could not resist dwelling a moment with anxious eyes on the trumpery jewelry in the window. But she recollected the injunction, "Thou shalt not covet," and checked the thought, which seemed to her almost the forbidden sin; and with a hasty look, to be sure that no one recognized her, she entered the shop, and was shown into one of those stalls contrived for the wretched poor, and the wickedly improvident, to conceal their misery or their improvidence from each other. Guilty and wretched did Mary feel as she was about to place in careless hands, the book which had belonged to her father. But she had no choice between that and the family bible. A prayer book may be taken up in every church, but the house without the word of God beneath its roof, is indeed desolate.

Hardly had she entered, and found concealment in one of the boxes, when our old friend of the omnibus entered the place. Failing in all his attempts to trace Betty, the *esprit du corps* of her companions leading them to refuse to answer all his questions, he had commenced the round of the pawnbrokers' shops, hoping that she might attempt thus to dispose of the article in which he took what may appear to the reader such an unaccountable interest. He started at hearing a voice at his elbow, through the thin board. Unaccus-

tomed to the place, he leaned forward over the counter to look. It was *she*.

"Again!" he thought, almost aloud. "How frequently that poor child crosses my path!"

She unfolded the Prayer Book—it was an ancient and peculiar one. The pawnbroker, who knows of no family associations—no extrinsic value—no standard save dollars and cents—offered her *TENPENCE* upon it! She would have taken it back, but he had already put the ticket and the money in her hand, and she glided out of the place, with a disappointed and bursting heart.

"What is her name?" inquired our friend.

"That's telling," said the broker, with a leer.

Attracted irresistibly by its appearance, the gentleman placed his hand upon the book.

"I beg your pardon!" said the money-lender, as he took it rudely from him, and put it on a shelf behind, the ticket tucked between the pages. Pawnbrokers never break one customer's secret to another.

CHAPTER V.—FOUND.

The old lady was dying. It was near midnight, and the feeble lamp served only to make the apartment darker, by casting scarce discernable shadows. An Irish woman was rocking herself to and fro upon the floor, and uttering a low continual moan. She had no relationship there—no tie but gratitude—for she was the mother of the child whose life Mary's attention had saved. She had for the whole day, and up to that hour, busied herself with such rude offices of friendship as her kind heart prompted, and her feeble means would permit. She had even robbed her own children of a portion of their scanty food, to offer well meant sustenance to the dying, but the lacklustre eyes of the failing woman could not comprehend her offer, earnestly as she assured her that it was "*only* the hunger that was on her." The patient's faculties were benumbed, and she had already sunk into a lethargy from which no earthly power could recall her.

Mary stood at the bedside. The dying woman felt about the clothes, as if seeking to find something, which should be in her hand.

"It is the death feeling now," said the Irish woman, as she rose and stood beside the weeping Mary.

A noiseless step entered the chamber—a man had gently pressed to the bedside between the two women. The dying woman held up her hand to look again at the ring which had been so long worn upon her finger, she missed it *anew* for the thousandth time, as if she had never discovered the loss before. She threw a look of dull inquiry on her grandchild—it passed to the man beside her, and suddenly the paralytic, her gift of voice gone, struggled with all her remaining powers of vitality to turn toward him. He leaned over her and listened for her breath, but it was forever departed.

Mary permitted the stranger to draw her gently from the bedside. The kind Irish woman was about to make her own preparations for the last sad duties.

"Stay, my good woman," said he, in a voice almost stifled with grief, "I will see that the last offices are performed."

Mary rose from her seat bewildered, and our friend of the omnibus—for it was he—drew her to his bosom.

"God will forgive you what sorrow and destitution may have tempted you to forget—and I will take care that want shall no more be your apology or temptation."

And the strong man sat down and wept, but it was more for the living than for the dead.

The poor girl was bewildered. She could not imagine what he had to pray forgiveness for in her past life, or to prevent her in future; and in her hour of destitution and grief she could not give attention to the solution of riddles. She could perceive that his attentions were kind, but she felt not the reproaches which she could not understand. She almost said, and she did wish, that the charity which came so ungraciously, at so late an hour, had not come at all. Again she returned to the bedside.

"Come away, my child," said the visitor again. "If indeed you are my daughter, obey the first request I have ever made of you."

The Irish woman had taken up the light and held it to the stranger's face. Mary recognized her friend of the omnibus, and was more bewildered than ever.

"Sure, ye'll hark till what the gentleman would be sayin'," said the woman.

"I am Henry Richardson, your father!"

"Holy Virgin!" shouted the Irish woman, almost dropping her lamp, "it's a long lane that has no turn. He is good to them that remembers the poor—blessins on the night that we have lived to see—it's deep under sorrow that we find the jewel joy! The Lord save ye's now—sure ye'll be wanting to spake." And the good soul, in her intuitive knowledge of what was proper and kind, left them together.

Richardson drew his daughter from the corse of her grandmother, and seated her by his side. She could conceive of no motive for his deceiving her—she was prepossessed in his favor—she knew that no certain tidings of her father's death had ever reached his friends, and, believing all he said, she bowed her head upon his neck to weep. "O God!" he thought, "hadst thou but restored her to me innocent!" He told her first the story of his search for the ring, in which he had once or twice encountered her. He told her of his almost taking up what he now knew was his own book at the pawnbroker's. That very evening he had visited the office of a newspaper, in order to tempt the cupidity of Betty by advertising a reward for the ring. There, upon the file of papers, his eye had accidentally fallen upon her advertisement, and he had immediately followed the trace which it gave of her.

And then Mary told her father of the manner in which the ring was lost—of her meeting him upon the following Monday—of her inclination to speak—her doubt—her fears of misconstruction—and how at last her heart failed her. As she related this, and he remembered how uncharitable had been his thoughts, his heart smote him. Had she but spoken to him on that day, how much would have been saved to both!

Hope, now that one of the causes of his suspicion was wiped away, whispered to the father's heart; but still he dared only to hope. He told her of his seeing her come from the fearful place of iniquity we have described; and on that point, too, without suspecting that he had doubted her, she artlessly cleared her conduct, without knowing what was the tenor of the gentle cross-examination to which her father was subjecting her. The pure, who feel that they are above suspicion, are the last to learn that they are suspected.

The lamp had flickered out in its socket—the morning light was slowly growing in the room upon the living and the dead, and still the father and the daughter

were in busy converse, unmindful of the passage of the hours. As she answered his questions in the frankness of her young soul, unfolding itself to one whom she might love and trust, he listened with an attention which heard her every breath. Nearer and nearer had she grown to his heart, and his confidence in her every moment increased, as the purity of her mind was, unconsciously to herself, shown in her natural and easy language—not by the earnest protestations and prepared periods, which are the efforts of the hypocrite. He collected incidental proofs of what she did not dream he had doubted; and, when the morning's sun glistened in her tears, he could not resist the impulse to clasp her to his bosom with all a father's implicit affection.

Little remains to be said, save the particulars of the happy consummation, and how it happened that Mr. Richardson could meet, without knowing his own child. His heart yearned to her, even when he deemed her both a stranger and unworthy; but it is thus that affliction often makes us humane, and the heart that is in doubt respecting its own beloved is ever more tender to those who seem destitute. Called abroad, even before Mary's birth, it was his misfortune to meet with shipwreck. Taken up, the sole survivor of a wreck, by an outward bound Indiaman, he found an opening in that country for his enterprising spirit, and decided upon a temporary residence there. Writing home to advise his friends of the fact, his first letter miscarried, and the loss of the ship in which he sailed having been ascertained, he was given up as dead. His next letters, through the changes in the address of his mother, never reached their destination. He could endure the silence of his friends no longer, and returned to find his wife in the churchyard, and his mother married and removed. He wrote to her husband's address, but while the world had shifted with him, it had not stood still with his mother, and her changes of residence in following her husband, defeated inquiry. As she believed him dead, his efforts to discover her had been met with no corresponding endeavors on her part; and at length, upon the death of her second husband, she returned to New York, invested her property as we have already stated, and resided in the city to which her son was a frequent visitor, without his once suspecting her proximity, or her once imagining that he was among the living.

At the date of our story the son found himself wealthy, and alone in the world, without a connection to share his fortune. He had just returned from an excursion to the South, where he had traced his mother from place to place, and at last to New York. Meantime, as reverses had fallen upon her, she had disappeared, and he could find no one who knew whither. He had been but a short time in the search in the city, when the train of incidents which have formed the subject of this sketch occurred, and he reached the bedside of his aged parent just in season for her to imagine from his sudden apparition, that she had met her son in Heaven.

The daughter, we need not say, proved all that a father's heart could wish. He had again a home—and she what she had never known before, a father. Upon their advertising for a chambermaid, Betty was the first to present herself, with the very ring upon her finger. Many a "merry-making" had it attended in her possession, but she was not at all unwilling to part with it for a more gaudy one.

HAS OCEAN AUGHT?

BY MRS. MATILDA P. HUNT.

Yes—pearls are there,
And gems and gold;
And diamonds glare
Where none behold:
And ships are there
In ruin hurled,
And harbors, where
All flags are furl'd.

And graves are there—
Graves of the brave,
The good, the fair,
Its waters lave.
And life is there
In finny forms,
And lovely are
Its myriad swarms.

And wreaths are there,
Of sea-weed framed,
And shining hair
Of beauty famed;
And peace is there,
And quiet deep,
And couches where
The waters sleep.

And mirth is there—
Sweet sounds untold,
Where mermaids fair
Their revels hold;
And gloom is there,
In darksome cell,
And caverns, where
Sea-monsters dwell.

And tears are there,
O'er lost ones shed,
For waves to bear
Above the dead.
And thought is there
With searching mind,
And eye of care
Its stores to find.

For the Rover—Brunswick, Me., May, 1844.

POWERS, THE SCULPTOR.

Amusing Anecdote.

A FRIEND of ours, a gentleman who spent a part of the past winter in Italy, has related to us a capital anecdote which was told by Powers while a party of Americans were whiling away an evening at his house in Florence. The great sculptor is said to be a born wag, and tells a Yankee story in a style that not even Marble or Hill can ever hope to imitate. We know that the anecdote must suffer in our hands; yet we shall attempt to give it as nearly as possible in the words of the artist.

A few months since, said Powers, I received a letter post-marked at Leghorn, which proved to be the commencement of a correspondence from an eccentric genius that I had never seen or heard of before. The old gentleman, for such I knew him to be by his style and penmanship, wrote me that he had experienced a very tedious passage from Boston, was dreadful sea-sick on the voyage, had a gale of wind every few days, stated

how many fellow passengers he had, how many ropes had been broken, how he had fared, &c., &c., and all this in the plainest, simplest and most unsophisticated style, and with as much freedom and familiarity as though he had been my father, and I must necessarily feel a deep interest in every incident of his travels.

A few days afterward I received another letter, in which he told me all that had occurred to him since he landed in Italy, and stating, three or four times before he concluded, that he had written to me a few days before! He informed me, also, that he would be at Florence in a few days, when he hoped to have the pleasure of seeing me "face to face." He thought, however, that this pleasure might possibly be delayed a few weeks, for he was of half a mind to go down to Rome and Naples before he visited me.

Three days afterward I received a third letter from my unknown friend, in which he said he was sorry to inform me that he had fully determined to go to the south of Italy, repeatedly dwelling upon his regret that he could not come "straight" to see me, and at the same time informing me that he was "pretty well off in the world," having made "as much as he should want by trading in Boston," and having "no chick nor child to cry for bread." In each of the two latter epistles he was careful to advert to the precious communications, and to recapitulate all that he had said in them, in a style not much unlike that for which Mr. Slick is so notorious, and in a hand-writing which required all my powers (and I have a family of some five or six) to decipher. But the most amusing things in the last letter were the nota bene and postscripts with which, by-the-way, all of them more or less abounded. After having made two or three at the foot of the third letter, the old gentleman could not put it into the post without adding two or three more on the back after it was sealed. Those on the back ran thus:

"N. B.—I think after all I shall see you in a few days."

"P. S.—If I do not see you I will write to you."

"P. S. again.—If you should not hear from me in a month, you may conclude that I have gone to the *Holy Land*."

Well,—continued Powers, in his peculiarly humorous and happy manner,—while I did not complain at paying postage on the old gentleman's letters, I must confess that I was rather pleased at the idea that he was probably on his way to Jerusalem, for he did not seem to need any of my assistance in anything, and the information which he communicated had not aided me much in my profession, producing always a degree of excitement in the risible faculties too immoderate to be beneficial.

Some two months afterward, while occupied, chisel in hand, over some of the finishing traces of my favorite Eve, an old gentleman, with a slouched hat and a pepper and salt coat with heavy, sagging pockets at the sides, entered my studio, and took a seat upon a block of marble. I made him my best bow, invited him to a chair, and continued my work. He then pulled a corn-cob out of one pocket, and the barrel of a goose-quill out of the other, and inserting the latter into the former, asked me if I ever smoked. On being answered in the negative, he said, "I always smoke when I can get a chance;" and, raking a brimstone match along the bottom of his left shoe, set fire to the tobacco with which he had loaded his pipe, and began

puffing away like a steamboat. After sitting and smoking for about a quarter of an hour, he stood up, and looking me full in the face, asked, with a genuine Down East drawl:

"Is your name Powers?"

"That is my name, sir."

"What! Hiram Powers?"

"The same, sir—your humble servant."

"Wal, you're the very man I wanted to see. I've writ you three letters."

"I am aware of that, sir—I received them."

"I'm from Boston myself, and I b'lieve you are from them are parts somewhere; and bein' as you was the only American I had ever heard of in Italy, I jest thought I would write you a letter when I got to shore. I'm very sorry that I couldn't git here before, but there was no help for it."

I assured him that it afforded me great pleasure to meet him, and offered my services for any purpose that he might please to command them. He repeated verbally what he had before written—that he had "made as much as he should want by trading in Boston," was "pretty well off in the world," and had "no chick nor child to cry for bread." He seemed to be pleased with the figures and busts around him, making the most particular inquiries about every piece.

"What is that one?" he asked.

"That is my Greek slave."

"Du tell! Did you ever see a Greek slave?"

"I have, and have endeavored faithfully to represent one in that figure."

"It is a great pity that so pretty a woman should be in chains. And what is *this*—this ere small figure of a boy, with a conk-shell at his ear and a fisherman's seine in his hand?"

"This is my Fisher-boy—an ideal figure, illustrative of the beautiful superstition among Eastern fishermen, that they can tell whether the storm is approaching by holding to their ear the sea-shell."

"Why, he really looks like a live feller a-listenin'. And what is that are you're at work on?"

"This is intended to represent Eve, holding in her hand the forbidden fruit."

"Wal, it's my opinion, Mr. Powers, that all these statys, as you call 'em, would look a good 'eal better if they had some clothes on."

"But you must confess that they wouldn't look so natural."

"Oh yes; but what's the price of that are piece of statyary you are making there?"

"Is should be worth from four to five thousand dollars, I think."

"What! five thousand dollars for that are! I had thought I should bye me a piece of statyary before I go home, but *that's* out of the question. Hasn't statyary riz lately? How's paintins here now?"

I informed him that I had not noticed any "sudden change in the market," when he replied that I was "a little too hard" for him, and bade me good morning. Whether he purchased any statuary or paintings before leaving for home I did not learn. He was so astounded at my price for Eve, that a period was put to our correspondence.

Such is the story which we have undertaken to give our readers second-hand from the great sculptor. There is no American residing abroad who is prouder of his country and its institutions than Powers, and he would be the last to say a disparaging word against one of his

own countrymen to foreigners. Nevertheless, being himself a Yankee boy, he enjoys a Yankee story with great relish, and never fails to entertain a company of American friends with more or less of his New England anecdotes, and stories of New England characters.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

THE HERITAGE OF LOVE.

BY C. D. STUART.

"WHAT will ye have?" said Jove one day,
To those fair children of his own,
Who, crown'd, earth's destiny to sway,
Stood lingering round their father's throne.

Pride raised her voice for pomp and name,
Ambition chose the sword of power—
Hope wish'd but rosy dreams of fame,
While Avarice ask'd a golden dower.

Thus panoplied on earth to reign,
The servants of their sire above,
They stood, a bright immortal train,
All arm'd, but meek and blue-eyed Love!

"My son!" the Eternal Thunderer said,
"Why all unarm'd, my light, my joy?
What helmet shall adorn the head
Of thee, my youngest, fairest boy?"

"Ah! neither crown nor helm I seek!"
The weeping child, with murmuring, cried;
"Give but the tear that's on thy cheek,
The smile that trembles by its side!"

Full in his father's arms he fell,
All faint, he neither sees nor hears;
The god, disarm'd by pity's swell,
Gave up his wreath of smiles and tears!

Now Pride, Ambition, Avarice roam
Poor wanderers 'mid their ruin huri'd;
And Hope has sought with Love a home,
While Love has conquered all the world!
For the Rover—New York, May, 1844.

THE LEG.

In the autumn of 1782, the surgeon Louis Thevenet of Calais, received an anonymous letter, requiring his attendance on the following day at a certain house not far from the town, and requesting him to bring with him the necessary instruments for amputating a limb. Thevenet was, at that period, very renowned for his skill, and it was by no means uncommon for patients to send for him from England, in order to be guided by his judgment in cases of more than extraordinary importance. He had been long attached to the army, and though of somewhat uncouth manner, was universally beloved on account of the kindness of his disposition.

Thevenet puzzled a long time over the anonymous communication. Both time and place were indicated with the greatest exactness; at such an hour, and at such a spot, would he be expected; but, as before observed, the letter bore no signature. "A hoax, in all probability," was the conclusion he arrived at, and he resolved not to go.

Three days afterward he received a similar invitation, though couched in more pressing terms, with the announcement that a carriage would be at his door at

nine the next morning, to convey him to the appointed spot.

Scarcely had the clock finished striking the hour of nine, on the following morning, than a handsome open carriage drove to the surgeon's door; he made no further hesitation, but entered it. As he got in, he inquired of the coachman whither he was going to drive him, and the man replied in the English language, "I do not meddle with things that are no business of mine."

"O ho! so I have to do with an Englishman, you surly dog," replied Thevenet.

The coach arrived at length at the appointed house. "Who am I to see—who lives here—who is ill?" asked Thevenet of the coachman, as he left the carriage. The man repeated his former answer, and was thanked for his civility in terms very much resembling those above quoted.

He was received at the door by a handsome young man, about twenty-eight years old, who conducted him up a staircase to a large room. His accent betrayed him to be a native of Great Britain. Thevenet addressed him in English, and was replied to with much politeness.

"You desired my attendance," said the surgeon.

"I am very grateful for the trouble you have taken to visit me. Pray rest yourself; here are refreshments of all kinds, if you wish anything before performing the operation."

"First of all, sir let me see and examine the patient; possibly it may not be necessary to proceed to amputation."

"It will be necessary, Monsieur Thevenet. Let me entreat you to be seated. I have the fullest confidence in you—listen to me. Here is a purse containing a hundred guineas, they are yours when the operation is over, let the result be what it may. If, on the contrary you refuse to fulfil my wishes—you see this loaded pistol—you are in my power, and, as sure as you are alive, I shoot you dead on the spot."

"Sir, your pistol does not in the least alarm me. What is it you require? Tell me at once without further preface, for what purpose have I been summoned here?"

"You must cut off my right leg."

"With all my heart, sir, and your head as well, if you please: but, if I am not mistaken, your leg appears perfectly sound. You sprang up the staircase just now, with all the agility of a rope dancer."

"What is the matter with your leg?"

"Nothing whatsoever, only off it must come."

"Sir, you are a fool!"

"That, Monsieur Thevenet, is no business of yours."

"What sin has that well-shapen limb of your committed?"

"None; but have you made up your mind to take it off?"

"Sir, you are a stranger to me, and I should like to have proofs of your being of sound mind."

"Monsieur Thevenet, will you grant my request?"

"First, sir, give me some sufficient reason for inflicting so wanton a mutilation on you."

"I cannot disclose the truth to you at present, I may, perhaps, within a year; but I will lay you any wager, sir, that you yourself will, at the expiration of the twelvemonth, allow that my reasons for desiring to be freed of my leg were most satisfactory and praiseworthy."

"I make no bet with you, unless you inform me your name, your residence, your family and profession."

"All this shall be duly communicated to you, but not at present. Allow me to ask you if you consider me a man of honor?"

"A man of honor does not present a pistol at his surgeon's head. I have duties to perform even toward you, who are a total stranger to me. Without it be strictly necessary, I will not consent to mutilate you. If you are bent on becoming the assassin of an innocent father of a family—fire!"

"Tis well, Monsieur Thevenet," answered the Englishman, taking up the pistol: "I will still compel you to remove my leg. What my entreaties have failed to obtain; what neither the hope of reward nor the fear of death have succeed in extorting from you, I will owe to your passion."

"How so, sir?"

"I will lodge a ball in my leg, here before your very eyes."

The young man sat down, and deliberately placed the muzzle immediately above his knee. Monsieur Thevenet rushed toward him in hopes of preventing him from effecting his mad design. "Sit from your seat!" exclaimed the Englishman; "and I pull the trigger. Answer me once more, will you put me to the needless pain—will you, by your refusal, compel me to increase the sufferings I have to endure?"

"Sir, once more you are a fool, but be it as you wish—I consent to take off that cursed leg of yours."

The necessary preparations were made. Just before the first incision, the Englishman lighted his pipe, and swore it should not go out. True to his word, he smoked on till the leg lay on the ground before him, no longer his own exclusive property.

Monsieur Thevenet showed all his wonted skill, and in a tolerably short space of time, the patient was restored to health. He gave his surgeon a munificent fee, and felt his esteem for him increase each day. With tears of gratitude in his eyes he thanked him for relieving him of his limb, and sailed for England duly equipped with a wood leg.

About eighteen months after these events, Monsieur Thevenet received a letter from England, to the following effect:

Enclosed is an order on Monsieur Panchaud of Paris, for two hundred and fifty guineas, which I beg you to accept in token of my heartfelt gratitude. By depriving me of a limb which formed the sole obstacle to my earthly bliss, you have rendered me the happiest of mortals!

"Best of men. At length shall you be made acquainted with the real grounds of what you were pleased to term my mad whim. You persisted in maintaining that no rational cause could possibly warrant the self-mutilation I have undergone. Well for you that you refused to accept the wager I offered."

"Shortly after my last return from the East Indies, I became acquainted with perfection in the person of Emily Harley; I fell desperately in love with her. Her wealth and family connexions made my relations as eager for the match as myself, though I saw but her beauty and angelic disposition. I yoked myself to the car of her admirers. Alas! my dear Thevenet, I was fortunate enough to become the most unfortunate of all my rivals; she loved me—and me only; she avowed her affection, and—rejected me? In vain did I

press my suit, in vain did her parents and friends intercede for me—she remained inexorable.

"For a long time did I fail to discover the cause of her refusal to become mine : to make one happy whom she owned to loving to distraction. At length one of her sisters revealed the mystery. Miss Harley was a marvel of beauty, but, strange to relate, was born with but one leg, and this blemish rendered her averse to becoming my wife, as she feared I might look on her with aversion.

"My resolution was soon formed. I determined there should be no disparity between us, and thanks to you, worthy Thevenet, it exists no longer.

"I returned to London with my wooden leg and at once betook myself to Miss Harley. The report had circulated (set on foot by a letter I had previously despatched to England) that I had injured my leg by a fall from my horse, and that amputation was found necessary; I became the object of universal pity. Emily fainted away at our first meeting. She remained for a long time inconsolable; but at length consented to our marriage. On the day after our union did I, for the first time, disclose the sacrifice I had made to gain her hand. Her love for me became even yet more tender. O, Thevenet! to obtain my Emily, I would lose ten more legs without the least compunction.

"My gratitude toward you can only end with my life. Come to London and pay us a visit, and when once you have seen my angel wife, I defy you to say again that I am a fool.

CHARLES TEMPLE."

Monsieur Thevenet showed the letter to his friends after having related all the preceding circumstances, and he never told the story without a burst of laughter, as he wound it up with: "He is as much a fool as ever!"

The following is his answer to the above:

"Sir—I am much obliged to you for your munificent present for such must I term a sum so much exceeding the value of my humble services.

"I congratulate you on your marriage with your accomplished countryman. True, a leg is a heavy price to pay for the possession of a fair and virtuous wife; yet not too heavy, if the result prove in favor of the change. It cost Adam a rib from his body to be blessed with Eve; many other men, since him, have lost their ribs for their fair ones; some even have forfeited their heads.

"Notwithstanding your protestations, you must allow me to retain my original opinion. Very probably you are right at present, for you are still in all the rapture of the honeymoon. I am right, too, but with this difference, that it requires time to be convinced of the justice of my opinion; for it is ever long ere we are willing to admit the truth of ideas that clash with our own.

"Have a care, sir, for I strongly suspect, that ere two years are flown, you will begin to wish that the amputation had been performed below the knee joint. In three years it will strike you that you might very well have compounded for the loss of your foot only. In four years you will think that the sacrifice of your great toe might have very well sufficed, and before the expiration of the fifth year, you will grudge even your little toe. After six years, I am afraid the paring of your nails will seem to you all that was necessary.

"I have said all this without prejudice to your wife's merits. Beauty and virtue are not so fleeting as the

judgment of man. In my youth I would have laid down my life for the beloved one, but I never would have lost my leg for her; the loss of one I would never have repented, but each day I should have repined over the sacrifice of the other. Had I ever consented to such a sacrifice, I should say: 'Thevenet, you were a fool?' and herewith I have the honor, etc. etc.

G. THEVENET."

In the year 1793, during the reign of terror, Monsieur Thevenet, who had been denounced as an aristocrat by some aspiring member of his profession, fled to London in order to escape the equalizing propensities of the guillotine. When there, desiring to increase his acquaintance, he inquired for the residence of Sir Charles Temple.

He was directed to his mansion, and was announced to its master. Seated on an easy chair by the fireside, a foaming tankard of porter at his elbow, and twenty newspapers strewed around him, appeared a portly gentleman, whose size would scarcely allow him to quit his chair.

"Ha! right welcome, Monsieur Thevenet! exclaimed the portly gentleman, who was no other than Sir Charles Temple; do not be offended with me if I resume my seat, but my cursed wooden leg is always in my way. In all probability, my worthy friend, you are come to ascertain if my hour of conviction has arrived?"

"I am here as a fugitive from my native land, and claim your protection!"

"You must take up your abode with me, for, of a verity, you are a wise man. By this time Thevenet, I should have been admiral of the blue, if this infernal wooden leg had not incapacitated me from serving my country. Here am I reading in the papers news of the most stirring kind, and cursing my stars that I can take no part in all that is going on. Come, say something consoling to me."

"Your excellent lady is far better adapted than I to play the comforter."

"Don't mention her. Her wooden leg hinders her from dancing, so she has devoted herself to cards and scandal; there is no possible dealing with her; but she is a good enough woman in her way."

"Then, after all, I was right?"

"Most indubitably so, my dear Thevenet; but enough of that. I committed an egregious blunder. Had I but my leg back again, not a nail-pairing of it would I part with. Between ourselves, be it said, I was a fool; but keep this piece of truth to yourself."

CRUISE OF THE FOX PRIVATEER

Of Portsmouth, N. H.

BY ONE OF HER OFFICERS.

THE FOX was built in Portland by William Moulton. She was of about two hundred and fifty tons, and carried a long twenty-four pounder on a pivot amidships—two long French eight, and ten eighteen pound carronades. She sailed from Portsmouth, N. H. in March, 1814, on her fourth cruise, under command of Elihu Deering Brown, Esq. Her officers and crew consisted of ninety men.

On leaving port she stood to the eastward, and on the third day made Cape Sable. Here we hove to, as this was the headland always made by vessels bound into the Bay of Fundy. On the 22d of March, fell in with and captured a schooner from Jamaica, loaded

with rum. Put a prize-master and crew on board and ordered her to Portsmouth. Shortly after we stood to the eastward as far as Liverpool, N. S. Off this place we fell in with a brig from the West Indies, with a cargo of sugar. She had, besides, \$1,000 on board. For safe-keeping we concluded to "remove the deposits;" after which we manned her and ordered her to Portsmouth.

After this we continued standing off and on until the 1st of April, when we fell in with a schooner from Liverpool, loaded with potatoes, bound to St. John, N. F. We took a good supply of her cargo, which we found very acceptable, and was about letting her go, when her captain, Bartlett by name, in the course of conversation, said he was formerly 1st lieutenant of the privateer Liverpool packet, and the prize schooner was originally a prize to her. Captain Brown being informed of this circumstance immediately ordered the crew to be taken out and the vessel destroyed, which was accordingly done by scuttling her. The Liverpool packet is well remembered by many of the people of Maine, especially those concerned in the coasting trade. Large numbers of them suffered greatly by this vessel—in fact she was the greatest scourge that ever entered Massachusetts bay—the Bulwark, Sir. Thomas Keppell, excepted. This honorable gentleman burnt all, indiscriminately—fishermen, coasters, and everything that would burn, if fallen in with after eleven o'clock—for, after this hour, he was remarkably fond of bon-fires.

After this capture we stood off and on a few days without falling in with anything. We then run down off Sambo Light, and lay by. On the 12th of April, in the morning, the fog cleared up, saw a large brig inshore of us under easy sail. Tacked ship and stood for him. On the first glance at him he presented a tier of painted ports, but soon showed a black side. He was standing along with reefs in his topsails and foresails—his foresails standing up high from the deck, and otherwise disguised to appear like a merchantman. We stood down within a mile's distance from him, and tacked ship. In a few minutes his rigging was alive with men, letting out reefs and making all sail in chase. The wind was blowing a moderate breeze from the eastward, and we continued standing close hauled on the wind to the southward. Our craft had the longest legs and we walked away from him without any trouble. He continued the chase, however, until sundown, when it fell calm. The enemy appeared satisfied that he could not outsail us; neither could he deceive us by his disguise. Although the Fox was far from being a fast sailer, yet she run the whole war as a privateer, and for several years as a Guineaman from the Island of Martinico, and was never captured. At her greatest peril there was always something to intervene to save her.

At sundown we were about ten miles bearing North from the stranger. About midnight a breeze sprung up from N. E. We immediately tacked ship and stood to the northward, with a light air of wind gradually increasing and hauling, so that the enemy, by keeping on the same tack, came in close contact with us at daylight—not more than good musket shot off. We found we had formed a complete angle for meeting, and the chase was evidently as much taken by surprise as ourselves, for we passed without receiving a single shot from him, he not being cleared for action. We were standing on opposite tacks, and he imme-

diately tacked ship. The moment that his helm was down, ours was also. We found we could go in stays twice to his once—it was therefore thought best to tack with him, keeping on opposite tacks, taking care to pass him as quick as possible. As soon, however, as his guns could be brought to bear on us he opened his whole broadside, and continued to play on us until out of range, when he would tack ship.

The wind being light we got out sweeps to help us out of trouble. Thus we continued beating to windward without receiving much damage; only two shot came on board, and but one of them did any damage. This shot came in aft, knocked one man down at the sweeps, and passed through the two arm chests making the muskets, pistols and cutlasses fly in every direction, but neither killed nor wounded a single person. The man knocked down was not hurt, it being only effected by the wind of the ball. A negro, a native of Jamaica, standing on the arm chest at the time the shot struck it, looked up at the brig for an instant and sung out, "You lie, d—n you! no kill um dis time!"

We still continued turning to windward, always tacking when he tacked, thus keeping on the opposite tack with the enemy, until we at last got out of reach of his guns. We then stood to the south east, until dark. This vessel proved to be the Rifleman sloop of war, mounting eighteen guns, long nines and thirty-two pounders. We continued standing S. E. until 4 A. M., when we tacked ship and stood in shore. We run until we made Cape Cansor, and then stood off and on until about the 25th of April.

About 2 P. M. one day we saw a large sail in the West, coming down on us with a cloud of canvas, and shortly after a brig hove in sight in the southward, both giving us chase. The ship we soon recognized as the Majestic Razee. The wind at this time blowing strong from N. N. W., we shaped our course for the Isle of Sable—a low sand Island, very dangerous and much feared by cruisers, as it cannot be seen but at a short distance, being nearly on a level with the sea. At 10 P. M. wind hauled to N. and N. N. E., which enabled us to bring the enemy dead before the wind.

The chase continued and the wind increased. The moon at this time was in the full—the weather was clear, except flying clouds, which would occasionally obscure her—and to these slight eclipses we were in a great measure indebted for our escape. The brig held no way with, but the ship gained slowly on us. She would frequently however lose sight of us, as the clouds passed the moon, and on this account she several times hauled on a wind—but as the clouds cleared away she would again get a sight of us and continue the chase. At 12, night, we drew near the Isle of Sable, and she gave up the chase. We then hauled to the eastward and saw her no more.

We then concluded to try our fortune off Cape Race, N. F. Here we arrived in May. Stood in to make the Cape. It being foggy, could see nothing for some time. A length the fog cleared away and we found ourselves close on board of two frigates. One was the Tenados and the other a barque-rigged vessel, name not known. They were laying under easy sail and disguised for decoy; but the Fox was too cunning to be caught by artifice. The vessel was put about on the same tack with the enemy, to try the rate of sailing. We soon ascertained that they were not merchantmen,

for under their then short sail we found we could not fore-reach them but a little. If we had any doubts in regard to the matter they were soon removed, for they shortly made sail in chase.

At this time the *Tenados* frigate was about three miles on our lee quarter, and the barque about four. The chase continued until 12, night, at which time the *Tenados* was three miles on our weather quarter, having eaten us this much out of the wind. The breeze steadily increased till it blew almost a gale. The barque still hung on our lee quarter, not gaining any. The ship, at 12, was able to carry her fore topmast studding sail to advantage, and finish the chase at once. In this situation we found that something must be done quickly or we were lost. Captain Brown gave orders to have the square sail bent, the studding sails lower and aloft, got ready. We then let fly the main sheet—put the helm hard aweather—squared the yards as she fell off—set square-sail and all other sail that would draw dead before the wind. The frigate immediately kept away, which brought us close together. But we soon brought him dead before the wind, which caused all his sails to draw upon one mast. A schooner has a great advantage in this position, for she can show more sail according to her size than a frigate. The chase continued all night and next day—the wind blowing a strong gale from N. E. In the course of the day the frigate carried away three topmast studding sail booms and lost as many as two lower studding sails; for we noticed she set topgallant sails for lower studding sails. We kept about one or two miles from him, but he never fired a gun. The wind increasing in the afternoon, and a short, sharp sea making, caused our vessel to steer bad. About 4 P. M. we found the ship was gaining on us. So thought the first lieutenant Captain Harry Salter, but Captain Brown would not be convinced for some time; he, however, was satisfied of its truth before it was too late.

In the position we were then in, it was thought best to try one and the last experiment. This was to start all the water in the lower hold, pumping it out at the same time. This we found affected our steering for the better; but still the enemy gained slowly on us. At length it was deemed advisable to heave our guns overboard. It was a hard case, and we were extremely loth to do so; however, the order was given, and in ten minutes her decks were cleared of all except Long Tom and the Long Eights, or, as some called them, Nines. This done, it raised the bows of the *Fox* out of water and improved her speed and steerage. We found that the enemy did not gain on us; nor did we leave her perceptibly, although we were not a little pleased to find that we held our own.

The frigate was now within good gun-shot, but did not fire. Before heaving our guns over we had come to the conclusion that we should be taken, and the captain ordered the thousand dollars prize money to be shared among the crew, or otherwise to make a division of it for that purpose, should we be so unfortunate as to be captured. Our greatest fears, in the event of her coming up with us, were, that she would run us down and destroy every soul of us—as such things have been done by the officers of the navy of this magnanimous nation. But we were neither doomed to captivity or destruction.

At 6 P. M. the gale greatly increased, attended with heavy squalls of rain. We now had night—and a dark one indeed when the squalls passed over us. At

8 P. M. there came on a most tremendous squall, which carried away our squaresail boom. We hastily cleared the wreck—took in studding sails, hauled the sheets aft, and then jammed close on a wind to the southward. At 11 P. M. took in jib and mainsail, and hove to under the foresail, thinking ourselves happy in escaping, for we had but little hopes of getting clear. We now set the watch and endeavored to get some rest, as our watching and anxiety had nearly beat us out. The writer of this sketch was at the con from the first hour of the chase until the vessel was hove to—being relieved only by Captain Brown himself just long enough to take a bite of bread and meat, &c.

The next morning at daylight a sail was seen to the northward. All hands were called to make sail in chase. At 8 A. M. came up with the chase, which proved to be an English brig, called the *Ballize*, from Liverpool, and last from Cork, bound to Quebec, with an assorted cargo of dry goods. The brig had been under a convoy, but owing to her bad sailing was left in the rear. This was a valuable prize. As she was found to be a dull sailer, it was thought best, under all circumstances, to load the *Fox* out of her cargo, thereby lightening the prize, and thus, perhaps, improve her sailing. As we had thrown our guns overboard, it was also deemed best for us to go into port with what we could stow. We accordingly went to work and got all on board that we could stow away, leaving not a hole or crevice unfilled. Where we could not put a piece of broadcloth we stuffed in pieces of linen, calico, &c., leaving no room below for our own accommodation. This completed, we put on board a prize-master and crew, and ordered her to the nearest port. I would here state that, in taking out the goods, we found two hogsheds of scalping knives, intended, no doubt to be employed by the Indians. These we threw overboard. We then made sail for Portsmouth, where we shortly arrived, having been sixty days on the cruise.

The two prizes first captured had arrived safely into American ports, but we had little hopes of our last and best prize getting in—she being a very dull sailer; but she had the good luck to get on to Saco bar, where she arrived in a thick fog, while at the same time there lay at anchor off Wood Island two frigates. The good people of Saco did not permit her to lay long on the bar. At high water they got her into the river and up to the falls, and immediately went to work and discharged her, taking the cargo into the country, whence some of it never returned,—it was supposed. They were fearful that the enemy would come into the town and perhaps burn it.

The cargo of these three prizes sold for about \$600,000, and each seaman's share amounted to \$1,360, after the slicing of agents and the owners, their friends and relations. Of all the officers and crew of the *Fox* that are now living, I know of but one who is not poor—and all of those who have died, died poor, which goes to establish the truth of an old saying, money obtained by privateering soon takes to itself wings.—*Portland Transcript*.

Men show particular folly on five different occasions: when they establish their fortune on the ruin of others; expect to excite love by coldness, and by showing more dislike than affection—wish to become learned in the midst of repose and pleasure—seek friends without making any advances of friendship; and when they are unwilling to succor their friends in distress.

THERE is nothing better for the blues than reading some of the humorous poetry of Oliver Wendell Holmes. The following is equally graphic and grotesque. That species of marble, commonly called "pudding stone," abounds in Dorchester and other places in the vicinity of Boston, and is often met with, thickly scattered in rude lumps and boulders on the surface of the ground. Hence the origin of the poem.

THE DORCHESTER GIANT.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THERE was a giant in time of old,
A mighty one was he;
He had a wife, but she was a scold,
So he kept her shut in his mammoth fold,
And he had children three.

It happened to be an election day,
And the giants were choosing a king—
The people were not democrats then,
They didn't talk of the rights of men,
And all that sort of thing.

Then the giant took his children three
And fastened them in the pen:
The children roared—quoith the giant, "Be still!"
And Dorchester Heights and Milton Hill
Rolled back the sound again.

Then he brought them a pudding stuff'd with plums
As big as the State House dome;
Quoth he, "There's something for you to eat,
To stop your mouths with your 'lection treat,
And wait till your dad comes home."

So the giant pulled him a chesnut stout,
And whittled the boughs away;
The boys and their mother set up a shout—
Said he, "You're in, and you can't get out,
Bellow as loud as you may."

Off he went, and growled a tune,
As he strode the fields along:
'Tis said a buffalo fainted away,
And fell as cold a lump of clay,
When he heard the giant's song.

Hark! on the common there is a row,
The giants are fighting there!
There are two parties in politics,
And they're having the matter out with sticks—
What funny oaths they swear!

Now go it, my little man in green,
You're lightest by a ton;
Another slap on his knowledge box—
There he is, like a slaughtered ox—
It was right bravely done!

What are those lone ones doing now—
The wife and children sad?
Oh! they are in a terrible rout,
Screaming and throwing their pudding about,
Acting as they were mad.

They flung it over to Roxbury hills,
They flung it over the plain;
And all over Milton, and Dorchester, too,
Great lumps of pudding the giants throw,
They tumbled as thick as rain!

Giant and mammoth have passed away,
For ages have floated by;
The suet is hard as a marrow bone,
And every plump is turned to stone,
But there the puddings lie.

THE DECLARATION.

The groups around the marble stairs
Are whispering low and sweet,
And, echoing to the music strain,
They hear the dancers' feet:
How sweetly floats that festive air
Amid the gardens round,
And lingering on the night wind's breath
The swelling cadence sounds.

Now tread they in the silent street,
Where bright the moonlight falls
Upon the mantling vines that shade
Her father's snowy walls:
Her lover's voice gives sweeter tones
Than music ever made;
Her eyes have sought the ground, her hand
Still on his arm is laid:

"One moment on the gallery stay
To watch the lady moon,
Or see the glittering stars that deck
The purple sky of June;
See where thy clustering roses climb
Upon the railing high,
And where the fair catalpa bends
Her graceful canopy.

"Ah! linger 'neath this moonlit sky
But one sweet moment more—
I give my beating heart to thee
Beside thy father's door.
Thou wert the playmate and the friend
Of childhood's balmy time,
The fancy of the dreaming boy,
The love of manhood's prime!"

LORA.

For the Rover—New York, May, 1844.

THE ROVER OMNIBUS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We have not lost sight of the hint given to us by H. C. J. two or three weeks ago, and shall endeavor to profit by it.

Some scraps received some time since from a "Subscriber" at Boston, will soon be published. They have been mislaid for awhile.

The lines of Phazma 2d, of Boston, on C. W. D. appear to us to be on a used up subject. The game can hardly be worth the powder.

Some fair correspondent, who signs herself "Lora," has sent us a couple of very sweet pieces of poetry, one of which, "The Declaration," is published in the present number. If these articles are original, and they certainly are new to us, we shall consider ourselves very much favored by further communications from the writer. We have reserved the other gem for our next number.

"Our Childhood's Days," by S. M. E. is too common place. To write well on a hackneyed subject is no easy matter.

Lines to — by O. F. of Albany, have not sufficient interest for publication.

Other articles on hand will be attended to soon.

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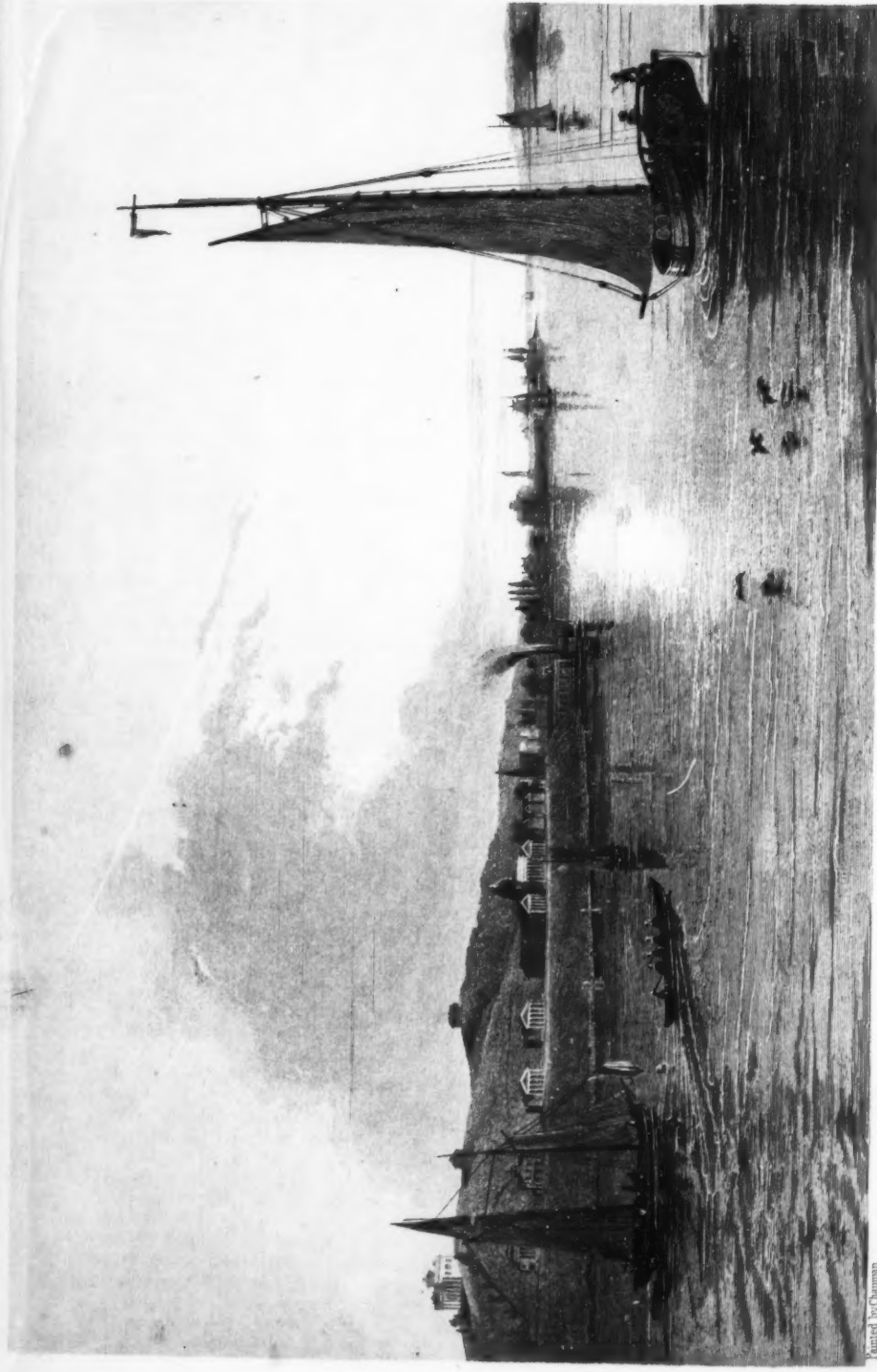
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Great Hall.

Painted by Chapman.

NEW BRIGLTON IN THE VICINITY OF NEW YORK.

THE ROVER.

THE WIFE'S REMONSTRANCE.

BY CAROLINE M. SAWYER.

Oh, why are you sad when all others are gay?
Is earth darker now than in life's early day?
Is the kind hand withdrawn that upheld us of yore,
Or the bright laughing sunshine around us no more?
No; earth is still smiling, and nature is clad
In all her old beauty—then why art thou sad?

True, some friends, grown faithless, seem cold and estranged,

But others are left us whose love is unchanged;
Whose hearts, through all seasons of good or of ill,
Like the ivy, around us cling faithfully still!
Let us cherish them deep in our hearts, and be glad,
For oh! with such blessings how can we be sad!

You say we are poor!—ah, I have not forgot
That to struggle with fortune is oft times our lot;
But think you that we are less happy than they
Who drag on 'mid splendor their wearisome day?
For their wealth would you barter the bliss we have had?
Oh no! then what need have our hearts to be sad!

Why fear for the future?—for nine years or more,
We have managed to keep the gaunt wolf from our door;
And why, in the days yet to come, should our state,
Though humble, be marked by a gloomier fate?
Let us give God our thanks for the past, and be glad;
How much more need have others, than we, to be sad!

I know there are seasons when, strive as we will,
Presentiment whispers for ever of ill;
There are dark, boding visions of trouble and pain,
That lurk in the heart till they madden the brain!
Wo, wo for that bosom! it cannot be glad—
O God, shield us well from such cause to be sad!

Let us humbly hope on; and if dark be our way,
Remember that night is e'er followed by day;
Though tempests and whirlwinds may rage through the
skies,

They will pass, and the sunshine again meet our eyes;
Let our hearts and our brows, then, in sunshine be clad,
For God made us not to be gloomy and sad!

NEW BRIGHTON.

WITH AN ENGRAVING.

It was the remark of an accomplished European traveler who, being a great lover of nature, had traversed the Confederacy far and wide in search of the picturesque, that he only wanted "to float off Staten Island to Europe to give his countrymen an idea of the scenic beauties of America: the rest of the continent might be swallowed up in the ocean for what he cared—this little island comprised in miniature every thing that was characteristic about it!" And true it is that while the little hills of Staten Island are more like mountains than many uplands of twenty times their height, her prurient groves might readily be mistaken for primeval forests; her broad meadows for a southern savannah or Illinois prairie, and her diminutive lakelets, with their wooded headlands all in such fair proportion to the little areas of water they diversify,

VOLUME III.—No 13.

pass for Lilliputian types of the beautiful lakes of the interior.

It is this diversity of scenery, all within an afternoon's drive of New Brighton, which gives its best attractions to that most comfortable of watering places. It is too near the city and too cheaply accessible ever to be pre-eminently *fashionable*—though its cockney name was originally given with that intention, and a spasmodic effort is made every summer to puff it into the position once filled exclusively by Saratoga. A most wretched policy; for while fashionable whim is from season to season ever fluctuating between one place of summer resort and another—the true and real attractions of New Brighton are of so permanent a character that she must ever be independent of their caprices. The yatcher, the bather, the horseman, the sketcher, the florist, can always here enjoy his favorite diversion, while quartered as comfortably as in the best built street in the city: while in an half hour's time he can exchange the singing of birds, the breeze on the hills, and the music of waters for the busy atmosphere of Wall street. He may live as secluded in his airy room at the Pavilion as a student in his college cloister—or he may mingle with the dance in the evening—or pace the long piazza with some gay bevy, and air his sentimental vocabulary at option under the thrifty elms. In a word, though its palaces are but pine and stucco, and its name a cocknified abomination in the ears of taste, yet elegance, airiness, convenience and enjoyment are found in and about them as abundantly as in any place of summer resort throughout the broad union: and none of our country subscribers should think they have a full idea of the beauties of the bay of New York, unless they have watched its animated shipping from the delightful terrace of New Brighton.

BARRING-OUT THE MASTER.

THIS custom of the school-boys, when they wished to "bring the master to terms," in lengthening out their holidays or granting them some other desired boon, used to be somewhat prevalent in England many years ago, and we believe it has not entirely gone out of use in some parts of the country even to this day. The same custom has prevailed to some extent in some of our Southern states. A writer in a London periodical some eight or ten years ago gave the following well drawn sketch of one of the last instances of "barring-out."

It was a few days before the usual period of the Christmas holidays arrived, when the leading scholars of the head form determined on reviving the ancient but almost obsolete custom of *barring-out* the master of the school. Many years had elapsed since the attempt had succeeded; and many times since that period had it been made in vain. The scholars had heard of the glorious feats of their forefathers in their boyish years, when they set the lash of the master at defiance for days together. Now, alas! all was changed; the master, in the opinion of the boys, reigned a despot absolute and uncontrolled. The merciless cruelty of his rod, and the heaviness of his tasks were insupportable. The accustomed holidays had been re-

scinded; the usual Christmas feast reduced to a non-entity, and the chartered rights of the scholars were continually violated. These grievances were discussed *seriatim*; and we all were unanimously of opinion that our wrongs should, if possible, be redressed. But how the object should be effected was a momentous and weighty affair. The master was a clergyman of the old school, who for the last forty years had exercised an authority hitherto uncontrolled, and who had no idea of enforcing scholastic discipline without the exercise of the whip. The consequences of a failure were terrible to reflect upon; but then, the anticipation of success, and the glory attendant upon the enterprise, if successful, were sufficient to dispel every fear.

At the head of the Greek class, there was one whose very soul seemed formed for the most daring attempts. He communicated his intentions to a chosen few, of which the writer was one, and offered to be the leader of the undertaking, if we would promise him our support. We hesitated; but he represented the certainty of success with such feeling eloquence, that he entirely subdued our opposition. He stated that Addison had acquired immortal fame by a similar enterprise. He told us that almost every effort in the sacred cause of freedom had succeeded. He appealed to our classical recollections; Epaminondas and Leonidas were worthy of our example; Tarquin and Caesar, as tyrants, had fallen before the united efforts of freedom: we had only to be unanimous, and the rod of this scholastic despot would be for ever broken. We then entered enthusiastically into his views. He observed that delays were dangerous; the "barring-out," he said, "should take place the very next morning, to prevent the possibility of being betrayed." On a previous occasion (he said,) some officious little urchin had told the master the whole plot—several days having been allowed to intervene between the planning of the project and its execution; and, to the astonishment of the boys, it appeared they found the master at his desk two hours before his usual time, and had the mortification of being congratulated on their early attendance, with an order to be there every morning at the same hour.

To prevent the recurrence of such a defeat, we determined on organizing our plans that very night. The boys were accordingly told to assemble after school hours at a well known tombstone, in the neighboring churchyard, as something of importance was under consideration. The place of meeting was an elevated parallelogram tombstone, which had always served as a kind of council-table to settle our little disputes, as well as parties of pleasure. Here we all assembled at the appointed time. Our leader took his stand at one end of the stone, with the head boys who were in the secret on each side of him.

"My boys (he laconically observed) to-morrow morning we are to *bar-out* the flogging parson; and to make him promise that he will not flog us hereafter without a cause; nor set us long tasks, or deprive us of our holydays. The boys of the Greek form will be your captains, and I am to be your captain-general. Those who are cowards had better retire, and be satisfied with future floggings; but you who have courage, and know what it is to have been flogged for nothing, come here and sign your names." He immediately pulled out a pen and a sheet of paper; and having tied some bits of thread round the finger ends of two or three boys, with a pin he drew blood to answer for ink, and to give

more solemnity to the act. He signed the first, the captains next, and the rest in succession. Many of the lesser boys slunk away during the ceremony; but, on counting the names, we found we mustered upward of forty—sufficient, it was imagined, even to carry the school by storm. The captain-general then addressed us:—"I have the key of the school, and shall be there at seven o'clock. The old parson will arrive at nine, and every one of you must be there before eight, to allow us one hour for barricading the doors and windows. Bring with you as much provision as you can; and tell your parents that you have to take your dinner in school. Let every one of you have some weapon of defence; you who cannot obtain a sword, pistol, or poker, must bring a string or cudgel. Now all go home directly, and be sure to arrive early in the morning."

Perhaps a more restless and anxious night was never passed by young recruits on the eve of a general battle. Many of us rose some hours before the time; and at seven o'clock, when the school-door was opened, there was a tolerable numerous muster. Our captain immediately ordered candles to be lighted, and a rousing fire to be made (for it was a dark December's morning.) He then began to examine the store of provisions, and the arms which each had brought. In the mean time the arrival of every boy with additional material, was announced by tremendous cheers.

At length the church clock struck eight. "Proceed to barricado doors and windows (exclaimed the captain,) or the old lion will be upon us before we are prepared to meet him." In an instant the old oaken door rang on its heavy hinges. Some, with hammers, gimblets, and nails, were eagerly securing the windows, while others were dragging along the ponderous desks, forms, and everything portable, to blockade, with certain security, every place which might admit of ingress. This operation being completed, the captain mounted the master's rostrum, and called over the list of names, when he found only two or three missing. He then proceeded to classify them into divisions or companies of six and assigned to each its respective captain. He prescribed the duties of each company. Two were to guard the large casement window, where, it was expected, the first attack would be made; this was considered the post of honor, and consequently the strongest boys, with the most formidable weapons, were selected, whom we called grenadiers. Another company, whom we considered as light infantry, or sharp shooters, were ordered to mount a large desk in the centre of the school; and, armed with squibs, crackers, and various missiles, they were to attack the enemy over the heads of the combatants. The other divisions were to guard the back windows and door, and to act according to the emergency of the moment. Our leader then moved some resolutions (which in imitation of Brutus he had cogitated during the previous night,) to the effect that each individual should implicitly obey his own captain, that each captain should follow the orders of the captain-general, and that a corps de reserve should be stationed in the rear, to enforce this obedience, and prevent the combatants from taking to flight. The resolutions were passed amidst loud vociferations.

We next commenced an examination of the various weapons, and found them to consist of one old blunderbuss, one pistol, two old swords, a few rusty pokers, and sticks, stones, squibs, and gun-powder in abun-

dance. The fire-arms were immediately loaded with blank-powder; the swords were sharpened, the pokers heated in the fire. These weapons were assigned to the most daring company, who had to protect the principal window. The missiles were for the light infantry, and all the rest were armed with sticks.

We now began to manœuvre our companies, by marching them into line and column, so that every one might know his own situation. In the midst of this preparation the sentinel, whom we had placed at the window, loudly vociferated, "the parson! the parson's coming!"

In an instant all was confusion. Every one ran he knew not where; as if eager to fly, or screen himself from observation. Our captain instantly mounted a form, and calling to the captains of the two leading companies to take their stations. They immediately obeyed; and the other companies followed their example, though they found it much more difficult to manœuvre when danger approached, than they had a few minutes before! The well-known footstep which had often struck on our ears with terror, was now heard to advance along the portico. The master tried to lift the latch again and again in vain. The muttering of his stern voice sounded on our ears like the lion's growl. A death-like silence prevailed. We scarcely dared to breathe. The palpitations of our little hearts could perhaps alone be heard. The object of our dread then went round to the front window, for the purpose of ascertaining whether any one was in the school. Every footstep struck us with awe; not a word, not a whisper was heard. He approached close to the window; and with an astonished countenance stood gazing upon us, while we were ranged in battle array, motionless as statues, and silent as the tomb.

"What is the meaning of this?" he impatiently exclaimed. But no answer could he obtain; for who would have dared to render himself conspicuous by a reply? Pallid countenances and livid lips betrayed our fears. The courage which one hour before was ready to brave every danger, appeared to be fled. Every one seemed anxious to conceal himself from view; and there would certainly have been a general flight through the back windows, had it not been for the prudent regulation of a *corps de reserve*, armed with cudgels, to prevent it.

"You young scoundrels, open the door instantly," he again exclaimed; and what added to our indescribable horror, in a fit of rage he dashed his hand through the window, which consisted of small diamond-shaped panes, and appeared as if determined to force his way in.

Fear and trepidation, attended by an increasing commotion, now possessed us all. At this critical moment every eye turned to our captain, as if to reproach him for having brought us into this terrible dilemma. He alone stood unmoved; but he saw that none would have courage to obey his commands. Some exciting stimulus was necessary. Suddenly waving his hand, he exclaimed aloud, "Three cheers for the barring-out, and success to our cause!" [hurra! hurra! hurra!] The cheers were tremendous. Our courage revived; the blood flushed in our cheeks; the parson was breaking in; the moment was critical. Our captain undaunted sprang to the fire-place—seized a heated poker in one hand, and a blazing torch in the other. The latter he gave to the captain of the sharp-shooters, and told him to prepare a volley; when, with the red-hot

poker, he fearlessly advanced to the window seat; and daring his master to enter, he ordered an attack—and an attack indeed was made, sufficiently tremendous to have repelled a more powerful assailant. The missiles flew at the ill-fated window from every quarter. The blunderbuss and the pistol were fired; squibs and crackers, inkstands and rules, stones, and even burning coals came in showers about the casement, and broke some of the panes into a thousand pieces; while blazing torches, heated pokers, and sticks, stood bristling under the window. The whole was scarcely the work of a minute. The astonished master reeled back in dumb amazement. He had evidently been struck with a missile or with the broken glass; and probably fancied he was wounded by the fire-arms. The school rang with shouts of "victory," and continued cheering.

"The enemy again approaches," cries the captain; "fire another volley; stay, he seeks a parley, hear him."

"What is the meaning, I say, of this horrid tumult?"

"The barring-out, the barring-out!" a dozen voices instantly exclaimed.

"For shame," says he, in a tone evidently subdued, "what disgrace you are bringing upon yourselves and the school. What will the trustees—what will your parents say? William (continued he, addressing the captain,) open the door without further delay."

"I will, sir," he replied, "on your promising to pardon us, and to give us our lawful holidays, of which we have lately been deprived; and not set us tasks during the holidays."

"Yes, yes," said several squealing voices, "that is what we want; and not to be flogged for nothing."

"You insolent scoundrels! you consummate young villains!" he exclaimed choking with rage, and at the same time making a furious effort to break through the already shattered window, "open the door instantly, or I'll break in your hides."

"Not on those conditions," replied our captain with provoking coolness; "come on my boys; another volley."

No sooner said than done, and even with more fury than before. Like men driven to despair, who expect no quarter on surrendering, the little urchins daringly mounted the window seat, which was a broad old-fashioned one, and pointed the fire-arms and heated poker at him; while others advanced with squibs and missiles.

"Come on, my lads," says the captain, "let this be our Thermopylae, and I will be your Leonidas." And, indeed, so daring were they, that each seemed ready to emulate the Spartans of old. The master seeing their determined obstinacy, turned around without further remonstrance, and indignantly walked away.

Relieved from our terrors, we now became intoxicated with joy! The walls rang with repeated hurrahs! In the madness of enthusiasm some of the boys began to tear up the forms, throw the books about, break the slates, locks, and cupboards, and act so outrageously that the captain called them to order; not, however, before the master's desk and drawers had been broken open, and every plaything which had been taken from the scholars, restored to its owner.

We now began to think of provisions. They were all placed on one table, and dealt out in rations by the captains of each company. In the mean time we held a council of war, as we called it, to determine on what was to be done.

In a recess at the east end of the school there stood a large oak chest black with age, whose heavy hinges had become corroded with years of rust. It was known to contain the records and endowments of the school, and, as we presumed, the regulations for the treatment of the scholars. The oldest boy had never seen its inside. Attempts, dictated by the most insatiable curiosity had often been made to open it; but it was deemed impregnable. It was guarded by three immense locks, and each key was in the possession of different persons. The wood appeared to be nearly half a foot thick, and every corner was plaited with iron. All eyes were instinctively directed to this mysterious chest. Could any means be devised for effecting an entrance? was the natural question. We all proceeded to reconnoitre. We attempted to move it, but in vain. We made some feeble efforts to force the lid; it was firm as a block of marble. At length one daring urchin brought from the fire-place a red hot poker, and began to bore through its sides. An universal shout was given. Other pokers were brought, and to work they went. The smoke and tremendous smell which the old wood sent forth rather alarmed us. We were apprehensive that we might burn the records, instead of obtaining a copy of them. This arrested our progress for a few minutes.

At this critical moment a shout was set up that the parson and a constable were coming! Down went the pokers, and, as if conscience-stricken, we were all seized with consternation. The casement window was so shattered, that it could easily be entered by any resolute fellow. In the desperation of the moment we seized the desks, forms, and stools, to block it up; but our courage in some degree had evaporated: and we felt reluctant to act on the offensive. The old gentleman and his attendant deliberately inspected the windows and fastenings; but, without making any attempt to enter, they retreated, for the purpose, as we presumed, of obtaining additional assistance. What was now to be done? The master appeared to be obdurate; and we had gone too far to recede. Some proposed to drill a hole through the window-seat, fill it with gunpowder, and explode it, if any one attempted to enter. Others thought we had better prepare to set fire to the school sooner than surrender unconditionally. But the majority advised, what was perhaps the most prudent resolution, to wait for another attack; and, if we saw no hopes of sustaining a longer defence, to make the best retreat we could.

The affair of the barring-out had now become known and persons began to assemble around the windows, calling out that the master was coming with assistants, and saying every thing to intimidate us. Many of us were completely jaded by the over-excitement we had experienced since the previous evening. The school was hot, close, and full of smoke. Some were longing for liberty and fresh air; and most of us were now of opinion that we had engaged in an affair which it was impossible to accomplish. In this state of mind we received another visit from our dreaded master. With his stick he commenced a more furious attack than before; and observing us less turbulent, he appeared determined to force his way, in spite of the barricadoes. The younger boys thought of nothing but flight and self preservation; and the rush to the back-windows became general. In the midst of this consternation our captain exclaims—"Let us not fly like cowards; if we must surrender, let the gates of

the citadel be thrown open; the day is against us; but let us bravely face the enemy, and march out with the honors of war." Some few had already escaped; but the rest immediately ranged themselves on each side of the school, in two extended lines, with their weapons in hand. The door was thrown open—the master instantly entered, and passed between the two lines denouncing vengeance on us all. But as he marched in, we marched out in military order; and giving three cheers, we dispersed into the neighboring fields.

We shortly met again, and after a little consultation, it was determined that none of the leaders should come to school until sent for, and a free pardon given.

The defection, however, was so general that no corporal punishment took place. Many of the boys did not return till after the holidays; and several of the elder ones never entered the school again.

HOW CHEERY ARE THE MARINERS.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

How cheery are the mariners—

Those lovers of the sea!

Their hearts are like thy yeasty waves,

As bounding and as free;

They whistle when the storm-bird wheels

In circles round the mast,

And sing when deep in foam the ship

Ploughs onward to the blast.

What care the mariners for gales?

There's music in their roar,

When wide the berth along the lee,

And leagues of room before;

Let billows toss to mountain heights,

Or sink to chasms low;

The vessel stout will ride it out,

Nor shrink when tempests blow.

With streamers down and canvas furl'd,

The gallant hull will float,

Securely as on inland lake,

A silken-tassel'd boat;

And sound asleep some mariners,

And some with watchful eyes,

Will fearless be of dangers dark,

That roll along the skies.

God keep these cheery mariners!

And temper all the gales

That sweep against the rocky coast

To their storm-shattered sails,

And men on shore will bless the ship

That could so guided be,

Safe in the hollow of His hand,

To brave the mighty sea!

WOLFE ON THE HEIGHTS OF ABRAHAM.

In 1759, the American forests had been for about four years the battle-ground of France and England. The war had lingered, and its events had done little credit to the British generals hitherto employed; less, perhaps, from any remarkable deficiency on their part, than from the great military talents of Montcalm, the French commander. But Sir Jeffrey Amherst had now succeeded General Abercrombie in the chief command, and had formed a plan for the reduction of Canada, by means of three armies, which should enter the province by as many different routes, and simulta-

neously attack all the strong-holds of the French. Brigadier General Wolfe, a young but distinguished officer, was placed at the head of the division which was destined to besiege Quebec. It was near midsummer, when he ascended the St. Lawrence under convoy of Admirals Saunders and Holmes, and disembarked his men on the island of Orleans, a few leagues below the Canadian capital.

Quebec, by its position, is a natural fortress, and much military science had even then been employed in strengthening it. The city occupies a table land, on the tongue of a peninsula, formed by the junction of the river St. Charles with the St. Lawrence. At that period, it contained ten thousand inhabitants, and covered a space about three miles in circumference, two-thirds of which were defended by the height of the precipices and the rapidity of the streams, and the remainder of the fortification across the peninsula. On the summit of Cape Diamond, three hundred and fifty feet above the level of the water, stood a citadel, the cannon of which commanded the whole town. This citadel, as well as the ramparts which it looked down upon, was strongly garrisoned. Armed vessels and floating batteries were moored in the river of St. Charles; and on its eastern shore, and extending to the Montmorenci, lay the French army, under the famous, and hitherto fortunate, Marquis de Montcalm. His troops were composed partly of regulars, and partly of provincials, either of whom had the strongest motives to fight valiantly; the latter for their native city, the former for the capital and key of the French dominion in America. On the whole, the defences of Quebec were proportioned to the importance of the city.

Wolfe saw the difficulties of his undertaking, and that none but the most daring measures offered even a chance of success. He had, in the first place, taken possession of Point Levi, on the opposite shore of the St. Lawrence, and thence battered the city with cannon-shot and bombs, which beat down many of the houses, but produced no impression on the ramparts. His next attempt was made against the army of Montcalm in its entrenchments, by landing on the eastern shore of the Montmorenci river, and attempting to storm the lines. He was repulsed, with the loss of five hundred slain. It was the policy of Montcalm to avoid a general engagement in the open field, and lengthen out the siege, till the invading army should be routed by the severe and early winter of that region. Autumn had already commenced, and nothing had been effected toward the reduction of the place. Wolfe, began to despair of the result, and his anxiety wrought upon his frame, already debilitated by disease, and naturally too weak for the gallant soul that animated it. He was observed to be much depressed, and is said to have resolved not to survive the failure of the expedition. At this juncture, while Wolfe was confined to a sick-bed, his three brigadiers, Monckton, Townshend, and Murray, conceived a plan for landing the army on the shore of the St. Lawrence, above Quebec, and thence gaining the heights of Abraham, by means of a narrow passage up the precipice. In that quarter, as the approach of an enemy was deemed next to impossible, the city was less strongly fortified than elsewhere. The project being submitted to the decision of Wolfe, he immediately acceded to it, and deferred the execution only till he should be able to superintend it in person. The time fixed upon

was the night preceding the thirteenth of September.

[Wolfe was heard to say, that he would be well contented to give an arm or a leg, to gain possession of Quebec. All things considered, he was probably even better pleased to win the city at the expense of his life. Colonel Hamilton, author of *Men and Manners in America*, has questioned the military abilities of Wolfe. On this point we can pass no opinion; but so far as we are qualified to judge, Wolfe showed a mixture of enthusiasm and good sense, which composed a very rare and lofty character, and indicated a great talent of some kind or other. It was perfectly characteristic of Colonel Hamilton, that he should stand on the Heights of Abraham, and endeavor to depreciate the fame of Wolfe.]

Montcalm had previously been induced, by the motions of the British, to detach fifteen hundred of his men to a distance, under the command of Bougainville. On the appointed night, the fleet moved three leagues up the river, with Wolfe and the troops on board, and made demonstrations of landing detachments at various points. Meantime, the general and his army embarked in boats, and fell down the river with the tide, undiscovered by the French sentinels who were ranged along the shore. Owing to the darkness of the night, a part of the troops were landed somewhat below the point that had been selected. The Scottish Highlanders, however, accustomed to climb among the rugged passes of their native mountains, led the way up the darksome and dangerous path, followed by the remainder of the battalions, as fast as the boats touched the shore. General Wolfe was among the foremost. The ascent was scaled by catching hold of the projections of the almost perpendicular precipice, clinging to the plants that had rooted themselves into the crevices of the rocks, and swinging from one precarious foothold to another, aided by the branches of the trees. At the summit there was an entrenched party of the enemy, whom the van of the British put to flight. It appears not improbable, that, had a few resolute men taken their stand at one of the turns of this wild path, with sword and bayonet, they might have defended it against Wolfe's whole army, have thrust the assailants down the cliff, and thus have rescued the province from its fate. But no such gallant stand was made. The troops reached the verge of the precipice in safety, and with little opposition, and stood, at daybreak, on the Heights of Abraham, within a mile of the hostile city. Between them and the ramparts, the ground rose and fell in abrupt inequalities. So near was this adventurous army to Quebec, that they could hear the bells of the Cathedral pealing the hour. Their commander had led his troops where there was no retreat down the headlong precipice, nor any alternative for himself or them, save victory or utter ruin.

[It is stated that there were thirty boats, and sixteen hundred men; but this number is probably less than the truth. The morning was overcast and showery. The precipitous ascent, by which the army reached the summit of the cliff, is now used as a path down to the timber rafts, which generally cover the surface of Wolfe's Cove.]

When tidings came to Montcalm, that Wolfe, and the British forces awaited to give him battle on the Heights of Abraham, he could not at first believe the tale. It was as if an army had flown thither through

the air. But, as one messenger after another assured him that the foe was really under the ramparts of Quebec, he resolved that the fate of Canada should now be decided by one great battle. It would still, no doubt, have been the best policy of the gallant Frenchman to avoid a general engagement, and trust the defence of Quebec to its walls and citadel; which latter fortress, at least, was capable of sustaining a regular siege. The enterprize of the British commander was, in fact, the ultimate resource of a desperate man; without a battle, he was almost certainly lost; but there appeared to be no need that his adversary, whose situation was so different, should play the desperate game which gave Wolfe his only chance. Such, however, were not the reflections of Montcalm. When convinced that the British had actually gained the Height, he lost no time in passing his army across the river St. Charles which lay between him and the city. Wolfe, aware of the enemy's movements, immediately arranged his order of battle, placing himself on the right of the line. Montcalm, in person, commanded the left wing of the French. Thus, when the two armies met, their generals encountered each other amid the smoke, and dust, and fury of the conflict, where it raged the fiercest.

We shall describe the battle on the Heights of Abraham, no farther than it is connected with the fate of Wolfe. Early in the action, a bullet struck his wrist; around which he wrapped his handkerchief, and waved the wounded arm to encourage his men onward. Not long afterward, he received a second shot, in the groin, but continued to advance, without betraying that he was again wounded. While the fate of the day was still doubtful, a third ball passed through his body, and stretched him on the field. Even then he would scarcely allow himself to be conveyed to the rear. Reclining against a rock, which, in after times, was venerated as a hero's death-pillow, he had sank into a stupor, no longer mindful of the din of arms. But a shout came pealing across the battle-field—"They fly! they fly!"—and starting as from sleep, Wolfe looked earnestly round on his kneeling attendants. "Who fly?" he inquired. "The French!" replied the lieutenant who supported him. The martial enthusiasm of Wolfe gleamed forth upon his countenance, like the effulgence of the sun, and changed his expiring agony to transport. "Then I die happy!" he exclaimed; and there lay his corpse upon the victorious field, while his spirit was borne away upon the very shout that announced his triumph.

Never—never—was there a death more glorious! If a man's heart do not throb higher at the tale, he has not the heart of a man within his breast. Rank and honors, all that his King could give awaited Wolfe in England; but no such glorious moment could have come to him again; and it was better for him then and there to die, leaning against his stony pillow, listening to the peal of his own triumph—and consecrating, with his life-blood, the soil which he added to the dominion of Britain.

Wolfe died at the age of thirty-three. It was said, that, at the period of his victory and death, he was suffering under a mortal disease, and could have survived but a few months. A monument has recently been erected to his memory by Lord Aylmer, late Governor-General of Canada.

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He who has not his hand open has his heart shut.

## VIRTUE.

BY MRS. F. L. D. TOWNSEND.

AWAKE my lyre—resume thy wonted strains,  
Attuned again by poesy's gentle breath,  
Teach me this truth, which Heaven itself maintains,  
That Virtue's power transcends the bounds of death.

Though Vice, exulting, boasts a short-lived sway,  
And bids defiance to the storms of Fate,  
His reign will quickly, quickly pass away,  
And nought remain of him, once falsely great.

The thunders roll, and tempests spend their rage,  
The powers celestial all their force combine—  
Virtue will rise, and shine in every age,  
Her influence reach beyond the bounds of time.

Then in this pilgrimage of joy and wo  
Seek Virtue for the soother of thy days—  
Forsake her not, nor from her guidance go—  
"Her paths are peace, and pleasant are her ways."  
*For the Rover—Boston, June, 1844.*

## A NIGHT WITH BURNS.

BY SHELTON MACKENZIE.

ANDREW HORNER—like an Indian from Calcutta, or Barney Riordan, when he met the American liner far out at sea—was "homeward bound" when he came to the principal hostelry in the ancient town of Ayr; not very far from which is Mossgeil, the farm held by Robert Burns at the date of this anecdote, and where, if he lost some money, the world gained the fine poetry which—in a continuous, deep, and flashing stream—flowed to his pen, from his heart, during his residence there.

It never was ascertained *why* Mr. Andrew Horner took such a tour to the west as Ayr—some thirty miles out of the direct road from Glasgow to Carlisle; but poets have odd fancies, sometimes, and poetasters, having the organ of imitation very strong, affect to be discursive, in the hope that oddity (copper-gilt) may be mistaken for the sterling metal of originality.

It was a fine evening in September, 1785, when the redoubtable Andrew Horner entered the common room at Ayr. Some half-dozen ranting, roaring, dashing young fellows—fond of their glass joke—were sitting down to dinner as he entered, exactly "in the nick of time." Room was immediately made for him. The oldest occupant in the room took the chair, according to the inn usage "within the memory of the oldest inhabitant," and by the contrary rule, Andrew Horner was made vice-president, by virtue of his being the most recent arrival.

We may take it for granted that, what Mr. Carlyle would call "the remarkablest" justice, was executed upon all the viands. The cloth being removed, the chairman gave "the king." It was Andrew's turn next: and, in the customary routine, he should have given "the queen and royal family;" but, much to the surprise and amusement of the company, he started on his legs, made a vehement speech "*de omnibus rebus*," (which, being interpreted, does *not* mean a *rebus* in an omnibus, as we once heard a blue-stock translate it!) branching off on to London politics and Cumberland potatoes—glancing at William Pitt, the boy-minister of the day, and Lord Thurlow's gracious manner—gliding into a dissertation upon salmon-fishing and Irish-linen; and, by a nice gradation, intro-

ducing a lengthy eulogy on the British poets, with a modest allusion to his own metrical merits. So intent was he on the subject, that he plumped down into his chair, at the end, without having proposed any toast whatever.

The wit who presided had a very particular and pleasant penchant for fun. Therefore, no sooner had Horner resumed his seat, than the chairman—with a gravity of manner which deceived no one but his self-satisfied and unconscious butt, intimated that it would be no more than decorous to drink the health of the eminent literary character whose society they were then fortunately enjoying. After a few more compliments, the hyperbole of which was exquisitely ludicrous, he proposed "the poets of Great Britain, and Mr. Horner, their worthy representative."

So copiously was he fed with flattery and punch that, ere the second bowl of the latter was exhausted. Andrew Horner had mounted on a table (by special desire) and with great emphasis, read for his new friends sundry extracts from what he loved to call his "poetic poems." Much mock applause followed this exhibition, and more than ever he believed that he was predestined to revive fine poetry in the land.

To carry on the joke still further, and "fool him to the top of his bent," a critical dispute was commenced as to the relative merits of each poem which the company had heard. At last, one gentleman hinted, with a show of independence, that their guest might not be such a very mighty bard as they imagined. Horner's mettle was up immediately, and, with as much warmth as modesty, he defended himself. His opponent affected to be yet more critical, and fully aroused Andrew's indignation by exclaiming, "Tut, mon! there's a lad near by who wud mak mair poems in a day than yoursel? cud compose, as ye call it, in a month o' Sundays?"

Extremely indignant at this imputation of the bardship, Andrew rashly backed himself against the field. A wager was immediately offered, taken, and booked, as to the result of a trial of poetic strength between Andrew Horner and this "lad near by," who was put forward as his opponent. It was resolved to bring the matter to a conclusion on that night, if possible. It must be confessed—but this, of course, is merely hinted to our readers, in the "most private and confidential" manner imaginable—that as Andrew had hastily made the bet, and as hastily repented having done so, his forlorn hope lay in the fancied impossibility of meeting his poetic opponent that night, as it now waxing late. His firm intention was to quit Ayr at day-light and thus gallop out of the responsibility he had rashly incurred.

But his companions well knew—what he, alas! did not—that the Freemasons held their monthly sitting that night, and that the young poet whom they sought was then actually in the house with that goodly fraternity—he being one of the "brethren of the mystic tie." They called him out, briefly explained the ludicrous circumstances of the case, and had no difficulty in persuading him to enter the lists against the Canlisle bardling.

The stranger poet entered the room, and Andrew Horner could see, at a glance, that he was no common man.

At that time, his age was about six-and-twenty years. His form was vigorous rather than robust. He was well made and very strongly set together. His height was rather above the middle size; but a

slight stoop of the neck, such as may frequently be noticed in men who follow the plough, (and in Scotland, at that time, few farmers were above doing their own business,) took somewhat from his stature. His complexion was dark—swarthy, indeed; and his features might be called massive rather than coarse. But his face was anything but common; in repose it had the contemplative, melancholy look which so often indicates the presence of high imagination: and when he spoke, (often with a sharp, and frequently with a witty, or boldly eloquent remark,) there was a preponderance of intelligence—of genius in his aspect and its expression such as Lavater would have been happy to behold. His broad pale brow was shaded by dark hair, with rather a curl than a wave. His voice was particularly sweet, yet manly and sonorous. But the chief charm of a very remarkable countenance lay in his eyes, which were large, dark, and beautifully expressive. They literally seemed to glow when he spoke with feeling or interest. When the conversation excited him, as it often did, they kindled up until they almost lightened.

Such was the young man how introduced to Andrew Horner, and whose very glance subdued him, amid the flush of his Bacchanalian revelries, into a feeling of his own insignificance. It might have been as much by accident as design that the stranger was not introduced by name. At that time indeed, he had achieved only a local reputation. In a short time after, he was acknowledged as one of the most eminent and brilliant men his country ever produced—how did that country reward his genius!

He readily joined in the conversation, and did not allow the cup to pace the table "like a cripple," to use one of Christopher North's memorable expressions. His language, if sometimes careless, was always vigorous; and it was very evident that, whatever his education might have been, his mental powers were great. There are men who achieve greatness without "the dust of the schools" making cobwebs of their minds, and such would probably dwindle into common-place persons if they had all the advantages of education. They become original thinkers and doers, precisely because they have to teach themselves. At the head of this class may be placed the Ayshire poet.

It required little pressing to get him to sing several songs of his own composition; and the unfortunate Andrew Horner had sense enough to perceive, that, either for etinging satire or touching pathos, these lyrics were inimitable.

Having sate with them for some time, he made a show of retiring, when they insisted that he should allow the wager to be decided, by competing, in poetry, with Andrew. With well-acted humility he declined what he called "the certainty of defeat;" and so real seemed his disinclination for the contest, that Andrew Horner fancied that he was actually afraid to enter into the competition, so that, urged on by the insidious advice of some of those around him, he asked the stranger in the exulting tone of anticipated triumph, to have one trial, at least. The challenge could not, in honor, be declined; and with apparent and well-acted doubt of its result, it was accepted.

An epigram was the subject chosen, because, as Andrew internally argued, "it is the shortest of all poems." In compliment to him, the company resolved that his own merits should supply the theme.

He commenced—

"In seventeen hunder thretty-nine—"

and he paused. He then said, "Ye see, I was born in 1739, [the real date was some years earlier,] so I mak' that the commencement'."

He then took pen in hand, folded his paper with a conscious air of authorship squared himself to the table, like one who considered it no trifle even to write a letter, and slowly put down, in good round hand, as if he had been making out a bill of parcels, the line—

"In seventeen hunder thretty-nine;"

but beyond this after repeated attempts, he was unable to advance. The second line was the Rubicon he could not pass.

At last, when Andrew Horner reluctantly admitted that he was not in the vein, the pen, ink, and paper were handed to his antagonist. By him they were rejected, for he instantly gave the following, *à la voce*:

"In seventeen hundred thretty-nine,

The Devil gat stuff to mak' a swine,

And pit it in a corner;

But, shortly after, changed his plan,

And made it something like a man,

And called it Andrew Horner!"

The subject of this stinging stanza had the good sense *not* to be offended with its satire, cheerfully paid the wager, set too for a night's revelry with his new friends, and thrust his poems between the bars of the grate, when "the sma' hours" came on to four in the morning. As his poetic rival then kindly rolled up the hearth-rug, in a quiet corner of the room, to serve as a pillow for the vanquished rhymester—then, literally, a *carpet* knight—the old man, better prophet than poet, exclaimed, "Hoot, mon, but ye'll be a great poet yet!"

Answer, O nations, whether the prediction was fulfilled? In a few months after, a volume of poems was published from the press of John Wilson of Kilmar-nock—the author was a peasant by birth, a poet by inspiration. Coarse was the paper on which these poems were printed, and worn was the type. But the poems themselves were of that rare class which the world does not willingly let die. The fame of their author has flown, far and wide, throughout the world. His genius and his fate have become "at once the glory and the reproach of Scotland." That author was the same who, in a sportive mood, made an epigram upon poor Andrew Horner. His name was—Robert Burns.

STATE'S EVIDENCE. A good story is told of Geo. White, a notorious thief, in Worcester county. He was arraigned for horse stealing, when it was supposed that he was connected with an extensive gang, which was laying contributions upon all the stables round about. Many inducements were held out to White to reveal the names of his associates, but he maintained a dogged silence. An assurance from the court was at last obtained that he should be discharged, upon which he made oath to reveal all he knew of his accomplices. The jury were accordingly suffered to bring in a verdict of "not guilty," when he was called upon for the promised revelations. "I shall be faithful to my word," said he; "understand then the devil is the only accomplice I ever had—we have been a great while in partnership—you have acquitted me, and you may hang him if you can catch him."

# SONNET.

BY LAWRENCE LABREE.

WEEP, ye sad heavens, o'er degenerate earth!  
Mourn, ye drear winds, in all your goings forth!  
And thou, O Nature! from whose thrifty womb  
Spring all fair things—sweet fruits and lovely flowers,  
Send forth a wailing dismal as the tomb!  
For man has fallen from the bud and bloom  
Of virtue and of honor, and the powers  
Which God had given him for a glorious end,  
To bless his fellow beings, he doth spend  
In anxious thought through long and weary hours,  
Studying some method to enrich his purse,  
While poverty doth canker on his soul!  
And many an orphan's groan and widow's curse,  
Like vollied thunders, o'er his senses roll!  
For the Rover—New York, June, 1844.

## DR. KRACKSBY AND I:

Or, the Recollections of an Unfortunate Gentleman.  
"I do declare, I never will, so long as I live upon earth,  
Give my confidence again to a person of mortal birth."

ANON.

THERE were never two friends better disposed toward one another than Dr. Kracksby and I. Our feelings, tastes, inclinations, and aversions, were the same; we were school-fellows in our boyish days, and companions in after life, when the rust of the school wore off, and we wore the polish of the world. The only difference between us was, that I was the more modest of the two. Jack Kracksby was always such a daring, impudent kind of fellow, that all the rest of the boys feared him; no one was more expert at taking birds' nests, or taking currents from a neighbor's garden; the rogue was most expert at "appropriation," and if I was ever lured into an act which my conscience abhorred, Jack Kracksby was always ready to take the blame upon himself, and suffer the punishment—if ever punishment followed—for Jack was a lucky fellow withal: he was the greatest rogue in the school, and yet escaped with the least punishment. It is remarkable, that the greatest rogues generally do escape in the like manner.

The intimacy which subsisted between Jack Kracksby and I, in our boyish days, was continued in after life; we were confidants and inseparables; our feelings, tastes, inclinations, and aversions, were so exactly similar, that it seemed as if we had been in the same mould. My friend took to the medical profession; but I, preferring a quiet life, took to no profession at all, for, as luck would have it, I had very comfortable independent means, and was, moreover, surrounded by reversions, almost burthened with them. Jack, on the contrary, had to carve out his fortune, his means, independently of his professional income, being very small; but he was a persevering fellow, and by the time he had arrived at the age of two-and-thirty, was dubbed an M. D.

Just about that time, I, being John's senior by full twelve months, thought to myself that it would be comfortable and convenient to have a domestic partner—that is to say, a wife. I was a gentle, domesticated, stay-at-home creature; and as I sat by my fireside, lonely and disconsolately imagining pictures in the grate, and counting the ticking of my repeater, it occurred to me that my condition would be improved, my heart humanized, my lot made enviable, if I were



to take unto myself a rib! I thought of it for a long time—I turned the object over and over in my head—and, ultimately, resolved upon leading a gentle damsel to the holy altar, and becoming with her “in meet espousal joined.”

Just at that interesting moment, in came Dr. Kracksby.

“Jack Kracksby!” said I, clutching his hand with great fervor, “Jack Kracksby, I am resolved!”

“Resolved on what?” quoth Jack.

“On getting married!”

“Getting what!” cried Jack, starting back three paces, and standing with one foot upon tiptoe, elevating his eyebrows, and throwing out his hands, with an expression of complete astonishment “Getting what!”

I maintained my composure, and coolly replied, “Upon taking unto myself a wife.”

“My dear Simon,” said Jack Kracksby, recovering his perpendicularity, “my dear Simon, do you know what you are talking about?”

“Precisely,” quoth I, “I feel a sentiment for the married state.”

“My dear Simon,” rejoined Dr. Kracksby, “have you no thought of the miseries, horrors, terrors, and diableries, attendant upon that state? Jealous wife, bad temper, cross, vixen, scold, sulky, indifferent, impertinent, noisy, flouting, crying, flying, sighing, dying. Oh, my dear Simon, don’t think of taking a wife, or I shall think you mad.”

I was unmoved by this torrent of talk; I thought my friend Kracksby prejudiced and partial. I had taken his advice upon every other subject, but my heart intimated to me that it was not to be followed on this. Therefore, I changed the subject, resolving not to subject my determination to the ridicule of my friend.

But how was I to get a wife? That was the question. I had but few acquaintances, and really, not to be scurrilous, there was not among them a single lady that took my fancy. I was always celebrated for my taste. Unless a man can be pleased with his wife, it’s impossible for him to be happy. This I thought an indisputable axiom; and, therefore, as I knew I could not live comfortably with any of my female friends, I resolved rather to die a victim to celibacy than link myself for life to one of them.

I was obliged to consult my friend Kracksby. I was obliged to ask advice of my dear friend Jack; but that dear friend Jack turned out to be a very great rogue, as you will find in the sequel; but it was my destiny to be unfortunate! Alas!

Jack Kracksby finding that he could not laugh me out of my resolution, e’en came round to me, and agreed to help me on in my road to matrimony. Under his directions I discarded my snuff colored coat and bright steel buttons, and had my hair tortured into beautiful curliness. I suffered a moustache to grow upon my upper lip, and altogether became quite an altered gentleman in appearance, though I could never understand why a man is not as well able to win a wife in a snuff colored coat and his hair combed straight on his forehead, as in a tight frock, and a head curled and bears’ greased as mine was after it came out of the hands of Kackaby’s barber. “Now then,” quoth Jack, “you must cut your fireside and your lonely walks on the banks of the Regent’s Canal, and frequent balls, the opera, and theatres!”

“What,” cried I, “I go to balls and operas!”

“Positively,” responded Jack.

“Why I’ve not danced since I was a boy of eighteen.”

“No matter, you can look about you, talk and so forth.”

And so Jack took me about with him, and though I felt embarrassed at first, my actually good taste overcame my *mauvais honte*, and I began to relish my new sort of life amazingly. “What a fool I used to be,” I often said to myself. “Shut up in my little drawing-room all the winter, and tramping up and down the Regent’s Canal, looking and thinking poetically of skies and water, and all the summer months! What pursuits for a man of taste and a gentleman!”

I was particularly unfortunate in my attachments. Being of a very susceptible temperament, I could not but be fascinated by the stars of the fashionable world that met my eyes wheresoever I turned. I was struck twenty times in the course of a single night, and, generally, when I came to make inquiries respecting the charmers that had interested me, I had the misfortune to find that they were either married already, or about to bestow their hand upon some one earlier in the field than myself. Ah, thought I, when these discoveries were made, “Ah, I was born to be unfortunate.”

Once my friend Jack introduced me to a remarkably lovely young lady. I was enraptured with her, and she seemed vastly pleased with my attentions. I exerted myself very forcibly in a thousand ways to win her regard. I lavished money in presents to her. I did everything to inspire a flame similar to that I felt burning within myself. But, alas! on the very day that (having gathered sufficient courage) I had resolved upon asking the question, my lady went off to Gretna Green with a little bit of a puppy of an officer of the Lancers! Wasn’t it provoking!

The course of love never runs smooth, and I am sure I experienced all its roughness: I was very melancholy. I met with nothing in my inquiries but wives and fiancées and coquettes. I thought to be sure that there was not a single young lady to be obtained! I began to think of returning to my fireside, and summer solitary rambles on the banks of the Regent’s Canal. But just as I was making up my mind fate threw in my way a charmer of exceeding great attraction. She was an heiress, without incumbrance, and without a single follower. I was lucky enough to fall in the way of this splendid creature at the house of one of my fashionable friends’ whither Jack Kracksby led me, one evening, when, overpowered by ennui, I was thinking whether I had not better take a dose, and a journey after a wife to Elysium! Miss Euphemia Flossville was a fine, tall, majestic young lady, with a pair of the finest black eyes in the world; her raven tresses fell in clusters over a neck white as Parian marble; her cheeks rivalled the roses first blush; her voice was dulcet harmony; her step light as the gazelle’s! She was a charming creature; considering my own diminutive stature I thought her very gracious in her affability toward me. We entered into a very animated conversation, and when the dancing commenced, Miss Euphemia preferred promenading with me to joining in the mazy twirl of the *valse*. Several remarkably fine young men, and Kracksby among the number, endeavored to prevail upon her to dance, but, as I said, Miss Flossville perferred my conversation!

Full of the recollections of my former misfortunes, I took the precaution to discover if Miss Flossville was wife or fiancée, before I let my heart go into the depths

of love; and judge of my rapture, when I discovered that she who rejected the offers of all the rest of the company, at my particular request, was *single* and her heart *unengaged*! Then I turned up my nose at kings!

Before the evening was over, I had given Miss Flossville a pretty clear intimation of the state of my affections, and we had resolved on meeting on the next night at the opera. She expressed herself as being subject to the vexatious vigilance of an elderly maiden aunt, who was constantly lecturing her upon the folly of love, and advising her with all the earnestness she could, never to think of base and cruel man. I suppose the elderly lady thought them base and cruel solely because they had neglected her.

Kracksby congratulated me on my conquest. "Now my dear Simon," he exclaimed, "Now, my boy, thou shalt have a wife!"

"In good sooth, I hope so," said I.

"She's a beauty!" ejaculated my friend.

"She a divine!" cried I. "Were all the beauties of the earth congregated together, and I had power to make my election therefrom, I would prefer Euphemia Flossville, to live or die for her!"

"Bravo!" cried Kracksby, and he clapped his hands like a vulgar man in a theatre. "Bravo, Simon, you are progressing!"

I felt myself a man!

Euphemia and I met very frequently after that, and I declared my passion as boldly as my constitutional bashfulness would permit me: that is to say, I often whispered to her that I had a great respect for her, and suffered my eyes to tell the rest.

It happened that our being so frequently together, attracted the attention of my charmer's virago of an aunt, who had threatened to take her down into Cornwall, and therefore Euphemia considered it would be better if we were not to meet so often, but correspond by letter, and asked me if I had not a friend in whom I could confide. My feelings instantly suggested Kracksby. "Yes, my respected Miss Flossville," I exclaimed, "I have a friend, a dear and true one. Dr. Kracksby will be our messenger." Euphemia, though she smiled at the mention of Jack's name, nevertheless agreed to his being the medium of communication, and thus our fears of being separated were removed. It was an excellent thought, because Jack was the medical attendant of the family.

"Be cautious and discreet, my dear Jack," said I to him, when I promulgated the matter. "Remember, Euphemia is an heiress of thirty thousand pounds."

"The deuce!" quoth Kracksby.

"Verily," responded I; and Jack promised to do his duty by me and execute his work carefully and promptly.

And Jack did do his work. I continued to see and receive letters from my Euphemia, and I wrote replies which Jack very faithfully contrived to forward to her. I was able to say more upon paper than I could by word of mouth, and frequently I expressed my sentiments very warmly. Jack rose in my estimation very much, because he was so ready to act as messenger: indeed, he was at me almost every hour in the day to know whether I had not a letter for Miss Flossville. Indeed, he intimated once or twice that there was no necessity for my appearing in the business at all, until the wedding day should arrive. "Believe me, my dear Simon," he would say, "believe me, my dear Simon, I will do your business as well as you could do it your-

self; steer clear of the old lady, for she's terribly embittered against you, and vows that if you come near the house, she'll spirit Euphemia off to Cornwall immediately." This was enough to prevail upon so generous a minded person as myself. I could not bear the idea of sacrificing the happiness of Euphemia, and, therefore, I kept as much out of the way as I could, and corresponded with that interesting young lady by means of Kracksby. Thus our wooing went on, and I thought myself attaining the pinnacle of bliss.

One evening, however, when I had made an appointment to meet Euphemia at a fashionable party, in order to arrange matters for our wedding, for I began to grow anxious for that happy event, she disappointed me. The hours flew on, but no Euphemia came: my heart grew sick, I could not mingle in the gay and festive scene, I could not dance, I could not talk, I could do nothing. Ten, eleven, twelve o'clock came, but no Euphemia! I retired from the house, mournful and melancholy, and made the best of my way to the house of her whom I adored. Lights were moving about in all directions, and, the street being remarkably still, I could hear that the house was all in confusion. Horrors came over me! I felt an indescribable sensation. Strange ideas possessed my mind; it seemed to me a presentiment; my knees knocked together, my teeth chattered. "Merciful powers!" said I to myself, "Euphemia is ill! Perhaps, Euphemia is dead!"

I stood, as it were, paralyzed and fixed to the spot. I could not move! Clogs of iron seemed riveted to my feet. Still the noise in the house was going on, and lights were moving about. My mind was so disordered that I could not tell whether the sounds were those of bewailing or rejoicing; my head swam; I felt dizzy; my feelings overpowered me! I beheld in my imagination the lovely creature whom I was to have met at the ball, stretched on the bed of death! I saw an end thus suddenly put to my highest dream of happiness! At length, summoning courage, I resolved to know the worst. I could not bear the state of uncertainty in which I remained. I rushed up the door steps, and with feverish anxiety knocked at the door. The knock was unheard, in consequence of the tumult within. Again I knocked, but with no better success; the din and confusion within drowned the sound of the knocker. A third time I made an essay to be heard, and rapped with such fury that in less than two seconds a brace of powdered lacqueys threw open the hall door, and remained staring at my haggard visage.

"Where—where," I gasped, "is Euphemia?"

The lacqueys made no reply, but stood staring at me still.

"Is Miss Euphemia Flossville dead?" I cried, with frantic impatience.

"No," was the reply.

"Is she sick?"

"No."

"Where is she?—what is the meaning of this confusion?"

"Oh," growled one of the powdered fellows, "she was married to Dr. Kracksby this morning!"

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A GOVERNED MIND.—Those who have government over their passions, and are in possession of a uniformly sweet disposition, are in possession of what is more valuable to them than an income of thousands of dollars a year.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

I.

WHEN the hours of day are numbered,
And the Voices of the Night
Wake the better soul that slumbered,
To a holy, calm delight:

II.

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And, like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful fire-light
Dance upon the parlor wall:

III.

Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door;
The beloved ones, the true-hearted,
Come to visit me once more.

IV.

He, the young and strong, who cherished
Noble longings for the strife;
By the road-side fell and perished,
Weary with the march of life!

V.

They, the holy ones and weekly,
Who the cross of suffering bore,
Folded their pale hands so meekly,
Spake with us on earth no more!

VI.

And with them the Being beauteous
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in heaven.

VII.

With a slow and noiseless footstep,
Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

VIII.

And she sits and gazes at me,
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars so still and saint-like,
Looking downward from the skies.

IX.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
Breathing from her lips of air.

X.

Oh, though oft depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died!

THE FINE ARTS.

BY C. D. STUART.

It is a standing reproach among foreigners against Americans, their utter want of taste, as a people, for the Fine Arts, especially that of painting. One would think at first that we lacked some faculty, as the cause

of this general disrelish or want of taste for what the world has long recognized as the sublimest of the four great sister arts; but I believe the fault lies more in the neglect of our government, and wealthy persons, who in other countries pride themselves upon being the patrons of art—to suitably encourage such genius as would in time reflect lustre upon the national name, and do infinite credit to those who with their money thus aided in establishing a national taste. There is not a public gallery of paintings nor statues in the United States, nor has anything been done by the general or state governments to promote any of the fine arts, if we except the appropriation for four pictures for the Capitol, and a few statues and busts, not exceeding a half dozen! What the higher classes of society treat with neglect or contempt, will, as a matter of course, become insignificant in the eyes of the mass, and so visa versa. There are more reasons than one—the credit of having a taste—why governments and men of wealth should look and work earnestly for the advance of the fine arts, and to inspire among all classes of the people a deep and true love for their creations. There is a mighty moral power lying in these forms that gleam from the canvas of the painter, from under the chisel of the sculptor, from the page of the poet and the harmonies of immortal music! Attracting as they do the eye, the ear, the very soul itself, what a means they can be made of conveying, when properly nursed, the great lessons of Liberty and Love. The statue of Freedom standing by the side of our fountain in the Park, with her brows circled by laurels, and her feet trampling upon a broken sceptre, would do more to fan a sacred enthusiasm than the harangues of a thousand demagogues, and the last spot that would be deserted by the patriot, would be the base of her pedestal. The herd, as some please to call the great heart and life of a nation, are not impervious to the voices of these eloquent spirits that do missionary toll, and deeds heroic as Spartan valor, from the dumb cloth, the fresco, and the white browed marble! Beside, it enters into the thought of but few, the incalculable good a wide establishment of the arts would render in preventing—which is far better than punishing—crime. Are not our governments and men of wealth taxed and re-taxed to keep the bands of the law upon the limbs of crime? And how much of that crime might be removed, were half this legislation and wealth spent in erecting and filling galleries and halls, where the artisan, the apprentice, the clerk, and the man of the spade might be drawn, and there amid the delineations of virtue, goodness, and truth, be weaned from those places of resort where indulgence ripens into infamy, and the virtuous step from the hearthstone and altar to the prison and universal shame! If music, the youngest of these sisters, and weakest—being only heard and remembered as a dream—can quell the fierce temper of the roylest of the beasts, what can the four with linked hands, and an irresistible strength, not do? Louis Philippe, the most polite monarch in the world, has not failed to see in these arts, and their free exhibition to all classes of people, the means of elevating the tastes of France, and blinding the hearts of grateful Frenchmen more firmly to himself; and he has done all in his power to place before the eyes of the nation the forms of her heroes and sages, and the pictures of her great deeds; and at the Louvre, and elsewhere, they stand as a kind of endless triumphal procession. I quote from a late book of travels—Dr.

Durbin's: "The Frenchman sees on every hand the productions of human genius. As he passes the streets of Paris, every corner has its memorial, every open space its column, its arches, or its fountains. The market woman, surrounded by her potatoes and onions, has but to raise her eyes and see, a few feet off, some classic representation—Ceres with her cornucopia, the symmetrical forms of wood-nymphs, or a graceful column, sculptured in bas-relief with flowers and fruits. The maid cannot draw water from a fountain without beholding a representation of some of

The fair humanities of old religions :

a water-nymph, a Triton, or a Neptune with his trident. If the artisan or the grisette walk in the gardens of the Luxembourg or the Tuilleries, it is among statues of the finest proportions, and the most graceful attitudes. Now all this, as I have said, must have its effects; and you see them in the general diffusion of good taste among all classes; in their neat and fitting dress; in their love of flowers; in their easy movements, and in their unconstrained politeness. Its deeper effects are found in their love of country; in their devotion to the glory of France; in their admiration of any government that promotes her fame; and in their attachment to a religion that wisely presses into its service the highest powers of genius and art."

How much more beautiful its results in a free land, pressed into the service of institutions based on the equality of human rights, and a religion acknowledging no second power between man and God! No, the fault lies not in a natural distaste for those splendid creations of sight and sound, which are but the garments of living beauty. It may be that the arts take quicker root, and spread more deeply in those climes where nature herself displays more of the artist, more, at least, of the golden and passionate colors—yet there is no land so barren of sky above, and rivers, vales and mountains around, as to inspire no love of the beautiful and grand—much less, one like our own, where the broad lakes seem to reflect, and the hills echo the spirit of liberty. America, with her principles, her prospects of rivaling the mightiest of nations, should not be thus slow to seize upon and protect, as a guardian angel, these arts, the strongest and supriest ministers of moral power. Our large cities and capitol might soon be decorated with "wreathed statues," and all in our midst spring forth the fruits of cultivated genius, which instead of being driven by grim want to more hospitable shores, would flourish in the land that gave them birth, and become the teacher of

"Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn!"

Amid all the charities of millionaires, will there none fall like precious dew from heaven, bearing balm for the rude soul of present society, in the form of a gallery of paintings and statues in the city of New York—the "city of fountains," of commerce, and of wealth? A gallery, where the men of swarth brows may go up and delight themselves with such pictures, as honorable Toil crowned with garlands, heroic Virtue wearing the peasant's jacket and the monarch's crown; Justice holding her balances in the market-place and on the throne, not blind as of yore, but keen eyed; and above all, resolute and noble Freedom, tossing her hands toward Heaven, her features lighted with the smile of religion, and her whole mien radiant with immortal Love. There should they gather from the game shop, the alley, and a thousand places which in cities like this, yawn under un-

practiced feet, until your prisons and paupers houses would rot from disuse and pass to decay. I have been led to these thoughts by visiting what is called the "National Academy of Design." Three rooms well enough filled, indeed, with representations of heads and ears, a confused collection of portraits, all colored as though their originals had been pledged and fostered, under a soft Spanish sky! These may all be like their models, and pass well, aye, meritoriously among the few friends of each particular face—but what is there in those three rooms that will carry the artist's name beyond the term of his life, or that of its possessor? What among that mass of countenances "all in a glow" like so many heads reflecting the flame of a kitchen fire, is worthy the name of Design? Does design mean nothing more than a rubbish of copies of pictures and heads—and is such a gathering of gaudy colors, a mere advertisement of the limner's place of abode, for which the reader must pay twenty five cents and buy a catalogue beside, all that we may expect from the genius and liberality of a city and country like this? Let them not desecrate Design, I pray, any longer, by such a use! If we are to have no public galleries free to all, are there not artists enough, who feeling for their future fame, will steal away in their intense love for their great idol, and create what the world would bow down to, and which, crowning its author with bays, would be worthy the name of design? I know not how others feel, but to me the presence of these great arts, or the fruits of them, is an inspiration which nothing can shake off. I feel above me the spirit of the master, and if his subject be lofty, if it be full of greatness, a strong hand as of the Almighty is upon me, an intelligence fraught with such charms as I cannot scorn or resist. The influence is not left to be questioned; shall not something then, be done to place these ministrations where they may lift up, and make pure and beautiful, every man in our midst?

For the *Rever*, New York, June 1844.

ORIGIN OF NEWSPAPERS.

THE first attempt at periodical literature was made in England in the reign of Elizabeth. After the defeat of the Spanish Armada intended by Philip 2d of Spain, for the invasion of England, the great interest being excited in every class, gave rise to the invention of Newspapers. Previous to this period, all articles of intelligence had been circulated, at great expense, in manuscript, and all political remarks which the government found itself interested in addressing the people, were issued in the shape of pamphlets. But the peculiar convenience at such a juncture of uniting these two objects in a periodical publication, becoming obvious to the ministry, in the month of April, 1568, the first number appeared in the shape of a pamphlet called the "English Mercurie," resembling the present English Gazette. It must have been published almost daily, since No. 50, the earliest specimen of the work now extant, is dated July 23d, of the same year; and this interesting specimen is preserved in the British Museum. But there were no newspapers printed in the single sheet, like the present till several years after.

The "Public Intelligencer," called a "Newspaper," was published by Sir Robert D'Estrange, on the 21st of August, 1561.

By referring to the Biography, however, we find that it was in 1663. By this statement it appears that it is

now 181 years since the first newspaper was published. The first Gazette in England was published at Oxford, in 1665, the Court being then held there; but on the removal of the court, it was called the "London Gazette." The "Orange Intelligencer" was the third newspaper published, and the first after the Revolution in 1688. The latter continued to be the only daily newspaper in England for some years; but in 1680, there appears to have been nine London newspapers published weekly. In Queen Anne's reign, the number of these was increased by eighteen; but still there appeared to be but one daily newspaper, which was called the London Courant.

In the reign of George the First, the number was but three daily, six weekly, and ten published three times a week. In 1773, the copies of newspapers annually published in the whole of England, were 7,441,757; in 1830, the whole amounted to 30,483,741; and since that period, the increase has been very great; for the number of different newspapers now published in England is over 1200.

The following is rather a wild story, and in some of its features a little improbable; and yet we know not but it is all a true narrative. We ourselves recollect the robbery alluded to on the Lyn'n turnpike, in the neighborhood of Boston. We find the article in an exchange paper, without any signature, and without being credited to its original medium of publication.

THE FATE OF A HIGHWAYMAN.

Of all the wild and romantic spots in New England, I know of none so striking and real, as may be found lying between the towns of Canton and Stoughton, in Norfolk county, Massachusetts. Taking the turnpike road in Canton, at the little tavern known by the name of Punkapog, and immediately after ascending the hill, you enter into a forest dense and wild. The road winds through the woods the distance of about five miles, before any open space of ground of any notable extent can be found; while its sides were closely lined with the forest trees, whose proximity often causes a rattle roughly against the carriage top—and at times the spreading branches almost impede the way. A more "Dick Turpin" like avenue can hardly be conceived. I have passed through the wood many times and at all hours, but never without having my imagination busily set to work with thoughts of "gentlemen of the road," and that very laconic and peremptory sentence, "stand and deliver?" Drive over the spot as mellow twilight casts her velvet shadows, and though you may enjoy the wild seclusion, you will find yourself inclined to give your horse the rein, and maybe a little of the whip or spur besides.

One fine July afternoon, in the year 1825, having received intelligence from Taunton, Mass., which demanded my immediate personal attention, I started forthwith for that place, taking for my conveyance my own horse and vehicle, to make the drive in the course of the afternoon. After a pleasant ride by way of Brush Hill turnpike, of a little more than a dozen miles, I halted my horse at Cherry Tavern, a well known resort, and then continued my way toward Taunton by way of Stoughton, where I proposed to pass a few moments in a call upon a younger brother; then attending school at that place. I think the school

was kept by a Mr. Tolman, who still resides in the same place, and is similarly occupied.

It was a moonlight night, though a few clouds interspersed the sky at intervals, obscuring the light of a still summer night. I had just passed a point about midway between Punkapog and the farther extremity of the wood, where a road branching from the main route, leads still deeper into the forest, and was just rising at the summit of the hill that forms the road at this point, when I was overtaken by a single horseman. As we reached the level together, he turned his horse, and dismounting, seized the bridle of mine, directing me in a calm voice to stop. I drew up my horse, satisfied that I was about to realize one of the adventures that had so often suggested themselves to me, as I had passed the lonely wood. His horse, aware of his master's purpose, stood like a statue where he had dismounted from him.

"You must know," said the man, "that there is but one errand a person can have, who stops another on the road in this manner. I want your money, sir, and must have it."

This was spoken as calmly and with as little apparent emotion as though the fellow was addressing a friend, save that there was a determined look in his eye that told he was a desperate man. As he spoke he unbuckled my reins from both sides of the bit, and then approached the steps of the vehicle. He was about the middle size, a dark complexioned man with prominent features, his eyes dark and piercing. His dress consisted of dark broad-cloth, the coat rather a jockey cut, ornamented with dark metallic buttons.

Now as I am not a person to give up even an argument without a pretty severe discussion, I was not, as the reader may suppose, one who would be inclined to give up his property merely for the asking.

I carefully examined the robber as he approached me, and satisfying myself that he had no weapons in his hands for immediate use, my plan of action was instantly formed. Laying his hand upon the dasher of the chaise I was in, he said,

"Well, sir, you will oblige me by wasting as little time as possible. Just hand me the valuables about your person and proceed quietly on your route."

I muttered something, intended to sound like justice, and words of like import—and half rising as if to get at the pocket of my coat, I sprang with the whole force of my body upon the man. He was utterly unprepared for this, and had evidently taken me for an easy prey, as he had not, up to that time shown any weapons. As I have said, I sprang upon him, and we both came heavily to the ground. My first effort was to pinion his arms; nor was I a moment too quick in accomplishing my purpose; for, as I bore down the right arm, it already contained a pistol, which at the same moment was discharged into the ground. Seeing that matters were thus desperate, I exerted my strength to the utmost. Fortunately I was much stronger and larger than the robber, whose head I was obliged to bruise severely, before he would yield in the least—and then only through exhaustion and pain.

My antagonist, almost blinded with the blood and dirt that covered his face, and faint from the loss of blood, after much resistance allowed me to confine his arms behind him, which I secured with my whip lash. My endeavors to lift him into the vehicle proved utterly fruitless, and I found that I must leave him on the road. In this dilemma, I hardly knew what course to

pursue. I had already lost near half an hour of time; my business was highly important; besides it must be accomplished, and myself back again in Boston, so as to start for New York city the next afternoon, as I had already engaged passage in a sailing packet from the latter city to Europe.

The rough and hardened villain now became a suppliant, and begged and promised more than I can relate. I disarmed him of a pair of pistols and a Spanish knife, the blade of which shut into the handle or haft of the weapon. Having done this, I took out my pocket book, and showed the robber that had he succeeded in his murderous attempt, he would have reaped a harvest of ten dollars, and for this paltry sum he would have committed murder. I determined to leave the man to his own reflections, discovering, as I thought, symptoms of true regret in his speech.

Having his weapons in my possession, and one of the pistols being loaded, as I first ascertained, I arranged my horse's harness, unbound the robber, who was evidently suffering severely from his bruises, pointed to his horse for him to mount, which I saw him do, and take the branch road that led deeper into the forest. I drove quickly on my route, but not without often looking back, half expecting a second visit from my late antagonist. I hurried to my journey's end, and transacted my business, and returned immediately to Boston. My way was the woody road, but this time I was armed with the robber's weapons. I mentioned hastily to one or two of my confidential friends, that I had narrowly escaped being robbed; intending at a future time to relate the circumstance more fully, and immediately left the city for New York. I was soon careering over the heaving bosom of the broad ocean, in one of the noble Liverpool liners, that still "hold their own," notwithstanding the advances the application of steam has made in navigation.

I passed about five years in Europe, during which time I visited almost every section of the continent. After many vicissitudes and enjoyments which the traveler alone can experience, I returned home.

Not long after my return, a few years since, a robbery was committed on that part of Lynn turnpike which crosses the low marshes between that town and Chelsea, upon the person of a market man, who was returning home from the sale of his produce in the city. The description of the affair as it occurred, appeared in the papers of the day, and is doubtless familiar to my readers. The robber on this occasion discharged a pistol at the person he assaulted, whose life was saved by the singular chance of the ball's striking the buckle that secured the suspenders attached to his garments, and then glancing off from his person. After much excitement relative to this affair, such information was obtained as led to the detection of the highwayman, who was accordingly secured in prison.

The circumstances called to mind a similar adventure of my own, an affair which had in a few eventful years been almost forgotten. In thinking over the matter, I experienced a strong desire to see the criminal, and accordingly visited him in his cell. In Walton the well-known highwayman, I discovered the robber whom I had by a singular *coup de main* overcome in the wood of Punkapog. The recognition was mutual, and it was with a strange wildness that he exclaimed:

"Have you, too, come to witness against me?"

I held a long conversation with him, during which

he related to me many incidents of his life since we last met. Said he:

"Your lesson had well nigh succeeded in reclaiming me, but my habits were strong upon me, and you see me here!"

Before his trial, and in fact immediately after my conversation with him, in prison, I again embarked for Europe, and returned, after a business sojourn in its principal cities, until within a few months. I am again in my native land.

That Walton paid the penalty of his crime, is well known to all, but what has led me to the relation of my personal adventure with him, is somewhat singular. The matter had been forgotten by me, and perhaps would have never been again recurred to, had I not happened to drop in at a medical lecture, (one of the series now delivering in the city by Dr. Jones,) when the speaker exhibited not only the skull of Walton, but also a book bound in leather made from his skin!

Little did I think when I unopinioned the arms of the highwayman, who would have taken my life in the lonely woods between Canton and Stoughton, that I would live to see his life printed, and bound in his own skin!

AN OLD HERO.

THE Kaskaskia (Ohio) Republican notices the death, in that vicinity, of Mr. John Stufflebean, aged 109 years. He was born on the banks of the Hudson river, twelve miles from Albany, in the State of New York, February 16th, 1735. There he married his first wife, whom he left with two children, when he enlisted as a private in the revolutionary army, in which he served, almost to the close of the war, when he was taken captive by the Indians, who disposed of him to the British for a barrel of rum. Having remained a prisoner at Detroit a few months, while employed one day chopping wood, he and five of their fellow prisoners effected their escape. On account of the difficulty experienced in procuring subsistence, these fugitives separated into two parties, and took separate routes to the Ohio river. The subject of this notice and his two companions, guided by the sun in fair weather, and lying by when it was cloudy, aiming for some point high up on the river, made the best of their way through the desolate forest, then inhabited by hostile Indians, but now is the territory constituting the States of Ohio, Indiana and Michigan. Three long months were spent in concealment and wandering about, in the performance of this lonesome and hazardous journey, beset as it was on all sides, by the insidious foe, then the sole tenants of those savage wilds; in perils and dangers daily; and at times nearly reduced to starvation. At one time, for four successive days, they were without nourishment, save that afforded by a half dozen half hatched pheasant's eggs. Sometimes falling in among the Indians representing themselves as sent from the British army in pursuit of deserters, they obtained food from them, and their sufferings were mitigated by the kindness thus elicited, as well as themselves protected from the effect of the savage enmity then so strong against the colonist. He was one of the first settlers in Bourbon county, Kentucky, and assisted in sawing with a whip-saw, the planks used in constructing the first permanent framed building there erected. He was blessed with a fine flow of animal spirits, and was generally cheerful. His eyesight was unimpaired al-

most to the last, and he never had occasion for the use of spectacles. He never took a dose of medicine, and with the exception of four days' illness immediately preceding his death, he was never sick, at least seriously so. In his last and only sickness he could not be prevailed on to call in a physician. His third wife is still living, at the advanced age of 92 years, and was able to attend the remains of her deceased husband to the grave.

SONG TO EVORA.

BY H. C. CLEMENTS.

LEND me thine eye and ear, my friend!

A harp is wailling in the skies,

And as its echoes sweetly blend,

It seems to hymn our destinies!

It murmurs that such hearts as ours

Were cast within a common mould,

And when the final future lowers,

Are gathered to a kindred fold:

It lies that where the pure in thought

Each other fondly, dearly prize,

Bright seraphs are in concert brought

To chaunt their names in Paradise!

Uprear thy face! and let yon star

Light up the radiance of thine eyes;

For, though it gleams in space afar,

A kindred fire within it lies.

Wilt thou, Evora, say, whence'er

Terrestrial bilis the grave shall end,

Will thy young spirit haunt yon sphere,

That I may there a greeting send?

The feathered habitant of air,

With folded wing and drooping head,

Seems worshipping in silent prayer,

And every sound of life hath fled.

'Tis night in heaven! the gates of Time

Are closed upon the silent throng

Which peopled once the breathing clime

To which, Evora, we belong.

They make no sign, they speak no word,

But stand in dusky mantles clad,

As if no voice within was stir'd

To whisper they should now be glad.

Ah! some among that spirit train

Must long have yearn'd to know that rest,

Unknown to care, unseathed by pain,

Which haunts the precincts of the bless'd.

Could man but dream, ere she is gone,

How much his nature owes the birth

Of one whose sinless soul is born

Imbued with heaven, with nought of earth,

How were his hours like years to those

Whose hearts are like a distant isle

Round which the ocean darkly flows,

Unlit by e'en a planet's smile.

For the Rover—New York, June, 1914.

THE BLACKSMITH

At the Battle of Brandywine.

AND how I have given you some instances of courage and heroic daring of those high in station and renowned in fame. One instance more—an example of reckless courage. The hero was a stout blacksmith, —aye, an humble blacksmith, but his stout frame hardened by toil, throbbed with as generous an impulse

of freedom as ever beat in the bosom of a Lafayette, or throbbed around the heart of mad Anthony Wayne.

It was in the full tide of the retreat, that a follower of the American camp, who had at least shouldered a cart-whip in his country's service, was driving a baggage wagon from the battle field, while some short distance behind a body of Continentals were rushing forward with a troop of British in close pursuit.

The wagon had arrived at a narrow point of the bye road leading to the south, where two high banks of rock and crag arising on either side, afforded just space sufficient for the passage of his wagon, and not an inch more.

His eye was arrested by the sight of a stout muscular man, some forty years of age, extended at the foot of a tree at the very opening of this pass. He was clad in the coarse attire of a mechanic. His coat had been flung aside, and, with the shirt sleeves rolled up from his muscular arm, he lay extended on the turf, with his rifle in his grasp, while the blood streamed in a torrent from his right leg, broken at the knee by a cannon ball.

The wagoner's sympathies were arrested by the sight—he would have paused in the very instant of his flight, and placed the wounded blacksmith in his wagon, but the stout-hearted mechanic refused.

"I'll not get into your wagon," he exclaimed in his rough way; "but I'll tell you what I will do. Do you see yonder cherry tree on the top of that rock that hangs over the road? Do you think you could lift a man of my built up there?—for you see, neighbor," he continued, while the blood flowed from his wound, "I never meddled with the Britishers until they came trampling over this valley and burned my house down. And now I'm all riddled to pieces, and haint got no more than fifteen minutes' life in me; but I've got three rifle balls in my cartridge-box, and so just prop me up against that cherry tree, and I'll give 'em the whole three shots, and then," he exclaimed, "and then I'll die!"

The wagoner started his horses ahead, and then with a sudden effort of strength, dragged the blacksmith along the sod to the foot of the cherry tree surmounting the rock by the roadside.

In a moment his back was propped against the tree, his face was to the advancing troopers, and while his shattered leg hung over the bank, the wagoner rushed on his way, while the blacksmith very coolly proceeded to load his rifle.

It was not long before a body of American soldiers rushed by with the British in pursuit. The blacksmith greeted them with a shout, and then raising his rifle to his shoulder, he picked the foremost from his steed, with the exclamation: "That's for General Washington!" In a moment the rifle was loaded, again it was fired, and the pursuing British rode over the body of another fallen officer. "That's for myself!" cried the blacksmith. And then with a hand strong with the feeling of coming death, the sturdy freeman again loaded, again raised his rifle. He fired his last shot, and as another soldier kissed the sod, a tear quivered in the eye of the dying blacksmith. "And that," he cried, with a husky voice which strengthened into a shout, "and that's for mad Anthony Wayne!"

Long after the battle was past, the body was discovered, propped against the tree, with the features frozen in death, smiling grimly, while the right hand still grasped the never falling rifle.

And thus died on of the thousands of brave mechanic
 heroes of the Revolution; brave in the hour of battle;
 undaunted in the hour of retreat, and undismayed in
 the hour of death.

EMILIE.

Her cot is 'neath the beechen tree,
 Where the soft winds, in wandering free,
 Bear to her ear the melody
 Of many a singing bird.
 I would that I might dwell beneath
 That emerald shade, that jessamine wreath,
 Which, with the woodbine on the roof,
 Braids green, and gold, and scarlet woof.

Her cot is 'neath the beechen tree,
 And dearly loved and prized is she,
 But oft with mournful sighs for me
 Her lonely heart is stir'd.
 For many a summer long and sweet
 I sought her in her green retreat,
 And life's most bright and cherish'd hours
 Were spent upon the "hill of flowers."

Her cot is 'neath the beechen tree,
 And I am far o'er land and sea;
 This is a sad, sad home for me,
 I hear no love taught word.
 I wonder if, when all alone,
 She ever hears my plaining tone,
 Or feels my heartfelt, shielding prayer
 Around her in the summer air?

For the Rover—New York, May, 1844.

LORA.

THE FISHER.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

The water roll'd—the water swell'd,
 The fisher sat beside;
 Calmly his patient watch he held
 Beside the fresh'ning tide;
 And while his patient watch he keeps,
 The parted waters rose,
 And from the oozy ocean deeps
 A water maiden rose.

She spoke to him, she sung to him—
 "Why lurest thou my brood,
 With cunning art and cruel heart,
 From out their native flood;
 Ah! could'st thou know how here below
 Our peaceful lives glide o'er,
 Thou'dst leave thy earth and plunge beneath
 To seek a happier home.

Bathes not the sun his golden face,
 The moon, too, in the sea;
 And rise they not from their resting place
 More beautiful to see?
 And lures thee not the clear deep heaven
 Within the waters blue—
 And thy form so fair see mirror'd there
 In that eternal dew?"

The water roll'd—the water swell'd,
 It reach'd his naked feet;
 He felt, as at his love's approach,
 His bounding bosom beat;

She spake to him, she sung to him,
 His short suspense is o'er;
 Half drew she him, half drop'd he in,
 And sunk to rise no more.

THE ROVER OMNIBUS.
GIGANTIC LITERATURE.

THERE are giants in the land in *these* days, as well
 as in "those days." And moreover the giants in our
 day are giants in literature as well as corporeal size;
 which we imagine is a distinction the ancients could
 not boast of. There is a pair of giants sojourning at
 present at the American Museum in this city, or rather,
 to speak with more precision, a giant and giantess,
 man and wife. We have not seen this giant, who says
 he stands seven feet *fore* inches in height, but we have
 his autograph to prove that he is the real man of Gath.

It is not fair that the museum man should monopolize
 all the good things of the giant race, and we are
 determined our readers at least shall have a part. We
 therefore publish the following poem, with the additional
 notes, from the giant now at the American Museum,
 which is correctly copied from his manuscript in our
 possession.

NEW YORK AMERICAN MUSEUM.

Mrs. Randall and her husband is hear to be seen
 O pray let us visit this sweet lovely queen
 so well formed by nature and manners pullight
 she measures near seven feet in hight

We have travled the country both fare and near
 But never did eaqueal to us appear
 We have seen all countreys all sises and weight
 Mr. Randall stands seven feet fore inches in hight

Mr. and Mrs. Randall when compared by ordenary size
 of people make them appear quite as pigmeys and
 alloud by all
 to be the stoutest and Best proportioned people ever
 was exhibited under the denomination of giant or
 giantess and a totle eclipse on all the giantic race
 and when seen to be acknowledged the real gollah of
 gath

"STICK A PIN THERE." It is no small labor, that of
 sticking pins. We buy pins by the paper, but very
 few are aware of the labor that is performed before
 these indispensable articles are ready for the market.
 The way they are *put on paper* has been greatly im-
 proved within a short time. A writer who has recently
 visited a pin making factory in Connecticut thus
 speaks of this last operation:—"As an invention of
 the marvelous achievement of skill when so brought
 to bear upon even one branch of this process, and that
 quite subordinate; the facility for executing the task,
 of sticking the pins upon the sale paper, may be noted.
 It takes, in England, sixty females to stick in one
 day, by sunlight, ninety packs, containing 302,460 pins.

The same thing is performed here in the same time
 by one woman. Her sole occupation is to pour them
 —a gallon at a time—into a hopper, from whence they
 come out all neatly arranged upon their several papers.
 The machine by which the labor of fifty-nine persons
 is daily saved, yet remains a mystery to all but the in-
 ventor; and no person but the single one who attends
 to it, is, upon any pretext whatever, allowed to enter
 the room where it operates."—*Mer. Journal, Boston*

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Will ye go to the ladies, my Mary,
And leave old Scotia's shore?

THE ROVER.

BURNS TO MARY. WITH AN ENGRAVING.

Our engraving this week is the fourth beautiful picture published in the ROVER, illustrating scenes from the poems of Burns.

The following lines have reference to the time when, in consequence of disappointments at home, he had determined to sail for Jamaica, and push his fortunes in a foreign land. But for once, says his biographer, "poverty stood his friend." He could not raise money to pay his passage, and remained at home to become the most popular bard of the age.

TO MARY.

Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
And leave auld Scotia's shore?
Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
Across th' Atlantic's roar?

Oh sweet grows the lime and the orange,
And the apple on the pine;
But a' the charms o' the Indies
Can never equal thine.

I hae sworn by the Heavens to my Mary,
I hae sworn by the Heavens to be true;
And sae may the Heavens forget me,
When I forget my vow!

Oh plight me your faith, my Mary,
And plight me your lily-white hand;
Oh plight me your faith, my Mary,
Before I leave Scotia's strand.

We hae plighted our troth, my Mary,
In mutual affection to join,
And curst be the cause that shall part us!
The hour, and the moment o' time!

THE OPAL RING:

A German Legend.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

"Stately stept he east the wa',
And stately stept he west,
Full seventy years he now had seen,
With scarce seven years of rest."

BALLAD OF HARDYKNUTE.

THE stout Lord Rudolf was a hardy champion of the olden time, living in his strong hold upon the verge of the Rhine. His zeal in everything pertaining to feats of arms was acknowledged and unequivocal; but as to matters of the church, the brethren of St. Gothard regarded him with ill-dissembled suspicion, and tolerated him only in view of his great power, large estates, and the not-to-be questioned zeal and liberality of his young wife, the Lady Eleanor. He treated with a contempt, altogether remarkable, considering his country and the age in which he lived, the marvelous stories of sorcery and witchcraft, in which his people so much delighted, and a belief in which, the priesthood, from motives of their own, did not fail to encourage. Indeed it would almost seem that a belief in the wild and incredible was made a test for the measure of faith in the dogmas of the church.

VOLUME III.—No 14.

The stern, lofty brow of the baron, was now white with the frosts of eighty winters, yet his eye had lost none of its fierceness, and his form had that erect and stately bearing supposed to beseeem a warrior of the storied Rhine. While the companions of his youth had, one after another, fallen in the many forays of those unsettled times—had gone out to the wars of the Holy Land, and returned no more; or, sunk in the dotage and decrepitude of age, still mumbled their prayers and counted their beads, at the will of their ghostly advisers, and gave immense sums to the church by way of expiation for their sanguinary lives, the Baron Rudolf walked the ramparts of his castle, and beheld, far as the eye could sweep, stately forests nodding to the wind, and filled with the wild boar and deer, fields ripe for the harvest, and domains rich and extensive, all of which owned him for their possessor; and with stout heart and flashing eye, he vowed none of these should go to enrich an overgrown and pampered church.

A resolution like this argued no ordinary spirit in an age when the priesthood awayed the consciences of men with an iron rule, and bent the firmest to their will by the threatened anathemas of the church. Nor was this all—he had married, in his old age, a young, aspiring bride, with a spirit indomitable as his own, and all the vigilance of the baron became requisite to foil the machinations of his wife and her confessor.

Had Lady Eleanor lavished upon her lord those attentions and indulgencies, which his age might seem to demand, it is more than probable he would have sunk into the helpless dotage of his contemporaries, and have left her to a young spouse, and his estate to the church. But fortunately for him, some rather ungentle attempts at power, on the part of the lady, roused the lion-like spirit within, and he arose, like the strong man of old, and shook off the withes that bound him, and walked forth with a firm step and vigilant eye, bidding defiance to every aggressor whether in the shape of foreign foe, priest, wife, or even time itself.

It was a period of profound peace; and yet the wary baron forgot none of the securities of war. Turret and battlement frowned their defiance, with all the "pomp and circumstance" of war. The sentry of the watch-tower gave instant notice of the approach of either friend or foe, and one blast of the warder's horn would have filled the courts with a gallant array of men-at-arms and retainers. The drawbridge would have resounded to the tramp of horse and the clash of armor, battlement and barbacan would have bristled with pike and battle-axe, while gay pennon and flaunting standard would have waved from the turrets. The long halls and stately apartments, decked with gorgeous tapestry, and waked only by the light footstep of beauty, or the soft melody of the harp, would have echoed to the din of war and the stirring notes of the trumpet, transforming the peaceful habitation into a military fortress, capable of repelling no inconsiderable army, at a period when the deadly instruments of modern warfare were unknown.

An occurrence like this would have given Lady Eleanor infinite delight, weary as she was of the monotony of the castle. But none presented itself. The military prowess of the baron had years before subjected all the petty states about him to his power, and such was the

dread with which he was now regarded, that none thought of rebellion.

The last disastrous crusade had closed, and in scattered groups, thinned and dishearted, but a handful as it were of the proud and gallant army that had embarked for Syria, returned, the chivalry of Europe. The sword, the pestilence, and famine, had each claimed its myriads ere men awoke from the delusion into which they had been plunged.

Group after group arrived to claim the hospitality of the warlike baron, and yet the heir of the castle came not. Many were the tales of wild adventure, of knightly daring, or Paynim generosity, in which Oswald figured the bravest of the brave, to which the Lady Eleanor and her damsels listened, from the lips of gallant knight, or wandering minstrel. The pilgrim, decked with his scallop-shell, told of those disastrous wars, of individual prowess or suffering, till bright eyes were suffused with tears, and fair cheeks grew pale at the recital.

The wars had ceased, and while the disheartened survivors, spent and weary, sought the father-land, Oswald lingered behind. Various and dark were the surmises to which this circumstance gave rise. At one time it was hinted, that enamored of an eastern maid of surpassing beauty, he had abjured country and religion for her sake; and spell-bound by a sorceress, beautiful as Armida, remained a willing captive to her charms. Again, it was said that he devoted himself to the forbidden lore of powerful magicians, acquiring interdicted believers in the faith of the cross, knowledge and power dangerous to the soul, and unworthy the character of a Christian knight.

At length, a homeward party of his companions announced that he would return. Everything was put it readiness for a reception worthy the heir to such fair estates.

Runners were sent to every out-post, that the earliest notice might be given of his approach; and a troop of noble retainers were ready to escort him home, with gay pennon and spirit stirring music. Daily did the baron, with a statelier step, and a lordlier bearing, walk the old terrace, impatient at his delay.

Lady Eleanor busied herself in all those arrangements that woman's taste alone suggests; for she had never seen her step-son, and fame had proclaimed him no less handsome than brave and courteous. The old armor of the great hall was newly burnished, rich tapestry, was suspended from the walls, choice embroidery,

"Wrought by nae hand as ye may guess,
Save that of Fairly fair."

was taken from sumptuous wardrobes of carved oak, to decorate the couches. Great was the taste and skill lavished upon the room designed to be the sanctum of the young knight.

The large Gothic windows, with their delicate tracery, and springing arches, through which the light penetrating the stained glass, quivered upon the tasselled floor with hues like a riven rainbow, were again softened by heavily embroidered silk, that fell in gorgeous folds to the very floor. Silver lamps, of rich and grotesque construction, were suspended, by chains of the same metal, from the ceiling, and fed with aromatic oils. The heavily ornamented alcoves contained rare cabinets, in which were preserved those illuminated manuscripts, of such great value, that principalities were exchanged for their possession. High backed,

oaken chairs, curiously wrought with uncouth devices, stood upon mats of the finest oriental carpeting; images of saints occupied every niche, and the scene of the crucifixion, executed with no mean skill by the fair hands of Lady Eleanor and her maidens, was suspended over the huge fire-place. Upon the cumbrous table were placed relics of rare value, in cases of ivory, and venerated vases of exceeding beauty.

All was completed, and yet the knight returned not. Lady Eleanor grew weary of adorning her handsome person, all to no purpose, and pettishly chid her maidens as they loitered in their embroidery, as the only feasible method of allaying her own irritation.

CHAPTER II.

Longe, longe hath toll'd the midnight bell,
And the stars grew dim in the skye,
Yet the taper burns in the old grey tower,
Like a bacon placed on highe.

OLD BALLAD.

THE shadows of evening were veiling the landscape in the grey hue of twilight, when a solitary pilgrim, with rusty cowl, and the scallop-shell, was seen to approach the castle. He moved slowly, leaning upon his staff, apparently too much absorbed in his own thoughts to take much note of objects about him. The portal was thrown open with ready zeal, the hospitable board spread, and the calls of hunger allayed, ere the courtesy of the old baron would permit him to press inquiries even upon the subject nearest his heart, the protracted absence of his son.

Little use was there to question. The pilgrim seemed moody and silent, and his short, abrupt replies repelled all advances. At length the damsel Agatha hinted, with many blushes, that the lady's page, Henri, had been practising a new song; and then, for the first time, did the stranger appear at all interested in the group about him. While the youth swept the strings of the harp, with a slight blush, indeed, yet with the air of a handsome stripling accustomed to the smile of ladies, the stranger raised his head, and the cowl falling back, revealed an eye and countenance little according with the subdued tone and manners he had assumed. The eye was black, penetrating, and almost fierce in its expression, and yet a dash of sadness seemed to linger about it, and to rest upon the lofty forehead that gleamed from the midst of dark curly hair, which clustered thickly about it, and shaded the swarthy cheek and haughty lip. The page shrunk abashed before the keen eye, but a smile and glance from the maiden reassured him, and he sang as follows.

SONG OF THE PAGE.

Oh! many an eye is clear and bright,
Like stars that deck the brow of night,
And full of glee;
But there is one, whose faintest ray
Can chase all thoughts of care away,
When fixed on me.

There's many a cheek whose changeful hue,
Is like the rose when bathed in dew,
And fair to see;
But one alone, whose timid blush
Will cause the blood to mine to rush,
Is dear to me.

There's many a voice, whose dulcet swell
Is like the chime of silvery bell

From dewy lea ;
But only one, that from my heart
The pangs of grief can bid depart,
Is dear to me.

It is uncertain how long the youth might have continued his amorous ditty, had not a gesture of impatience from the stranger arrested him. He took the harp from the abashed page, and swept his hand across the strings, with a boldness and freedom that called forth the full power of the instrument: then, in a clear manly voice he sang the following words, while the ladies listened with all but suspended breath.

The Rhine, the Rhine, majestic Rhine,
The bright, the beautiful too,
That rushest down from the mountain side,
And glidest the valleys through.

Thou rollest on in thy glorious pomp,
Thou pride of my father land,
And I hear thy voice with my boyhood's joy,
Once more on my native strand.

"My son, my own son," cried the old baron, forgetting all his stateliness in the delight of beholding him again. Oswald returned the embraces, and congratulations of his family with little of the enthusiasm with which he was greeted, and Henri whispered:

"Agatha, I fear our young lord is but a churlish knight, for methinks he hath a plentiful lack of courtesy."

"Nay, nay," said the maiden, "I like his lofty bearing. Commend me to your dark-eyed mysterious knights, that look as if stirred by no ordinary thoughts. I like not to read all at a glance."

"Those that seek concealment, are most likely to have good cause for so doing. I like a frank, open bearing, a valorous heart and ready sword," returned the page, with a something very like pique in his manner.

Agatha laughed, with a pretty coquetry. "I doubt not my good cousin will be all he so much admires, but not the less shall I affect a mystical appearance, a majestic mien, that awes one to look upon."

At this moment, she encountered the dark eye of the knight, and the blood mantled to her fair brow, and the small hand trembled as it unconsciously tightened its grasp upon a rose-bud it held, the last gift of the page.

Henri reddened with something like resentment, but mindful of the gentle training to which he was subjected, he suppressed its expression, and replied with a careless air:

"So then, my gentle cousin would rather tremble at the glance of a proud eye, than behold a true and courteous knight, awed at her own fair self."

"Nay, nay, good coz, that is not a fair inference; kneeling knights are everywhere to be found—they do homage to a fair cheek and sparkling eye, lightly as they don their helmet; but, but," and the cheek of the gay girl was dyed with blushes, "methinks it were a worthy triumph to subdue yon haughty knight, who seems little heedful of lady's smiles; to behold such an one suing for a maiden's favor, were indeed assurance of no ordinary power."

Henri's brow contracted, and it is uncertain what might have been his response, had not Lady Eleanor at this moment summoned her damsels to attend her, and the page left them at the lady's apartment, where

they were at liberty to discuss the knight at their leisure.

For many days, the knight yielded to the endearments of domestic life, visiting his fair domains, and indulging the curiosity of the family in details of the hazards and disasters of those fatal wars, and the deadly sufferings of the Christians in contending with foes ever on the alert, and innumerable as the locusts swept by the hot winds of their own deserts. But these things gradually grew irksome to him, and he secluded himself mostly either in his own room, or an old tower, rarely used except in times of commotion; and then only as a place of great strength and security, where a foe could be greatly annoyed, while the repellants were secure from every ordinary weapon.

There, hour after hour, even when the midnight stars grew dim in the early dawn, was beheld the solitary light of the watcher, and occasionally his form might be seen to pass between the light, and the low arched portal.

The old baron walked the long terraces of his strong hold with a feeble step, and the gloomy disaffected air of a man who has nourished some bright anticipation, and wakes to find it but an illusion of the fancy. Disappointment seemed likely to accomplish what age had failed to do, even to bow the strong spirit to the earth. Lady Eleanor felt all a proud woman's resentment at the indifference with which she was treated, and more than once hinted dark suspicions of necromancy and forbidden arts.

The maiden, Agatha, had, from the first, detected a deep and abiding sadness in the stranger, and her girlish fancy had at once been awakened to an interest in his behalf. She invested him with sorrows and wrongs, that perhaps never had an existence, except in her own youthful imagination, and then wept over them, and offered her prayers to the Virgin, that the one might be redressed, and the other alleviated. She even wished it were in her power to do something to relieve his despondency. Her girlish coquetry gave place to a quiet pensiveness, and perhaps her fine eyes might have expressed more of tenderness than she conceived, as they rested upon the knight, for she thought not of herself, but only of his sorrows.

Henri alone seemed to enjoy the state of affairs at the castle. His volatile spirits became even more buoyant than ever, and he sang his songs and madrigals with unprecedented sweetness and skill. He was a gay, handsome youth, with a smooth tongue, and courtly address, and withal frank and brave, and promising hereafter to be right worthy of the sword and spurs of knighthood. He had already installed his fair cousin upon the pedestal of his heart, as his only "Lady Love," partly in consequence of the beauty and many excellencies of the damsel, and partly because the seclusion in which he lived afforded none other so good and lovely.

Agatha, half in sport, and half in the thoughtless inexperience of girlhood, humored the whim of the young devotee, unconscious of the dangerous passion, that was thus daily strengthening in the heart of her admirer. Now that a new grace had been imparted to her face, in the soft pensiveness that was stealing over it, she sat with abstracted air, while he poured forth the most dulcet melody, her own looks more dangerous to the youth, and herself unaware that her thoughts were away with the solitary watcher of the tower, and more intent upon divining his secret cause of grief,

than in doing justice to the skill or taste of the handsome page.

CHAPTER III.

"There came, and look'd him in the face,
An angel, beautiful and bright;
And then he knew it was a fiend,
This miserable knight."—COLERIDGE.

We have before said, that the stern hardihood of the baron had hitherto enabled him to bid defiance to the ghostly warnings of the Fathers of St. Gothard, who urged him to prepare for the rest of his soul, by contributions to the church. It may hence be inferred they regarded him with no friendly eye; and now that his son had returned, leading a dark, solitary life, their malicious scrutiny was at once excited. Nor was this all; Lady Eleanor, in the sanctity of confession, had relieved her burden of spleen, by hinting mysterious fears and doubts, as to the motives of his retirement.

The moon in its first quarter hung like a silver barque upon the verge of the horizon, its faint ray playing upon the waters of the Rhine, as they heaved darkly in the uncertain light, when Agatha, who was looking from the terrace, was roused from a long reverie by the voice of the page. He pointed to the dim light of the old tower, and said in a low voice:

"The eagle, companionless and alone, becomes a surer mark for the archer."

"What mean you, Henri? Is danger really threatening the noble Oswald? And have you not warned him of the peril?"

"How should I, sweet coz, when he treats me with the contempt of a menial? Methinks, were I to mount to yonder tower with a message of warning, it were poor reward for such service to be pitched from the battlement."

"Shame on thee Henri; I thought thine had been a nobler nature;" and the maiden turned away with a look of scorn.

The eye of the page flashed, and his brow crimsoned, yet he did not fail to address her with his habitual deference, but still with an infusion of pride that well became him.

"Agatha, you wrong me. I care little for the scorn of yon proud knight; should he attempt discourteous service, he would scarcely find me the craven to submit either to his violence or dictation. It may be that my devotion to the baron hath magnified to me the danger of his son." Then, in a lower voice, while his eyes rested sadly upon the face of the excited girl, he said, "It may be too, Agatha, that I feared for him for thy sake."

A deep blush spread over her face and neck at this allusion to herself, which the youth marked with a deeper shade of melancholy. He then went on to express his fears that the fathers were about to cite the young lord to appear before a council of their order, to answer to the crimes of witchcraft and sorcery. He had expressed his reasons for so thinking to the baron, who had treated the subject with utter contempt, and thus, he doubted not, would the son.

Agatha retired to her room but not to sleep. The danger which threatened the knight grew every moment upon her imagination, and suggested many methods by which he might be warned of the peril; but with the timidity of maidenly reserve she shrunk from putting them into execution. She looked out from the casement; the stars beamed placidly from the deep sky, and the old woods reposed in deep shadow, while

the heavy outline of the towers of St. Gothard lay like a dense mass against the horizon. As she continued looking in the direction of the monastery, she observed a file of monks with cowl and cassock, each bearing a small lantern, slowly emerge from its walls, and take the direction of the castle.

Instantly was her resolve taken. Throwing a mantle over her shoulders, she paced with a trembling step the long dark corridors and took the direction of the old tower.

The structure was intricate, and of immense size, and a deadly fear seized the lone girl, as she threaded the dark passages at such an hour. Occasionally too, as she approached the outer walls, nocturnal birds, disturbed in their retreats, spread their broad heavy wings and sailed forth with loud screams into the open air. At length she reached the base of the tower, and began to ascend. Laying her hand upon the damp walls she groped up the narrow winding steps. She felt something glide from beneath her touch; but whether snake or lizard she knew not, for a cold shivering passed all over her, and she scarcely suppressed a scream of horror. Then the wild superstitions of the age came upon her with a deadly power, and to her excited fancy the dark passage seemed full of unearthly sounds; horrid eyes glared upon her from every side, and her flesh crept beneath the touch of hideous and malignant demons. She pressed the crucifix close to her bosom, closed her eyes to all about her, and breathing inarticulate prayers to the Holy Virgin, reached the landing, where the light streamed from the retreat of the knight.

Here, while pausing for breath, her ear was arrested by the soft tones of a lute, accompanied by the low, exquisite tones of a female voice. In the astonishment of the moment she listened to the following words, sang with great sweetness and effect.

SONG.

'Mid scorching sands the desert bulb
Lies hid beneath the plain,*
With all its beauty folded up,
To wait the coming rain.

It comes—the welcome rain-drops come,
And, like a magic life,
The joyous flow'ret upward springs,
With every beauty rife.

A while it blossoms in the sun,
A creature of delight;
Till fed no more with genial dews
It withers in the light.

And thus the heart, when waked by love,
A thousand joys may know,
But coldness, like the desert air,
Shall wither all its glow.

* Travelers tell of immense plains in certain parts of Africa, where, during the hot months not a spear of vegetation appears; the earth is dry and hard, and seamed with cracks to a great depth, by the action of the sun's rays upon the barren surface. But no sooner does the rainy season commence, than their whole appearance is changed. Innumerable bulbous plants, whose roots were hid beneath the surface, spring from the earth, and in a few weeks the plain, so lately a barren desert, assumes the appearance of an immense flower garden, with blossoms of the rarest and most beautiful description. These continue till the setting in of the dry season, when they rapidly disappear.

A noise from below started her from her attitude, and she rushed to the portal exclaiming in hurried accents:

"Fly, Sir Knight, it is for your life."

Oswald rose fiercely to repel the intruder; but not till Agatha had beheld a female of singular beauty reclined upon a low ottoman at his feet. She was arrayed in the most sumptuous mode of oriental magnificence: a turban of golden tissue was wreathed about her redundant hair, in which glittered the costliest gems; and an opal, of large size, reflecting a thousand prismatic hues, shone upon her dark clear brow. Her round rich lips were slightly parted, revealing teeth of resplendent whiteness; and her full liquid eyes, that looked like a sea of tenderness, shaded as they were, by long curved lashes, were raised to the face of the knight, who gazed into their passionate depths with intense devotion. Her robe was open from the throat nearly to the girdle, revealing a swan-like neck, that swelled from the graceful chest like polished ivory. Her arms were encircled by bracelets of pearl, which gave a startling brilliancy to their rich color and elegant contour.

Agatha obtained but a momentary view of this radiant creature; and she stood alone with the mysterious dweller of the tower. His face darkened with suppressed passion, and he fixed his fierce eye sternly upon the maiden. But her pale, child-like face, and timid air, restored all the chivalry of his profession. He led her to the ottoman the mysterious lady had but lately occupied, and heard her recital with compressed lips. The sounds approached nearer. Agatha sprang to her feet, wild with terror as the thought of detection in such a place, and at such an hour flashed upon her mind.

"Thou hast done me a kindly service, Agatha, and I would not that suspicion should fall upon thy maiden fame as thy guerdon. Wilt thou not rest concealed beneath the battlements, till these intruders have retired?"

Agatha took the proffered arm, and he led her out where the walls overlooked the mass of waters, that swept the very base of the tower.

He had scarcely seated himself at the rude table, with a manuscript spread before him, when the inquirers entered the room.

They exchanged glances of astonishment at the simple employment of the student, and the naked poverty of the apartment. The knight slowly rose to receive them, and demanded, with a placid brow, to what he owed the privilege of a visit at such an hour.

"In sooth, fair sir," said the principal, "we owe thee an apology for this intrusion. Knowing the power and arts of the prince of darkness, how he goeth about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour, the church, ever mindful of the welfare of the faithful, and desirous, if but a lamb should go astray, to win it back to the fold, hath sought thee in all love and faithfulness, lest thou shouldst have been deluded by the wicked devices of the arch adversary of souls."

"I owe thee many thanks, good father," said the knight, a slight sneer betrayed upon his noble features, "were I so unfortunate as to prove recreant to the faith of a true knight and a Christian, I doubt not the holy brethren of St. Gothard would use all ghostly admonition to restore me within the pale of the church. In the meanwhile I will see to it, that suitable

provision be made to ensure the pious exertions, and prayers of the brethren, lest peradventure I might swerve from the faith."

This was uttered half in reverence and half in mockery, but the promise involved in the concluding clause, was enough to blind all eyes to aught inconsistent with the manners of a faithful son of the church; and though the principal still eyed him with a lingering look of suspicion, he raised his thin, pale hands, and pronouncing a benedicite, slowly retired.

CHAPTER IV.

"Great love they bare to Fairly fair,
Their sister soft and dear,
Her girle showed her middle gimp,
And gowden glist her hair."

HARDYKNUTE.

If Agatha had been astonished at the ready self-possession of the knight at this critical period, she was no less charmed at the grace and elegance with which, seating her upon the ottoman, he gave utterance to his many expressions of gratitude, for the service she had rendered him.

"It may be that I have failed in knightly courtesy, maiden, but impute it only to my strange destiny. Pardon me, lady, I have not been blind to thy many excellencies, but I am bound by inexorable fate. Think of me as one who would do all knightly service for thy sake, but who, alas! is unworthy even to kneel at thy feet;" and his proud lip quivered with emotion.

Agatha had risen to depart, but the language of the knight, alluding to his strange fate, emboldened her to speak upon the fearful subject of the beautiful apparition she had seen. With a blending of feminine tenderness, and maidenly dignity, she turned toward him; the blush, that a moment before mantled upon her cheek, had died away, and left it of a marble paleness.

"I came not here, Sir Knight, to scrutinize what thou wouldst fain conceal, but to warn thee of danger. But there are fearful spells, and forbidden powers, of which I shudder to speak—demons may assume the appearance of angels of light, and thereby lure the soul to destruction. Let me implore thee to fly the snare."

The knight's brow contracted, a deadly paleness gathered upon his face, and his lips were compressed with a strong pressure. Agatha thought she saw a dim shape flit by her.

"Then thou didst behold her, Agatha. I am in deadly peril;" and he gasped for utterance.

"Thou hast nothing to fear from me, Sir Knight; I am no idle maiden to babble upon the secrets of others. I would only lure thee from the snare, not betray thee to danger."

The knight smote upon his brow. "Noble, noble girl—wo is me, that I have thrown a great gulf between me and such as thou, and for the love of—"

A low hiss sounded through the apartment, and Agatha, raising her eyes, beheld upon the opposite wall, a small spot flashing and sparkling in the shadow around, and she knew it for the opal she had seen upon the brow of the strange lady. The knight followed the direction of her eyes, and he dropped the hand he had raised to his lips, and retired from her side.

Slowly and in silence he conducted her through the long passages, and then sought again the lonely tower.

Sleep came late and troubled to the lids of the fair girl, and the occurrences of the night were strangely commingled with dark and hideous visions. At one time the beautiful lady, with the opal-crowned brow, stood before her, singing to her lute such strains of dulcet melody as ravished her senses to hear. While she looked upon her surpassing beauty, slowly did her figure expand, towering and darkening, and the air became filled with shrieks and lamentations. Then she beheld a funeral pyre, and Oswald chained to the stake, and the strange lady wringing her hands; and then, hideous with laughter, she stood beside him. Glad was she when the pure light of the morning, with the sound of singing birds, dispelled the phantoms of the night.

The old baron was exasperated, when told of the secret visit of the fathers of St. Gothard;

"Red, red, then grew his dark-brown cheeks,
Sae did his dark-brown brow."

and in the heat of his resentment, he ordered the private passage, by which they had entered, to be closed up forever, that prying priest might never again intrude upon the sanctity of his dwelling, unannounced and unbidden.

For many days the knight seemed more than ordinarily severe and gloomy, but Agatha saw with delight he went not to the old tower. His manner, when he approached her, was even more deferential than ever, and his eye rested upon her with unwonted tenderness. Agatha saw this, and it sent a thrill of delight to her heart. And yet, wherefore should she desire the love of one so strange, so guilty even, according to his own confession? She would strive to forget him; and then came the memory of his sorrows and his loneliness, with none to counsel, none to lead him back to faith and holiness, and she knelt and prayed fervently to the Virgin in his behalf. Alas! she could not dream how dear those very prayers were making their subject to her own heart. So earnest was she in her devotions, that she began to believe the blessed saints had interposed specially in behalf of the knight, and by their holy influences kept him from the old tower, and the dangerous lady who lured him thither. Impressed with this conviction, she redoubled her devotions; her cheek grew pale with fast and vigil, and her beauty every day more spiritual. She felt as if the salvation of the knight depended upon the fervency of her prayers, and sleep departed from her pillow, and her pale cheeks were wet with the tears of supplication. The terrible secret no longer weighed upon her spirits; she needed no relief in confession, for the enthusiasm of a lofty piety brought its own strength, support, and consolation. She had more than once seen that opal light gleam from the battlements, and heard the low, sad tones of the lute, and she turned to her devotions with but the more zeal.

At this juncture a strange knight and lady arrived to claim the hospitality of the castle. Nothing could be more commanding than the appearance of the stranger. He was of lofty stature, yet so justly proportioned that his height gave the same pleasure felt upon beholding the perfection of statuary. His brow was high, and his hair of a raven blackness. His eyes, sunk beneath deeply arched brows, were painfully intense in their jetty hue and searching expression. His accoutrements were sumptuous in the extreme, and all in chivalric perfection. The lady clung to his arm with timid gentleness, her head bowed beneath a silvery veil,

that nearly concealed her person. At a few whispered words of the knight, she threw back her veil, and revealed the lady of the tower, with the opal upon her brow. Her liquid eyes beamed with tenderness, and the rich blood trembled upon her cheek as she received the few words of welcome that fell from the ashy lips of Oswald.

The stranger's stay was short. He craved the matronly hospitality of Lady Eleanor in behalf of his sister, while he should be absent a few weeks to redeem a knightly pledge. He had no sooner departed than the lady, taking a small lute, commenced that low strange melody so familiar to the ear of Agatha.

SONG OF THE LADY.

Dearest brother, fare thee well,
Though in sorrow forced to part,
Thou wilt bear a sister's love,
Cherished ever in thy heart.

Danger's path may lure thee on,
Stern the soldier's heart may be,
But the brother's ever will
Soft and gentle prove for me.

The words were simple, but it was the soft magic of the voice and lute, as the lady sate with the silver veil floating like a halo about her, that gave them a strange power over her hearers.

Very gentle and winning were the manners of the strange maiden; yet Agatha remarked, that she never said *Pater Noster*, nor *Ave Marie*; and the symbol of the holy cross was never made upon her brow, where the brilliant opal gleamed for ever in its changing beauty. She delighted to roam the sequestered grounds of the old domain, and her lute breathed everywhere its dulcet numbers. Her manners were always those of maidenly reserve, yet Agatha more than once had marked her lustrous eyes fixed with a peculiar fascination upon the face of Oswald. Did he seat himself to listen to the lady's lute, she unconsciously glided to his feet, and Agatha thought a supernatural beauty rested upon her, while she breathed those liquid tones that held all spell-bound at her side.

Agatha felt an undefined dread whenever she approached this creature of fascination, which grew deeper as the regards of the lady were more and more fixed upon herself. She saw that the knight looked pale and troubled, and fearful surmises crowded upon her brain. Who, and what was the beautiful stranger?

CHAPTER V.

"And first she wet her comely cheeks,
And then her boddice green,
Her silken cords of twirlle twist,
Well plait with silver sheen."

The night was warm and still. Agatha had found it impossible to sleep, and she stepped out upon the terrace, where the huge trees clustered thickly around, most dispelling the light of the pale, waning moon. As she looked down upon the scene below, she beheld the knight standing with folded arms, and rigid features, looking sternly upon the mysterious lady, who was kneeling at his feet; her beautiful brow, and imploring eyes turned to his face, and her round arms and clasped hands gleaming like alabaster in the pale light, as they were raised in the attitude of supplication.

"Never, Zaydith, never. I have periled soul and

body for thy sake. Ask no more. Return, and practice thy spells upon those that know thee not."

Slowly the lady rose from her kneeling posture, her clasped hands drooping before her, her head bowed upon her bosom, and the tears falling in showers from her radiant eyes.

"Zaydith, Zaydith," said the knight, folding her to his bosom, "why wouldst thou drag me to perdition? Why didst thou seek me, but to plunge me deeper and deeper in guilt and misery?"

Passionately did the maiden fold her fair arms about the neck of the knight, and her curls were mingled with his, while her soft eyes rested upon his face with a look of inconceivable tenderness.

"Alas! alas! I am in peril, even greater than thine. If I abandon thee, most terrible is the punishment that awaits me. Wo is me! for I have never loved till now. Now only do I feel that I would suffer inexpressible pangs, rather than one particle of suffering should be infused into thy cup. It shall be done. Enough, that thou art safe. Alas! dost thou love me, Oswald?"

The knight answered by a deep moan of agony, and a shower of kisses upon her lips, brow and cheek. The lady pressed her small hands to her eyes and wept bitterly. She disengaged herself from his arms, and the tones of her lute broke the silence of the night, as, reclining at the feet of her lover, she sang the following words with singular pathos:

SONG.

Yes, the word of Fate is spoken,
Zaydith quits thee, love, forever;
Should her heart be wildly broken,
May'et thou know it never, never.

Never know what fate awaits me,
Outcast from that heart of thine;
Yet, each thought so fixed upon thee,
Love shall make a heaven of mine;

Fare thee well! my heart is broken,
Sadly, sadly let me weep;
I will ask no gift, no token,
For thy memory may not sleep.

"My own Zaydith," cried the knight, "we may not, cannot part; let us be doomed together, my own true, fond-hearted girl."

An unwonted splendor shot from the mysterious opal, and the lady clasped her hands in agony.

"Oswald, unsay those dreadful words. Return to thy faith. Pray—for prayers may avail thee. Thy fate is not yet sealed—the signet is not upon thy brow. Oh pray—the deluded Arab girl bids thee pray—pray for—the doomed."

She turned deadly pale—a shivering passed over her—she pressed her lips to his, and in a moment had disappeared.

Then Agatha beheld the knight upon his knees, under the still heavens, and his deep sobs mingled with the wail of the night-wind; and she, too, knelt, and their prayers ascended upon the same air, to the throne of love and mercy.

The next morning, early, the stranger made his appearance to recall his sister. His manners were stern

and gloomy, and the maiden trembled when his glance fell upon her. As she turned to depart, she pressed her lips fondly to those of Agatha, and the maiden remembered, long after, that fearful, burning kiss. She took a ring from her finger, and placed it upon that of Agatha, dropped her veil about her, cast one long anxious glance around, and then departed.

Agatha shuddered with undefined horror as the ring pressed her finger. A new mystery was revealed to her. Dim forms flitted around, with pale and troubled countenances, and a shadow seemed forever flung over all that to her had been bright and beautiful. Strange and troublous thoughts crowded upon her, and her prayers became fearfully vague and incoherent. Days and weeks passed away, and she shrank within herself like a guilty thing, for now was the human heart, with all its fearful secrets, exposed openly to her view. All who approached stood with naked hearts before her. She closed her eyes, but there still gleamed the hidden spirit, in its pale, unearthly light, written upon every side with the dark records of humanity. She recoiled from the view as from the revelations of a charnel house.

Thenceforth, to her there could be no evasion, no concealment—the human heart was exposed to a human eye. Fearful, fearful sight! She beheld the dark ineffaceable records of years—the fearful catalogue of long, long unrepented sins. She bowed her head, and longed and prayed, that a spirit of mercy might descend and wash away those withering stains with the tears of angel pity. None came.

Her confidence in human actions was forever shaken. She saw the motive and the consequence, even "afar off," before it had become defined to the actor. She beheld the thoughts, and cared little for the utterance of the tongue. Often did she find herself responding, not to the words, but the thoughts of others. A human heart revealed to a human eye! It was a fearful picture. She ceased to look within her own heart, for the spectacle of others forever unfitted her for the task. She ceased even to pray for herself, or others, for her whole being was disquieted by the fearful visions she beheld. The human spirit had become to her a dark, troubled, gloomy chaos, from which love, and trust, and hope were forever expelled.

She shrank from the duty of confession, for the heart of the sanctimonious priest was open to her eye. She lived in the solitude of her own power, avoiding the companionship of others. She fled from the presence of Henri; for in the pure, generous heart of the noble youth, did she behold her own image, clear and exalted, the creature of his idolatry.

Oswald witnessed her distress, and as often as her eye met his, they fell with more that maidenly timidity. The heart was open to her view, and she strove, yes, wilfully strove, to blind her vision to the dark traces there recorded. Why was it? Why did she lament to be enshrined in the pure heart of Henri, and delight to behold herself filling daily, more and more, the gloomy heart of the crusader? Why did she rejoice to behold the picture of the Arab girl glow less distinctly there, while her own grew in the hues of life and reality? Why rejoice in a shrine so unhallowed? Was she ruled by a strange power of darkness? or was it but the perversity of the female heart? Scarcely did she sign the cross upon her brow, scarcely did she pray for deliverance from peril.

CHAPTER VI.

"Then backe he came to tell the kinge,
Who sayde, Sir Lukyn, sawe ye ought?
Nothings, my liege, save that the winde
Nowe with the angry waters fought."

KING ARTHUR'S DEATH.

AGATHA again stood upon the terrace, and the knight beside her.

"Agatha," he said, "thou art in great peril and perplexity. An awful power hath been revealed to thee, and thou art ignorant of the cause."

He took the ring from the trembling hand of the maid, and pressed it to his lips. Tears, the first she had shed for many a day, gushed to her eyes, and she sank upon her knees, uttering a low prayer of thankfulness.

The knight looked with admiration upon her beautiful face, and now Agatha could read the language of love only from those full speaking eyes. She arose covered with blushes.

"Nay, Agatha, thou shouldst not leave me. Our secret is known to each other," and he held up his finger, on which glittered a ring with the same mysterious seal. Agatha turned pale, and leaned against the battlement. Tenderly did the knight support her, while he uttered the declarations of love.

"But the Arab girl," gasped Agatha, as the thought of her flashed upon her memory.

"Think not of her. A deadly power is hers; but I shall see her no more, unless——"

"At the hour of death!" shrieked the maiden, as the conviction of his guilt flashed upon her mind; and she fell senseless upon his bosom. When she awoke to consciousness she thought only of his look of love.

"Agatha, I shall see her no more, if prayers and penitence may avail. You love me—forget the past. I will live only for my God, and thee. The eastern maid shall henceforth be to me as if she were not."

Agatha's eyes fell upon the opal ring, which he still held. It flashed with startling brilliancy.

"These fatal gifts—where these are, there can be no prayers—no peace—no love, even," she added, blushing, as she took them from his hand. They leaned over the wall: "I have read thy thoughts, and thou mine—let us do so no more." The knight strove to arrest her hand, but she playfully tossed them into the waters beneath.

A loud shriek followed, and the knight fell at her feet; his fingers moved in sign of the cross, and a low prayer died upon his lips.

Agatha stood mute with horror; when suddenly the Arab girl appeared with disheveled hair, wringing her hands, and uttering low stifled sobs; but she touched not the sacred body of the repentant believer. Then the sad melody of her exquisite voice broke upon the air:

SONG OF THE ARAB GIRL.

Thou wert mine, my own, my chosen,
Why did Zaydith from thee part?
Scarcely I knew the depth of loving,
Till I tore thee from my heart.

Thou wert mine—would I had borne thee
To some lone, sequestered isle;
There, with none but thee beside me,
Thou hadst lived in Zaydith's smile.

Every breath that lingered round us,
Would a tale of love disclose;

Not a shade should dim the sunshine,
Not a canker blight the rose.

There, forever gleams the opal,
With its mystic light for thee;
Thou hadst lived a captive willing;
Thou hadst smiled alone for me.

But 'tis past—farewell forever,
'Tis enough that thou art blest—
That the thought of Zaydith's anguish
Cannot bring to thee unrest.

THE WAY TO THE NEXT HOUSE.

SOME years since, an acquaintance of ours set out on horseback from the eastern part of Massachusetts, for the green mountains of Vermont. While traveling through the town of New Salem, his road led into a piece of woods, some few miles in length, and long before he got out of which he began to entertain doubts whether he should be blest with the sight of a human habitation; but, as all things must have an end, so at last the woods; and the neat, brown house of a farmer greeted his vision. Near the road was a tall, raw-boned, overgrown, lantern-jawed boy, probably seventeen years of age, digging potatoes. He was a curious figure to behold. What was lacking in length of his tow breeches, was amply made up for behind; his suspenders appeared to be composed of birch bark, grape vine, and sheep skin; and as for his hat, which was of a dingy white felt—poor thing, it had once evidently seen better days—but now, alas! it was but the shadow of its glory. Whether the tempest of time had beaten the top in, or the lad's expanding genius had burst it out, it was missing—and through the aperture red hair in abundance stood six ways for Sunday. In short he was one of the roughest specimens of domestic manufacture that ever mortal beheld. Our traveling friend, feeling an itching to scrape an acquaintance with the critter drew up the reins of his horse, and began—

"Hallo, my friend, can you inform me how far it is to the next house?"

Jonathan started up—leaned on his hoe handle—rested one foot of the gambrel on his sinister leg, and replied—

"Hallo yourself! how'd dew? Well, I jes can. Taint near so far as it used to be afore they cut the woods away—then 'twas generally reckoned four miles, now the sun shrivels up the road, and don't make mor'n tew. The fust house you come to though, is a barn, and the next is a hay stack; old Hoshin's house is on beyant. You'll be sure to meet his gals long afore you get there; 'tarnal romplin' critters, they plague our folks mor'n a little. His sheep get into our pasture every day, and his gals in our orchard. Dad sets the dog arter the sheep, and me arter the gals; and the way we make the wool and petticoats fly, is a sin to snakes."

"I see you are inclined to be facetious, young man, pray tell me how it happens that one of your legs is shorter than the other?"

"I never 'lows any body to meddle with my grass tangles, mister, but seein' its you I'll tell ye. I was born so by 'tickler request, so that when I hold a plough, I can go with one foot on the furrer, and t'other on dry land and not lop over; besides, it's very convenient when I moes round a side hill."

"Very good, indeed, how does your potatoes come on this year?"

"They don't come on at all; I digs 'em out, and there's an everlastin' snarl of 'em in each hill."

"But they are small, I perceive."

"Yes, I know it—you see we planted some whoplin' blue noses over in that 'ere patch there, and they flourished so all firedly, that these 'ere stopt growin' jist out of spite; cause they knowed they couldn't begin to keep up."

"You appear to be very smart, and I should think you could afford a better hat than the one you wear."

"The looks ain't nothin'; it's all in the behaviour—this 'ere hat was a Sunday-go-to-meetin' hat, and its juss as chock full of piety as a dog is full of fleas. I've got a better one at home, but I don't dig taters in it no how."

"You have been in these parts sometime, I should guess."

"I guess so tew. I was born and got my bro'tin up in that 'ere house, but my native place is down in Pordunk."

"Then you said it was about three and half miles to the next house?"

"Yes, sir, it was a spell ago; and I don't believe its grown much shorter since."

"Much obliged. Good bye."

"Good bye to you—that's a darn slick horse of your'n."

A "SLEEPING BEAUTY."

BY ARTHUR MORRELL.

BEFORE me now she sits, in all
The loveliness of youth, and health,
And innocence; her eyes are closed in sleep.
She moves not—scarcely seems to breathe;
But like a statue form'd by God's own hand,
Combining Beauty, Virtue, Love,
And personating each, she calmly sleeps.
I now see Beauty's dignity,
Unwarp'd by studied attitude,
Unhelp'd by art; and 'tis a sight
That I have wish'd for, oft and long;
But where to find it, never knew 'till now.
One snowy hand rests in her lap;
Its mate, half hid beneath her hair,
In ringlets clustering o'er her brow,
Supports her gently drooping head.
Her lips, through which the sweet breath flows,
So still and imperceptibly,
Seem to invite an angel's kiss,
Or mine—and now she's wide awake!

For the *Router*—New York, June, 1844.

THE NILE;

Its Creation—its Sources—its Importance—its In-
undation—its Battle.

The spirit of our fathers

Shall start from every wave;

For the deck it was their field of flame,

And ocean was their grave.—CAMPELL.

"Egypt is the gift of the Nile," said one who was bewildered by its antiquity before our history was born—at least he is called the father of it.) A beautiful gift it was, that the "strange, mysterious, solitary stream" bore down in its bosom from the luxuriant

tropics of the desert. For many an hour have I stood upon the city-crowning citadel of Cairo, and gazed unweariedly on the scene of matchless beauty and wonder that lay stretched beneath my view. Cities and ruins of cities, palm forests and green savannahs, gardens, and palaces, and groves of olive. On one side, the boundless desert, with its pyramids; on the other, the land of Goshen, with its luxuriant plains, stretching far away to the horizon. Yet this is an exotic land! That river, winding like a serpent through its paradise, has brought it from far regions, unknown to man. That strange and richly varied panorama has had a long voyage of it! Those quiet plains have tumbled down the cataracts; those demure gardens have flirted with the Isle of Flowers, five hundred miles away; and those very pyramids have floated down the waves of the Nile. In short, to speak chemically, that river is a solution of Ethiop's richest regions, and that vast country is merely a precipitate. At Pæstum one sees the remnant of a city elaborated from mountain streams; the Temple of Neptune came down from the Calabrian hills, by water; and the Forum, like Demosthenes, prepared itself for its tumult-scouring destiny among the dash of torrents, and the crash of rocks; but here we have a whole kingdom risen, like Aphrodite, from the wave.

The sources of the Nile are as much involved in mystery as everything else connected with this strange country. The state, under which it was represented, was carved out of black marble, to denote its Ethiopian origin, but crowned with thorns, to symbolize the difficulty of approaching its fountain-head. It reposed appropriately on a sphinx, the type of enigma, and dolphins and crocodiles disported at its feet. In early ages, "caput querere Nili?" was equivalent to our expression of seeking the philosopher's stone, or interest on Pennsylvanian bonde. The pursuit has baffled the scrutiny and self-devotion of modern enterprize, as effectually as it did the inquisitiveness of ancient philosophers. Alexander and Ptolemy sent expeditions in search of it. Herodotus gave it up; Pomponius Mela brought it from the antipodes, Pliny from Mauritania, and Homer from Heaven. This last theory, if not the most satisfactory, is, at least, the most incontrovertible, and sounds better than the Meadows of Geesh, where Bruce thought he had detected its infancy in the fountains of the Blue River. This was only a foundling, however—a mere tributary stream; the naides of the Nile are as virgin as ever. I have conversed with slave-dealers [who were familiar with Abyssinia, as far as the Galla country, and still their information was bounded by the vague word, south—still from the south gushed the great river.

This much is certain, that from the junction of the Taccaze or Astaboras, the Nile runs a course of upward of twelve hundred miles, to the sea, without one tributary stream—"exemple," as Humboldt says, "unique dans l'histoire hydrographique du globe." During this career, it is exposed to the evaporation of a burning sun, drawn off into a thousand canals, absorbed by porous and thirsty banks, drank by every living thing, from the crocodile to the pasha, from the papyrus to the palm-tree: and yet, strange to say, it seems to pour into the sea a wider stream than it displays between the cataracts a thousand miles away. The Nile is all in all to the Egyptian: if it withheld its waters for a week, his country would become a desert; its waters and manures his fields, it supplies his har-

vest, and then carries off their produce to the sea; he drinks of it, he fishes in it, he travels on it, it is his slave, and used to be his god. Egyptian mythology recognized in it the Creative Principle, and, very poetically, engaged it in eternal war with the desert, under the name of Typhon, or the Destructive Principle. Divine honors were paid to this aqueous deity; and it is whispered among mythologists, that the heart's blood of a virgin was yearly added to its stream—not unlikely, in a country where they worshipped crocodiles, and were anxious to consult their feelings.

The Arab looks upon all men as aliens, who were not fortunate enough to be born beside the Nile; and the traveler is soon talked into the belief that it affords the most delicious water in the world. Ship-loads of it are annually sent to Constantinople, where it is in great request, not only on epicurean, but anti-Malthusian grounds. The natives dignify their beloved river with the title of "El Bahr," the sea, and pass one-third of their lives in watching the flow and the remainder in watching the ebb of its mighty tide.

The inundation begins in May, attains its full height in August, and thenceforth diminishes, until freshly swollen in the following year. The stream is economized within its channel until it reaches Egypt, when it spreads abroad over the vast valley. Then it is that the country presents the most striking of its Protean aspects; it becomes an archipelago, studded with green islands, and bounded only by the chain of the Lybian Hills and the purple range of the Mokattam Mountains. Every island is crowned with a village, or an antique temple, and shadowy with palm trees, or acacia groves. Every city becomes a Venice, and the bazaars display their richest and gayest cloths and tapestries to the illuminations that are reflected from the streaming streets. The earth is sheltered from the burning sun under the cool, bright veil of waters; the labor of the husbandman is suspended: it is the season of universal festivity. Boatmen alone are busy; but it would seem to be pleasant business, for the sound of music is never silent beneath those large, white, wing-like sails, that now glitter in the moonlight, and now gleam ruddily, reflecting the fragrant watchfires on the deck. In one place you come upon a floating fair held in boats, flushed with painted lanterns, and fluttering with gay flags. In another, a bridal procession is gliding by, as her friends convey some bride, with mirth and music, to her bridegroom. On one island you find a shawled and turbaned group of bearded men, smoking their chibouques and sipping coffee. On another a merry band of Arab girls is dancing to the music of their own wild song. And then, perhaps, with the lotus flower,

"Wreathed in the midnight of their hair,"

or the light garment, that scarce concealed their graceful forms, folded as a turban, they swim from grove to grove, the quiet lake scarce rippling round their dark bosoms.

Great part of this picture is of rare occurrence, however—the inundation seldom rising to a height greater than what is necessary for the purpose of irrigation, and presenting, alas! rather the appearance of a swamp than of an archipelago.

As the waters retire, vegetation seems to exude from every pore. Previous to its bath, the country, like Pallas, looked shriveled, and faded, and worn out: a few days after it, old Egypt looks as good as new,

wrapped in a richly green mantle embroidered with flowers. As the Nile has everything his own way throughout his wide domains, he is capricious in proportion, and gives spring in October, and autumn in February. Another curious freak of his is to make his bed in the highest part of the great valley through which he runs; this bed is a sort of savings-bank, by means of which the deposits of four thousand years have enabled it to rise in the world, and to run along a causeway of its own.

The elevation of its waters below the first cataract, i. e. 250 leagues from its embouchure, is 543 French feet above the level of the Mediterranean; it runs to the rate of about three miles an hour during its flood, and two during its low water. The deposit of the river, of which the country is composed, yields by analysis, 3-5ths of alumina, 1-5th of carbonate of lime, 1-20th of oxide of iron (which communicates the reddish color to its waters,) some carbonate of magnesia, and pure silex. The mean rate of accumulated soil seems to be about four inches in a century in Lower Egypt; and about forty feet depth of soil has thus been flung over the desert since the deluge. In the time of Mæris the lands were sufficiently watered, if the Nile rose the height of eight cubits; in the time of Herodotus, it required fifteen cubits; and now the river must rise to the height of twenty-two before the whole country is overflowed. Still, as the deposits increased the Delta, the river is proportionately dammed up, and thus the great watering machine is kept in order by Nature, with a little assistance from Mehemet Ali.

Formerly, when vexed by the armaments of a Scosstris, or the priestly pageants of a Pharaoh, the Nile required seven months to vent its murmurs to the sea. In modern times it finds two sufficient: Damietta, of crusading memory, presides over one, and Rosetta, in Arabic, "el Rashid," the birth-place of our old friend Haroun, takes advantage of the other. The former is waited upon by Lake Menzaleh, where alone the real ibis and the papyrus are now found—the latter looks eastward over Aboukir bay of glorious memory.

"Tis an old story now, that battle of the Nile; but, as the traveler paces by these silent and deserted shores, that have twice seen England's flag "triumphant over wave and war," he lives again in the stirring days, when the scenery before him was the arena where France and England contended for the empire of the East. Let us rest from blazing sun and weary travel in the cool shadow of the palm-tree. Our camels are kneeling round us, and our Arabs light their little fires in silence. They remember well the scenes we are recalling, though many a Britain has forgotten them; and the names of Nelson and of Abercrombie are already sounding faint through the long vista of departed times. We overlook the scene of both their battles, and envy not the Spartan his Thermopylae, or the Athenian his Salamis. What Greece was to the Persian despot, England was to Napoleon; nation after nation shrank from staking existence at issue for a mere principle, and England alone was at war with the congregated world, in defence of the world's freedom. Yet not quite alone: she had one faithful ally in the cause of liberty and Christianity, and that ally was—the Turk!

The Bay is wide, but dangerous from shoals; the

line of deep blue water, and the old castle of Aboukir, map out the position of the French fleet on the 1st of August, '98. Having landed Bonaparte and his army, Brueys lay moored in the form of a crescent, close along the shore. He had thirteen sail of the line besides frigates and gun-boats, carrying twelve hundred guns, and about eleven thousand men, while the British fleet that was in search of him, only mustered eight thousand men, and one thousand guns. The French were protected toward the northward by dangerous shoals, and toward the west by the castle, and numerous batteries. Their position was considered impregnable by themselves; yet when Hood, in the *Zealous*, made signal that the enemy was in sight, a cheer of anticipated triumph burst from every ship in the British fleet—that fleet which had swept the seas with bursting sails for six long weeks in search of its formidable foe—and now pressed to the battle as eagerly as if nothing but a rich and easy prize awaited them. Nelson had long been sailing in battle-order, and he now only lay in the offing till the rearward ships should come up. The soundings of that dangerous bay were unknown to him, but he knew that where there was room for a Frenchman to lie at anchor, there must be room for an English ship to lie along-side of him, and the closer the better. As his proud and fearless fleet came on, he hailed Hood, to ask his opinion as to whether he thought it advisable to commence the attack that night; and receiving the answer that he longed for, the signal for "close battle" flew from his masthead. The delay thus caused to the *Zealous*, gave Foley the lead, who showed the example of leading *inside* the enemy's line, and anchored by the stern, along-side the second ship, thus leaving Hood the first. The latter exclaimed to my informant—"Thank God, he has generously left to his old friend, still to lead the van." Slowly and majestically, as the evening fell, the remainder of the fleet came on, beneath a cloud of sail, receiving the fire of the castle and the batteries in portentous silence, only broken by the crash of spars, and the boatswain's whistle, as each ship furled her sails, calmly as a seabird might fold its wings, and glided tranquilly onward till she found her destined foe. Then her anchor dropped astern, and her fire opened with a vehemence that showed with what difficulty it had been repressed.

The leading ships passed between the enemy and the shore; but when the admiral came up, he led along the seaward side—thus doubling on the Frenchman's line, and placing it in a defile of fire. The sun went down just as Nelson anchored; and his rearward ships were only guided through the darkness and the dangers of that formidable bay, by the enemy's fire flashing fierce welcome as each arrived, and hovered along the line, coolly scrutinizing where he could draw most of that fire upon himself. The *Bellerophon*, with gallant recklessness, fastened on the gigantic *Orient*, and was soon crushed and scorched into wreck by the terrible artillery of batteries more than double the numbers of her own. But before she drifted helplessly to leeward, *she had done her work*—the French admiral's ship was on fire, and through the roar of battle, a whisper went that for a moment paralyzed every eager heart and hand. During the dread pause that followed, the fight was suspended—the very wounded ceased to groan—yet the burning ship continued to fire broadsides from her flaming decks—her gallant crew alone unawed by their approaching

fate, and shouting their own brave requiem. At length, with the concentrated roar of a thousand battles, the explosion came; and the column of flame that shot upward to the very sky, for a moment rendered visible the whole surrounding scene, from the red flags aloft, to the reddened decks below—the wide shore, with all its swarthy crowds, and the far off glittering sea, with the torn and dismantled fleets. Then darkness and silence came again, only broken by the shower of blazing fragments, in which that brave ship fell upon the waters.

Till that moment Nelson was ignorant how the battle went. He knew that every man was doing his duty, but he knew not how successfully; he had been wounded in the forehead, and found his way unnoticed to the deck in the suspense of the coming explosion. Its light was a fitting lamp for an eye like his to read by. He saw his own proud flag still floating everywhere; and at the same moment his crew recognized their wounded chief. The wild cheer with which they welcomed him was drowned in the renewed roar of the artillery, and the fight continued until near the dawn.

Morning rose upon an altered scene. The sun had set upon as proud a fleet as ever sailed from the gay shores of France: torn and blackened hulls now only marked the position they had then occupied; and where their admiral's ship *had* been, the black sea sparkled in the sunshine, and the nautilus spread his tiny sail as if in mockery. Two ships of the line and two frigates escaped to be captured soon afterward; but within the bay, the tricolor was flying on board the *Tonnant* alone. As the *Theseus* approached to attack her, attempting to capitulate, she hoisted a flag of truce. "Your battle flag or none," was the stern reply, as her enemy rounded to, and the matches glimmered over her line of guns. Slowly and reluctantly, like an expiring hope, that pale flag fluttered down from her lofty spars and the next that floated there was the banner of Old England.

And now the battle was over—India was saved upon the shores of Egypt—the career of Bonaparte was checked, and the navy of France annihilated, though restored, seven years later, to perish utterly at Trafalgar—a fitting hecatomb for obsequies like those of Nelson, whose life seemed to terminate as his mission was then and thus accomplished.

BRISTOL BRICK.

A Remarkable Fact.

SOME of our citizens have no doubt noticed boxes of bricks of precisely the same character of the imported Bristol brick, passing through town occasionally, on their way to Boston and the south. We had the curiosity the other day to trace back these brick to the source from whence they came. It is said that the only place in the world in which these bricks have been made, (except of course those we are here speaking of,) is Bristol, Eng. A small vein of sand was many years ago found near Liverpool, but it was soon worked up and exhausted. Somewhere about the year 1820, an Englishman who had been concerned either as an owner or operative in the works at Bristol, came over to this country, thinking that he might discover something which would enable him to share the monopoly of the trade with the Bristol manufacturers. He traveled in the United States five years, making dil-

gent inquiry and investigation, without being able to discover the object of his search. Just as he was ready to return, disappointed, while standing in the doorway of a store in Boston, a cart full of sand stopped at the door. He immediately went to it and putting his hand into the sand pronounced unhesitatingly that it was the very article for which he had been so long searching. He ascertained that it came from the land of Elihu French, of Southampton, N. H., and at once repaired to the spot. Here he found an acre of sand, reaching to a much greater depth than at Bristol, and the sand being in good demand among foundries, the owner had been in the habit of supplying several foundries with it. He attempted to purchase the land, and failing in this offered to go in partnership with the owner of it, in the manufacture. But with true New Hampshire pertinacity, Mr. French turned a deaf ear to all propositions. He was opposed to all partnerships, all innovations, and all magnificent speculations, and would have nothing to do with them, but if the Englishman would go to work and make some bricks for him he would pay him a good price for his labor.

Accordingly the Englishman manufactured a considerable quantity and received his pay, the Yankee looking on the work and probably supposing he had learned the art. But after the Englishman, having given up all hope of purchasing, had departed, Mr. F. found he had not learned the secret of the manufacture; he could not make a single brick. The work was then suspended until two years afterward, when the same man came over from England again, in the hope of bringing the Yankee to terms. But he found him as obstinate as ever, and after ascertaining that he could do nothing with the owner of the land, very good naturedly imparted to him the secret of the manufacture for a bonus of \$1,500. This was in 1837, and from that time to the present, Mr. French has been constantly engaged in the manufacture, doing most of the labor himself, and hiring but very little. Of course the quantity made has been limited, but the demand has been steadily increasing, and he intends to make 100,000 brick this year.

The brick made by Mr. French are every way equal to the imported Bristol article, and by some are esteemed superior. They command the same price as the imported, and are readily taken by the dealers at \$30 a thousand—they weigh three pounds each. The sand is not quite so white as the brick, which contains a portion of white pipe clay to give it adhesiveness. The great secret of the manufacture, for which the \$1,500 was paid, is a process of making the mixture rise similar to bread, and rendering it porous. A brick weighing one pound and one weighing four pounds, may be made of the same size and in the same mould.

The sand is about four feet deep and covers a little more than an acre of low land on the Powow river. It does not need sifting; and the peculiar quality of it is its exceeding sharpness without grit. Viewed through a microscope every particle exhibits a perfect diamond form. We believe no geologist has ever been on the spot, and not knowing the address of Dr. Jackson or Professor Hitchcock, we shall send a specimen of it to the editor of one of the Boston Agricultural papers, who after satisfying his own curiosity, will please send it to one of these gentlemen.

Mr. French was a silversmith by trade, and is now 66 years of age. Though reputed to be quite wealthy

he makes no display about his premises, but is pleased to receive visitors, and treats them, as we can bear witness, in a respectable manner, answering all their inquiries in a frank and affable manner. On asking him what he would take for his lot, he offered, as he had got nearly to the end of his life's journey to take \$50,000 and a mortgage on the lot for \$50,000 more. This seems to be a pretty high price for an acre of sand, but we do not know but it might be made a good bargain even at this, should no more be found in the country, as there appears to be no obstacle to manufacturing it to an unlimited extent, and after supplying the home market, which requires a large and steadily increasing supply, shipping it to foreign countries, as the Bristol works have the entire monopoly throughout Europe.—*Newburyport Herald*.

FORGING THE ANCHOR.

Come see the Dolphin's anchor forged;

'Tis at a white heat now;

The little flames still fitfully

Play through the sable mound;

And fitfully you still may see

The grim smiths ranking round,

All clad in leathern panoply,

Their broad hands only bare;

Some rest upon their sledges here—

Some work the windlass there.

The windlass strains the tackle chains,

The black mound heaves below,

And, red and deep, a hundred veins

Burst out at every throe:

It rises, roars, rends all outright—

O Vulcan, what a glow!

'Tis blinding white, 'tis blasting bright;

The high sun shines not so!

The high sun sees not, on the earth,

Such fiery, fearful show;

The roof-ribs swarth, the candent hearth,

The ruddy lurid row

Of smiths, that stand, an ardent band,

Like men before the foe;

As, quivering through his fleece of flame,

The sailing monster, slow

Sinks on the anvil—all about

The faces fiery grow—

"Hurrah!" they shout, "leap out—leap out;"

Bang, bang, the sledges go:

Hurrah! the jetted lightnings

Are hissing high and low.

A hailing fount of fire is struck

At every up-heaved blow;

The leathern mail rebounds the hail;

The rattling cinders strow

The ground around; at every bound

The sweltering fountains flow;

And thick and loud, the shrinking crowd,

At every stroke, pant "ho!"

Leap out, leap out, my masters;

Leap out and lay on load!

Let's forge a goodly anchor;

A bower, thick and broad;

For a heart of oak is hanging

On every blow, I bode;

And I see the good ship riding,

All in the perilous road,

The low reef roaring on her lee;
 The roll of ocean pour'd
 From stem to stern, sea after sea;
 The mainmast by the board;
 The bulwarks down; the rudder gone,
 The boat stove at the chains;
 But courage still, brave mariners—
 The bower yet remains,
 And not an inch to flinch he deigns,
 Save when ye pitch sky high,
 Then moves his head, as though he said,
 "Fear nothing—here am I!"

In livid and obdurate gloom,
 He darkens down at last;
 A shapely one he is, and strong,
 As e'er from cat was cast.
 Oh, trusted and trust-worthy guard,
 If thou hadst life like me,
 What pleasures would thy toils reward,
 Beneath the deep-green sea;
 Oh, deep sea-diver, who might then
 Behold such sights as thou?
 The hoary monster's palaces,
 Methinks what joy 'twere now
 To go plumb plunging down amid
 The assembly of the whales,
 And feel the churn'd sea round me boil
 Beneath their scourging tails!

Oh, lodger in the sea-kings' halls,
 Couldst thou but understand
 Whose be the white bones by thy side,
 Or who that dripping band,
 Slow-swaying in the heaving wave,
 That round about thee bend,
 With sounds like breakers in a dream,
 Blessing their ancient friend,—
 Oh, couldst thou know what heroes glide
 With larger steps round thee,
 Thine iron side would swell with pride—
 Thou'dst leap, within the sea!

Give honor to their memories,
 Who left the pleasant strand,
 To shed their blood so freely,
 For the love of father-land,—
 Who left their chance of quiet age,
 And grassy church-yard grave,
 So freely, for a restless bed
 Amid the tossing wave,—
 Oh, though our anchor may not be
 All I have fondly sung,
 Honor him for their memory,
 Whose bones he goes among!

~~~~~  
 SLEEPING.

ALL agree in the value and necessity of sleep—

"Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care;  
 The birth of each day's life, sore labor's bath,  
 Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,  
 Chief nourisher in life's feast!"—

as Shakespeare has it—all of which is confirmed by philosophers and poets, as well as by Sancho's homely opinion, that "it wraps round the heart like a blanket," for which he very emphatically exclaims, "blessed be the man who invented it."

With some, going to bed, and going to sleep, are sy-

nonymous terms; these persons, in nursery language, are said to "sleep like a top;" while others "sleep like a watch-dog," and count the clock from midnight till morn: among the most profound adepts of the former class, may be reckoned the guardians of the night.

Though the necessity of sleep for the refreshment of the body be admitted, yet it is possible for a person to sleep a long night through, and be none the better for it, as is the case with those who are troubled with that most horrid of horrors, the nightmare. A thicket porter, who has been all day with a heavy load on his shoulders, does not feel half so much fatigued, as the person who has been carrying an imaginary chest of drawers on his sternum all night. Thus—

"When man o'er-labored with his being's strife,  
 Shrinks not to swart forgetfulness of life."

but *dreams*—he owns, with Hamlet, "there's the rub."

A question has been raised, how much sleep is required, and how long is it necessary to be in bed, for the purpose of rest and refreshment. Eight hours have been allotted for the laborer, and six for the scholar and gentleman.

Very few gentlemen, however, are satisfied with this scale; and a capacity for sleeping makes the greater part of this class of the community inclined to double the period. The capacity for sleeping, like the capacity for eating and drinking, is to be increased by indulgence. Much depends upon habit. Some people can sleep when they will, and wake when they will; and are as much refreshed with a short nap as a long one. Seafaring people have this property from education. I have known persons who have never indulged in a second sleep. One gentleman, who entertained a notion that a second nap was injurious, invariably got up as soon as he awoke, no matter how early the hour—winter or summer.

Others, again, will sleep four-and-twenty hours. The celebrated Quin had this faculty. "What sort of a morning is it, John?" "Very wet, sir." "Any mullet in the market?" "No, sir." "Then, John, you may call me this time to-morrow." So saying, he composed himself to sleep, and got rid of the ennui of a dull day in the arms of Morpheus.

One gentleman, in the Spectator, used to sleep by weight. "I allow myself, one night with another, a quarter of a pound of sleep, within a few grains, more or less; and if, upon rising, I find I have not consumed my whole quantity, I take out the rest in my chair."

A lazy old woman used to apologize for lying in bed by saying that "she lay in bed to contrive." Strange as this old woman's excuse was, it was an example followed by one of the most extraordinary geniuses of his time, Brindley, of whom it is recorded, that when any great difficulty occurred in the execution of his works, having little or no assistance from books, or the labor of other men, his resources lay within himself. In order, therefore, to be quiet, and uninterrupted, while he was in search of the necessary expedients, he generally retired to his bed; and he has been known to lie there one, two, or three days, till he had obtained the object in view. He would then get up and execute his design without any drawing or model.

There are different kinds of sleepers, as well as different kinds of sleep: some cannot sleep *from* home, others cannot sleep *at* home; some can sleep on a board, and snore on a carpet; while others tumble and toss on a soft bed, as if the down disconcerted them.

Some again cannot sleep in a noise; others cannot

sleep out of it. A miller awakens the moment the mill stops; and a tradesman from Cheapside cannot sleep in the country, because it is so plaguy quiet.

Somnambulists, or sleep-walkers, usually sleep with their eyes open, but without vision. Shakspeare, who may be considered very good medical authority, makes Lady Macbeth a somnambulist with her eyes open—"but their sense is shut." This is not always the case, however; and there is a singular exception, in the instance of Johannes Oporinus, a printer, who, being employed one night in correcting the copy of a Greek book, fell asleep as he read, and yet ceased not to read till he had finished no less than a whole page, of which, when he awoke, he retained no recollection.

There are many curious histories of sleeping prodigies on record. The *Philosophical Transactions* have several; in one, a man slept from August till January. There is a case, read before a society of physicians in 1756, of Elizabeth Orvin, who began her sleeping fit in 1738, by a four days' nap, and for ten years afterwards never slept less than seventeen hours out of the four-and-twenty. Dr. Brady relates, that some strange methods were resorted to to rouse her—such as rubbing her back with honey, and in a hot day exposing her to a hive of bees, till her back was full of bumps; making a pincushion of her, and performing acupuncture with pins and needles; flagellation and "other odd experiments," which the doctor informs us he thinks better "pass over in silence," all of which might as well have been spared, for she was very sulky and good-for-nothing, when she was awake. This sulkiness, however, should be noticed, as being connected with the complaint. Previously to this somnolent disease, many of the persons have become uneasy, sullen, and surly. In all, the mind has evidently been affected; and in some, where there has been extreme abstinence, their waking hours have been characterized by decided mental aberration.

A lady in perfect health, twenty-three years of age, was asked by the parents of a friend to be present at a severe surgical operation. On consideration, it was thought wrong to expose her to such a scene, and the operation was postponed for a few hours. She went to bed, however, with the imagination highly excited, and awoke in alarm, hearing, or thinking she heard, the shrieks of her friend under the agony of an operation. Convulsions and hysterics supervened, and, on their subsiding, she went into profound sleep, which continued sixty-three hours. The most eminent of the faculty were then consulted, and she was cupped, which awoke her; but the convulsions returned, and she again went to sleep, and slept with few intermissions for a fortnight. For the next twelve months she remained perfectly well. The sleeping began again without any apparent cause, which, in irregular periods, continued for ten or twelve years, the length of the sleeping fits being from thirty to forty hours, diminished in duration as time went on, till she got well. Then arrived irritability, and total want of sleep for three months, which was succeeded by aberration of mind. This state continued about six months, when, to the relief of her friends, her sleeping fits returned, and were very regular in their periods, both as to arrival and duration.

Her usual time for sleeping was forty-eight hours. She would in the intermediate day be very well, till twelve at night, when she went to bed. Sometimes she would awake for a few minutes, take some warm

fluid, which was always kept ready with a lamp; but found any effort to remain awake unavailing, and the bare notion of attempting it gave her great horror.

Among the sleepy people of modern times, the case of Elizabeth Perkins, of Morley St. Peter, in Norfolk, should be noticed as a case somewhat resembling that just alluded to. For a considerable time she was very regular in her times of waking, which was once in seven days, after which they became irregular and precarious, and, though of shorter duration, they were equally profound, and every attempt at keeping her awake, or awaking her, were vain. Various experiments were tried; and an itinerant empiric, elated with the hope of rousing her from what he called "her counterfelt sleep," blew into her nostrils the powder of white hellebore, being a very powerful sternutative; but the poor creature remained insensible to the inhumanity of the deed, which, instead of producing the boasted effect, excoriated the skin of her nose, lips, and face.

#### TO CHLOE.

I LOVE thee—yes, I love thee, girl,  
With love so pure, so true,  
The thought of thee rests in my heart  
As in the rose the dew.

I love thee for thy form, sweet girl,  
So sylph-like and so free,  
And for thy dark hair's glossy curl  
That flows so gracefully.

I love thee for thy gentle voice  
That breathes of heaven to me,  
Like music of the ocean pearl  
When whisp'ring of the sea.

I love thee for thine eyes, sweet girl,  
That gaze like stars on me,  
And in their tender depth I seek  
To read my destiny.

But more than all, I love thee, girl,  
For thy untutor'd soul,  
Where art hath never placed its wile,  
And love has all control.

And though our lives, like streams, sweet girl,  
Fate's jagged rock may sever,  
Yet some kind thoughts have interflowed,  
My life must bear forever.

Though sin upon my heart descend,  
Like icy rain, and doom  
Each flower of hope that youth has sowed,  
To wither ere it bloom:

Yet like that Paphian shrine, sweet girl,  
On which no rain-drop fell, \*  
One sinless spot, thy memory,  
Within my breast will dwell.

L—t.

\* This shrine, on which it is said the rain never fell, was at Cyprus, the Grecian Isle of love.

For the Rover—Cambridge Mass., June, 1844.

THE heart of a fool is in his mouth, the language of the wise man is in his heart.

Riches and courage are of no avail when we are deserted by fortune.

## THE JEWS.

THE following remarkable notice of this remarkable people, we extract from a new novel by D'Israeli the younger, entitled "Coningsby, or the new Generation," just published by Carey & Hart. The reader will be forcibly struck, at least we have been, with the number of important stations in different countries in Europe, filled by Jews. Will their history in this country afford any materials to add to the list? Can some clever correspondent inform us what prominent public stations they occupy on this side of the water?

Sidonias, a descendant of the famous Dukes of Medina Sidonia, which according to D'Israeli was of pure Hebrew descent, is a sort of Rothschild, and discourses thus about the modern Jews.

"Can any thing be more absurd than that a nation should apply to an individual to maintain its credit, and with its credit, its existence as an empire and its comfort as a people: and that individual one to whom its laws deny the proudest rights of citizenship, the privilege of sitting in its senate and of holding land; for though I have been rash enough to buy several estates, my own opinion is that by the existing law of England an Englishman of Hebrew faith cannot possess the soil."

"But surely it would be easy to repeal a law so illiberal—"

"Oh! as for illiberality I have no objection to it if it be an element of power. Eschew political sentimentalism. What I contend is if you permit men to accumulate property, and they use that permission to a great extent, power is inseparable from property, and it is in the last degree impolitic to make it the interest of any powerful class to oppose the institutions under which they live. The Jews, for example, independent of the capital qualities for citizenship which they possess in their industry, temperance and vivacity of mind, are a race essentially monarchical, deeply religious, and shrinking themselves from converts as from a calamity, are ever anxious to see the religious systems of the countries in which they live, flourish; yet since your society has become agitated in England and powerful combinations menace your institutions, you find the once loyal Hebrew invariably arrayed in the same ranks as the leveler and the latitudinarian, and prepared to support the policy which may even endanger his life and property, rather than tamely continue under a system which seeks to degrade him. The Tories lose an important election at a critical moment; 'tis the Jews come forward and vote against them. The church is alarmed at the scheme of a latitudinarian university, and learns with relief that funds are not forthcoming for its establishment; a Jew immediately advances and endows it. Yet the Jews, Coningsby, are essentially Tories. Toryism, indeed, is but copied from the mighty prototype which has fashioned Europe. And every generation they must become more powerful and more dangerous to the society which is hostile to them. Do you think that the quiet humdrum persecution of a decorous representative of an English university can crush those who have successively baffled the Pharaohs, Nebuchadnezzar, Rome, and the feudal ages? The fact is you cannot destroy a pure race of the Caucasian organization. It is a physiological fact; a simple law of nature, which has baffled Egyptian and Assyrian kings, Roman emperors, and Christian inquisitors. No penal

laws, no physical tortures, can effect that a superior race can be absorbed in an inferior, or be destroyed by it. The mixed persecuting races disappear; the pure persecuted race remains. And at this moment, in spite of centuries, and tens of centuries of degradation, the Jewish mind exercises a vast influence on the affairs of Europe. I speak not of their laws which you still obey; of their literature with which your minds are saturated; but of the living Hebrew intellect.

"You never observe a great intellectual movement in Europe in which the Jews do not greatly participate. The first Jesuits were Jews: that mysterious Russian Diplomacy which so alarms Western Europe is organized and principally carried on by Jews; that mighty revolution which is at this moment preparing in Germany, and which will be in fact a second and greater Reformation, and of which so little is as yet known in England, is entirely developing under the auspices of Jews, who almost monopolize the professional chairs of Germany. Neander, the founder of Spiritual Christianity, and who is Regius Professor of Divinity in the University of Berlin, is a Jew. Benary, equally famous, and in the same university, is a Jew. Wehl, the Arabic Professor of Heidelberg, is a Jew. Years ago, when I was in Palestine, I met a German student who was accumulating materials for the History of Christianity, and studying the genius of the place; a modest and learned man. It was Wehl; then unknown, since become the first Arabic scholar of the day, and the author of the life of Mahomet. But for the German professors of this race, their name is Legion. I think there are more than ten in Berlin alone.

"I told you just now that I was going up to town to-morrow, because I always made it a rule to interpose when affairs of state were on the carpet. Otherwise, I never interfere. I hear of peace and war in newspapers, but I am never alarmed, except when I am informed that sovereigns want treasure; then I know that monarchs are serious.

A few years back we were applied to by Russia. Now there has been no friendship between the court of St. Petersburg and my family. It has Dutch connections which have generally supplied it, and our representations in favor of the Polish Hebrews, a numerous race, but the most suffering and degraded of all the tribes, has not been very agreeable to the czar. However, circumstances drew to an approximation between the Romanoffs and the Sidonias. I resolved to go myself to St. Petersburg. I had, on my arrival, an interview with the Russian minister of finance, Count Cancrin; I beheld the son of a Lithuanian Jew. The loan was connected with the affairs of Spain; I resolved on replying to Spain from Russia. I traveled without intermission. I had an audience immediately on my arrival with the Spanish minister, Senor Mendizabel! I beheld one like myself, the son of a Nuovo Cristiano, a Jew of Arragon. In consequence of what transpired at Madrid, I went straight to Paris, to consult the president of the French Council; I beheld the son of a French Jew, a hero, an imperial marshal, and very properly so, for who should be military heroes if not those who worship the Lord of Hosts?"

"And is Soult a Hebrew?"

"Yes, and several of the French marshals, and the most famous; Massena for example; his real name was Manasseh; but to my anecdote. The consequence of our consultations was that some Northern power

should be applied to in a friendly and mediative capacity. We fixed on Prussia, and the president of the council made an application to the Prussian minister, who attended a few days after our conference. Count Arnim entered the cabinet, and I beheld a Prussian Jew. So you see, my dear Coningsby, that the world is governed by very different personages to what is imagined by those who are not behind the scenes."

"You startle, and deeply interest me."

"You must study physiology, my dear child. Pure races of Caucasians may be persecuted, but they cannot be despised, except by the brutal ignorance of some mongrel breed, that brandishes fagots and howls exterminations, but is itself exterminated without persecutions by that irresistible law of nature which is fatal to cure."

"But I come also from Caucasians," said Coningsby.

"Verily; and thank your Creator for such a destiny; and your race is sufficiently pure. You come from the shores of the Northern Sea, land of the blue eyes, and the golden hair, and the frank brow; 'tis a famous breed, with whom we Arabs have contended long; from whom we have much suffered; but these Goths, and Saxons, and Normans, were doubtless great men."

"But so favored by nature, why has not your race produced great poets, great orators, great writers?"

"Favored by nature and by nature's God we produced the lyre of David: we gave you Isaiah and Ezekiel; they are our Olynthians, our Philippians. Favored by nature we still remain: but in exact proportion as we have been favored by nature we have been persecuted by man. After a thousand struggles; after acts of heroic courage that Rome has never equalled; deeds of divine patriotism that Athens, and Sparta, and Carthage have never excelled; we have endured fifteen hundred years of supernatural slavery, during which every device that can degrade or destroy man has been destiny that we have sustained and baffled. The Hebrew child has entered adolescence only to learn that he was the Pariah of that ungrateful Europe that owes to him the best part of its laws, a fine portion of its literature, all its religion. Great poets require a public; we have been content with the immortal melodies that we sung more than two thousand years ago by the waters of Babylon and wept. They record our triumphs; they solace our affliction. Great orators are the creatures of popular assemblies; we were permitted only by stealth to meet even in our temples. And as for great writers the catalogue is not blank. What are all the school-men, Aquinas himself, to Maimonides; and as for modern philosophy, all springs from Spinoza."

"But the passionate and creative genius that is the nearest link to divinity, and which no human tyranny can destroy, though it can divert it; that should have stirred the hearts of nations by its inspired sympathy, or governed senates by its burning eloquence, has found a medium for its expression, to which, in spite of your prejudices and your evil passions, you have been obliged to bow. The ear, the voice, the fancy teeming with combinations, the imagination fervent with picture and emotion, that came from Caucasians and which we have preserved unpolluted, have endowed us with almost the exclusive privilege of Music; that science of harmonious sounds which the ancients recognized as most divine, and deified in the person of their most beautiful creation. I speak not of the past, though were I to enter into the history of the lords of

melody, you would find it the annals of Hebrew genius. But at this moment even, musical Europe is ours. There is not a company of singers, not an orchestra in a single capital, that are not crowded with our children under the feigned names which they adopt to conciliate the dark aversion which your posterity will some day disclaim with shame and disgust. Almost every great composer, skilled musician, almost every voice that ravishes you with its transporting strains, spring from our tribes. The catalogue is too vast to enumerate; too illustrious to dwell for a moment on secondary names, however eminent. Enough for us that the three great creative minds to whose exquisite inventions all nations at this moment yield; Rossini, Meyerbeer, Mendelssohn; are of Hebrew race: and little do your men of fashion, your 'muscadins' of Paris, and your dandies of London, as they thrill into raptures at the notes of a Pasta or a Grisi, little do they suspect that they are offering their homage to the sweet singers of Israel!"

#### BOB FLETCHER.

I ONCE knew a ploughman, Bob Fletcher by name,  
Who was old, and was ugly, and so was his dame;  
Yet they lived quite contented, and free from all strife,  
Bob Fletcher the ploughman, and Judy his wife.

As the morn streaked the east, and the night fled away,  
They would rise up for labor, refreshed for the day;  
The song of the lark as it rose on the gale,  
Found Bob at his plough and his wife at the pail.

A neat little cottage in front of a grove,  
Where in youth they first gave their young hearts up  
to love,  
Was the solace of age, and to them doubly dear,  
As it called up the past with a smile or a tear.

Each tree had its thought, and the vow could impart,  
That mingled in youth the warm wish of the heart;  
The thorn was still there, and the blossoms it bore,  
And the song from its top seemed the same as before.

When the curtain of night over nature was spread,  
And Bob had returned from his plough to his shed,  
Like the dove on her nest, he reposed from all care,  
If his wife and his youngsters contented were there.

I have passed by his door when the evening was gray,  
And the hill and the landscape were fading away,  
And have heard from the cottage, with grateful surprise,  
The voice of thanksgiving, like incense, arise.

And I thought of the proud, who would look down with  
scorn

On the neat little cottage, the grove and the thorn,  
And felt that the riches and follies of life  
Were dross, to contentment like Bob and his wife.

#### THE ROVER OMNIBUS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We are persuaded that L—r, whose lines to Chloe appear in the present number of the ROVER, possesses talent and genius. Our reasons for the belief are two. First, the gracefully turned lines he has sent us, and second, the exceeding modesty of his letter accompanying them. Two articles from Mrs. M. P. Hunt were too late for this week. "Duty of educated men," and "Spanish Literature," though well written, have hardly interest enough for the ROVER.



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# THE ROVER.

## SUSPENSION BRIDGE IN SWITZERLAND.

Our engraving this week presents a beautiful view of Swiss scenery, embracing the remarkable suspension bridge in the town of Friburg. This town, says an intelligent and learned traveler, "is most romantically situated on an uneven promontory, partly surrounded by a stream, which glides in picturesque beauty at the bottom of a glade or gorge, that in its depth and abrupt cliffs, associates with the scene the attributes of the sublime. This gulf is several hundred feet deep, reckoning from the tops of the hills, on either side. The narrow and almost perpendicular part, however, is only about two hundred feet. Over this, a suspension bridge has been recently thrown, one hundred and eighty feet in height, and about one thousand feet in length."

This pleasant town of Friburg is the capital of a canton of the same name in the central part of Switzerland, and is much visited by travelers for its picturesque beauty and the interest attached to its bridge. Travelers often speak of the resemblance of Swiss scenery to some of the wilder parts of New England; and whether the physical aspect of a country has an influence upon the character of its inhabitants or not, it is undoubtedly true that the Swiss and the inhabitants of New England are in many respects strikingly similar.

## ELSIE AND ISABEL:

Or, Truth and Falsehood.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEVENS.

"And do these cold words come from your heart, Isabel?"

"I seldom speak that which my heart belies," replied the fair girl, almost sternly.

"And yet a few short weeks ago those lips were warm with softer words; can the heart of woman change so easily?"

"Even so," said Isabel George, turning away her head that the moonlight should not reveal the tears that started to her eyes. "Even so; the privilege of change should not always rest with the men. It is true, a short week ago I said that my heart was yours, —now I say —"

"That it is another's!" said the proud man by her side, while his lip grew pale, and, even in the dim light, the kindling of his eye was discernible.

Isabel started, the hot blood flushed into her cheek, and a smile, scornful and yet with a strange mournfulness mingling with its triumphant expression, curved her beautiful lip. "Your own heart has pointed out the falsehood of mine," she said; "see how we have learned to read each other."

The young man turned away, and moved a few paces down the garden walk, which led to the clump of mountain ash trees under which they had been standing. But the moonlight had scarcely fallen on his forehead when he turned hastily back, and drawing close to the young girl where she stood supporting herself against the slender trunk of the tree that sheltered her agitation from his sight, and he addressed her in a voice so low that it scarcely rose above the whispering

of the leaves all around, and yet that suppressed voice was very, very calm—calm with intense passion.

"Let us understand each other," it said. "You wish to break the engagement that has existed between us two years?"

"Yes," said Isabel, and now her voice sunk almost to a whisper; "yes."

"And you love me no longer?"

There was a moment of intense silence. Twice Isabel essayed to speak, but no words came from those white lips. She put her hand up as if to loosen something from her throat; but it was keen emotion that seemed strangling her, not the light chain of gold that hung loosely from that slender neck. As the quivering hand fell again, Park Oram grasped it convulsively and repeated the question.

Isabel George answered him then, "It is true, I love you no longer!"

As she uttered the falsehood, Isabel felt her head reel, and the heart within her bosom trembled like a wounded bird.

The vice-like grasp that had prisoned her finger gave way—not another word was spoken, and the miserable girl stood gasping for breath, and clinging wildly to the ash, that he might not see her fall to the earth, and thus know how wretched she was. She watched him as he almost ran up the garden. She saw him turn a corner of the rude old dwelling that seemed a home to her no longer, then the sound of a gate, clashing with a harsh noise, jarred on her ear, and she sank slowly to the ground, grasping upward, and trying to regain her hold of the tree, till her face fell forward cold and white upon the wet grass.

There was a shadow—that of a young girl moving to and fro before the gable window of that old dwelling, and the thrifty honey-suckle, that wove and twisted itself up the portico and around the projecting eaves, twinkled in its dew, and brightened up for yards around as the sash was flung open and a lamp held forth into the still night.

That was a beautiful face which looked forth through the dusky blossoms and wet leaves of the old vine—beautiful but anxious—and there was something lurking in those light-blue eyes, an expression about the soft red mouth which would have struck a beholder unpleasantly, though he might not have known the exact cause of his sensations. Still, as she bent forward through that painted window, with the sleeve of her white dress falling back from a snowy and rounded arm which took the strong lamp-light like a limb of marble—with that sombre back ground and her soft auburn ringlets catching the golden rays—an artist would have forgotten that slightly unpleasant expression, which, after all, might not have been observed by one searching only for personal loveliness.

After a moment the lamp was taken in. A muslin curtain crossed like a snow-wreath over the window; the chamber door opened, and the light glanced now through one window and again through another, as it was carried down stairs through a door and cut into the vine laden portico.

"I am sure I heard the gate close half an hour ago," murmured Elsie Ware, placing the lamp on a wooden

seat that ran half across the front of the building, "and footsteps crossing up from the garden—his footsteps, I could not mistake them; but where can he have gone?—where is she?—together! Good heavens! they cannot have explained—she would not tell him. It is impossible! They cannot have gone away together!"

Elsie Ware moved hurriedly to and fro upon the portico, as she uttered these broken exclamations. Then springing down to the rude stepping stone which led into the garden, she turned her face eagerly, first on one side and then on another, as if searching for some one amid the thick damp shrubbery now but dimly lighted by the slowly waning moon. No sound disturbed the sweet repose of the garden. Nothing but the leaves shining in the dew, patches of faint light and dence shadows blending together, met the eye of that anxious girl.

She hurried back into the portico, and seized the lamp which flared in the wind, but still was powerful enough to reveal the startled expression of the young creature, who, in shading it with one hand, threw the whole strength of the blaze on her working and now pallid features.

She hurried down the principal walk, peering eagerly amid the shrubbery on either side, and regardless of the dew which rained over her muslin dress as she brushed by the flowing branches.

"They went this way, I am certain of it," she murmured, while her soft eyes kindled with keen excitement beneath the concentrated glare of the lamp. "Somewhere hereabouts she must be, dead or alive. Yes, yes," she added, and a gleam of exultation shot over her features, "now I think of it, he walked so fast—he almost ran—she could not have been with him! Oh! there, there—beneath the ash-trees—I see her white dress!"

She sprang forward, her hand fell from before the lamp, its light danced over the clusters of rich scarlet berries, with which the trees were covered, an instant and was extinguished. But Elsie Ware had seen the white garments of her friend and school companion beneath the trees, and there was still moonlight enough twinkling through the boughs to reveal the pale features of Isabel George, as Elsie passed her trembling hand beneath her forehead, and lifted it from the grass.

"Isabel, speak—are you ill?" said Elsie Ware, in a voice much sharper than her usual sweet tones.

Isabel struggled a little, but her head sunk back into the lap of Elsie Ware, and she made no reply.

Again Elsie spoke, and her voice was still rendered almost harsh with contending feelings. "Tell me what has happened," she said. "Is Oram gone? I thought you had more pride, Isabel George!"

"Pride—what has pride to do with our affections?" murmured Isabel, sitting up fully, and making an effort to sweep back the damp hair that had fallen over her face. "I am not proud—no, I am not proud, for I must always love him—always—forever and ever. But he loves you, Elsie Ware. Pride should make me hate him—hate you—but I do neither. I would die for him—die! that is nothing; but I could live—oh, that is to suffer—that wants strength—live and yield him up. Elsie Ware, Elsie Ware, how happy you will be! But I do not hate you—it is envy, grief—not hate!"

"Isabel, you frighten me—have you lost your senses completely?" exclaimed Elsie Ware, in a reproachful and startled voice.

"Perhaps I have," replied Isabel, with a wan smile;

"oh, yes, perhaps I have, but do not mind what I am saying—of course, you know, there must be a little feeling in such matters, but it is all over now."

"It is all over then," said Elsie, in a voice and with a look where joy spoke forth in spite of herself.

"Yes, yes," replied Isabel, almost wildly; "come, let us go to the house," and, with a desperate effort, the poor girl arose to her feet and staggered out from beneath the shadow of those trees that witnessed the breathing of her heart.

Elsie Ware followed her victim, and winding an arm around her waist, supported her up the walk. Twice she attempted to speak, but the words died on her lips.

"You did not tell him?" she said at last.

"No, I told him nothing," was the quick reply.

"Nor even hinted you were conscious of his love for me?"

"Why ask these questions? You had my promise?" said Isabel, still more impatiently.

"Yes, yes, I know; but did he not demand some explanation?"

"I do not know. You had my promise, I have kept it, how I can scarcely tell, but my conscience is clear—good night!" and, weaving her fingers convulsively together, Isabel began to pace up and down the portico.

"Will you not come with me and sleep some? You were awake all last night and the night before that. Come, I shall be very unhappy if you take this to heart so deeply."

"You unhappy?" repeated poor Isabel, shaking her head with a mournful smile. "Have you not told me that he loves you?"

Elsie had opened the door, and was busy relighting her lamp by one which stood upon the table in the passage.

"Come," she said, approaching Isabel once again, but when the unhappy girl turned her face to the light, her destroyer drew back and hesitated; there was something so heart-stricken, so utterly hopeless in the expression of those beautiful features, that she could not go on.

"Take the light away," said Isabel, passing her hand feebly across her eyes. "Go to your room I beseech you—I will follow you."

"Well," said Elsie, "perhaps you will feel better after a few minutes' solitude. Good night, dear—good night."

With these words Elsie turned away and went up stairs. She entered the pretty sleeping bower, which, three weeks before, her friend and school companion had decorated for her accommodation. She set her lamp on the snow white toilet, took a little ruby pin from the folds of muslin it had gathered over her bosom, and thrust it slowly into the heart of a silken rose-bud which glowed on the satin cushion reflected in the dressing glass, the hand was a little unsteady, but a tinge of color was deepening into that round cheek all the while she prepared herself for rest. "She will take it hard at first but these things do not last," she murmured, while her head sunk to the filled pillow. But the quick footsteps of Isabel George, as she paced the portico, could be heard faintly in the quiet chamber, and for a little time they disturbed the repose that was stealing over the eyelids of her guest. She lifted her head and listened a moment, then nestling down again her little hand stole itself softly be-

tween the pillow and her cheek, and, murmuring "all is fair in love," she sunk to sleep.

All that night Isabel walked back and forth on the portico of her dwelling, and when the morning dawned, when the old vine overhead began to twinkle and shake off its perfume in the beautiful light, she went up stairs and entered the room of her guest. She was sound asleep and smiling like a child in its dreams. "How happy she is!" murmured poor Isabel, and closing the door softly after her, she went to another room. In about an hour she came forth again, pale as death, but mournfully calm. Elsie was at her toilet, turning the ringlets of her auburn hair around her fingers, and dropping them carelessly over her cheek, which was a little paler than usual.

"I hope you are better this morning, dear Isabel," she said, with a graceful bend of the neck on one side as she dropped one of the longest curls on her shoulders.

Isabel approached, and, resting her hand on the toilet, lifted her eyes to the lovely face of her rival. She, too, was beautiful, and both were reflected in the mirror—Isabel with her pallid face, and those dim shadows giving to her eyes an intensely mournful expression, her garments damp with the night dew, and her rich, golden hair gathered in dishevelled waves back from her temples—and Elsie, with bloom on cheek and lip, coquetting gracefully with her ringlets. It was a painful contrast—painful was it to know that the pure of heart, the creature of deep, passionate and lofty feeling should become a victim to that other being who had just intellect enough for successful falsehood, imagination sufficient for fraud, and whose most exalted feelings were less dignified than the very faults of her victim.

"Elsie," said Isabel George, in the calm, sad voice which never left her after that day, "you asked me last night if I had no pride; I can answer you now—I have all that is necessary for my own self-respect. I loved the man who now loves you—I am his wife—do not start—there is no reason why you should—I promised to become his wife—God was our witness, and in his eyes our heart pledge could not be broken without crime. When the wife is deserted by her husband, men do not sneer at her feeling the wrong—does the simple marriage ceremony change a woman's heart so much that affection, forgiveness of injury, and faithful love which is a virtue in one must be a degradation to the other—may not a spirit grieve without shame over the breaking up of those dreams that first called forth its music?"

"I am sure, Isabel, I am grieved and vexed as much as you can be at this unfaithfulness," said Elsie, untangling the little golden chains that linked the drops of her enameled hair-plin together. "I never encouraged his love—do not desire it—yet perhaps you will think hard of me for informing you about it, but I could not believe that it would be friendly to let you fulfill your engagement after his feelings against it had been so plainly expressed. You cannot blame me, Isabel!"

"No," said Isabel, musing sadly, "I ought not to blame you, my friend. You have never deceived me—no one ever has till now, but repeat all this to me again—I have been so wild, so insane with anguish, that I would gladly impress his words on my memory now that I am calm. He said that nothing but a sense of honor kept him from breaking our engagement,

that it was made while his love was a mere boy's passion which passed away, leaving his honor chained and his heart another's—did I understand you right, Elsie?"

"Yes, he said this and more; but he also added that, though his feelings had changed in spite of himself, he never would tell you of it, never break the engagement himself; that he could never cease to admire your talents and respect you above all women on earth."

A sad, almost contemptuous smile came up to Isabel's lips. It was the old story. Few men ever act treacherously toward our sex but protestations of eternal respect follow the cruel act that crushed the affections. Esteem!—the man who can be deliberately unjust to a woman is incapable of esteem. The very virtues which he professes to admire are so many reproaches to his falsehood—so many torches to light up the dark plans of his soul. It was this thought which caused the little smile that sprang to the lips of Isabel George.

The next morning, Elsie Ware returned to New York, and Isabel remained in that shady old country place alone with her widowed grandmother, and when that mother questioned her about Oram's sudden departure for the city, she answered quietly that their engagement was broken off, and it would be some time probably before Park returned to the magnificent home which was almost ready for her reception as a bride. When the nervous old lady seemed disposed to condemn her lover, Isabel besought her to desist. "Do not blame him, my dear grandmother," she would say, "it was I that broke the engagement. You are not anxious to part with me. Only think how hard it would have been to leave the dear old place. You never would have been contented in those granite walls and among so much new-fashioned finery. Only think how you would have missed the old honeysuckle and the humming-birds that swarm about it in the summer time. Such things do not grow in a year."

"Very true," the good old lady would reply, leaning back in her great easy chair. "Very true, my dear, and if you did not love him, of course I am glad to stay here always; it would have been a sad thing to move away from the old place."

So the old lady soon learned to forget that such an event as her grand-daughter's engagement had ever existed; and though Isabel grew pale and thin, and a look of habitual suffering hung forever on that beautiful forehead, the eyes of the old lady were getting dim with age, and she never saw that anything was amiss with her darling.

"What is this, grand-daughter, what is this?" exclaimed Mrs. George, taking off her gold spectacles and laying her hand on the morning paper, which had just reached them from the city. "Did you know that Park Oram thought of marrying that little Ware girl that visited here last summer? See here, see here! they were married at the Ascension Church last Tuesday—why, it is but two months since they were both in this house, and he preparing to be—"

"Let me see the paper, grandmother," said Isabel, rising from her chair and taking the sheet. How white she was—how her deep blue eyes glittered; those fingers clutched the paper firmly, but it rattled in her grasp, for she trembled, not in the hand alone, but through her whole frame. It was well that the old

lady had taken off her glasses and that her hearing was not over keen, for it would have broken her kind heart had she known the truth.

Poor Isabel! like a wounded hart left to suffer in its lair, felt the approach of the hunters again; with the arrow in her side she must yet bound on and on that people need not guess how deep her hurt had been. Men talk of self-control, of courage and firmness, of suffering and fortitude! Great heavens! there was more firmness, more terrible self-command in the heart of Isabel George when she gathered up her strength and went to that sumptuous dwelling to greet the bride of her own husband—for, in the sight of high Heaven, he was her husband! a promise was registered there which no after vow could annul!—there was more of that courage which carries the martyr to the stake than man ever dreamed of!

But she did go—smiling, and with a falsehood of seeming joy in her face, but she hushed the cries of her heart and entered with a degree of calm dignity which those who have learned to suffer alone can attain.

Oram was very wealthy, and his country seat one of the most magnificent on the Hudson; for miles and miles the river might be seen from the front entrance winding majestically onward through the embrace of its broken and picturesque banks; a beautiful town lay embedded in the hills on the opposite shore, and the highly ornamented grounds which lay opposite the house sloped gently to the water in a thousand flowery undulations; down in a hollow, some half a mile distant, stood the old stone cottage of Mrs. George, half smothered in verdure and forming one of the most picturesque objects of the surrounding scenery.

Carriages were at the door, for the bride was at home to callers that morning, and Isabel entered a drawing-room where a dozen guests were already paying their congratulations to Elsie Oram. She was deadly pale, but the light which filled the room was richly mellowed by the windows of stained glass through which it fell, and all were too busy with themselves to observe how her hands trembled.

Gracefully, and with a soft pressure of the hand, Elsie Oram received the being she had crushed—her manners had become more indolently refined, and there was a softness in her tones which does not always spring from a pure or deep feeling—still she was very beautiful; the tinted light fell over the azure couch on which she sat, bathing her splendid tresses and the morning robe of India muslin which formed her simple attire, with a kind of purplish shadow which sometimes gives tone to a picture.

Oram was moving among his guests excited and apparently very happy. But when he saw Isabel, the laugh died on his lip, and a sudden change swept over his features. He approached her, however, and, while she spoke to his bride, seemed listening keenly, though his head was turned away. After a little time he went out to escort some ladies to their carriage, and did not return.

After that visit, Isabel George was very ill of a low nervous fever which nothing seemed to relieve; for a time her life was despaired of, and when she did begin to recover in health, a settled and deep melancholy seemed fixed on her heart forever. She wept much, and prayed almost without ceasing, for Isabel knew

that she loved the husband of another, and the bitter secret humbled her soul to the dust.

She never went to that house again—the effort was too dreadful. Elsie had kept her card, and sent constantly to inquire after the health of her former friend, but of Oram poor Isabel heard nothing. She knew that he was at home and very gay, for sometimes she would see his carriage sweeping round the hill on which his dwelling stood, from her window; but at last winter came on—the newly married pair went down to the city for the season, and the poor girl was left alone with her breaking heart—broken and yet not broken. The spring came again, with violets and wild thorn-blossoms, and their sweet breath brought comfort to the weary spirit of Isabel. She was still feeble, and could not rest at night—so in the evening, when all was hushed and quiet, she loved to go forth into that wilderness of a garden. It was soothing to hear the great river sweeping onward with a perpetual music to the sea, and the wild flowers gave out their breath most lavishly when the dew was in their leaves. But above all, he had been there; he had told her of his love in that old garden; and in the night time it seemed as if the bond which had registered that love in Heaven was perfect as it had ever been. It was a weakness in the sweet Isabel, but the female heart is helpless in its affections, and sometimes even its faults are beautiful.

One night, it was in the pleasant May time, the sward was full of flowers and the thickets all in blossom. Isabel was very restless that evening, and she went forth first into the portico, where the old honeysuckle was putting forth its leaves, and then down into the garden—through the shrubbery, till she reached the clump of ash trees close by the river. The gable window of her little sleeping room could be seen from that spot—she had been sitting by the open sash a long time, and left a lamp burning on the toilet when she stole forth to ponder in the garden—it shone like a star through the masses of foliage that crept around the gable, and lighted up the lonesome but luxuriant scene.

A man stood beneath the ash trees, with folded arms, gazing upon the light. He would have fled when Isabel glided beneath the boughs, but she had seen him, and, with a faint cry, turned to retrace her steps—for she knew that it was Oram, though his person was in darkness—but surprise, terror and joy chained her limbs, and she had no power to move, though he had taken her hand and was speaking to her in that old familiar voice:

"There is no reason why you should be terrified," he said. "I have just come up from the city, and knowing that you have been ill, it was natural that I should be here. You have renounced my love, but there are times when memory of the past is strong within me and will not be resisted."

"Are you also unhappy?" said Isabel, in a low voice. "I thought that to love and be loved was the great joy—the one thing without which the heart pines to death."

Oram shook his head—"Oh, Isabel!" he exclaimed, with sudden passion, "why did you cast me from you? Why fling me out upon the world to crush my sorrows as I might in the whirl of society? Why teach me how precious the love of a noble heart may be, and then in one moment deprive me of that which had be-



come my life? What had I done that you could thus proudly fling such love as mine to the wind?"

"What had you done?" repeated Isabel. "Did you not love another—did you not wish to break the bonds that had grown irksome?"

"No, Isabel, I did not love another. The bonds that had become irksome! Girl—Girl! they were woven round my heart like threads of gold. Thank God, I can never suffer as I suffered that night when you told me that you were changed. O, Isabel, how I did love you!"

"And you did not love Elsie Ware then?" said Isabel, almost wildly.

"No, not then!" replied Oram, in a suppressed voice.

"And you never told her—" she checked herself—"you never told any one so?"

"Never!" replied Oram, firmly; "never."

"Yet you married her?"

"I was alone—cast forth to seek happiness where I might. You were unjust, cruel to me—I wished to avenge myself on your pride. I wished; in short, I was wretched, excited and resolute to fling off the unhappiness which was torturing me—Elsie was thrown much in my society; to me she was always gentle, kind and full of sympathy for my sufferings—I saw that she was attached to me, and married her."

"But do you love her?" How wild, how full of anxious and thrilling doubt was the face of Isabel George as she asked the question.

"Do not ask me," said Oram, with a sad dignity, "am I not here?"

"God forgive me this joy," exclaimed Isabel, and covering her face with both hands she burst into a passion of tears.

"Isabel—Isabel, what does this mean?"

"Do not tempt me—oh do not urge me now, I am not myself—I am very, very weak—no, no, I can say nothing, she is your wife. God help me, God help us both!" And with these words the poor girl rushed forward toward the house, as if fleeing from an enemy; and so she was poor thing, for the temptations of our own erring natures are the worst of enemies.

Two years went by, and Isabel George stood once more beneath the roof of her former lover. Oh! it was a gloomy contrast to the wedding visit. Gloomy, but not so painful to the poor girl who trod those sumptuous rooms like a troubled spirit. No graceful compliments or careless greeting met her ear then. A mournful twilight slept everywhere amid the magnificent furniture. The tall windows were muffled, and the servants glided noiselessly over the thick carpets, speaking to each other in suppressed whispers—as even the coarsest natures will speak when death is very near.

Slowly and with a troubled step Isabel mounted the stairs. Her heart beat heavily and her limbs shook; but her face, though white, was very calm. Every step brought her nearer the death-chamber; still her face was calm, as I have said, for years of stern control had given to that feeble being a strength which nerves the spirit for Heaven.

"Is she not come?" murmured the sick man, turning his head feebly on the pillow.

"Is she not come?"

He turned his eyes languidly to the place where his wife had been standing, and there in her stead was Isabel George, pale and breathless, gazing upon him; a smile—one of those beautiful, mournful smiles that

sometimes light the faces of the dying—broke over his lips; he made an effort to reach forth his hand, but it only moved on the snowy counterpane, and though hers shook like an aspen, she grasped the cold fingers and raised them to her lips; and now a change came over her; she was but a woman, and her heart broke loose in tears.

"Isabel, my poor Isabel, we have both suffered," murmured the dying man.

She answered him only with her tears.

"And now," he added, with more strength than seemed possible in one so completely exhausted with disease, "now, when I am dying, you will not refuse to tell me that which I have pleaded to learn so often in vain. Why was it, and who was the person that induced you to cast me from you?"

A quick, gasping sob broke from one of the muffled windows where Elsie had withdrawn at the approach of her friend; she sprung forward with an impetuosity that sent the damask curtains floating into the room, and flooded her figure with sudden light. There she stood, between the window and the bed, in her loose and neglected morning dress, with her trembling hands clasped before her, looking pleadingly at Isabel—abject and supplicating, like a criminal before its judge; and there stood Isabel, with that cold hand in hers, bending gently that she might hear the words of the dying. She turned her eyes on the agitated figure opposite, and an expression almost of pity came to her eyes. The window drapery had hardly settled in its place again, enveloping the crouching figure of Elsie once more in comparative gloom, when the dying man repeated his question.

"Not here," said Isabel, in a sweet low voice; "not here; a little time, and we shall meet again where all secrets are made known."

"It is but a short time I can wait," murmured the dying man; "and now do not leave me, Isabel—do not leave me!" and with a convulsive grasp he retained the hand which Isabel was gently striving to draw from him, for Elsie had tottered around the bed, and the noble girl would have surrendered her place by the dying man to his guilty but suffering wife. Elsie saw the eager clasp with which her husband held the fingers of her rival, and sunk to her knees by the bed, sobbing aloud.

"Hush, Elsie, hush!" muttered the dying man; "do not weep—you have been kind and true—we shall all meet again where truth has its reward."

The wretched woman writhed upon her knees, and sobbed more bitterly than ever. Isabel bent her head, and, while tears dropped slowly from her eyes, prayed for the departing soul. It was a touching picture of Truth in its dignity, and Falsehood suffering the first touches of remorse. And now Isabel saw the gray shadows of death stealing slowly around the eyes still turned upon her, as up it crept over the broad forehead which her lips had pressed so often. The breath was hushed upon her lips, the tears no longer filled her eyes, and a smile dawned softly on her face as she saw his face slowly ebbing away. At last, when his fingers released their grasp, she bent down and kissed that lifeless forehead again and again—wound her arms around the dead, and murmured strange, fond words, like a wife whose husband had just returned to her after a long and perilous journey.

This wild burst of feeling aroused Elsie from her crouching position by the bed; she arose, and would

have forced her way to the corpse, but, with one arm around the dead, Isabel lifted her face from the bosom where it had rested, and put the wife gently back with her hand.

"Not now—not now, Elsie Ware; he is mine now, all mine. The law gave him to you living, but laws do not reach him here; in death he is mine, mine forever and ever!"

Elsie still struggled to approach the pillow where that pale head was resting.

"Would you keep the wife from her husband?" she exclaimed, amid her sobs, pressing forward with the impatience of a still untamed spirit.

"He is your husband no longer," replied Isabel, lifting the pale forehead tenderly to her bosom, and turning her pale face full upon that of her companion, yet speaking in a gentle voice. "There was a vow in heaven before he made one to you—a holy vow, which God alone will recognize; I respected your earthly rights while he lived, but now, Elsie Ware, I reclaim my own. My place is close by the dead; no human being shall come between my heart and his, now that his has ceased to beat."

Still Elsie pressed forward. Isabel lifted the marble head from her bosom, and laid it softly on the pillow.

"Elsie Ware," she said, in a low, solemn voice, "I will oppose you no longer; but when you approach the dead, remember that by this time he is acquainted with the falsehood which placed you in his bosom!"

Elsie shrunk back and fell crouching to her knees again; the dead was free to her approach, but she dared not touch her false lips to the forehead that had been pillowed upon her heart so often in life. While the sound of her convulsive weeping filled the room, Isabel bent softly over the beloved clay again, with her shivering fingers she put back the damp curls from the marble forehead, bent her cheeks to it and muttered tender words, as mothers do over their sleeping infants. A blessed calm lay upon her heart—a sweet tranquil grief, from which all bitterness was swept away—and thus it was in the presence of the dead that Truth and Falsehood were revealed.

#### WITCHCRAFT OUTDONE.

A LITTLE boy was drowned recently in Lowell, Mass. A citizen of that place mesmerized a lady for the purpose of examination in reference to a diseased person. After the examination was completed, it was suggested that she be examined in relation to the drowned boy. The operator then merely required her to go over the water, and point out what she saw. After a few moments delay, she suddenly sprang from her chair, and with a shriek exclaimed: "There is a boy under some logs, and he's dead!" at the same time manifesting the greatest fear, being almost in a convulsive state, and shedding tears freely. She was soon soothed, and relieved from the mesmeric influence. The next day, another young lady, who had resided only about a fortnight in the city, was put in a mesmeric state by a different operator, and with a full understanding that she was to be examined in regard to the lost body. After remaining for a time under the magnetic influence, she started and uttered nearly the same exclamation that the other lady used, but was less affected. She then described the body as lying on the bottom of the river, apparently entangled by some roots or other

substance under the logs beneath the dam. She declared that the body was not bruised, that it was bare headed, and wore light-colored pantaloons, upon one knee of which was a patch, &c., particulars which she knew not in a waking state. The operator then *willed* her to remember the place she had designated, and relieved her from the condition. She then went to the river, accompanied by others, and after a short time the body of the boy was found in the exact situation and condition in which it had been described to be by her. The water was twelve feet deep under the logs, and very muddy; but by means of a suitable pole hook, the body was drawn up with considerable exertion; it evidently having been attached to some substance on the bottom. As described, it was free from bruises, the cap was gone, and the particulars in regard to the pantaloons were precisely as stated by her.

#### A FAREWELL TO WINTER.

BY MRS. MATILDA P. HUNT.

Thou hast been like a conqueror over the earth,  
With silence, and darkness, and fear in thy train;  
The beauty of Summer, its gladness and mirth,  
Have fled at thy presence, and left thee to reign;  
And proud was thy reign in the day of thy power—  
All nature has bowed to thy merciless hand;  
The blossoms lie dead in the field and the bower,  
And spoiled of their glory the forest trees stand.

Thou hast been like a conqueror forth in thy wrath—  
But thy triumphs are ended, and thou must be gone;  
Thy triumphs are ended—for close in thy path,  
And tracking thy footsteps, the summer comes on;  
The lands that lie captive, as bound with a chain,  
From thy wearisome thralldom she comes to redeem;  
And the voice of thanksgiving shall waken again,  
As she stretches her sceptre o'er woodland and stream.

Thou hast been like a conqueror forth to destroy,  
And leave the fair earth but a waste and a tomb—  
But Spring at her coming brings music and joy,  
And makes all thy desolate places to bloom;  
O Winter, we own thou art fearful in might—  
But the power that now forces the crown from thy brow,  
That changes thy mourning to gladness and light,  
And brings life from death, is more mighty than thou.  
*For the Roter—East Abington, Mass., June, 1844.*

#### THE DUENNA OF ABBOTSFORD.

THE hall at Abbotsford is a sort of armory hung with escutcheons, trophies and banners; the ceiling is sustained with beams admirably carved. On the colored windows of the room are armorial bearings of Sir Walter Scott, surrounded by all those of the different noble families with which he is allied; among the rest are those of the Duke of Buccleugh. One of the flags in the first room is tri-colored, and bears these words in large characters: "*L'Empereur Napoleon au 105th regiment de ligne!*"

"This flag was taken at Waterloo," said Mrs. Ormond, a sort of crabbed old house-keeper, who acts as guide to the pilgrims of Abbotsford.

"This flag was never a French one," I replied without hesitation. Mrs. Ormond frowned. I had just perceived an undeniable proof that the pretended trophy given to Sir Walter Scott as historical, had never

figured in the ranks of the imperial army. The English artist who had composed it had imprinted his own fraud thereon. The words *cent cinquieme*, in figures, ought to have been written thus: "105eme," the letters *eme* being indispensable. But no, he had used the English *th*—the two last letters of the word *fifth* were there, instead of the three last of the word *cinquieme*. A stupid fault! Sir Walter Scott had not noticed it, or he would not let himself be so imposed upon. I was stooping down toward the flag to examine it the better.

"It's not allowed to touch anything here!" said Mrs. Ormond, sourly.

"I am incapable of taking that liberty," answered I, calmly.

We passed into Sir Walter Scott's breakfast room, I writing a few words in my pocket-book with a pencil, looking at the Gothic or givod gallery which led to it, and which reminded me of the chapels of Melrose Abbey.

"It's not allowed to draw!" again cried Mrs. Ormond in an imperative tone.

I showed my little book to this female Cerebus, and explained to her that there was no appearance of drawing on its pages. A charming portrait of Prince Charles Edward had attracted my attention, and I had taken note of it. Arrived in the great dining room of Abbotsford, where were the portraits of Cromwell, Charles XII. and Thompson the poet, I had taken my pencil again.

"It's not allowed to write here!" said my conductress.

At this I lost my patience, and replied: "You ought not to be allowed to speak; you profane this sanctuary." And when, a minute afterward, she held out her hand at the door to claim her reward, I was tempted to exclaim in my turn, "It's not allowed to pay here." This intolerable creature excited the indignation of all my fellow visitors to Abbotsford, and diverting the train of their ideas, completely disenchanted the place. I was indignant, not for myself, but for the manes of the illustrious dead. Was it possible, was it right to think of anything but him, there where everything recalled his genius!

Sir Walter Scott's little arsenal seemed to me wonderfully poetical; it contained a number of precious arms. His portrait is in his own drawing-room; he is seated with two beautiful dogs near him. There also is the portrait of his wife; she was a French woman, and named Carpenter. By her he had two daughters and two sons; the eldest is a military man, and is now in India. A national subscription has paid off the mortgages on all Sir Walter's property, and Abbotsford will be restored to his family free of all debts. In the library, where hangs the portrait of his son in uniform, I saw the bust of Shakspeare. I had been told that I should find many of my own works there; but Mrs. Ormond having declared that it was not allowed to read, I could not ascertain the fact.—*Viscount D'Arincourt's Three Kingdoms.*

#### DWARFS.

Tom Thumb—A Sicilian Dwarf.

EVERYTHING that varies from the common course of nature (says the American Traveler) excites the curiosity of the world, and sets everybody to wondering how such a phenomenon could be produced. Just at this

time that homœopathic specimen of humanity, that pocket edition of man, known by the *sobriquet* of General Tom Thumb, who was exhibited in Boston, last summer, is setting all London running after him, Her Majesty Queen Victoria and all the royal family included. He is considered the greatest, or, to speak more properly, the *smallest* curiosity among the human race now extant. When he was exhibited here last year, in order to make him more attractive, it was given out that he was born in Lancashire, England. But it appears that he is a native born Yankee, and thus it is manifest that Yankee soil can produce the smallest as well as the tallest of every kind of productions. The Bridgeport (Conn.) Farmer gives the following biography of the Lilliputian, who, it seems, came from the land of steady habits. The Farmer says:—"We believe that it is now no secret on this side of the Atlantic, at least, that the redoubtable general is a native of this city. His real name is Charles Stratton. His parents resided in the north part of this city, and have two other children. Mr. Stratton, his father, is a carpenter by trade, but for some cause experienced much difficulty in supporting himself and family. Young Stratton, the general, was always active and sprightly, apt, and artful, and, on account of his extreme diminutiveness, attracted the attention of all who saw him. As he grew in years, his fame extended, and his parents were repeatedly urged to take him for exhibition about the country. A gentleman here finally prevailed upon his mother to go with him to New York, and offer him to Mr. P. T. Barnum, of the American Museum. Mr. B. hesitated, but finally agreed to take him on trial for a short time. After due preparation, the general made his appearance on the stage at the Museum, under the title of General Tom Thumb, from England. This was the commencement of the general's public career. The audience was delighted with him, and from that moment he became one of the greatest attractions of the day. The Museum was crowded night after night, to see this wonderful Englishman. He was, after a short time, taken to Albany, Boston, Providence, and other of our principal cities, in all of which he attracted overflowing houses. Mr. Barnum, finding he could make money with the general, made an engagement with his parents for a term of years, and such was his success here, that he finally determined to take him to Europe. The parents of the general, we are glad to hear, have thus been placed in comfortable circumstances. Mr. Barnum's net receipts, in London, have thus far been about \$2000 a week."

Notwithstanding the dimutiveness in size of Tom Thumb, there have been instances of dwarfs even smaller than he is. The London Literary Gazette for May, 1824, gives the following description of a Sicilian dwarf which was exhibiting at that time in London. It was communicated by an eye witness who had just been to visit the pigmy: "Seeing is believing, and upon my conscience, unless I had seen the Sicilian dwarf with my own eyes, I could not have credited so extraordinary a variety in human nature. This creature is a female, and of the name of Crachami, a Sicilian by birth, and now within a few months of being ten years old. But it is impossible to describe the miracle of her appearance, or its effect upon the mind. To see rationality sportiveness, intelligence, all the faculties of humanity, in a being so inconceivably below the standard at which we have ever witnessed them, so overturns

all previous impressions, that, even with the fact before us, we doubt the evidence of our own senses. A tolerable sized doll, acting and speaking, would not astonish us so much; for nature is, in this instance, far more wonderful than art could be.

Only imagine a creature about half as large as a new born infant; perfect in all its parts and lineaments, uttering words in a strange unearthly voice, understanding what you say, and replying to your questions; imagine, I say, this figure, of about nineteen inches in height, and five pounds in weight, and you have some idea of this extraordinary phenomenon. And the more you look the more you reflect, the more incredible that this can be real. But true it is; here is the fairy of your superstition in actual life, here is the pigmy of ancient mythology, brought down to your own day. The impression of her countenance varies with whatever affects her mind, (or on my faith, there is a mind in this diminutive frame!) her beautiful tiny hand (for the fore finger of which, the ring of a very small shirt button would be much too wide around,) has all the motions and graces which are found in the same member of a lovely woman; she threatens, she displays her fondness for finery, she likes her drop of wine, she shows her displeasure, she chooses and rejects; in fine, she is as perfect as a common child of the same age. Her walk is rather tottering, and her voice, (as I have said,) very remarkable. Her general appearance is not unpleasant, though there is a little of the *simia* in the form of the features; her health is good, and her body, limbs, &c., are complete.

"I shall visit her again and again, for she is to me the wonder of wonders. I took her up, caressed and saluted her, and it was most laughable to see her resent the latter freedom, wiping her cheek, and expressing her dislike of the rough chin. But her great antipathy is to doctors; these have offended her by examining her too minutely, and whenever they are mentioned, she doubles her fibert of a fist, and manifests her decided displeasure. Of her trinkets she seems very proud, taking off her ring to show it, and pointing to her ear-rings, with the joyous exclamation, 'very pretty,' for she has already learnt a little English. But go and see her, or you never can conceive the true meaning of Milton's phrase: 'Minim of nature.'"

#### STORY OF SILENT LOVE.

An eminent clergyman one evening became the subject of conversation, and a wonder was expressed that he never was married. "That wonder," said Miss Porter, "was once expressed to the Reverend gentleman himself in my hearing, and he told a story in answer, which I will tell you, and, perhaps, slight as it may seem, it is the history of other hearts as sensitive and delicate as his own. Soon after his ordination, he preached once every Sabbath for a clergyman in a small village not twenty miles from London.

Among his auditors, from Sunday to Sunday he observed a young lady, who always occupied a certain seat, and whose close attention began insensibly to grow to him an object of thought and pleasure. She left the church as soon as the service was over, and it so chanced that he went on for a year without knowing her name; but his sermon was not written without many a thought how she would approve it, nor preached with satisfaction unless he read approbation

in her face. Gradually he came to think of her at other times than when writing sermons, and to wish to see her on other days than Sundays; but the weeks slipped on, and though he fancied that she grew paler and thinner, he never mustered resolution enough to ask her name or seek to speak with her. By those silent steps however, love had worked into his heart, and he had made up his mind to seek her acquaintance and marry her, if possible, when one day he was sent for to minister at a funeral.

The face of the corpse was the same that had looked up to him Sunday after Sunday, till he learned to make it a part of his religion and his life. He was unable to perform the service, and another clergyman officiated; and, after she was buried, her father took him aside and apologised for giving him pain—but he could not resist the impulse to tell him that his daughter had mentioned his name with her last breath, and he was afraid a concealed affection for him had hurried her to the grave. Since that, said the clergyman in question, my heart has been dead within me, and I look forward, only, to the time when I shall speak to her in Heaven."

#### AMY LANE—A SONG.

BY LAWRENCE LABREE.

AIR—Lucy Neal.

Oh murmur'ing river, gently flow,  
While I in pensive strain  
Shall tell thy rippling waves about  
My pretty Amy Lane.  
Her dimpling smile so sweet,  
The sparkling of her eye,  
Whose beaming bright would dim the light  
Of every star on high.

Repeat—Chorus.

Oh pretty Amy Lane,  
Oh charming Amy Lane,  
If I were absent from her heart,  
The smile of Heaven were vain!

O Hudson, how thy waters bright  
Flow gladsomely along;  
The music of thy flowing seems  
Like tiny notes of song.  
How blest, at twilight hour,  
Thy pebbly marge I gain,  
And gayly float in "bonny boat"  
With pretty Amy Lane.  
Oh charming Amy Lane,  
Oh lovely Amy Lane,  
If her sweet presence cheer'd me not,  
The smile of Heaven were vain!

What melody is in her voice!  
How bright her glancing eye!  
And fervently she breathes such thoughts  
As angels' minstrelsy.  
Sure she for man's transgressions  
Could never plead in vain;  
Heaven sure would heed in hour of need  
The prayer of Amy Lane.  
Oh pretty Amy Lane,  
Oh charming Amy Lane,  
If her sweet presence cheer'd me not,  
The smile of Heaven were vain!

For the Rover—New York, June, 1844.



## THE USE OF FLOWERS.

BY MARY HOWITT.

God might have made the earth bring forth  
Enough for great and small,  
The oak-tree and the cedar-tree,  
Without a flower at all.

He might have made enough, enough  
For every want of ours :  
For luxury, medicine, and toil,  
And yet have made no flowers.

The ore within the mountain-mine  
Requirth none to grow,  
Nor doth it need the lotus-flower  
To make the river flow.

The clouds might give abundant rain,  
The nightly dews might fall,  
And the herb that keepeth life in man  
Might yet have drunk them all.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made,  
All dyed with rainbow light :  
All fashioned with supremest grace,  
Uppringing day and night :

Springing in valleys green and low,  
And on the mountain high,  
And in the silent wilderness,  
Where no man passes by ?

Our outward life requires them not—  
Then wherefore had they birth ?  
To minister delight to man,  
To beautify the earth ;

To comfort man—to whisper hope,  
Whene'er his faith is dim ;  
For whoso careth for the flowers,  
Will much more care for him !

~~~~~  
WILLIAM AND MARY HOWITT.

THE numerous literary labors of William and Mary Howitt, are so inextricably and so interestingly mixed up with their biographies, that they can only be appropriately treated under one head.

William Howitt is a native of Derbyshire, where his family have been considerable landed proprietors for many generations. In the reign of Elizabeth a Thomas Howitt, Esq., married a Miss Middleton, and on the division of the estate, of which she was co-heiress, the manors of Wansley and Eastwood fell to the lot of Mrs. Howitt, who came to reside with her husband at Wansley Hall in Nottinghamshire.

The Howitts—according to a memoir of their early days, now out of print, and of which we shall avail ourselves, as far as it goes, having ascertained its authenticity—the Howitts appear to have been of the old school of country squires, who led a jolly, careless life—hunting, shooting, feasting, and leaving their estate to take care of itself, and which, of course, fell into a steady consumption. The broad lands of Wansley and Eastwood slipped away piece-meal ; Wansley Hall and its surrounding demesne followed ; the rectory of Eastwood, which had been a comfortable berth for a younger son, was the last portion of Miss Middleton's dowry, which lingered in the family, and that was eventually sold to the Plumtre family, in which it yet remains. The rectors of Eastwood appear, from family

documents, to have very faithfully followed out such an education as they may be supposed to have received from the parents. They were more devoted to the field than the pulpit ; and the exploits of the last rector of the name of Howitt and old Squire Rolleston, of Watnall, are not yet forgotten.

The demesne of one heiress being dissipated, there was not wanting another with which to repair the waste with her gold. The great-grandfather of our author married the daughter and sole heiress of a gentleman of Nottinghamshire, with whom he received a large sum in money. This was soon spent, and so much was the lady's father exasperated at the hopeless waste of his son-in-law, that he cut off his own daughter with a shilling, and left the estate to an adopted son. The disinherited man did not, however, learn wisdom from this lesson, unless he considered it wisdom "to daff the world aside and let it pass ;" he adhered stoutly to the hereditary habits and maxims of his ancestors ; and a wealthy old aunt of his, residing at Derby, getting a suspicion that he only waited her death to squander her hoard too, adopted the stratagem of sending a messenger to Heanor to announce to him the melancholy intelligence of her decease. The result justified her fears. The jolly squire liberally rewarded the messenger, and setting the village bells a-ringing, began his journey toward Derby to take possession. To his great consternation and chagrin, however, instead of finding the lady dead, he found her very much alive indeed, and ready to receive him with a most emphatic announcement, that she had followed the example of his father-in-law, and had struck him out of her will altogether. She faithfully kept her word. The only legacy which she left to this jovial spendthrift was his great two-handled breakfast pot, out of which he consumed every morning as much toast and ale as would have "filled" a baron of the fourteenth century.

This old gentleman seems to have been not only of a most reckless, but also of an unresentful disposition. He appears to have continued a familiar intercourse with the gentleman who superseded him in the estate, who likewise maintained toward him a conduct that was very honorable. The disinherited squire was one of the true Squire Western-school, and spent the remainder of his life in a manner particularly characteristic of the times. He and another dissipated old gentleman of the name of Johnson, used to proceed from house to house among their friends, till probably they had scarcely a home of their own, carousing and drinking "jolly good ale and old." They sojourned a long time at one of these places, regularly going out with the grayhounds in the morning, or if it were summer, a-fishing, and carousing in the evenings, till one day the butler gave them a hint, by announcing that "the barrel was out." On this they proceeded to Lord Middleton's, at Wollerton, and after a similar career and a similar carousing, to the house of a gentleman in Lincolnshire. The building of Wollerton Hall, it is said, had considerably impoverished the Middleton family ; but Lord Middleton was unmarried ; and as the Lincolnshire gentleman had an only daughter and a splendid fortune, family tradition says, that by extolling the parties to each other a match was brought about by these old gentlemen, much to the satisfaction of both sides ; and they were made free of the cellar and the grayhounds for the remainder of their lives.

The son of this spendthrift, instead of being posses-

mor of an estate, became a manager of a part of it for the fortunate proprietor. There was, however, a friendly feeling always kept up between the new proprietors and the Howitts, and by this means the father of our author—who was a man of a different stamp from his progenitors—was enabled, in some degree, to restore the fortunes of the family, and to establish a handsome property. Miss Tantum, whom he married, was a member of the Society of Friends, as her ancestors had been from the commencement of the Society; and Mr. Thomas Howitt, previous to his marriage, as was required by the rules of the Friends, entered the Society, and has always continued in it.

William Howitt, the subject of the present biographical sketch, is one of six brothers. He was educated at different schools of the Friends; but, as we have frequently heard him declare, was much more indebted to a steady practice of self-instruction than to any school or teacher whatever. He early showed a predilection for poetry, and in a periodical of that day, called "Literary Recreations," a copy of some verses "On Spring" may be found, stated to be by "William Howitt, a boy 13 years of age." During the time that he was not at school, he was accustomed, with his oldest brother, to stroll all over the country, shooting, coursing, and fishing, with an indefatigable zeal which would have delighted any of the Nimrods from whom he was descended. As a boy he had been an eager birds'-nester, and these after pursuits, together with a strong poetical temperament, and a keen perception of the beauties of nature, made him familiar with all the haunts, recesses, productions, and creatures of the country. In this manner the greatest portion of his early life was spent. After he arrived at manhood, however, those country pleasures were blended with an active study of Chemistry, Botany, Natural and Moral Philosophy, and of the works of the best writers of Italy, France, and his own country. He also turned the attention of his youngest brother, now Dr. Howitt, to the study of British Botany, and the Doctor has since prosecuted it with more constancy and success than himself. General literature, and poetry, soon drew his attention more forcibly, and his marriage, in his twenty eighth year, no doubt naturally contributed to strengthen this tendency. The lady of his choice was Miss Mary Botham, of Uttoxeter, in Staffordshire, also a member of the Society of Friends, and now familiar to the public as the delightful authoress, Mary Howitt.

Mary Howitt is, by her mother's side, directly descended from Mr. William Wood, the Irish patentee, about whose halfpence, minted under a contract from the government of George II., Dean Swift raised such a disturbance with his "Drapier's Letters," successfully preventing the issue of the coinage, and saddling Mr. Wood with a loss of 60,000*l*. Sir Robert Walpole, the minister, resisting all recompense for his loss, although Sir Isaac Newton, who was appointed to assay the coinage, pronounced it better than the contract required, and Mr. Wood, of course, justly entitled to remuneration.* His son Mr. Charles Wood, the grandfather of Mrs. Howitt, and who became assay-master in Jamaica, was the first who introduced platinum into Europe.

Mr. Howitt on his marriage went to reside in Staffordshire, and continued there about a year. Mrs. Howitt and himself being of the most congenial taste

and disposition, determined to publish jointly a volume of poetry. This appeared under the title of "The Forest Minstrel," in 1823. It was highly applauded by the press, and is sufficiently characteristic of both its writers—the irresistible tendency of one to describe natural scenery, and the legendary propensities of the other.

Soon after their marriage they undertook a walk into Scotland, having long admired warmly the ballad poetry and traditions of that country. In this ramble, after landing at Dumbarton, they went on over mountain and moorland wherever they proposed to go, for one thousand miles, walking more than five hundred of it, Mrs. Howitt performing the journey without fatigue. They crossed Ben Lomond without a guide, and after enjoying the most magnificent spectacle of the clouds alternately surrounding and breaking away from the chaos of mountains around them, were enveloped by a dense cloud, and only able to effect their descent with great difficulty, and with considerable hazard. They visited Loch Katrine, Stirling, Edinburgh, and all the beautiful scenery for many miles around it, traversed Fifeshire, and then, taking Abbotsford in their route, walked through the more Southern parts, visiting many places interesting for their historical or poetical associations, on to Gretna Green, where all the villagers turned out brimfull of mirth, supposing they were come there to be married, especially as they entered the public house where such matches are completed, and engaged the landlord to put them in the way to Carlisle. They returned by way of the English lakes, having as they have been frequently heard to declare, enjoyed the most delightful journey imaginable.

Soon after their return, they settled in Nottingham; Mr. Howitt, though actively engaged in business, still devoting his leisure to literary pursuits. Here they soon published another joint volume of poems, called "The Desolation of Eyam," which was received with equal favor by the public. The attention which these two volumes excited, brought many applications from the editors of Annuals and Magazines; and both Mr. and Mrs. Howitt for some years contributed a great variety of articles to these publications.

Mr. Howitt possesses such versatility that there are few quarters of literature in which his contributions would not equal the best. His papers in the "Heads of the People" were excellent. Mrs. Howitt's ballads have the true ballad spirit, and some of them are of exceeding sweetness. Her simplicity is without feebleness, and her occasional openings into power are striking and noble.

The circumstance of their names having become attached to so many separate articles, now led to a separate publication of volumes. Mrs. Howitt had since published "The Seven Temptations," a dramatic work; "Wood Leighton," a prose fiction, and several volumes for the young, all of which have acquired deserved popularity.

Within the last half century, a somewhat new class of writing has been introduced into this country with great success, and most fortunately for the public taste, as its influence is most healthy and sweet, most refreshing and soothing, most joyous, yet most innocent. It is that of the unaffected prose pastoral. After Sir Philip Sidney's "Arcadia," there was no work which had so much of this spirit of the green fields and woods, as Walton's "Complete Angler." A long period then

* See Ruding's "Annals of Coinage."

intervened, and the same feeling can hardly be said to have shown itself, excepting in some of the works of Mrs. Barbauld, until the time of Burns, and Wordsworth, and Keats, in poetry, and Miss Mitford and Leigh Hunt, in prose. The numerous essays and delightful papers of Leigh Hunt, and one little work in particular, entitled "The Months," together with the pastoral sketches of "Our Village," "Belford Regis," and "Country Stories," are known to all. These works of Miss Mitford, if read by snatches, come over the mind as the summer air and the sweet hum of rural sounds would float upon the senses through an open window in the country; leaving with you for a whole day, a tradition of fragrance and dew. It is hardly necessary to add, that her prose pastorals are all redolent of a cordial and cheerful spirit. They are the poetry of matter-of-fact nature, fresh and at first hand. Who would not fain leave their other matters-of-fact, to go with these writers to gather lilies of the valley from the deep green woods? Sooth to say, if the seasons in England were always as they paint them, we should all choose to live out of doors, and nobody would catch cold.

Miss Mitford is undoubtedly at the head of this delightful, and at present "small family" of prose pastoral writers. William and Mary Howitt naturally belong to it; and if another were to be named of the present time, it would be Thomas Miller. But no one has done so much, systematically, and extensively to make us familiar with the rural population, both of our own country, and of Germany, as Mr. Howitt.

In 1832, Mr. Howitt produced the "Book of the Seasons," a volume the publication of which was attended by a circumstance curious in itself, and which should teach young authors not to be discouraged by the opinions of publishers. The "Book of the Seasons," was offered to four of the principal publishing houses and rejected by them; till the author, in disgust, told the gentleman in whose hands it was left, to tie a stone to the MS., and fling it over London Bridge. At length Colburn and Bentley took it: the press with one simultaneous cheer of approbation saluted its appearance; it has since gone through seven large editions.

In 1834, Mr. Howitt published a work of a very different description, the "History of Priestcraft," which ran through six or seven large editions, some of them of 3000 copies each. The work, of course, excited as much reprehension from one party as applause from another; but the readers of the "Book of the Seasons," which is full of kindly and gentle feelings, could not comprehend how the same spirit could produce both these works. The union is, nevertheless, perfectly compatible.

It should be recollected that Mr. Howitt was born and educated a Quaker, and he had imbued himself with the writings and spirit of the first Quakers, who were a sturdy race, and suffered much persecution from the Established Church.

In 1835, our author published "Pantika, or Traditions of the most Ancient Times," a work of imagination, certainly the most ambitious, and not the least successful, though not the least popular of all Mr. Howitt's admirable productions. But its design, its materials and execution are altogether so different from every other work of the Howitts, that its claims will be more appropriately considered under the head

of "Mrs. Shelley and the imaginative romance writers."

The publication of the "History of Priestcraft," may be said to have driven our author from Nottingham. Till then he lived in great privacy; but this volume discovered to his townsmen that he possessed political opinions. He appeared then as the advocate of popular rights, and in that town there is a considerable portion of the population which has always been greatly in want of zealous and able leaders. These seized on Mr. Howitt as a champion unexpectedly found. He was in a manner forced at once, and contrary to his habits and inclination, into public life. He was made an alderman of the borough, and looked to as the advocate of all popular measures. It was found that, although unused to public speaking, he possessed a vehement eloquence which excited his hearers to enthusiasm, and carried them according to his will. A speech of his in the Town Hall, on some Irish question, in which he introduced some remarks on O'Connell, so agitated his hearers, that they simultaneously announced their determination to invite O'Connell to a public dinner, which they forthwith did. It was hoped by the people of Nottingham that they had found a man amply capable and willing to advocate their interests; but this was not the life which Mr. Howitt had marked out for himself. No sphere could have afforded a greater opportunity of doing good to his fellow-men than the one he now occupied, but to do that it required an independent fortune. Mr. Howitt's was limited; and finding his time and energies wholly absorbed by extraneous circumstances, he deemed it his duty to his children to withdraw to a more secluded place of residence. He therefore removed to Esher, in Surrey, a place which gave him the fullest retirement, in a beautiful country, while it afforded a ready communication with the metropolis. There he resided some years.

Before leaving Nottingham, his fellow-townsmen, in a very numerous public meeting, voted him a silver inkstand, as an appropriate testimony of their esteem; and, before settling at Esher, he and Mrs. Howitt made another excursion into the north of England, Scotland, and the Western Isles, traversing the most interesting portion of their journey again on foot. They spent a short time with Mr. Wordsworth and his family at Rydal, and in Edinburgh made the personal acquaintance of most of the literary and eminent characters there. Mr. Howitt also attended the dinner given by the city of Edinburgh to the poet Campbell, and being requested to give as a toast "the English poets, Wordsworth, Southey, and Moore," he took the opportunity of pressing on the attention of that brilliant company, that if toasting poets did them honor, the true way to serve them was to secure them their "copy-right."

During Mr. Howitt's residence at Esher, he published the "Rural Life of England," having previously traversed the country literally from the Land's End to the Scottish borders, to make himself intimately acquainted with the manners and mode of life of the rural population. The work was eminently popular; and while it is full of the kindly and cheerful spirit of the "Book of the Seasons," has yet higher claims to public favor even than that most pleasant work, from the more exalted nature of its subject, and the enlightened and philosophical views which it takes of society generally.

In 1838, Mr. Howitt published a work entitled "Colonization and Christianity," a popular history of the treatment of the natives by the Europeans in all their colonies; a work which proves that the writer's philanthropic sympathy is not confined to any race or nation, and unfolds a dark chapter in the history of human nature, and which could hardly fail to produce the most extensive and beneficial effects. In fact, the reading of this volume led Mr. Joseph Pease, Jun., immediately to establish "The British India Society," in which the zealous exertions of Mr. Pease have mainly contributed to the adoption of a new policy by the East India Company, pregnant with the most important benefits to this country: to the liberation of all their slaves, no less than *ten million* in number, and to the cultivation of cotton, sugar, and other tropical articles for our market, by which if continued, not only will the poor population of India be employed, but the manufacturing millions of our own country, too, by the constant demand for our manufactured goods; of which every year already brings the most striking and cheering evidences.

Soon after this, Mr. Howitt published a little book, which has gladdened many a fireside, called "The Boys' Country Book," a genuine life of a country boy—being evidently his own life. The Boys' Country Book was followed by "Visits to Remarkable Places, Old Halls, Battle Fields, and Scenes illustrative of striking Passages in English History and Poetry." This book was received with enthusiasm; and though an expensive work, had a large sale, and was followed by a second volume. These works soon found a host of imitators, and have had the beneficial effect of reminding the public of the valuable stores of historic and poetic interest scattered over the whole face of our noble country. Mrs. Howitt's attention had for years been turned to works for the young. They were written for the amusement and benefit of her own children, and being tested by the actual approbation of this little domestic auditory, were afterward published and received with equal applause by the young wherever the English language extends. Up to this period she had issued; *The Sketches of Natural History. Tales in Verse; and Tales in Prose. Birds and Flowers. Hymns and Fireside Verses.* [We must not allow ourselves to be so overcome by a sense of the abundance of the Howitts, as to omit our tribute to the beauty of Mary Howitt's poetical productions, which are not, we think, sufficiently estimated in this article.—*Ed. New Spirit of the Age.*]

The popularity of these works induced a publisher (Mr. Tegg) to propose to Mrs. Howitt to write for him a series of "Tales for the People and their Children;" of which ten volumes have already appeared, namely; 1. Strive and Thrive. 2. Hope on, Hope ever. 3. Sowing and Reaping. 4. Who shall be Greatest? 5. Which is the Wiser. 6. Little Coin much Care. 7. Work and Wages. 8. Alice Franklin. 9. Love and Money. These volumes have never been introduced to the public by reviews, and it seems to be a system of Mr. Tegg's never to send copies to reviews; nevertheless they have had a vast circulation, and are scattered all over America in sixpenny reprints. They are in themselves a little juvenile library of the most interesting narratives, full of goodness of heart and sincere moral principles. Translations of "Birds and Flowers" are in progress both in German and Polish, and all the works of William and Mary Howitt are

immediately reprinted and extensively circulated in America.

Having resided about three years at Esher, Mr. and Mrs. Howitt quitted England for a sojourn in Germany. They had for some time had their attention drawn to German literature; and the alleged advantages attending education in Germany, made them resolve to judge for themselves. Attracted by the beauty of the scenery, they took up their head quarters at Heidelberg, where their children could steadily pursue their education. Thence, at different times, they visited nearly every part and every large city of Germany, assiduously exerting themselves by social intercourse with the people, as well as by study, to make themselves perfectly familiar with the manners, spirit, and literature of that great and varied nation. During upward of three years thus spent, with the exception of Mrs. Howitt's continuing the series of "Tales for the People," and editing "Fisher's Drawing-Room Scrap-Book," which was put into her hands on the decease of L. E. L., English literature was now abandoned for the continuous study of the German. The result on Mr. Howitt's part was the translation of a work written expressly for him, "The Student-Life of Germany," containing the most famous songs and music of the German students. This volume which was vehemently attacked by some of our own newspapers, nevertheless received from the principal journals of Germany, the highest testimonies of accuracy and mastery of translation, and led to numerous applications on the part of the German publishers for translations of works into English, as books for the use of students of English, one only of which, however, Mr. Howitt found time to undertake, the fanciful story of Peter Schlemihl, since published by Schrag of Nurnberg. After three years' abode and observation, Mr. Howitt published his "Social and Rural Life of Germany," which was at once well received here, and reprinted in Germany with the assertion of the "Allgemeine Zeitung," the first critical journal of Germany, of its being the most accurate account of that country ever written by a foreigner.

Perhaps, however, as concerns the English public the most important consequence of Mr. and Mrs. Howitt's sojourn in Germany is that they had their attention there turned to the languages and literature of the North of Europe. They had the pleasure of becoming intimately acquainted with an excellent and highly accomplished English family who had spent many years in Sweden, and were enthusiastic lovers of its literature. With them they immediately commenced the study of Swedish, and were so much charmed with its affinity, both in form and spirit to the English, that they pursued it with great avidity. The first results have been the introduction of the prose tales of Frederika Bremer, by Mrs. Howitt, to our knowledge; a new era to our reading world. These charming works, so distinguished by their natural domestic interest, their faithful delineations, their true spirit of kindness, poetical feeling, good sense, and domestic harmony and affection, have produced a sensation unequalled as a series since the issue of the *Waverley* novels, and in cheap reprints have been circulated through every class and corner of America. The rapidity with which, from various circumstances, it has been requisite to produce these translations, has, we understand, made it necessary, though appearing as a lady's work entirely in Mrs. Howitt's name, that

both Mr. and Mrs. Howitt should latterly unite all their activity in translating, correcting, and passing them through the press.

The Howitts are enthusiastic lovers of their literary pursuits, and anxious to educate their children in the best possible manner, and therefore live a retired and domestic life. Though belonging to the Society of Friends, and attached to its great principles of civil, moral, and religious liberty, they have long ago abandoned its peculiarities; and in manners, dress, and language, belong only to the world. For the honor of literature, we may safely say that among the many consolatory proofs in modern times of how much literature may contribute to the happiness of life, the case of the Howitts is one of the most striking. The love of literature was the origin of their acquaintance, its pursuit has been the hand-in-hand bond of the most perfect happiness of a long married life; and we may further add, for the honor of womanhood, that while our authoress sends forth her delightful works in unbroken succession, to the four quarters of the globe, William Howitt has been heard to declare that he will challenge any woman, be she who she may, who never wrote a line, to match his good woman in the able management of a large household, at the same time that she fills her own little world of home with the brightness of her own heart and spirit.

ENTHUSIASM.

THE dream, and but the dream, is mine!
The forms that peopled it are dead;
And flowers that blossom'd by a shrine
Have with the bitter waking fled.

Ah, in that day-dream of the soul,
How on my mystic sleep they fell,
Those smiles that mock'd the heart's control,
And bound me with a mighty spell!

And lips and cheeks of fairer hue
Than beams upon the rose at morn,
And witching eyes of deeper blue
Than summer violets have worn.

But as the sun hath westward pass'd,
The spirits of my dream are gone—
They were too beautiful to last,
Or aught—but perish one by one!

Yet, like a shadow in the heart
Reflected from some angel's wings,
The dream remains, and will not part
To mingle with those perish'd things!

But lingering like the sunset ray
O'er valleys where it shone the while,
It half reflects the faded day,
And cheats me with its twilight smile.

For the Racer—New York, June, 1844. RICHARD.

LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MR DEAR EDITOR—With so many able pens unwielded, it strikes me forcibly, that the word *stationary*, for those utensils which "weave the cobwebs of the brain," is a word of rare *cognomenic* excellence—a very happy phrase indeed! especially now that the church-without-a-steeple controversy has subsided. Stop! there's a letter from Bishop Hughes, by-the-by, that ought not

to come under the above category—it is too crisp ever to have been written on anything but *parchment*. Then there's another from Mr. Van Buren, gratefully thanking his *over-board throwing* brethren; and so on to the end of the last letter of the alphabet, all of which we have waded through, and came out at the end with our shirt collar dry. Notwithstanding all these, my dear sir, the list of quill-driving magicians is anything but full; pens there are, whose lease of servitude is by no means expired, neither has the public's mortgage on their intellect been foreclosed or settled, and I trust that some old gray goose's wing will yet grow a feather that shall warm in the fingers of some votary of the muse to sing a sweet madrigal as ever charmed the ear of an Apollo or a Pan. God gave the gift of song to the immortals that it might flow back to him—and how have they sinned who have forgotten his purpose!

Two weeks have elapsed and our budget of items seems, in our view, to catch a purer ray of enchantment by their limited *distance*; though, perhaps, farther off to our readers than the most remote events ever buried in the depths of forgetfulness. We have had *ad interim* "Fashion" philosophically considered by one of the choicest "lions" in her menagerie—and "Fashion" neck-and-neck-ly considered by the judges of Union Course. Which drew the largest audience, we are unable to say—the money *lost* at each was undoubtedly considerable.

Prefacing the above came the Democratic procession. They marched up Broadway, their broad banners bellying in the wind, and forcing their bearers into any conceivable divergence of pace. The figure of Mr. Van Buren on one, flourishing his legs in the air, as if vainly endeavoring to kick his boots off into the windows of the American Museum. Boys, pigs and gentlemen in *black* were there in all their glory, and the drum heads were beaten with a vigor amounting to desperation. One Congo whose lips "stuck out" like the fifer's eye in the band, declared, in the highest state of excitement, that it "beat the omnibusses." Following in the rear came an old patriarchal porker, as in expectation of an office; he forsook his post at last, however, apparently convinced of his poor prospects; and will probably be seen in the rear of the next Clay turn-out, to aid in the people's *risin'*, and give a lusty squeal in favor of Clay and Frelinghysen.

I have been watching a man who stands gazing up at the fountain, as if he read the dread emblems of time, death and eternity, in its rising column. The shadows deepen into twilight and twilight into night, and still he gazes upward. The place is so deserted now, and lone, that he seems like a human soul when life has gone—but a rod distant the tide of being rolls along with its hoarsest murmur and he is solitary as the grave. Evening comes with its quiet and its shadows, and this is the closing chapter to the morning's opening page. The dark mass floats along to throng the crowded pathway of life, whose little span is as objectless and unreal, if rightly understood, as the phantoms they pursue. They cling to existence with all the misery it brings, (for grief must come to all,) as if its illusive visions of wealth and fame would never all decay; yet, day by day, the shadow becomes more dim and distant, but never fades till earth embraces each in her quiet fold. To those death leaves behind the and truth comes, and all the promises life made in youth, if unkept here, are atoned for and redeemed in

Heaven. The time allotted for such lessons may be short, but their truth, if learned, is beyond the grasp of time; and hallows every moment, from the cradle to the grave. They struggle and attain a temporary precedence in the race of being, and the wisest and best are forgotten for a time, but their influence is paramount, though it runs in an untroubled current; it is one of happiness, and forever flows in peaceful waves to God! Yours,

H. H. C.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS.

"WHERE'er there's music there is light,"
Was whispered in my ear one night,
While dreaming of a happier sphere
Than this cold, heartless world of care;
A heavenly form approached my bed,
And in her sweetest accents said,
"Where'er there's music there is light,
The path to righteousness is bright!"

It seemed to float around my room,
Filling the air with sweet perfume;
Three times I saw the beautiful thing,
And three times heard it sweetly sing,
"Where'er there's music there is light,"
And then it vanished from my sight.

Dreams oft reveal our future joy,
And oft a guilty soul annoy
With sorrows that may be in store
When earth and time shall be no more;
But this glad voice, so soft and clear,
Was such as mortals seldom hear.

A thrill of joy ran through my breast,
And for a moment I was blest:
But ere I could its power invoke,
The illusion pass'd, and I awoke
To the sad realities of life,
Where all is discord, war and strife;

Where brother oft reviles a brother,
And mankind trample on each other;
Where parents and their children wrangle,
And gold the greatest knaves bespangle;
Where Virtue *creeps* along the earth,
And Vice usurps the meed of worth.

But this melodious, heavenly voice
Will always make my soul rejoice,
My faith and hope grow strong and bright,
For "where there's music there is light."

For the Rover—Eilerslie, N. Y., 1944.

A. S. H.

THE FINE ARTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROVER:—

In the Rover of the 15th instant, there is an article on the "Fine Arts," in which there are some severe and uncalled for strictures on the present exhibition of the National Academy of Design. The writer has evidently been laboring under a press of ignorance or ill feeling, and is now, no doubt, much better, both in mind and body, than before he found a vent for his spleen in your pages.

But be this as it may, with him I regret that so little has been done in our country for the promotion of the Fine Arts. With him, I long for the time when congress shall see the importance of fostering a taste for the beautiful; and when our wealthy citizens shall encourage genius, not only with their smiles, but with

their purses. All this is well—all this is to be hoped for: but all this is not yet done. We must commence at the bottom if we would go to the top of the hill, and therefore all this useless tattle about the opinion of foreigners and of foreign nations is, to say the least, perfectly ridiculous. For my part, I am perfectly sick of this twaddle about trans-atlantic sentiment. But a few years ago, the question was asked by "Blackwood's Magazine," Who reads an American book? and in a month this silly question was in the mouth of every brawler, and at the pen's end of every penny-a-liner. Now, the question has been answered by the favorable reception of many of the works of our authors in Great Britain. But would it have been wise, when Christopher North raised this cry, for us to have taken it up and sounded it in the ears of our historians, and poets, and men of science, and said to them, Your labors are useless, because you and your predecessors have never produced a book that met the approbation of "Blackwood"? Why, such a course would have been unwise, ridiculous, unmanly, anti-patriotic. Time has answered the question, so far as literature and science are concerned, and time will answer the question for art. Shall we wait for the issue?—or shall we go to Inman, and Cole, and Weir, and Flagg, and say, "Gentlemen, it is no use for you to proceed. You have done nothing for immortality yet, and, moreover, the opinions of European judges is against you. Do not stick your 'heads and your ears' up in the fourth story of the Athenæum Building, and bid your countrymen come and see that you are progressing toward the goal—but put your pallet and brushes in a dark closet, and go and paint houses and fences instead of such daubs as the 'Embarkation of the Pilgrims,' and the 'Beggars' Petition'; for in so doing you will preserve them 'beyond your term of life?'"

Now such a course as this would be an amazing silly one; and yet the course of our critic is virtually this. He quotes Dr. Durbin to prove that all the French people, from king down to fish-women, are surrounded by exquisite works of art. Very true; and when America shall have become as old as France, and shall have had a Napoleon to rob other nations for her, she will be in possession of like privileges. If I mistake not, the nations of Europe are rather older than we are, by some hundreds of years. What they now possess of art, is the collection of centuries. Genius is not born every day, if critics are; and babies seldom walk until they are a year old.

For one, I rejoice that we are doing what we are, and instead of saying aught that would tend to discourage a single native artist, be it my aim to urge him onward. Trees don't blossom in winter, and where there is so much in the painter's own heart that struggles to hold him back, how much better would it be for every critic to foster and encourage merit and genius in their incipient steps, instead of indulging in wholesale denunciation. Let me then suggest to the writer of the article on the "Fine Arts," the propriety of again visiting the Academy, and feeling that he sees before him the dawn of American art—resolve that he will no longer cherish a contempt for the humble beginnings of his countrymen.

D. F. B.

N. B.—Perhaps it would be as well for me to say that I am not a painter, and that I am in no way connected with the Academy of Design; but I am an American, and as such I would encourage American art.

THE ROVER OMNIBUS.

MR. BRYANT'S LAST POEM.

THE following lines on the waning moon, by Bryant, are from the last number of *Graham's Magazine*. To endorse the quality of Mr. Bryant's poetry is altogether unnecessary, for it passes currently and universally as the true and genuine coin. This fine poem has called up to our recollection a little scrap of our own, on the *same subject*, written more than twenty years ago, and published at the time anonymously in a Portland newspaper. We subjoin it here, not merely because it is "lawful to compare small things with great," but because we were struck by the coincidence of the subject and some of the ideas in the two articles, and because we felt a lingering fondness for this offspring of our younger muse, which had been suffered to pass its minority without its paternity being acknowledged.

THE WANING MOON.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

I've watch'd too late; the morn is near,
One look at God's broad, silent sky!
Oh, hopes and wishes vainly dear,
How in your very strength ye die!

Even while your glow is on the cheek,
And scarce the high pursuit begun,
The heart grows faint, the hand grows weak,
The task of life is left undone.

See, where, upon the horizon's brim,
Lies the still cloud in gloomy bars,
The waning moon, all pale and dim,
Goes up amid the eternal stars.

Late, in a flood of tender light,
She floated through the ethereal blue,
A softer sun, that shone all night
Upon 'the gathering beads of dew.

And still thou wane'st, pallid moon!
The encroaching shadow grows apace;
Heaven's everlasting watchers soon
Shall see thee blotted from thy place.

Oh, Night's dethroned and crownless queen!
Well may thy sad expiring ray
Be shed on those whose eyes have seen
Hope's glorious visions fade away.

Shine then for forms that once were bright,
For sages in the mind's eclipse,
For those whose words were spells of might,
But falter now on stammering lips.

In thy decaying beam there lies
Full many a grave on hill and plain,
Of those who closed their dying eyes
In grief that they had lived in vain.

Another night, and thou among
The spheres of heaven shalt cease to shine,
All rayless in the glittering throng
Whose lustre late was quenched in thine.

Yet soon a new and tender light
From out thy darkened orb shall beam,
And broaden till it shine all night
On glistening dew and glimmering stream.

TO THE WANING MOON.

BY SEBA SMITH.

FAIR waning moon, thy pensive beams
Fall lightly on the earth's cold breast,
And on thy pallid cheek there seems
A look of sadness deep impress.

And as I gaze and think each night
Thy lamp of beauty soon must fade,
I feel a secret soft delight
Blend with the pain that thought has made.

For when in cheerless solitude
Thou leav'st the dreary earth awhile,
Thou comest forth with light renew'd,
Rejoicing in thy new-born smile.

Thus have I seen, fair waning moon,
A lovely maid grow pale and wan,
And I have wept to see how soon
Her light and beauty all were gone.

A few short years her bloom was bright,
And then in paleness sunk away,
Till it was lost in death's dark renew'd,
Leaving on earth no lingering ray.

And yet, fair moon, more blest thine,
Her light and beauty shall return;
For she in endless bliss shall shine,
When thy wan beams shall cease to burn.

¶ We are no lovers of charades, riddles, or conundrums; and yet we are disposed to publish the following, thrown off impromptu the other day by a literary friend.

CHARADE.

It cometh with sorrow, it cometh with tears,
It cometh with love 'mid its joys and its fears,
From the bosom o'erladen with feeling 'twill burst,
Ay, reader, *thou* often may'st murmur *my first*.

Those swart limbs of *Afric*—that lever and screw!
On a page fair as this, why, what have they to do?
When I pictured them thus, gentle reader, I reckoned
You would let them appear as device for *my second*.

My third, ah, *my third*, by the blue rolling Rhine
The villagers' fingers its tendrils will twine,
While the comfort it brings to the poor thirsty soul
Will oft banish the gloom that is link'd to *my whole*.

We have not the heart to keep our fair readers waiting and guessing a whole week to come at the solution of the above; we go against unnecessary torture in all cases, and therefore ask them to go back and read it again—it will bear reading twice for the poetry—and we think they will be able to spell out cypress-vine, or sigh-press-vine. Should they be in danger of stumbling over the *press*, they have only to think of the cotton press, worked by blacks, and all will be as clear as day-light. Ladies, are we not very benevolent to do up your thinking for you?

¶ The interesting sketch of William and Mary Howitt in this number of the *Rover* is from the little volume lately published by the Harpers, entitled "*A New Spirit of the Age*." We have great admiration for William and Mary Howitt, both in their personal and literary character and relations. Few writers have

given us sweeter specimens of verse than Mary Howitt. The little piece in this number of the Rover, "The Uses of Flowers," is exquisitely beautiful.

THE PRESENT NUMBER.

We feel a good degree of confidence in commending the present number of the Rover to the attention of the reader for the variety and general excellence of its articles.

The story of Mrs. Stevens is a powerful and highly wrought picture of the workings of the most powerful of human emotions.

The sketch of William and Mary Howitt is full of interest of a very different character.

The articles on the fine arts, and local correspondence are well written.

The original poetry in this number need not blush at being referred to. "Richard" is certainly a poet. Will he give us his hand? His "Enthusiasm" is beautiful; and, if he is a young writer, we should call it remarkable for its depth and finish. And again, if he is an experienced writer, why not give us his real name?

"Amy Lane," by Lawrence Labree, is a very smooth and prettily turned song, adapted to a recent popular air. We should not wonder if it should steal away the music of Lucy Neal.

Mrs. Matilda P. Hunt, and our friend the Captain, who dates from Ellerslie, give us valuable articles, albeit, Mrs. Hunt's "Farewell to Winter" comes to us rather late in the season.

The reader will find Bryant's last poem on another page.

THE COVER.—The beautiful effect of the ROVER cover is marred a little this week, in a part of the edition, by a mistake of the printer in using a darker colored paper than was intended.

THE ROVER BOOK-TABLE.

THE POEMS AND BALLADS OF SCHILLER, *with his life*; by E. L. Bulwer.

This is among the works recently published by the Harpers. It is a neat duodecimo volume of something over four hundred pages, a fourth part of which is devoted to the life of the poet. The work will form an interesting and valuable acquisition to the library of the poet and the man of letters, and must prove a treasure to all who are fond of the metaphysical productions of the German mind. The translations in such hands as Bulwer's cannot but be good, though it is impossible for any translation to give the life and spirit of the original. The following lines, touching the mysterious universal passion, are taken almost at random from the volume.

TO EMMA.

Amid the cloud-gray depths afar,
The bliss departed lies;
How linger on one lovely star
The loving, wistful eyes!
Alas! a star in truth, the light
Shines but a signal of the night.

If lock'd within the icy chill
Of the long sleep thou wert,

My faithful grief could find thee still,
A life within my heart;
But, oh, the worse despair to see
Thee live to earth, and die to me!

Can those sweet, longing hopes, which make
Love's essence, thus decay?
Can that be love, which doth forsake?
That love, which fades away?
That earthly gifts are brief, I knew—
Is that, all heaven-born, mortal too?

DR. DURBIN'S OBSERVATIONS IN EUROPE; *Harper & Brothers.*

HERE we have two more volumes, of three hundred pages each, of travels in Europe. Notwithstanding this species of book-making, foreign travels, may be thought to have been overdone, we believe from a partial examination of this work that it will be very favorably received by the public. Few works of foreign travel that we have met with appear to us so well filled with really useful information, calculated to give the reader a clear and true knowledge of men and things in the countries visited by the writer. Dr. Durbin is president of Dickinson College, is a writer of a sound practical mind, and presents his facts and views in a clear and strong light. He goes for the useful and the true, gives an unvarnished account of the things he has seen, and you feel in reading him that you are gaining knowledge. The religious statistics contained in the work are very copious and interesting.

We are glad to perceive that Dr. Durbin has in preparation, notes of travel in the East, which we think cannot fail to be a work of great interest.

MR. WINCHESTER of the New World Press, 30 Ann street, has completed the publication of Seatsfield's works, comprising "Life in the New World" in seven numbers at a shilling each, "The Cabin Book, or sketches of life in Texas," in two parts, and "North and South, or scenes and adventures in Mexico," complete in one part. These works have produced quite a sensation in the reading world and are having quite a run. They are strong and vivid sketches, full of interest, in many parts truthful, though in the main bordering upon caricature, and not unfrequently passing the bounds which divide caricature from sober truth.

JAMES MOWATT, 174 Broadway, corner of Maiden Lane, has published the third number of the "Omnibus of Modern Romance," containing "six new novels for 25 cents," in one volume of 266 pages. The new means that they have never before been published in this country. Six new novels for twenty-five cents, or about four cents a piece! If that isn't dog cheap we don't know what is. The titles are, Frank Hartwell, or fifty years ago, by Bowman Tiller; First and Second Love, by H. C. Crawford; The Goldsmith of Paris, from the German of C. J. W. Hoffman; Roland-sitten, from the same author; The Wife Hunter, from the German of Caroline Pichler; and The Modern Lothario by the Baroness De La Motte Fouque.

THE NORTHERN LIGHT, conducted by Alfred B. Street, at Albany, comes to us now in a new dress and in magazine form. It is published semi-monthly at one dollar a year; neatly printed, and a valuable work.

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THE DEAD PET.

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THE ROVER.

CHILDHOOD.

BY T. B. READ.

"Of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

I.

I've watch'd the happy child at play,
That findeth everywhere delight,
And deemed it was a star whose ray
Was lent to guide our hearts aright;
For children and the stars of even
Are playmates at the gates of Heaven.

II.

I've seen the strong impulsive youth,
As changeful as an April sky,
Now trusting in a maiden's truth,
Or, hopeless now, too fain to die—
All storm and sunshine, sighs and mirth,
The very prototype of earth.

III.

I've look'd on man in evil hour,
While Discord rack'd the tortur'd soul,
And Passion, with recording power,
Wrote on the brow, as on a scroll,
Envy, and jealous Hate, to tell
Where inward burn'd the fires of Hell.

IV.

And then my thoughts would gladly turn
To Him, the holy, meek and mild,
Who taught proud man to humbly learn
The truthful nature of a child;
For children and the stars of even,
Are playmates at the gates of Heaven.
For the Rover—Boston, June, 1844.

THE SENTIMENT OF PETSHIP.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

SEE ENGRAVING.

I HAD taken up my pen to write a story. I had created my heroine, endowed her with grace, and soul and sentiment; created a world adapted to the discipline of such a being; created a true and noble and manly heart, to understand its affinities; and then I had circumstance, trial, inward joy, and external suffering, all of which should develop the mystery of life, and its strange, sorrowful, and yet joyful affections. And thus the story rests in my own mind.

Not a word had been penned, but the creations were entire. The door opened, and little George came slowly in, breathing heavily, and in tears. "The dear little squirrel is dead."

It was even so. I laid aside the pen, and we wept together. Yea, I am even now showering tears upon my paper.

For a squirrel?

It may be. The child certainly weeps for the squirrel only. It may be I weep from suggestiveness, in part. I am fond of pets. I cannot live without them. My friends are always gratifying my taste in this way; and innumerable have been the doves, the birds of all kinds, the flowers, the kittens, dogs, rabbits, guinea-

VOLUME III.—No 16.

pigs, &c., &c., which have ministered to my harmless idiosyncrasy. All have died. Nothing remains but the flowers and a canary. I breathe freely again. I have received each and all with a painful, regretful pleasure. I knew they would perish, and trembled to have my tenderness awakened.

This may be childish. Let it be so. It is but the outer vestibule of the heart, and it may be best to linger there, amid the small rills that struggle to the light, keeping the deep fountain of feeling sealed up in its holiness.

There is a sentiment in pets. I once had a terrapin, which others called ugly and stupid. I knew to the contrary. He had a choice in the garden. I could see this, and it inspired something akin to respect. He was not a creature of accident. His yellow spots began to wear the appearance of beauty. I struggled against this. I would guard myself from the hazard of having that which is at variance with the principles of beauty, assume its aspect only from the power of contact. So I learned to regard this approximation in my own mind only as a prompting to the love of the true and the beautiful.

And then the terrapin became a pain to me. He suggested a standard which made his own defects but the more glaring. Yet he seemed to be grateful, I thought. He distinguished my voice, and would turn his long neck in the direction, and take bits of apple from my fingers. He would notice no one else in this wise. It grew sad to me, this attachment of a creature so low and imperfect. It grew painful. I began to pity him, as something with a struggling gleam of a higher nature. I could not endure this painful pity; and when a long heavy rain came, and the earth was loosened about the garden walls, and the terrapin disappeared, it was a relief to me, as though the creature might be happier out of my influence.

Flowers are always beautiful gifts. We never lose sight of their fragility, and so the gratification they afford, though momentary, is perfect. We never look for a response to our sentiment, and are therefore never disappointed by its absence nor incompleteness.

Canaries are somewhat like flowers in this respect. They awake more of sentiment, but they will not bear a caress, and seem too much like those brilliant hopes for ever beguiling the fancy, but eluding the grasp. I am not certain but they excite at times something like irritation, so pertinaciously do they crack their seeds, so inconsiderately splash the water even into your face, which you in your kindness brought with your own hands in the vain hope of eliciting something like a response to your tenderness. Then, when all is over, the canary pours forth a flood of wild foreign melody, to please himself, not you, and you turn away disappointed and vexed that a creature that inspires so much sympathy in your breast, should be so utterly regardless, so bright, so melodious, and yet so cold.

I have never learned to love a cat. Their stealthy, mousing qualities are so repugnant to my own nature, that they give me a sense of discomfort. I know not why it is, yet I have never been able to keep one. I feed them with the greatest care, provide for their comfort, and yet they will not stay with me. I have thought the prejudice might be mutual. The only

sentiment I ever discovered in a cat, (I believe I am wrong to call it a sentiment,) was that of jealousy. I had a pretty spaniel about the age of the cat, and they had been so trained as to live together in great quietude. Yet the dog felt he was the better liked, and with the confidence of a frank, honest and confiding nature, sat nearer my feet than puss would venture to do.

She learned this, and no sooner did I leave the sofa or rocking-chair, than she would spring into the seat, and look down upon Fidelle, with what to me seemed a sort of sardonic, feline complacency. It might have been prejudice on my part, but somehow Fidelle, with his honest, straightforward attachment, disdaining all petty artifice and mean adulation, grew tenfold more engaging. If I caressed Fidelle, puss would be sure to insinuate her nose; and out of pure benevolence of heart, I gave a pat or two, but not heartily, and she must have felt it, for she left me. It wasn't in the nature of things that I should love her—our natures were so unlike.

Guinea pigs are wholly animal. Ye cannot in any way infuse into them the shadow of a sentiment. They have what children call a "cunning look," but their rotund sleekness becomes after a while revolting to you.

I have once or twice had mice become entirely tame, in my room, playing about my writing table, eating crumbs in my lap, scrambling up the geraniums, and dividing cake and seeds with the canary; for I removed one of the glasses from the cage to give one entrance, and these two dissimilar beings established a sort of friendship for each other.

At first, I presume, a mouse must have taken me for a fixture, as I sat indulging dream-fancies, and thus have approached me with as little ceremony as he did the beautiful Apollo in the corner, adown whose exquisite nose I have seen him run, without a shadow of remorse. Slowly he seemed to imbibe the truth that a kindly pulse was beating near him. I am certain I knew the point of time on which this conviction assumed definitiveness in the mousebrain. From that time a something like solemnity mingled with the mouse nature, something ennobled grew upon him. He was all mouse, alert, dainty, arch and frolicsome, with the infusion of something bordering on the spiritual.

I loved this spontaneous trustfulness, this instinctive yielding up of affection, this pretty mouse credulity, never staying to question as to the being whose chord of sympathy he had touched. Yet was I not devoid of selfishness. I imagined a thousand perils would beset my favorite. I saw enemies on every side. There was a plot to ensnare him if but a curtain ruffled in the faint air.

Yes, I confess it. With shame of heart do I confess it. But for the ex-tremities of a nobler minded friend, I should have secured—and caged the sweet, trusting, grateful creature, whose life was designed to be one of freedom, and joy, and unconstrained action. True, he nibbled my papers; true, one night a cosy nest was made from the abstracted threads of my carpet; true, the books became Chinese walls and Babel observatories to his aspiring and exploring mind; yet what were these trifling annoyances to the tenderness he awakened, and the many sentiments of which he became suggestive.

A mouse-colored rabbit, with white paws and ears, was for a long time mine. Yet I never dared to love

it. These creatures are so timid, so fragile, that I avoid letting my sympathies go out. I used to watch his wild sports with real pleasure, and yet with an inward hope that some genial child would mistake him for a "Perdita," and take him away. This I believe was the case, and I was relieved from the sorrow of seeing him die.

Then came the squirrel, fresh, beautiful, full of life. I received it with a painful misgiving. These coquettes of the woods had been favorites of mine in childhood. I had often seated myself beneath a tree to watch their antics. Their saucy scrutiny, their half chattering, as if they talked whimsically to a neighbor over the shoulder; the impudence with which they fixed themselves upon a bough, and cracked their nuts, dropping the shells purposely, it would seem, upon my head, amused me. They seemed like little droll men and women, who had taken to themselves pretty and fanciful forms, and were thus masquerading the woods. I loved their easy mischief, and off-hand sauciness, that looked always as if they knew better, but were bent upon acting out their caprices.

Their qualities are feminine. Genial, playful, and always with a conscious prettiness. Judge then how I was impressed by this beautiful creature, linking the past so to the present. I practised the greatest caution about it. One friend assured me she had kept one *four years*, and then it perished by accident.

Four years. I might that length of time indulge my harmless propensity. Four years I *might* have this sweet, graceful creature to love. The prospect was tempting. But then the lady who kept one so long, though gentle and sweet, had not my fondness for pets. There was the difference. Hers might live, when mine might be lent me only as a portion of life's severe discipline of the affections. But then in four years one might prepare one's self for the loss of a pet.

Another friend had kept a squirrel nearly as long; but then he took the precaution to give it away in anticipation of the fatal period, for he had before expended so much tenderness upon a dog, that he was fearful of a second attachment of the kind; and I believe the squirrel became to him too much the suggestor of the perished love.

Well, the squirrel was received slowly into the affections. Admitted only occasionally into my room, for I had made up my mind to be very cold and indifferent. He was uncommonly handsome. I would make him a ministry to a quiet vanity. I would show off my handsome pet. When a sentimental visitor came, the impudent little thing should be trotted out; and his cool sauciness became quite irresistible. "Heu Lachrymans."

He took great delight in scratching at the corners of books, as if he were making great ado about knowledge. He nearly gnawed the binding from Webber, so eager was he for mathematics. He treated the frippery of annuals with great contempt, never giving them so much as a nibble, while old, substantial, time-honored folios seemed to give him almost an ecstasy, especially a half bound Shakspeare.

There is a stuffed whippoorwill in my room, which he would pass with an easy off-hand acquaintance air, till one day finding it within his reach, he seemed disposed to a nearer companionship. Suddenly he drew back, and I am firmly of opinion that strange and fearful suspicions came into his innocent brain. I think his air changed. I heard a book fall soon after, and

turning to pick it up he had, whether purposely or not, flung down the "Vigil of Faith," and there was the following passage right before my eyes, as if to reproach me for the cruelty of his captivity, and other vague cruelties to the motionless whippoorwill.

"Birds are in woodland bowers,
Voices in lonely dells,
Streams to the listening hours,
Talk in earth's secret cells."

I was touched. There seemed a pathos in the appeal, as if in denying freedom I should not deny tenderness. If I kept him from the delights of the green-wood, I should compensate for the loss. I took the creature at once to my sympathies. He sat upon my lap, and ate his nuts. He arranged his dainty plume like that in the bonnet of a cavalier, and then seemed to ask if I didn't think it quite captivating.

He perched himself upon the corner of my table, and looked on while I wrote, with such a grotesque funniness as made me laugh at what I was about. I am sure he had a perception of the ridiculous, or he never could have got that particular look.

Alas! my room is full of recollections of him.

And now I am done with pets. "Othello's occupation's gone." I will waste no more tenderness in this wise, but rather keep it "locked up like a precious jewel" in the heart. I will steel myself against "birds of the air and beasts of the field," and "all manner of creeping things." They shall never again appeal to my sympathy, nor awaken the shadow of sentiment. "Tis mockery all."

I had thought of a hound, a beautiful, slender hound, with silken ears and half human eyes, and superhuman fidelity, as a desirable pet; but now, "procul, oh! procul."

Once heard that a friend, who had enjoyed a favorite of this kind for twelve years, would never afterward venture upon a like attachment. This amazed me. I did not well comprehend it; now, the whole mystery is open to me, hidden before only because I had not reached the highest point in the sentiment of petship.

That dog, like my squirrel, had realized the ideal of a pet. No more sentiment could be awakened upon the subject, and to attempt the thing again were a profanation, a disloyalty.

POLLY GRAY AND THE DOCTORS.

BY SEBA SMITH.

It was a dark, rainy night in June, when Deacon Gray, about ten o'clock in the evening, drove his horse and wagon up to the door, on his return from market.

"Oh dear, Mr. Gray," exclaimed his wife, as she met him at the door, "I'm dreadful glad you've come; Polly's so sick, I'm afraid she won't live 'till mornin', if something ain't done for her."

"Polly is always ailing," said the deacon deliberately; "I guess it's only some of her old aches and pains. Jest take this box of sugar in; it is been raining on it this hour."

"Well, do come right in, Mr. Gray, for you don't know what a desput case she is in; I dare n't leave her a minute."

"You are always scared half to death," said the deacon, "if anything ails Polly; but you know she always gets over it again. Here's coffee and tea and some other notions rolled up in this bag," handing her another bundle to carry into the house.

"Well, but Mr. Gray, don't pray stop for bundles nor nothin' else. You must go right over after Doctor Longley, and get him here as quick as you can."

"Oh, if it's only Doctor Longley she wants," said the deacon carelessly, "I guess she ain't so dangerous, after all."

"Now, Mr. Gray, jest because Doctor Longley is a young man, and about Polly's age, that you should make such an unfeelin' expression as that, I think is too bad."

The deacon turned away without making any reply, and began to remove the harness from the horse.

"Mr. Gray, ain't you going after the doctor?" said Mrs. Gray, with increasing impatience.

"I'm a going to turn the horse into the pasture, and then I'll come in and see about it," said the deacon.

A loud groan from Polly drew Mrs. Gray hastily into the house. The deacon led his horse a quarter of a mile to the pasture; let down the bars and turned him in; put all the bars carefully up; hunted round and found a stick to drive in as a wedge to fasten the top bar; went round the barn to see that the doors were all closed; got an armful of dry straw and threw it into the pig-pen; called the dog from his kennel, patted him on his head, and went into the house.

"I'm afraid she's dying," said Mrs. Gray, as the deacon entered.

"You are always scared half out of your wits," said the deacon, "if there's anything the matter. I'll come in as soon as I've took off my coat and boots and put on some dry ones."

Mrs. Gray ran back to attend upon Polly; but before the deacon had got ready to enter the room, Mrs. Gray screamed again with the whole strength of her lungs.

"Mr. Gray, Mr. Gray, do make haste, she's in a fit."

This was the first sound that had given the deacon any uneasiness about the matter. He had been accustomed for years to hear his wife "worry" about Polly, and had heard her predict her death so often from very slight illness, that he had come to regard such scenes and such predictions with as little attention as he did the rain that pattered against the window. But the word *fit* was something he had never heard applied in these cases before, and the sound of it gave him a strange feeling of apprehension. He had just thrown off his boots and put his feet into dry shoes, and held a dry coat in his hand, when this last appeal came to his ear and caused him actually to hasten into the room.

"Polly, what's the matter now?" said the deacon, beginning to be somewhat agitated, as he approached the bedside.

Polly was in violent spasms, and heeded not the inquiry. The deacon took hold of her arm, and repeated the question more earnestly and in a tender tone.

"You may as well speak to the dead," said Mrs. Gray; "she's past hearing or speaking."

The deacon's eyes looked wild and his face grew very long.

"Why didn't you tell me how sick she was when I first got home?" said the deacon, with a look of rebuke.

"I did tell you when you first come," said Mrs. Gray, sharply, "and you didn't take no notice on it."

"You didn't tell me anything about how sick she was," said the deacon; "you only spoke jest as you used to, when she wasn't hardly sick at all."

The subject here seemed to subside by mutual con-

sent, and both stood with their eyes fixed upon Polly, who was apparently struggling in the fierce agonies of death. In a few minutes however she came out of the spasms, breathed comparatively easy, and lay perfectly quiet. The deacon spoke to her again. She looked up with a wild delirious look, but made no answer.

"I'll go for the doctor," said the deacon, "it may be he can do something for her, though she looks to me as though it was a gone goose with her."

Saying this, he put on his hat and coat and started. Having half a mile to go, and finding the doctor in bed, it was half an hour before he returned with Doctor Longley in his company. In the meantime Mrs. Gray had called in old Mrs. Livermore who lived in the next door, and they had lifted Polly up and put a clean pillow upon the bed, and a clean cap on her head, and had been round and "slicked up" the room a little, for Mrs. Livermore said, Doctor Longley was such a nice man she always loved to see things look tidy where he was coming to."

The deacon came in and hung his hat up behind the door, and Doctor Longley followed with his hat in his hand and a small pair of saddle-bags on his arm. Mrs. Gray stood at one side of the bed, and Mrs. Livermore at the other, and the doctor laid his hat and saddle-bags on the table that stood by the window, and stepped immediately to the bed-side.

"Miss Gray, are you sick?" said the doctor, taking the hand of the patient.

No answer or look from the patient gave any indication that she had heard the question.

"How long has she been ill?" said the doctor.

"Ever since mornin'," said Mrs. Gray. "She got up with a head-ache, jest after her father went away to market, and smart pains inside, and she's been growin' worse all day."

"And what have you given her?" said the doctor.

"Nothing, but arb-drink," said Mrs. Gray; "when-ever she felt worse, I made her take a good deal of arb-drink, because that, you know, is always good, doctor. And besides, when it can't do no good, it would do no hurt."

"But what sort of drinks have you given her?" said the doctor.

"Well, I give her most all sorts, for we had a plenty of 'em in the house," said Mrs. Gray. "I give her sage, and peppermint, and sparemint, and cammer-mille, and pennyryal, and motherwort, and balm; you know, balm is very coolin', doctor, and sometimes she'd be very hot, and then I'd make her drink a good dose of balm."

"Give me a candle," said the doctor.

The deacon brought a candle and held it over the patient's head. The doctor opened her mouth and examined it carefully for the space of a minute. He felt her pulse another minute, and looked again into her mouth.

"Low pulse, but heavy and labored respiration," said the doctor.

"What do you think ails her?" said Mrs. Gray.

The doctor shook his head.

"Do you think you can give her anything to help her?" said the deacon anxiously.

The doctor looked very grave, and fixed his eyes thoughtfully on the patient for a minute, but made no reply to the deacon's question.

"Why didn't you send for me sooner?" at last said the doctor, turning to Mrs. Gray.

"Because I thought my arb-drink would help her, and so I kept trying it all day till it got to be dark, and then she got to be so bad I didn't dare to leave her till Mr. Gray got home."

"It's a great pity," said the doctor, turning from the bed to the table and opening his saddle-bags. "Thousands and thousands of lives are lost only by delaying to send for medical advice till it is too late; thousands that might have been saved as well as not, if only taken in season."

"But, doctor, you don't think it's too late for Polly, do you?" said Mrs. Gray.

"I think her case, to say the least, is extremely doubtful," said the doctor. "Her appearance is very remarkable. Whatever her disease is, it has made such progress, and life is so nearly extinct, that it is impossible to tell what were the original symptoms, and consequently what applications are best to be made."

"Well, now doctor," said Mrs. Livermore, "excuse me for speakin'; but I'm a good deal older than you are, and have seen a great deal of sickness in my day, and I've been in here with Polly a number of times to-day, and sometimes this evening, and I'm satisfied, doctor, there's something the matter of her insides."

"Undoubtedly," said the doctor, looking very grave. This new hint from Mrs. Livermore seemed to give Mrs. Gray new hope, and she appealed again to the doctor.

"Well, now doctor," said she, "don't you think Mrs. Livermore has the right of it?"

"Most unquestionably," said the doctor.

"Well, then, doctor, if you should give her something that's pretty powerful to operate inwardly, don't you think it might help her?"

"It might, and it might not," said the doctor; "the powers of life are so nearly exhausted, I must tell you frankly I have very little hope of being able to rally them. There is not life enough left to indicate the disease or show the remedies that are wanted. Applications now must be made entirely in the dark, and leave the effect to chance."

At this, Mrs. Livermore took the candle and was proceeding to remove it from the room, when the doctor, perceiving her mistake, called her back. He did not mean to administer the medicine literally in a dark room, but simply in a state of darkness and ignorance as to the nature of the disease. It was a very strange case; it was certain life could hold out but a short time longer; he felt bound to do something, and therefore proceeded to prepare such applications and remedies as his best judgment dictated. These were administered without confidence, and their effect awaited with painful solicitude. They either produced no perceptible effect at all, or very different from the ordinary results of such applications.

"I should like," said Doctor Longley to the deacon, "to have you call in Doctor Stubbs; this is a very extraordinary case, and I should prefer that some other medical practitioner might be present."

The deacon accordingly hastened to call Doctor Stubbs, a young man who had come into the place a short time before, with a high reputation, but not a favorite with the deacon and his family, on account of his being rather fresh from college and full of modern innovations.

After Doctor Stubbs had examined the patient, and made various inquiries of the family, he and Doctor

Longley held a brief consultation. Their united wisdom, however, was not sufficient to throw any light upon the case or to afford any relief.

"Have you thought of poison?" said Doctor Longley.

"Yes," said Doctor Stubbs, "but there are certain indications in the case, which forbid that altogether. Indeed, I can form no satisfactory opinion about it; it is the most anomalous case I ever knew."

Before their conference was brought to a close, the deacon called them, saying he believed Polly was a going. They came into the room and hastened to the bed-side.

"Yes," said Doctor Stubbs, looking at the patient, "those are dying struggles; in a short time all her troubles in this life will be over."

The patient sunk gradually and quietly away, and in the course of two hours after the arrival of Doctor Stubbs, all signs of life were gone.

"The Lord's will be done," said the deacon, as he stood by the bed and saw her chest heave for the last time.

Mrs. Gray sat in the corner of the room with her apron to her face weeping aloud. Old Mrs. Livermore and two other females, who had been called in during the night, were already busily employed in preparing for laying out the corpse.

It was about daybreak when the two doctors left the house and started for home.

"Very singular case," said Doctor Stubbs, who spoke with more ease and freedom, now that they were out of the way of the afflicted family. "We ought not to give it up so, doctor; we ought to follow this case up till we ascertain what was the cause of her death. What say to a post mortem examination?"

"I always dislike them," said Doctor Longley; "they are ugly uncomfortable jobs; and besides, I doubt whether the deacon's folks would consent to it."

"It is important for us, as well as for the cause of the science," said Doctor Stubbs, "that something should be done about it. We are both young, and it may have an injurious bearing upon our reputation if we are not able to give any explanation of the case. I consider my reputation at stake as well as yours, as I was called in for consultation. There will doubtless be an hundred rumors afloat, and the older physicians, who look upon us, you know, with rather an evil eye, will be pretty sure to lay hold of the matter and turn it greatly to our disadvantage, if we cannot show facts for our vindication. The deacon's folks *must* consent, and you had better go down after breakfast and have a talk with the deacon about it."

Doctor Longley felt the force of the reasoning and consented to go. Accordingly, after breakfast, he returned to Deacon Gray's, and kindly offered his services, if there was any assistance he could render in making preparations for the funeral. The deacon felt much obliged to him, but didn't know as there was anything for which they particularly needed his assistance. The doctor then broached the subject of the very sudden and singular death of Polly, and how important it was for the living that the causes of such a sudden death should, if possible, be ascertained, and delicately hinted that the only means of obtaining this information, so desirable for the benefit of the science and so valuable for all living, was by opening and examining the body after death.

At this the deacon looked up at him with such an

awful expression of holy horror, that the doctor saw at once it would be altogether useless to pursue the subject further. Accordingly, after advising, on account of the warm weather and the patient dying suddenly and in full blood, not to postpone the funeral later than that afternoon, the doctor took his leave.

"Well, what is the result?" said Doctor Stubbs, as Doctor Longley entered his door.

"Oh, as I expected," said Doctor Longley. "The moment I hinted at the subject to the deacon, I saw by his looks, if it were to save his own life and the lives of all his friends, he never would consent to it."

"Well, 'tis astonishing," said Doctor Stubbs, "that people who have common sense should have so little sense on a subject of this kind. I won't be baffled so, Doctor Longley; I'll tell you what I'll do. What time is she to be buried?"

"This afternoon," said Doctor Longley.

"In the burying ground by the old meeting house up the road, I suppose," said Doctor Stubbs.

"Yes, undoubtedly," replied Doctor Longley.

"Well, I'll have that corpse taken up this night, and you may depend upon it," said Doctor Stubbs. "I'll not only ascertain the cause of her death, but I want a subject for dissection, and she having died so suddenly will make an excellent one."

Doctor Longley shuddered a little at the bold project of Doctor Stubbs. "You know, doctor, there is a law against it," said he, "and besides, the burying ground is in such a lonely place and surrounded by woods, I don't believe you can find anybody with nerve enough to go there and take up a newly buried corpse in the night."

"Let me alone for that," said Doctor Stubbs. "I know a chap that would do it every night in the week if I wanted him to; a friend of mine down there in the college, in the senior class. He has nerve enough to go anywhere, and is up to a job of this kind at any time. The business is all arranged, doctor, and I shall go through with it. Joe Palmer is the man for it, and Rufus Barnes will go with him. I'd go myself, but it would be more prudent for me to be at home, for in case of accident, and the thing should be discovered, suspicion would be likely to fall on me, and it would be important for me to be able to prove where I was. Rufus must go to the funeral and see whereabouts the corpse is buried, so he can find the place in a dark night, and I shall have to go down to the college the first of the evening after Joe myself, and get him started, and then come right home, and stay at home, so that I can prove an alibi in case of any question. Don't I understand it, doctor?"

"Yes, full well enough," said Doctor Longley, "but I had rather you would be in the scrape than I should."

That evening, half an hour after dark, there was a light rap at Joe Palmer's door in the third story of one of the college buildings. The door was partly open, and Joe said, "come in." No one entered, but in a few moments the rap was heard again. "Come in," said Joe. Still no one entered. Presently a figure, concealed under a cloak and with muffled face, appeared partly before the door, and said something in a low voice. Joe looked wild and agitated. Some college scrape, he thought, but what was the nature of it he could not divine. The figure looked mysterious. Presently the voice was heard again, and understood to utter the word Palmer. Joe was still more agitated, and looked at his chum most inquiringly. His chum

stepped to the door and asked what was wanting. The figure drew back into the darkness of the hall, and answered in a faint voice, that he wanted Palmer. At last Palmer screwed his resolution up to the sticking point and ventured as far as the door, while his chum stepped back into the room. The figure again came forward and whispered to Palmer to come out, for he wanted to speak with him.

"But who are you?" said Palmer.

The figure partially uncovered his face, and whispered, "Doctor Stubbs."

Palmer at once recognized him, and stepped back as bold as a lion, and took his hat and went out. In a few minutes he returned and told his chum, with rather a mysterious air, that he was going out with a friend to be gone two or three hours, that he need not feel uneasy about him, and might leave the door unfastened for him till he returned.

Doctor Stubbs, having given Joe and Rufus full directions how to proceed, telling them to get a large wide chaise, so that they could manage to carry the corpse conveniently, and informing them where they could find spades and shovels deposited by the side of the road for the purpose, left them and hastened home.

"Well now, Rufe," said Joe, "we'll just go over to Jake Rider's and get one of his horses and chaise. But we needn't be in a hurry, for we don't want to get there much before midnight; and we'll go into the store here and get a drink of brandy to begin with, for this kind of business needs a little stimulus."

Having braced their nerves with a drink of brandy, they proceeded to Jacob Rider's.

"Jake, give us a horse and chaise to take a ride three or four hours," said Joe. "You needn't mind setting up for us; we'll put the horse up when we come back, and take good care of him; we know where to put him. We don't want a nag; an old steady horse that will give us an easy pleasant ride."

"Old Tom is jest the horse you want," said Jacob, "and there's a good easy going chaise."

"That chaise isn't wide enough," said Joe; "give us the widest one you've got."

"But that's plenty wide enough for two to ride in," said Jacob; "I don't see what you want a wider chaise than that for."

"Oh, I like to have a plenty of elbow room," said Joe.

"Maybe you are going to have a lady to ride with you," said Jacob.

Joe laughed, and whispered to Rufus that Jake had hit nearer the mark than he was aware of.

Jacob selected another chaise. "There is one," said he, "wide enough for three to ride in, and even four upon a pinch."

"That'll do," said Joe; "now put in old Tom."

The horse was soon harnessed, and Joe and Rufus jumped into the chaise and drove off.

"Confound these college chaps," said Jacob to himself as they drove out of the yard; "they are always a sky-larkin' somewhere or other. There's one thing in it though, they pay me well for my horses. But these two fellows wanting such a broad chaise; they are going to have a real frolic somewhere to-night. I've a plaguy good mind to jump on to one of the horses and follow, and see what sort of snuff they are up to. It's so dark I could do it just as well as not, without the least danger of their seeing me."

No sooner thought than done. Jake at once mounted one of his horses, and followed the chaise. There was no moon, and the night was cloudy and dark; but a slight rattle in one of the wheels of the chaise enabled him easily to follow it, though entirely out of sight. Having gone about two miles the chaise stopped at the corner, about a hundred rods from the house of Dr. Stubbs. Jake got off and hitched his horse, and crept carefully along by the side of the fence to see what was done there. By stooping down and looking up against a clear patch of the sky, he could see one of the two leave the chaise and go to the fence by the side of the road, and return again, carrying something in his arms to the chaise. He repeated this operation twice; but what he carried Jake could not discern. Perhaps it might be some baskets of refreshments. They were going off to some house to have a frolic. The chaise moved on again, and Jake mounted his horse and followed. They went up the road till they came to the old meeting house; they passed it a little, and came against the old burying ground. The chaise stopped and Jake stopped. The chaise stood still for the space of about five minutes, and there was not the least sound to be heard in any direction. At last, from the little rattle of the chaise wheel, he perceived they were moving at a moderate walk. They came to the corner of the burying ground, and turned a little out of the road and stopped the chaise under the shadow of a large spreading tree, where it could not be perceived by any one passing in the road, even should the clouds brush away and leave it starlight.

"It is very odd," thought Jake, "that they should stop at such a place as this in a dark night; the last place in the world I should think of stopping at."

Jake dismounted and hitched his horse a little distance, and crept carefully up to watch the movements. They took something out of the chaise, passed along by the fence, went through the little gate, and entered the burying ground. Here a new light seemed to flash upon Jake's mind.

"I hope no murder has been committed," thought he to himself; "but it's pretty clear something is to be buried here to night that the world must know nothing about."

Jake was perplexed, and in doubt as to what he should do. He had some conscience, and felt as though he ought to investigate the matter, and put a stop to the business if anything very wicked was going on. But then there were other considerations that weighed on the other side. If murder had been committed it was within the range of possibility, and not very unreasonable to suppose, that murder might be committed again to conceal it. There were two of them, and he was alone. It might not be entirely safe for him to interfere. He would hardly care to be thrown into a grave and buried there that night. And then, again, Jake was avaricious, and wouldn't care to break friends with those college fellows, for they paid him a good deal of money. On the whole, he was resolved to keep quiet and see the end of the matter.

Joe and Rufus walked two-thirds of the way across the burying ground and stopped. Jake followed at a careful distance, and when he found they had stopped, he crept slowly up on the darkest side, so near that, partly by sight and partly by sound, he could discover what took place. There was not a loud word spoken, though he occasionally heard them whisper to each

other. Then he heard the sound of shovels and the moving of gravel.

"It is true," said Jake to himself, "they are digging a grave!" and the cold sweat started on his forehead. Still he resolved to be quiet and see it all through. Once or twice they stopped and seemed to be listening, as though they thought they heard some noise. Then he could hear them whisper to each other, but could not understand what they said. After they had been digging and throwing out gravel some time, he heard a sound like the light knock of a shovel upon the lid of a coffin.

"Take care," said Joe, in a very loud whisper, "it'll never do to make such a noise as that; it could be heard almost half a mile; do be more careful."

Again they pursued their work, and occasionally a hollow sound like a shovel scraping over a coffin was heard. At length their work of throwing out gravel seemed to be completed; and then there was a pause for some time, interrupted occasionally by sounds of screwing, and wedging, and wrenching; and at last they seemed to be lifting some heavy substance out of the grave. They carried it toward the gate. Jake was lying almost upon the ground, and as they passed near him, he could perceive they were carrying some white object about the length and size of a corpse. They went out at the gate and round to the chaise; and presently they returned again, and appeared by their motions and the sound to be filling up the grave. Jake took this opportunity to go and examine the chaise; and sure enough he found there a full-sized corpse, wrapped in a white sheet, lying in the centre of the chaise, the feet resting on the floor, the body leaning across the seat, and the head resting against the centre of the back part of the chaise.

"Only some scrape of the Doctor's, after all," said Jake to himself, who now began to breathe somewhat easier than he had done for some time past. "But it's rather shameful business, though; this must be Deacon Gray's daughter, I'm sure; and it's a shame to treat the old man in this shabby kind of way. I'll put a stop to this, anyhow. Polly Gray was too good a sort of a gal to be chopped up like a quarter of beef, according to my way of thinking, and it shan't be."

Jake then lifted the corpse out of the chaise, carried it a few rods farther from the road, laid it down, took off the winding sheet, wrapped it carefully round himself, went back and got into the chaise, and placed himself exactly in the position in which the corpse had been left. He had remained in that situation but a short time before Joe and Rufus, having filled up the grave and made all right there, came and seated themselves in the chaise, one on each side of the corpse, and drove slowly and quietly off.

"I'm glad it's over," said Rufus, fetching a long breath. "My heart's been in my mouth the whole time. I thought I heard somebody coming half a dozen times; and then it's such a dismal, gloomy place too. You wouldn't catch me there again, in such a scrape, I can tell you."

"Well, I was calm as clock-work the whole time," said Joe. "You should have such pluck as I've got, Rufus; nothing ever frightens me."

At that moment the chaise wheel struck a stone, and caused the corpse to roll suddenly against Joe. He clapped up his hand to push it a little back, and instead of a cold clammy corpse, he felt his hand pressed against a warm face of live flesh. As quick as

though he had been struck by lightning, Joe dropped the reins, and with one bound sprang a rod from the chaise and ran for his life. Rufus, without knowing the cause of this strange and sudden movement, sprang from the other side with almost equal agility, and followed Joe with his utmost speed. They scarcely stopped to take breath till they had run two miles and got into Joe's room at the college, and shut the door and locked themselves in. Here, having sworn Joe's chum to secrecy, they began to discuss the matter. But concerning the very strange warmth of the corpse they could come to no satisfactory conclusion. Whether it could be, that they had not actually taken up the corpse from the grave, but before they had got down to it some evil spirit had come in the shape of the corpse and deceived them, or whether it was actually the corpse, and it had come to life, or whether it was the ghost of Polly Gray, were questions they could not decide. They agreed, however, to go the next morning by sunrise on to the ground, and see what discoveries they could make.

When Jacob Rider found himself alone in the chaise, being convinced that Joe and Rufus would not come back to trouble him that night, he turned about and drove back to the burying ground.

"Now," said Jake, "I think the best thing I can do, for all concerned, is to put Polly Gray back where she belongs, and there let her rest."

Accordingly Jake went to work and opened the grave again, carried the corpse and replaced it as well as he could, and filled up the grave and rounded it off in good order. He then took his horses and chaise and returned home, well satisfied with his night's work.

The next morning, some time before sunrise, and before any one was stirring in the neighborhood, Joe and Rufus were at the old burying ground. They went round the inclosure, went to the tree where they had fastened the horse, and looked on every side, but discovered nothing. They went through the gate, and across to the grave where they had been the night before. The grave looked all right, as though it had not been touched since the funeral. They could see nothing of the horse or chaise, and they concluded if the corpse or evil spirit, or whatever it was in the chaise, had left the horse to himself, he probably found his way directly home. They thought it best therefore immediately to go and see Jake, and make some kind of an explanation. So they went over immediately to Jake's stable, and found the horse safe in his stall. Presently Jake made his appearance.

"Well, your confounded old horse," said Joe, "wouldn't stay hitched last night. He left us in the lurch, and we had to come home afoot. I see he's come home, though. Chaise all right, I hope."

"Yes, all right," said Jake.

"Well, how much for the ride," said Joe, "seeing we didn't ride but one way?"

"Seeing you rode *part way* back," said Jake, "I shall charge you fifty dollars."

Joe started and looked round, but a knowing leer in Jake's eye convinced him it was no joke. He handed Jake the fifty dollars, at the same time placing his finger emphatically across his lips; and Jake took the fifty dollars, whispering in Joe's ear, "dead folks tell no tales." Jake then put his finger across his lips, and Joe and Rufus bade him good morning.

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The man who watches by night rejoices by day.

## THE SPELL OF SLEEP.

BY MRS. MATILDA P. HUNT.

Hush'd be the throb of memory, and still'd the voice  
of care,  
And silent be the welling forth of the low breath of  
prayer;  
Let Hope her aspirations cease—let Fear forsake the  
breast,  
And Fancy fold her tireless wing, and Passion sink to  
rest.

Let the no longer "fabled stream" of Lethe gently  
flow,  
And veil beneath its shrouding wave the forms of joy  
and wo;  
Let love and hatred pass away—let thoughts forget to  
soar,  
And mirthfulness and murmurings awake the lips no  
more.

Let the pained head, the weary frame, recline in blest  
repose,  
And let the laughter-beaming eye in placid calmness  
close;  
Let life, with all its moving powers, lie down as if in  
death,  
All save the softly beating pulse, and lightly heaving  
breath.

*For the Rover—June, 1844.*

## THE DEATH SHIP.

ONE morning in the month of August, 182—, his Majesty's brig R— was becalmed in the narrow strait that divides the beautiful Isle of Scio from the main land of Asia; being pretty near the shore, I went up into the maintop, whence the island presented one unbroken line of verdure, from the shingly beach to the summit of the vine-clad hills that stretch from end to end. Ravage and destruction had, however, done its work here during the preceding year. From my station in the top, I had a bird's-eye view of the town; but such a picture of desolation I never before witnessed. The batteries, that had once been pretty strong, were nearly in ruins. The procrastinating disposition of the Turks prevented their adopting any measures of defence against the yet ill-equipped and ill-manned squadrons of Greece. The red flag, in the midst of which shone the crescent, waved over the ruins, and at the peaks of two or three small armed Turkish vessels that lay in the bay. Not a human being was visible, and the town for the most part appeared uninhabited, if it might be judged of by the demolished houses and grass-grown streets that met the eye in every direction. The hills rose with a gradual ascent behind the ruined city, which contrasted sadly with their luxuriant appearance.

It was a delightful morning. The sun had just risen, and shone forth in all the brilliancy of an eastern clime, —the azure sky was reflected from the clear and placid water, unmoved by the smallest ripple. While gazing on the lovely scene before me, I insensibly fell into a train of reflection, heedless of the twitches of a hungry stomach, that appealed at intervals for breakfast. We were cruising on classic ground. Every port we touched at on this delightful station was replete with interest; we had visited Malta and Calypso's Isles, "the sister tenants of the middle deep,"—had bathed in St. Paul's bay, the spot, as legends tell, where that emi-

nent apostle was shipwrecked; we had had Patmos under our lee; but this isolated rock still bore the palm of greatest attraction. Here the beloved of our Saviour wrote the prophetic book of the Revelations. The city before me, now in ruins, was one of those claiming the honor of being the birth-place of the prince of poets. While ruminating on these events, my attention was arrested by the appearance of a peculiar and strange character, at the entrance of the strait. She had just rounded a small point of land, and seemed to be a fore-and-aft rigged vessel of small size, but under no command; her boom jibed every roll she took with the gentle swell; her gaff hung down as if the peak halyards had been cut, and her fore-try-sail sheet was evidently adrift by the flapping of the canvas.

"Webb," cried I, addressing the man at the mast-head, "do you see that schooner-rigged craft outside there? she seems to be adrift somehow or other."

"Where? Oh, aye, I sees her now; she's a quare looking gigamaree sort of a thing;" and the next moment he hailed the deck to report her.

The attention of the entire deck was now attracted toward the strange vessel; the officers reconnoitered her with their glasses; the Jacks had to employ their own eyes, but this did not prevent them from passing their various opinions on what she was likely to prove. Descending from aloft, I joined the latter, and listened to the following dialogue of those unsophisticated sons of the sea.

"I'll tell you what it is, my mates," said an old fore-castle man of the name of Benton, "I think as how as that 'ere craft has been robbed by pirates; and I'm blest if we shouldn't root 'em out as clean's a leak. I'll bet any man a week's grog to a tot, that all her crew's been made to walk a plank."

"For my part," said a foretopman, "I likes to have nothing to do with 'em. It's always sure to be boat work, and that's the devil and all for knocking a poor devil up—you know that. Why, we was arter, and took a polacre-rigged craft once when I was in the *Seringapatam*; and after chasing her a whole day, we lost eight as brave fellows as ever stepped a ship's deck, in boarding the cut-throat rascals; hang me, if I wouldn't sooner be in an action a whole watch, yard-arm and yard-arm, with a slashing frigate, than be on a wild-geese chase for a day or two in an open boat, on what is but at the best a thief taking job. 'Side, where's the honor a fellow gets, even if he does take 'em?—what are they but a parcel of d—d thieves? It's enough to make a fellow that has sarved with Nelson and Collingwood quit the sarvice altogether; what do you think, old Joe?"

"Just the 'dential same thing, bo'," said Joe Benton; "if they had seed the old *Victory* alongside of the *Santis'mæ Trinidad*, the 21st October, they might ha' talked about honor and sich-like; but the navy 'aint the same now as when you and I were shipmates last; they've got patent fids, patent capsterns, patent locks to big guns, and tuck up if we wont soon have patent captains!"

The strange vessel was about two miles distant, and still rolled as if not under command; a boat, which I accompanied, was therefore despatched too verhaul her. The beauty of the morning, and calmness of the sea, enlivened by the dash of the oars, had an exhilarating effect; but all eyes were suspiciously directed to the schooner. Joe Benton showed anything but satis-



faction; he sat with the tiller in his hand, growling something about ghost-hunting expeditions; and after fidgetting about on his seat some time, he said to the midshipman,

"I'll tell you what it is, Mr. Murphy, somehow or other I doesn't like to go on board of her at all."

"Why not, Benton?"

"Ah, Sir, listen, Sir; many's the quare things I've heard of them craft as goes a cruizing without ever a hand on board; they go about waiting, Sir, to *allude* poor Jacks. Did you never hear of the Flying Dutchman, or Dan Dow's double? 'kase they're as true as the sun is shining on the water, Sir."

"I've certainly heard of the Flying Dutchman, and I've seen some pretty rough bits of breezes on the Cape station," said the middy, "but as for old tough breeches, I must say I never had the pleasure; and as for Dan Dow, I never heard of him in my life."

"Och, sowl, Mister Murphy, an' it's nigh time you heard of it; it was the most *miraculouses* thing as never you heard before; sure the old Diadem hulk lying in Hamouze, just off the range of North Corner? Well, Dan Dow had been bo's'n of her a long time, and now him and Sam Stud the gunner, and old Rosewood the carpenter, were kept in ordinary on board of her, with the whole range of the hulk's decks to wallop about in, that is, if they could, for two was lame, and Sam was a smarter, active old chap than the other two, and did all the active duty, you know, such as going ashore for provisions with the boy in their boat, and hauling up astern, after coming on board. But Dan Dow was blind of an eye, d'ye see, and he'd got a reef taken in his starboard leg, on account of a splinter as was knocked out of it at Copenhagen Roads, and he'd got a kink in his neck by something of the same kind, and a handle to his face for all the world like a salamander; [a strong iron bolt, with a thick bulbous head, which, made red hot, is used for firing salutes, or signal guns:] there he would hop about the spacious decks of the Diadem, and into every deserted cabin and store-room in her; and when he got groggy, he'd get down to the orlop deck, and never budge a foot till he was sober. One night Dan, as usual, was down there, and not a soul on board but Rosewood the carpenter, 'kase Sam Stud and the boy war ashore, and he's rather dry, so he wakes, you know, and who does he see standing over him with a lantern, but — Oh, J — Mary! holy Paul! who's yon looking over the bulwark? — now only look, Sir! — if yon ben't the devil, I'm blest!"

We turned our heads to see the devil that had interrupted old Joe's story. I looked, but saw nothing, till after a minute or two, when a large black Newfoundland dog popped his head and two fore-paws over the gangway netting.

The superstition of sailors is proverbial, and it is well known that a black dog holds a very prominent part in their yarns and twisters, as an agent of Beelzebub; and this occurrence happening at the time, together with the deserted appearance of the vessel, had such an effect on the feelings of most of the boat's crew, that they actually refused to pull a stroke, till threatened by Murphy with being reported to the captain, they reluctantly commenced again, and with many a suspicious glance backward, pulled toward the schooner.

We were now within a short distance of the stran-

ger, when Joe, who fidgetted about on the taffrail of the boat, said,

"I'm blest, Mr. Murphy, if I likes to have aught to do with them ere kind o'craft — she's not lucky — she's clinker-built — devil a bit of 'em."

"I'll tell you what it is, Sir, Mr. Murphy," said one Bill Dennis, an Irishman; "is it you that's a county Cork man, and doesn't know the natharal consequensh of going on board a vessel commanded by the dhevil? Och, musha grah! I always thought an Irishman was careful of his honor; and bless my soul, Sir, where's the honor of having a set-to wid such an old soot-bag, when it's maybe you wont get a good malavadering, and be beat black and blue, and as many colors as the rainbow, and niver see the fist as does it."

"Hold your jaw, Dennis, or I'll hit you a clip with the tiller," said the middy, in a tone that silenced further discussion. So forward we went, rather reluctantly, to be sure, when the man next the bow oar, on looking round with a suspicious glance, caught a crab, (a technical phrase signifying when a man's oar gets so far beneath the surface that he cannot recover it, and he is consequently thrown back by the loom of the oar acting as a lever against his breast,) and he was thrown back on the thwart, bellowing like a bull; he was soon relieved, and giving the boat a sheer alongside, it was "In bow and hook on by the main chaina."

Follow me," said the middy to Benton and some others, "and let's see who is in her."

If old Joe had a pistol snapped in his teeth he would not have been more chop-fallen than at this salutation; for although a brave old fellow in every other respect, he had the heart of a chicken when he thought he had to deal with anything supernatural.

"Can't you come along, Benton," said the middy, laughing; "what are you afraid of, man?"

This made Joe start, and drawing a pistol from his belt, he followed up the side, saying,

"Oh, I wish I was in the old Macedonian again, and out of this infernal ghost-hunting nooker."

A solemn silence was preserved during the few minutes occupied in ascending the side, and we found ourselves standing on the gangway, gazing about us and at one another, awe-struck by the death-like stillness that reigned throughout the vessel; even the black dog had disappeared, which made Benton ten degrees worse than he was before; all the quarter-deck was strewn with canvas and straw, as if a number of bales had been unpacked, and here and there were dark marks of bare feet.

"It's blood!" exclaimed Joe, as he started back, after examining it, and casting a long look at our own ship, that was now rapidly approaching by the help of her long sweeps, "the vessel's been boarded by pirates, and robbed, and all her crew murdered!"

On descending to examine the cabin, we were stopped at the foot of the ladder by a bale of silk that had been ransacked; this we hauled from the door, and Murphy, knocking, waited to listen if any one would speak, but not a sound was heard save the creaking of the bulk-heads, and the clattering of the blocks overhead; it was at length determined to force open the door. This done, such a sight! such a scene of horror presented itself as I shall never forget, and is still before my mind's eye as at that moment. Round the table in the cabin sat bound, every one to a chair, the bodies of nine men and two women! in such a mangled state that I turned dizzy, and ran upon deck, my

head spun round, and a heavy sickness lay at my heart, while my feeble limbs failed to support me, and I sat down on the topmost step of the ladder nearly insensible. Murphy had entered, but his feet slipping in the gore, which literally covered the deck, he fell, and his hands rested in the thick clammy blood! As he rushed past me on the ladder, he presented a most ghastly appearance, with his face, hands and white trousers deeply dyed with the purple fluid. When he could speak he shuddering said,

"Good God! what a scene is here! I've been in action where dozens lay around me, but never witnessed so sickening a sight as is to be seen in that charnel-house!"

Another party of the boat's crew, with Benton, had descended the fore-scuttle, whence a loud cry now reached us, with the discharge of a pistol, and Webb and Dennis jumped up through the scuttle gasping for breath.

"O, Lord! is your throat cut too, Sir?" said Webb, seeing the state Murphy was in; "there's two or three poor fellows down there with their throats cut from clue to earring!"

"Aye, and by Hosier's ghost, that's a man that ye never drank tay wid," said Dennis, "old Joe has lain down to keep them company; he's lying there kicking like a Kilkenny cat in convulsions!"

"Is he dead, say you, Dennis?"

"No, no, Sir, not at all, 'less he shot himself instead of the ghost, but he's dhevish frightened, Sir, for d'ye see, Sir, it was so dark that we could see never nothing at all but blackness, being just come down out ov the sun-bames; but Joe says, 'Holy Mary! if here be 'ant a man's leg,' and at that moment a loud yell so long and melancholious like came out of a corner, and Joe giving one twenty times louder, fired his pistol and dropped like a cock; I made to the scuttle again, but my brills could now see three poor fellows 'lying weltering in their crimson blood,' as the song says."

As soon as we were a little more collected, Murphy and myself returned to examine the cabin of this devoted vessel more minutely. It was with a beating heart I went down the ladder and entered this floating Golgotha. As I mentioned before, the men were each bound to a chair, and three or four of them had their heads lying back, that showed gashes whence had issued the stream of life. The two ladies, who seemed to be mother and daughter, the latter beautiful in the extreme, if we might judge from the disfigured remains, were bound back to back on two chairs lashed together, and strangled with a rope that was still about their necks: this was the most pitiable sight of all; the old lady's face was cut in several places, and the protruding eye-balls and swollen tongues of both seemed even more hideous than the pallid corpses that surrounded the table. The vessel appeared to have been a French merchant schooner, as we judged by several books in that language that lay scattered around, and must have been attacked in the night by a pirate's crew, for the whole of the bodies were only half dressed, those of the two ladies excepted: they must have coolly bound them to the chairs and placed them in mockery round the table after butchering them. That this dreadful scene had been enacted by some Greek pirates appeared manifest, for in one corner lay a skull-cap richly embroidered, and peculiar to that nation, and a yataghan of superior workmanship lay on the blood-stained deck. We went again on deck, and the

boat's recal being hoisted in the brig, as she was near at hand, we pulled on board.

Having reported the situation of the vessel, the captain accompanied us back for the purpose of seeing the bodies decently wrapped in pieces of the pack-sheet with which the quarter-deck was strewed, and thrown overboard. I loosened the rope from the necks of the ladies, and unbound them from the chairs, but still they sat; I then saw that the young one's hand firmly grasped that of the elder, so firm, indeed, that some force was required to separate them; the snowy neck of the young lady was marked with the fatal cord, and her long black hair hung down in disorder over her swollen and ghastly countenance; she seemed to be not more than eighteen; while the other, whom I took to be her mother, could scarcely have reached that age when female beauty is on the wane; we spread their long hair over their faces, and binding them together in the position they died with the rope that strangled them, proceeded to perform the same office for the rest.

One of the men was of a noble, commanding figure, and seemed to be about thirty, fair-haired and Roman nose; his shirt-collar was thrown open, and tied only with a ribbon, but dyed of the same sanguinary hue as the rest; nothing was left to say who the persons were, for their pockets were turned inside out, every locker and drawer, as well as the hold, had been broken open, and everything of value carried off. I looked at the books, but could not discover either name or writing by which we might form a conjecture respecting the vessel.

At length the disgusting job was finished. Having bound them in pairs and rolled them up in the canvas, we carried them on deck and slipped them over the gangway. When all was over, the captain prepared to get into the boat with his steward, directing the vessel to be taken to Malta, retaining the boat's crew on board; and, promising to send provisions on board, he shoved off.

We now turned to to splice the gear, and wash decks—this was done in a couple of hours; a cask of beef, one of pork, a small breaker of ruin, and two bags of bread, with a small cask of vinegar, having come on board, we in part washed out the cabin, and with the vinegar rinsed it so as to give it a fresh smell; and the schooner was under sail, and already leaving the brig far astern, ere we recollected that old Joe must still be keeping company with some dead bodies on the fore-castle; and there, sure enough, we found him lying on his face in fits, and it was not till after a smart shaking that he recovered and got on deck, when, seeing the vessel with a fine breeze leaving the brig astern, he was like to run distracted at the thoughts of running to Malta on board of this craft.

"O, Lord! O, Lord!" he cried, "what shall we do? what shall we do?"

"Dhrink grog, to be sure!" said Dennis, handing Joe a potful of brandy, a small keg of which we had found in the fore-castle.

Joe took a long, deep and heavy draught, and became partially resigned to his fate, though he swore the devil was still in the craft, and that he only waited his opportunity to come out and cut all our throats as he had done to others, and he'd be blest if he'd shut a pan till he was sartin he was out of her. This was soon after settled by the appearance of the black dog, who, limping and wagging his tail, was forced from

his retreat by hunger: Joe was now satisfied that it was not the devil, for he had wounded it in the shoulder when he fired the pistol, and the ball still stuck in the poor animal's flesh. It was extracted, and the dog gratefully licked our hands, and tried by every means to show its gratitude.

The only clue that could be found to the schooner was on the leathern collar on the dog's neck. On a brass plate was engraved "M. d'Alembert, Cherbourg." We arrived in Malta in four days, and soon joined our own ship again, but I never heard any more of the vessel; the black dog, however, still followed us, and became a great favorite in the R—; we named him "Cherbourg," after what we supposed to be his native place, and the brig set off again up the Straits, on a cruise.

#### TO ELIZA.

Nor for thine eye of calmest blue,  
Nor thy soft cheek of morning's hue,  
Nor thy sweet lip that woos the bee,  
Nor voice of clearest melody,  
Do I love thee, Eliza.

But for thy heart that bleeds for wo,  
The while thy showering tear-drops flow,  
And sighs disturb thy heaving breast,  
Like winds that break the waves' calm rest—  
For this I love Eliza.

A brother's love I feel for thee,  
And my sweet sister thou shalt be;  
And this blest love shall aye endure,  
For it is holy, calm and pure—  
Like that we dream the angels hold,  
While leaning on their harps of gold  
To commune with each other, where  
Joy and eternal friendship are!

The world has not a sweeter bliss,  
A brighter, holier love than this!  
And while for me Time's coursers fly,  
With all a brother's trust will I  
Still love thee, Eliza!

R. H. B.

For the Rover—Brooklyn, June, 1844.

#### THE BRIDAL ORNAMENTS.

BY DAVID LINDSAY.

THE traveler, who some centuries ago had occasion to pass through the country of Thuringia, took care to choose his rout by the castle of Aarburg, unless disappointed love, or some other miserable heartache, caused him to seek a more solitary road. The warder stood night and day upon the watch-tower, gazing about for knights, pilgrims, or other strangers; and when lucky enough to discover one approaching, upon sounding a flourish on his cheerful horn, by way of welcome, the gates creaked, the drawbridges rattled, the horses stamped, and the men-at-arms rode out to meet the traveler, and courteously invite him to refreshment and a night's comfortable rest. The knight of the castle had a kind word for every new comer, and, according to his rank, he either conducted him into the hall, or left him to the care of his retainers until he should think proper to depart.

The last knight of the family, Sir Thimo von der Aarburg, did not derogate from the fame acquired by

his ancestors' hospitality. He had succeeded to the inheritance of his brothers, uncles and cousins, and knew no care unless when strangers and guests were wanting to partake of the good things of his castle: in such cases it even sometimes happened that he sallied forth himself to meet travelers, and invite them to share his hospitality.

The greatest treasure in the castle of Aarburg was the knight's only daughter, celebrated throughout all Germany by the name of "the Beautiful Bertha." Princes, counts, knights, came from the four quarters of the earth to admire her and humbly solicit her love—but she was not to be pleased so easily: this knight she found too dull, that too presuming, and a third was splenetic—Frenchmen, Britons and Italians, all shared the same fate. "He who shall gain this bride," quoth gossip Rumor, "will be fortune's greatest favorite; for besides the enchanting beauty with which nature has endowed her, and the immense wealth with which fortune has loaded her father, there is an invaluable casket of jewels—an ancient property of the house of Aarburg—which she, as the last of her family, will receive at her nuptials for her bridal ornaments."

At the distance of a few arrow flights from the castle of Aarburg stood an ancient ruin, which the late owner, Sir Heerwart, had left as the sole inheritance of his only son, Baldwin. Before the period when the emperor Maximilian introduced the spreading plant of Roman law into the German soil, and while every knight could protect his property with spear and sword, the good Sir Heerwart was not the poorest among those of his own rank; for he was brave in battle, and made great profit by booty and ransom: but now, when the knightly spear was obliged to bend before the goose-quill, and the emperor, during public peace, laid heavy fines upon all private feuds against the property of others, he could not get on quite so well as usual. Year after year he was obliged to cede apartments and towers of his ruinous castle to the bats and the owls, whose profession abroad was not prohibited like that of its luckless lord.

The young knight, Sir Baldwin, beheld with great pain the natural decay of the home of his ancestors. Little space as the whole of his personal property required, it appeared very much as if his castle would only grant him that little for the few warm days of summer, by no means promising him protection against the frost and snow of the ensuing winter. He held a private council with himself as to what was to be done under such circumstances; but his thoughts always swerved from the task which he had given to his understanding, and amused his imagination with dreams and wishes, which had no sort of connection with the case in question.

Sir Baldwin's heart was unfortunately as near to ruin as his paternal castle, with this only difference, that the cause was not from attacks of age and pitiless enemies, but from the repeated assaults of youth and beauty, and against which his means of defence were still more slender. He had seen the daughter of the knight of Aarburg at a tournament, where she was proclaimed the Queen of Beauty, and presented the prize to the victor. Sir Baldwin's arm was strengthened tenfold by the sight of her loveliness: he lifted the knights out of their saddles as if they had been men of straw; and his blows fell as if spirits of the air conducted his arm. The fair Bertha was not more short-sighted than the rest of her sex in such cases; she saw plainly enough that her

eyes were sunbeams, and her soft words the breath of that spring, which produced such vigorous plants of valor in the bosom of the young knight: she therefore rewarded the judges of the combat with her sweetest smiles, when they with one accord decreed the prize to her hero; and she delivered it to him with a blush, that to an experienced eye would have betrayed what was passing in her bosom.

After the tournament, Sir Baldwin did not fail to pay frequent visits to the knight of Aarburg in his own castle; and as he was a lively companion, and assisted the baron not only to project, but also to execute many an excellent practical joke, he soon became a daily guest at Aarburg, and always found a seat ready for him at the table, with a chamber and a bed besides, when he did not like to ride home through fog and darkness. The Lady Bertha sent many an inquiring glance toward the active, slender knight; even challenged him sometimes to dance, when awkward guests threatened her with a round or a saraband; and solicited his advice when she purposed to add something new to her ornaments or her attire. These little condescensions gave courage and strength to the hopes of the young knight; and one lovely summer's evening, when the Lady Bertha was seated in a bower, accompanying her harp with her sweet voice, he suddenly found his heart become too warm and too large for his bosom: so he sprang up from the bank of turf, sank at Bertha's feet, and swore roundly that, like the sound of her song, he only lived by her breath, and fondly and earnestly wooed for her sweet love in return.

The lady was surprized, but not so much at the knight's glowing passion, which she had for a long time observed with secret satisfaction, as at its hasty and violent effect. In her consternation the harp slipped from her fair hands, and, as she bent forward to recover the instrument, her lips encountered those of Sir Baldwin; while her arms, which were accidentally extended, intertwining themselves with his, the lovers were guilty of a kiss and an embrace, before they were aware how much the demon Chance had played into the hands of the divinity Cupid. After the first few moments, they were somewhat startled upon considering how Sir Thimo, the rich lord of Aarburg, would regard his daughter's love for the poor knight of the ruins. They conned the subject over and over again many nights after this; and sat many an hour together without coming to any conclusion, except that Baldwin was to fix himself more firmly in favor of her father, and to take an early opportunity of disclosing his hopes, which soon offered itself. Notwithstanding all the magnificence and expense of the castle, father Thimo's money chests became fuller every day, so that there was really no end to his riches and purchases. On one occasion (the acquisition of a rich lordship) when his friends and guests wished him joy in full bumpers, he placed his cup gloomily on the table, and would not accept their congratulations.

"Of what use is it all to me?" he said; "you know I have no heir, to whom to leave my property and possessions."

"No," replied one of the guests; "but have you not a lovely daughter, who can give you just such a son-in-law as your heart would desire?"

"True," replied the old knight, "but I would rather have had a son: a son-in-law carries off his wife to his own castle, and the old father sits deserted and solitary in his empty hall. If I had a son now—a son, for in-

stance, like Baldwin there—I should look out for a proper wife, and place him over this new lordship, or let him dwell in the castle of my ancestors, where there is room enough for a whole generation."

Sir Baldwin's courage rose at these words—it had already been considerably elevated by the quantity of wine which he had drunk; he did not hesitate as to how he should begin his speech, but commenced the attack straight-forward:

"Father Thimo," said he, "what hinders you from making me your son? Give me your daughter, the beautiful Bertha, to wife, and let us dwell in one of your castles, or, if it please you better, here at Aarburg: you shall have children and grandchildren to your heart's content."

But instead of accepting this friendly offer in a friendly manner, the knight of Aarburg turned coolly round, and showed a very long face to the speaker; and "Do you think so, knight of Heerwart?" was the only answer he deigned to give the petitioner, who beheld him quietly resume an indifferent conversation with one of his guests. Baldwin's anger rose at the coolness with which the knight of Aarburg received his courtship. In the zeal of his heart he rose from his seat, repeated his words, and declared his love for the beautiful Bertha in terms of impassioned eloquence. Thimo allowed him to go through with his oratory, and when he had finished,

"Knight," said he, "how am I to know whether you really love my daughter, or only woo her for your own temporal advantage? Hear me quietly—I listened patiently to you. You appeal to your knightly word; that is certainly sufficient for me in all affairs of honor: but my Bertha is not only the pride of my house, but also the darling of my heart. Besides, I have, like all rich people, my whims, which all your eloquence will not make me resign: he who wins the hand of my Bertha must be rich in castles and lands, in order that she may not live in less splendor as a wife than she did as a maiden. I can add nothing as a fortune, for all I possess will be spent in the purchase of bridal ornaments, magnificent as those which a spirit once bestowed upon our family, and which, since that period, have unfortunately been lost. Those bridal ornaments I will have, and their purchase will swallow up my fortune; but they are, notwithstanding, an acquisition too important to be neglected."

To Sir Baldwin this speech appeared extremely ridiculous, though he took care not to declare this as his particular opinion; on the contrary, he affected to treat the thing in a very different manner. "Sir Thimo," he began gravely, throwing a most sentimental expression into his face, and placing his right hand pathetically upon his heart, "surely you cannot imagine I have any wish for these vanities and superfluous treasures; keep them all, I beseech you, for ever: it is Bertha herself alone I covet; is not her beauty a richer jewel than—" "Pshaw!" thundered the old man, now become exceedingly impatient, "don't I know beforehand all that you are going to say? Have I not sworn the same thing myself a thousand times, and could you do otherwise, professing love for my Bertha, than swear by all the saints that you preferred one lock of her hair to all the chains of gold that emperors and princes could bestow? There, now, you look rather foolish; but no matter. Bertha must have the ornaments, and I will have my whim; for the rest we may still be good friends if you choose; but you must



first pass your knightly word, that there shall be no private tampering with Bertha's duty, neither inside nor outside the castle; I'll have no love-making, Baldwin, or we part company at once."

Sir Baldwin made a wry face or two at this bitter pill, which nevertheless he was obliged to swallow; and therefore, much against his will, gave his knightly word to Sir Thimo, lest he should be altogether deprived of the sight of his lovely mistress. The knights and gentlemen, friends of Sir Thimo, who were present at this scene, forgot to sympathize with the unsuccessful wooer, in the ardor of their curiosity respecting those valuable bridal ornaments, on the possession of which the lord of Aarburg seemed to have placed all his happiness. They anxiously inquired whence they came, whither they had gone, and what were the particular virtues they possessed; swearing most manfully (for Sir Thimo's wine had inflamed their valor) to get them back for their good host, even from under the Grand Turk's beard. "Whither they are gone," replied Sir Thimo, "is more than I can tell you, since the loss was before my father's time. The last person who wore them was the Lady Urilda, the sole child and heiress of the then Baron von der Aarburg, and here is a fearful history. She loved a knight, who was as poor, though not so honest, as Baldwin there; and upon her father's refusal to permit the match, she, on the suggestion of her admirer, murdered the poor old man, and dressing herself in the bridal ornaments, waited at midnight for her lover to carry her off. He came, as the legend goes—but what he said or did, or whither they went, has never been known to this day; only during that dreary night frightful shrieks and loud wailings were heard, as of one in mortal agony beseeching for mercy; and in the morning it was known that the Lady Urilda and the bridal ornaments had strangely disappeared together. It is an ugly history, and the less said upon the subject the better; but as to the 'how they came into the family,' the story being of a more pleasing character, I shall not hesitate to repeat it as it has been often related to me by our old confessor.

"The Countess Ursula von der Aarburg, who lived many centuries ago, and was a perfect pattern both as a wife and a mother, was sleeping quietly one night among her seven children (it was the Eve of St. John,) when she suddenly awoke from hearing herself called by a shrill clear voice. Opening her heavy eyelids, she was surprised to observe a singularly-dressed female figure, of great beauty but diminutive stature, standing by the side of her couch, and who said in a sweet small voice, 'Arise, noble lady, and lend a sufferer your assistance; the Queen of the Mountain will die without your aid.' The countess rose, though utterly unable to understand the speaker, who waited upon her toilette, and officiated as her waiting-maid, and with as much readiness and zeal as if it had been the habit of years; and the countess herself, who was no very keen observer, could not help remarking, that the several articles of her dress seemed to be instinct with life, or possess some very extraordinary deference to her attendant, the motion of whose little finger they instantaneously obeyed, placing themselves upon their owner's person at the first signal given by the stranger. The Countess Ursula had never been so well attended before, and in pure gratitude for the honor done her (howbeit not loving moonlight walks, having seven children,) quietly followed wherever her singular

visitor thought fit to lead her. Away they went (not flying, but soberly walking) from the castle, unseen of guards, through whom, however, they passed, over ramparts and drawbridges, through doors and gates, over fields and water, without even wetting their feet, till they arrived at a high mountain, at the foot of which her guide knocked upon a square tablet for admission. The stony doors gave way, and immediately a magnificent glittering arch was formed in the mountain, under which the travelers passed to the splendid hall of a subterranean regal palace. Here many beautiful forms of men and women, but all proportionably small, met the countess and her companion, and respectfully saluting them, conducted them through many royal saloons, glittering with gold and silver, to one more superb than any of the rest, in which were a pair of golden folding-doors communicating with another chamber. These suddenly flew open, and another female advancing, took the countess by the hand, and saying that the Mountain-Queen longed for her impatiently, conducted her into the apartment. The little men fell back respectfully, but the waiting-maids accompanied the countess into the chamber of the sovereign. Here walls of pure marble were surmounted by a cupola of soft green emerald, under which stood a bed of beaten gold, and upon that reclined a lovely female, mild and gracious as the Italian representations of the Madonna. 'Noble lady,' said she, in a gentle tone, to dame Ursula, 'be not alarmed; you are even safer here than in the home of your fathers: approach me without hesitation, and assist me in this hour of mortal terror, which has fallen upon me in the Eve of St. John, when the spirits of the earth are powerless until morning. I bear beneath my heart a pledge of our sovereign-husband's love, which, without your aid, cannot see the light; assist me, then, in this my hour of need, as you would hope for help in yours.'

"Ursula was moved by this gentle address and the high confidence reposed in her; she spoke some words of comfort to the royal patient, and then blessed her with the sacred sign of the cross, in order to make quite sure that the devil had no hand in the affair. In fact, everything remained unchanged except the beautiful face of the queen, which smiled still more sweetly than before; and the soft mountain air, which met the nerves of the stranger, was loaded with fragrance, and breathed harmony around her; for wonderful music floated above them, while Ursula presented to the queen a lovely infant boy. As the mother folded him to her heart, a loud shout was heard, and the deep majestic tones of many trumpets, pouring forth sounds of triumph, rang through this subterraneous paradise. The folding-doors again opened; the king himself entered, took the child in his arms, kissed it, and then showed it to a great number of the little men, who had fallen upon their knees before the doors; they bowed their heads to the earth, and then shouted loudly as before.

"The Countess Ursula was an astonished spectator of this strange yet happy scene, till the silver voice of the queen recalled her attention. 'Take, noble lady,' it said, 'with the grateful acknowledgments of Saffira, the Mountain-Queen, this little casket, which will serve as a rich and perpetual monument of the gratitude she owes for your service. Be careful to preserve in your family the jewels which it contains. As long as they make a part of your possessions, your house

shall be the first in its country, and the branches of your genealogical tree shall even overshadow the empire itself; but if you lose it, prosperity will vanish and your name be extinguished for ever. You may, nevertheless, bestow a few of these jewels upon a beloved daughter, for they have the power of communicating happiness to their possessor; but in that case be careful to replace them with gems of the same kind and value, that the whole set may be preserved entire and each bride of the house of Aarburg may adorn herself with them on her bridal day.' She then signed to the lady who had brought Ursula thither, and placing in her hand the casket of exquisite workmanship, requested her to conduct the countess home. This was performed immediately: the attendant waited to undress the lady with all duteous attention, placed the casket upon the table, and retired, making a most profoundly respectful courtesy.

"When my good ancestress awoke in the morning she was very well disposed to consider the whole as a dream, till the sight of the jewels staring her in the face convinced her there was no delusion. Her husband was delighted with the present, for the blessing promised by the Mountain-Queen was fulfilled to the letter; the family grew immensely rich and prosperous, and there was not a town in Germany where an Aarburg had not a castle. But since the jewels have been lost, we have gone rapidly to decay. One Aarburg has died childless after another, and I, the last, have no offspring save Bertha. She, however, shall retrieve the fortunes of our family: one jewel I have in my possession which came to me by inheritance, and if the Mountain-Queen is to be believed, will communicate its virtues to all other articles made to match it. This is my purpose; I will have the set made entire; and you now understand why I can give Bertha no other fortune, since mine will be all consumed by the purchase of the jewels with which I am resolved to adorn her on her wedding-day."

At the close of this wonderful story, the knight's hearers began to discuss the Countess Ursula and her midnight adventure with no little merriment and freedom. Some declared that the ancestress must have had a lively imagination—that she dreamed the thing, and then invented the jewels afterward. Others asserted that her ladyship must have been fond of a frolic, more especially as the Mountain-King himself figured upon the scene: but these were the freethinking reprobates. The true believers were shocked by their impiety, and gravely produced many instances of similar facts in support of their opinion. Sir Baldwin took no part in all the discussion; he sat, in very ill humor, looking extremely grim, in the corner, and wishing, from his inmost soul, the bridal ornaments, which had thus robbed him of a bride, at the devil.

The autumn days now began to shorten, and the period of the equinox approached. The wind whistled frostily over the stubbles, and the rain and hail beat (without much difficulty, it must be confessed) through the windows of Sir Baldwin's castle. The coldness of his home determined him to quit it; and having formed this resolution, he hastened to the knight of Aarburg, to entreat his assistance and approbation of the measure. "Good Sir Thimo," said he, "I can no longer sit idly down in my dismantled castle; the storms are playing as cruel a game with that as love is doing with my heart. I intend to set out for the emperor's army, and endeavor to gain fame and fortune by valor.

Buy my castle of me: you may give me for it what you think proper." The Baron of Aarburg did so (for between honest men bargains are soon struck,) though he was sincerely grieved at the prospect of Baldwin's departure. He gave, however, a noble feast in his honor; allowed him to sit, for the last time, next to the beautiful Bertha: furnished him with letters to all his castellans in the different parts of Germany, commanding them to treat the knight as himself during the time he should stay there; and then, bestowing upon him a few kind words and a hearty shake of the hand, seized him by the shoulder, and thrust him out of the castle.

Baldwin, as he mounted his horse, cast many a sigh toward the chamber of his beloved Bertha; yet, remembering his knightly word, he would not allow himself the indulgence of a farewell, but darted gallantly forward on his travels. He found his introductory letters of no small use in procuring him good cheer and lodging. Those castellans nearest to their lord were exceedingly civil; while the more distant being, of course, in less fear of his authority, were insolent and refractory. He had almost made up his mind to trouble no more of them, when a violent storm, which overtook him near Leipzig, drove him for shelter to Sir Thimo's castle of Frankenberg. Sir Baldwin, who was at heart a cheerful fellow, perceived the windows all gaily lighted up, and heard sounds of music and dancing with infinite delight; for he hoped to join the revelers, and shortly be as merry as themselves. Three times he blew stoutly upon the horn before any one noticed his application; and at last a gruff old warder stumped toward him, and surlily demanded his business. The knight could read on the warder's brow that he had disturbed their merriment, and was by no means a welcome guest; yet nothing daunted, he sent in his letter to the castellan, and was instantly admitted.

"Sir knight," said the castellan, trying to look, and, what was infinitely more difficult, to speak soberly, "you see how we are doing—a marriage in my family is the occasion of this little festivity. Partake of our cheer, noble sir; eat, drink, and be merry. I can, according to my lord's directions, entertain you to your heart's content; only to-night, the castle being so crowded with company, I cannot find you a bed."

"Make yourself easy, I beseech you, Mr. Castellan," replied Sir Baldwin, quite coolly, notwithstanding this difficulty—"I do not intend to quit this roof to-night; and if you will not spare me the trouble, I will undertake the search myself, and depend upon it I will find a bed, even if I am obliged to share the bride's." The castellan looked angry, but said little, conscious that it was not to his interest to offend his master's guest; he therefore suddenly recollected that two chambers in the castle were vacant—one a wretched hole, through which the wind whistled so loudly as to remind Sir Baldwin of his own desolate castle at Aarburg—the other a magnificent apartment, called "the Baron's," but in a most dreary state of neglect, owing to its being entirely appropriated to the use of some fantastical goblins who kept their revels there, and had had the good taste to select this, the noblest apartment in the castle, for their exclusive accommodation.

The poor castellan strongly persuaded the knight to sleep in the storm-visited attic, in preference to that tenanted by the ghosts; but to this Sir Baldwin would by no means consent after he had viewed the apart-

ment. He had not the fear of ghosts before his eyes, and, at any rate, esteemed them better company than hail, rain, and sleet. "Gramercy! Sir Seneschal," said he, "for your kind advice, which I do not intend to follow: I had rather sleep with the goblins, more especially as you say there are females among them, than under the chilling influence of all the winds of Heaven; so, in spite of the knights adventurers, who, on their return from this chamber, have found that their hands and feet had changed places, I will pass the night in it, and dare the worst that may befall me." The seneschal said nothing in reply, but sent food, wine, and lights, to the chamber. In a few hours the hall broke up, and the party of revelers dispersed: the castellan's family retired to rest, and Sir Baldwin, after disposing of the contents of a small flagon of choice Rhenish, threw himself heavily upon his magnificent bed to dream of his beloved Bertha. But his sleep this night was not destined to be blessed with so fair a vision; his thoughts incessantly ran upon the unpromising state of his affairs, and the little prospect there was of a union with his beloved. Tired of these vexatious and unprofitable reflections, he tried hard to lose himself in sleep, but found it impossible to succeed: he turned fidgetily from side to side—pulled his pillow, now up, now down—shut his eyes, opened them—said his prayers over and over again; and finding this last remedy inefficacious, made up his mind, though in extreme ill-humor, to lie awake all night. No sooner had he come to this conclusion, than he was startled by a noise which seemed to issue from the chimney of this deserted apartment in which he was so unsuccessfully courting repose.

He now banished as anxiously all thoughts of sleep as he had before endeavored to encourage them, and, suddenly facing round toward the seat of the odd noise which had disturbed him, beheld, to his utter astonishment, a human hand fall down the chimney; to this succeeded a foot, then another hand, and then again another foot, and so quietly, by degrees, all the requisites for making up a human body, each attired according to its own proper mode of dressing: and these rolling together, and kindly uniting, there arose from the fragments a gigantic figure, who, with belt and partizan, huge mustaches and grim looks, mounted guard on one side of the fire-place.

This organizing process was suspended for a few seconds, and then began again, and a second halberdier deliberately stalked forward, and placed himself opposite to his elder brother, on the other side of this wondrous laboratory; but things did not long go on so quietly. The gentle rain of limbs, which had hitherto descended so modestly, was changed into a loud and rattling shower; and the delicate feet of women, fists of men, heads of children, a whole assortment of human limbs, rolled pell-mell down the chimney. Among these were materials for tables, chairs, and footstools—kettles, covers, dishes, and goblets, followed in grand confusion, with everything necessary for a great entertainment, so that one half of the chamber was filled with this lumber. The two first-born of this ghastly creation then stepped gravely forward, laid aside their partizans, and began their operations by reducing to order this chaos of materials for the creation of the latest of worlds.

From this mass of human fragments they stuck folks together so cleverly, and with so much dexterity, despatch, silence, and taste, that it was impossible to

doubt the extent of their practice in this their most extraordinary vocation. From their Promethean fingers, which beat the maker of poor Frankenstein all to nothing, there arose a whole train of stately-looking domestics, who bestirred themselves to prepare a splendid banquet, which soon sparkled upon the table. Guests only were wanted. These, however, were soon produced from the alchymical chimney. It really hailed men and women, who, in the most magnificent festival dresses, took their seats upon the chairs, or walked gaily about the apartment. The last comer was a young and lovely lady, beautiful as moon-light, and as pale: her countenance was like the sigh of an angel, full of grief, but of unspeakable sweetness. By her side walked a gigantic knight, black and terrible to look upon: there was a laughing fury curling round his lips, and his eyes were dark thunder-clouds, emitting flashes of lurid lightning. He rudely dragged the lovely lady to a mirror, which reflected back to her eyes, not her own fair image, but a hideous phantom, to which, when she shrank from it in horror and disgust, he again compelled her to return and contemplate the figure, while the attendants brought her magnificent ornaments and a bridal crown. In these the monster-knight obliged her to array her beautiful person before the deceptive mirror; and these articles, to the horror of Sir Baldwin, he discovered to be red-hot, as well by their glowing light, as by the hissing of the beautiful lady's flesh, when the contents of this infernal jewel-box were displayed upon her person.

Until this moment, Sir Baldwin, had, from his bed, been only a silent spectator of this curious adventure; but an involuntary burst of indignation at the conduct of the black knight, which escaped him, directed the stony looks of the whole assembly of spectres toward his bed. One of them solemnly rose, took a golden goblet from the table, presented it to the human guest, and by signs invited him to rise and partake of their midnight festivity. Sir Baldwin trembled; for brave as were the ancient knights when they had a human enemy to encounter, they did not deem it at all disgraceful to be sensible of fear when opposed to the spiritual world; and Sir Baldwin, like all the rest of his brethren, would rather have seen the glitter of a hundred Saracen sword-blades than that golden goblet which the strange drinking-companion pressed upon him so pertinaciously with his fleshless bony hand. Notwithstanding his confusion, however, he saw that there was no escaping, as his delay began to put in motion the other guests, who now commenced a slow and regular march toward his bed. To a strong mind, in such moments, the transition from terrified hesitation to the most dauntless heroism is as easy and as rapid as the change from idle boasting to pusillanimous despondency in the heart of a coward. Sir Baldwin instantly recollected himself, leaped up lightly from his bed, seized his sword in his right hand, and with his left deposited the goblet with the infernal punch upon the table. "Whoever you may be," he then exclaimed in a firm and powerful tone of voice, "how dare you challenge an honorable knight to partake of your cheer, while you thus oppress weak maidens, like midnight murderers and robbers? If you are human, then meet me fairly, and let us fight it out, firmly and gallantly; if you are not, then begone from this castle, and do not disturb with your presence the dwellings of human beings."

A dismal silence of some seconds which followed this

speech was suddenly broken by a ghastly laugh from the black knight, which shook the very walls of the castle. "This maiden," cried he, "is mine; she gave herself to me; she won me by a crime—a midnight crime—for which each midnight she must suffer. She is my bride; and my bride she must remain, and nightly be decked in these burning ornaments, till the jewels shall return to their rightful owner: meddle not then with the matter, Sir Knight, but deign to partake of our cheer."

Sir Baldwin evinced not the smallest inclination to follow this impertinent advice, but advanced in a hostile manner toward the ugly goblin who had uttered it. The latter also drew his enormous sword, and stood on his defence, but could not prevent the descent of Sir Baldwin's blow, which, falling with all its strength on the black knight's head, divided him completely in two from the crown to the chine. The two halves of the cloven knight stood quietly apart for some few seconds, and then collapsing, the black knight again stood before him, whole, and ugly as before.

The bridal guests, encouraged by the failure of Sir Baldwin, pressed upon him more eagerly than before, holding in their withered hands goblets filled with red, smoking froth. The men invited him to drink, the women to dance, but neither of these invitations would he deign to accept; and finding that his sword-blade no longer terrified them, he presented to their eyes the crosetted hilt, from which they shrank back in horror, and made way to the right and left for him to pass. Perceiving this, and knowing the hapless maiden to be that Urida who had last worn the bridal ornaments, and of whose disappearance the ugly company present gave a tolerably sufficient explanation, he made up his mind in an instant, and advancing boldly toward the bride, took from her brow and slender person the burning jewels, which, however, contained no fire for him. Then facing the black knight, "I will do you justice, arch-fiend," said he, "but only such as you deserve. This maiden is Urida, of the family of Aarburg, and you have henceforth no further part in her, since I claim the jewels for their rightful owner, and seize them, in Our Lady's name, for Sir Thimo von der Aarburg."

This bold proclamation by word of mouth had an effect which the speaker himself scarcely anticipated. It fairly dislodged the enemy, who, apparently too lucky in getting safely away and securing their prisoner, left behind them all the treasure which Sir Baldwin contended for, even to the utensils of gold and silver produced for the banquet. One loud, ghastly, shriek was the signal of their discomfiture; after which they all rushed to the chimney, and darted up *en masse*, and in much quicker time than they had descended from it.

I need not detail Sir Baldwin's uncontrollable delight on beholding the treasure of which his firmness had made him possessor. He could not sleep for gazing, hoping, and speculating. Break of day brought to his apartment the seneschal, who, if he was astonished at finding the knight alive, was still more so by the great glitter with which he was surrounded. Carriages were then procured, and he hastened to depart for Aarburg, for he remembered that Urida would still be the demon's captive till the treasure should be in the hands of its rightful owner: this was soon effected. The baron, who had had a "heavy miss" of his friend, welcomed him back with all his heart and soul; and

Bertha—but all the lovers who read my legend—and all my readers either are, have been, or will be so—will understand her feelings better than I can describe them. Sir Baldwin was instantly acknowledged the knight's accepted son; and Bertha, without the sacrifice of Sir Thimo's fortune, wore the bridal ornaments on her wedding day. But before that period, on the first night Sir Baldwin passed in her father's castle, a gentle voice stole on his ear as he was endeavoring to compose himself to sleep—"Thanks, noble knight," it breathed, "thanks for your dauntless courage! I am the spirit of the redeemed Urida: seek my body in the cavern under the castle of Frankenberg, and give it a tomb in the vaults of my ancestors. Farewell, noble knight! all happiness henceforth be the portion of you and yours!" Sir Baldwin awoke, obeyed the spirit, married Bertha, and, of course, lived very happily ever after.

#### THE ROVER BOOK-TABLE.

WILLIS' POEMS, *Clark & Austin, 130 Fulton street.*

We have received from the publishers "the Poems, sacred, passionate, and humorous, of Nathaniel Parker Willis," in a neatly printed and handsomely bound volume of some 330 pages. We do not fancy all that Mr. Willis writes, either in prose or verse, and yet we are free to record our opinion that he has written many beautiful things. There is a glowing richness, and sometimes originality, in his use of language, that throws a fascination about his compositions, and often raises them much above their par value. These, after the eye has become accustomed to their dazzling effect, fall again to their proper level, or perhaps even below par, for the author, in his preface, thinks he "has suffered, as others have done before him, by a reputation too early acquired."

However this may be, we feel that much of his poetry is beautiful, and believe it will live long. "The author has no hesitation in acknowledging the pedestal on which public favor has placed him;" nor have we. But, though "leaving, on the turn of the acclivity of life, all he has written, up to his meridian, he promises to himself more care in what shall occupy the down-hill side," we are not prepared to expect that he will ever eclipse some of the beautiful things of his youth. For ourselves, we prefer a pure offering from the heart, rather than a bright one from the intellect: and it too often happens in the rugged contact with the world, that while the intellect warms, the heart cools, and what is gained in power is lost in purity.

Most of the sacred poems were written while the author was quite young. They evince richness of language, smoothness of verse, and fidelity to scripture scenes and incidents. These scripture pieces are mostly in blank verse, and though beautifully written, perhaps to many minds the same scenes appear in more beautiful and appropriate dress in the simple language of scripture itself.

Were we to point out the materials from which we think Mr. Willis' most enduring "pedestal" will be raised, we should seek for them among those little gems of verse thrown off in his younger years, such as "Saturday Afternoon," "Belfry Pidgeon," &c. &c. The longest poem in the volume, "The Lady Jane," written some two or three years ago, we cannot fancy. It is rather a close imitation of Byron, without his power.



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RUSTIC CHAIRMAN.







# THE ROVER.

## ARABELLA—A ROMANCE.

From the German of Manfred.

BY CAROLINE M. SAWYER.

THERE were soft young hearts that sigh'd  
Of, in Castle Campostella,  
But the saddest was the bride—  
Young and lovely Arabella!

MANY a maiden, fair and bright,  
Dwelt with her in Campostella,  
To each came her own true knight—  
Ah, but none to Arabella!

Whisperings sweet, and laughter glad,  
Wake the halls of Campostella,  
But in tears, alone and sad,  
Listening sat poor Arabella!

LISTENING if no mail-clad knight  
Spur'd his steed tow'rd Campostella,  
With his shield and banner bright,  
And the scarf of Arabella!

IF no pilgrim, worn and gray,  
Near'd the gates of Campostella,  
From her lov'd one, far away,  
Bringing hope to Arabella!

YESTER pass'd a funeral train  
Forth from Castle Campostella,  
And, from its lofty towers again,  
Ne'er will look sweet Arabella!

GOD reward with bliss above,  
Truth like hers of Campostella—  
God give each so fond a love  
As the beauteous Arabella!

*For the Rover—New York, July, 1844.*

## RUSTIC LIFE.

WITH AN ENGRAVING.

HERE is one of those scenes of rural life so often and so beautifully described by the pens of Mitford and the Howitts. The children are opening a gate at the entrance to a green lane, to admit a visitor on horseback. The shadow of the horse and rider on the road indicates the "coming event," while the ragged little urchin for his civility in opening the gate and raising his hand to his head so respectfully, looks for a trifling donation of pence. Of English cottages and cottage life Howitt thus writes:

"There is not a more beautiful sight in the world than our English cottages, in those parts of the country where the violent changes of the times have not been so sensibly felt. Where manufacturers have not introduced their red, staring, bald brick-houses, and what is worse, their beer-shops and demoralization; where, in fact, a more primitive simplicity remains. There, on the edges of the forest, in quiet hamlets and sweet woody valleys, the little gray-thatched cottages, with their gardens and old orchards, their rows of bee-hives, and their porches clustered with jasmines and roses stand:

'Hundreds of huts

All hidden in a sylvan gloom—some perched  
VOLUME III.—No 17.

On verdant slopes from the low coppice cleared,  
Some in deep dingles secret as the nest  
Of Robin Redbreast built among the roots  
Of pine, on whose tall top the throstle sings.  
Hundreds of huts, yet all apart, and felt  
Far from each other; 'mid the multitude  
Of intervening stems; each glen or glade  
By its own self a perfect solitude,  
Hushed but not mute.'

JOHN WILSON.

"There they stand, and give one a poetical idea of peace and happiness which is inexpressible. Well may they be the admiration of foreigners. Yes! they are such spots as thousands are longing for; as the day-dreaming young, and the world-weary old, are yearning after, and palating to their mind's eye, daily in great cities; and the dull the common-place, the unperceptive of their beauty and their glory, are dwelling in them; paradisaical fields and magnificent mountains; or cloudy hollows in their mottled sides; or little *cleuchs* and glens, hidden and green—overhung with wild wood—rocky, and resounding with dashing and splashing streams; places where the eye sees the distant flocks and their slowly stalking shepherds—the climbing goat, and the soaring eagle; and the ear catches their far-off cries; whence a thousand splendors and pageants, changing aspects, and kindling and dying glories, in earth and sky, are witnessed; the cheerful arising of morning—the still, crimson, violet, azure, dim gray, and the dark fading away of day into night, are watched; where the high and clear grandeur and solitude of night, with its moon and stars, and wandering breezes, and soul-enwrapping freshness, are seen and felt. Such places as these, and the brown and summer-empurpled heath, with its patch of ancient forest, its blasted, shattered, yet living old trees, greeting you with feelings and fancies of long past centuries; the clear, running brook, the bubbling and most crystalline spring, and the turf that springs under your feet with a delicious elasticity, and sends up to your senses a fresh and forest-born odor; or cottages perched in the sides of glades, or on eminences by the sea—the soul-inspiring sea—with its wide views of coming and going ships, its fresh gales, and its everlasting change of light and life, on its waters and on its shores; its sailors, and its fishermen, with all their doings, families, and dependences—every one of them thoroughly covered and saturated with the spirit of picturesque and homely beauty; or inland hollows and fields, and old hamlets lying amid great woods and slopes of wondrous loveliness: if we could but turn things round, and bring these near us; and unite at once, city advantages, city society, and them! But it never can be! And there are living in them, from generation to generation, numbers of people who are not to be envied, because they know nothing at all of the enviableness of their own situation.

"We are continually laboring to improve society—to diffuse education—to confer higher and ampler religious views; but these people know little of all this—experience little of its effect; for their abodes, and natural paradises, lie far from the great tracks of travel and commerce; far from our great roads; in the most out-of-the-world places—the very nooks of the world.

"If you come by chance upon them, you are struck with their admirable beauty, their solemn repose, their fresh and basking solitude. You can't help exclaiming, What happy people these must be! But, when you come to look closer into them, the delusion vanishes. They do not in fact see any beauty that you see. Their minds have never been stirred from the sluggish routine of their daily life; their mental eye has never been unsealed, and directed to survey the advantages of their situation."

Speaking of life in the dales of Lancashire and Yorkshire, Mr. Howitt remarks as follows:

"Everywhere the rudeness of the rising generation is wonderful. Everywhere the stare of mingled ignorance and insolence meets you; everywhere a troop of lads is at your heels, with the clatter of their wooden clogs, crying—'Fellee, gies a hawpenny!' and their sisters show equally the extravagance of rudeness in which they were suffered to grow up, by running out of the houses as you pass, and poking mops and brushes at the horses' heads; nor does any one attempt to restrain or rebuke them; and yet, odd enough, not one of the adult population will offer you the least insult, but if you ask the way, will give you the most ready directions, and if you go into their houses, treat you with perfect civility. Ten and eleven small children in one small dirty hovel is no uncommon sight, actually covering the very floor, scarcely leaving room to sit down; and amid this crowd the mother is generally busy washing or baking oatcakes; and the father making the place resound with the 'latitat, latitat' of his shuttle. No wonder that the poor creatures are glad to turn out the whole troop of children to play on the hills, the elder girls lugging the babies along with them.

"The wildness into which some of these children in the more solitary parts of the country grow, is, I imagine, not to be surpassed in any of the back settlements of America. On an occasion of a thunder-storm, being driven into a cottage at the foot of the Pendle, I observed the head of some human creature carefully protruded from the doorway of an adjoining shed, and as suddenly withdrawn on being observed. To ascertain what sort of a person it belonged to, I went into the shed, but at first found it too dark to allow me to discover anything. Presently, however, as objects became visible, I saw a little creature, apparently a girl of ten years old, reared very erectly against the opposite wall. On accosting her in a kind tone, and telling her to come forward, and not to be afraid, she advanced from the wall, and behold! there stood another little creature about a head shorter, whom she had been concealing. I asked the elder child whether this younger one was a girl. The answer, 'Ne-a.' 'Was it a boy?' 'Ne-a.' 'What! neither boy nor girl! was she herself a girl?' 'Ne-a.' 'What, was it a boy that I was speaking to?' 'Ne-a.' 'What in the name of wonder were they then?' 'We are children.' 'Children! and was the woman in the house their mother?' 'Ne-a.' 'Who was she then?' 'Ar mam.' 'Oh! your mam! and do you keep cows in this shed?' 'Ne-a.' 'What then?' 'Bee-as.' In short, common English was quite unintelligible to these little creatures, and their appearance was as wild as their speech. They were two fine young creatures, nevertheless, especially the elder, whose form and face were full of that symmetry and grace that are sometimes the growth of unrestrained nature, and would have delighted the

sculptor or the painter. Their only clothing was a sort of little boddice with skirts, made of a reddish stuff, and rendered more picturesque by sundry patches of scarlet cloth, no doubt from their mother's old cloak. Their heads, bosoms, and legs to the knees, were bare to all the influences of earth and heaven; and on giving them each a penny, they bounded away with the fleetness and elasticity of young roes. No doubt the hills and heaths, the wild flowers of summer and the swift waters of the glens, were the only livelong day companions of these children, who came home only to their oatmeal dinner, and a bed as simple as their garments. Imagine the violent change of life, by the sudden capture and confinement of these little English savages, in the night-and-day noise, labor, and foul atmosphere of the cotton purgatories! and where, we are told, that little creatures have even committed suicide to escape from a life worse than ten deaths! The numbers of drunken men that you meet in these districts in an evening, and the number of women that you see seated with their ale-pots and pipes round the ale-house fires, is a sight hardly elsewhere to be witnessed, and form a striking contrast to the agricultural districts."

As a means of awakening a general taste for the beautiful, Howitt on another occasion, makes the following excellent remarks.

"The Penny Magazine and some of its cheap contemporaries have made an application of engravings which is, in itself, a great national blessing. By means of these publications many pictorial subjects are placed before the eyes of tens of thousands who could otherwise never have seen them. Subjects from the paintings of the old masters; landscapes from every country on the globe, with their peculiar characteristics; prints of ancient and modern buildings; of animals, plants, in fact, of every subject of natural or human history, all brought livingly to the sight, and at such an amazingly trivial expense, that the desire of knowledge is at once quickened and gratified in a degree of which our fathers had not the most distant idea, nor of the effect of which have we, perhaps, any adequate conception. We feel however, that it must be full of virtue and happiness. Throughout thousands and tens of thousands of cottages shall the eye which, without these blessed facilities, would never have glanced on anything beyond the objects surrounding their daily life, now gaze in living delight on the magnificent scenes, the beautiful productions of every land and climate; on the stern or fantastic splendor of foreign towns and cities, domes and minarets; on the forms and costumes, the dwellings and implements of the most distant nations; on the animal natures, of air, earth, and ocean: on the faces of men who have been the lights, or terrors of the world; of those who have fought for, and thought for, sung for and died for man and his cause; the spread of knowledge and religion, in fact for that social and illimitable happiness of which these things are the precursors; a happiness which shall be brought to every house, in city or desert, to every fireside however humble.

"This is a great and beneficent result, from the blending of two noble arts; (engraving and printing) for, whatever tends to embellish life; to give to toiling men a refining pleasure; to bring them from base excitements and public haunts to the pure and peaceful enjoyments of home, to draw them to their own firesides; to induce them to sit among their children, and

delight their eyes with objects of beauty, and feed their growing spirits with those natural facts, in which the wisdom and goodness of God are made so sensible to young minds; whatever does this, does the work of love; the work of human happiness and national greatness. To enlighten the general mass, and at the same time to kindle the noble feelings of the soul of man, are the sure means to build up the state with true citizens; to protect the people from despotism, and government from popular caprice."

### THE LAST MAN.

A Seasonable Chapter in the Style of the Day.

BY C. F. HOFFMAN.

"Crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures where there is no love," quaintly but truly saith an old writer. From such a gallery I have stalked out this instant, reader, to hold a moment's sympathizing talk with thee. You have heard of me, doubtless, at Saratoga, Rockaway or Niagara, or perhaps even my fame as the last man of the season has reached you at the distant White Sulphur, or some gay spot still more remote, where you bestow you favored leisure upon some lively circle, and mete out a shred of compassion to the unhappy subjects you have left behind you, prisoned by business cares in the city. I am the last, the very last of these unfortunates. The town, indeed, is not completely deserted; for I behold in the streets crowds of those eccentric people, who, at all seasons, prefer the bustle and excitement of city life to the repose of rural leisure. I am, therefore, not exactly in the situation of Hood's "last convict," who, when he wished to hang himself,

"Found not a single man alive  
To pull his legs!"

But though my physical condition be different from his, yet the moral solitude of "Campbell's Last Man" was not more complete than mine, for I find no company in the crowd, and the faces about me are but a gallery of pictures. The gems in love's shining circle

— "Have all dropped away."

The eyes upon which I loved to look have gone to gladden some other sphere, the hands that I fain would clasp are handling the fishing-rod at Islip, or bagging woodcock in Purgatory; and I move amid the machinery of society like some solitary pendulum that swings in gloomy silence, with no apparent connection with the various wheels which are ringing and flashing in the bright sunshine around it. Twice a day do I vibrate between Union Place and the Battery with the same monotonous motion; and throughout the whole line of Broadway, not an eye is there to mark my swing, not a hand that I could meet with answering touch, is outstretched to lend new life to the soulless motion. I am now almost reconciled to my mysterious doom; but there were long days and many that I struggled against my hermit destiny. I saw the fate which impended over me in anticipation, and as friend after friend dropped away from my side, and the bright faces in which I sunned myself were one by one withdrawn, I clung with anxious restlessness to the hope that one—one—at least might yet be left. I remember in that day of fevered hope, that the mere sight of a trunk or a carpet bag behind a carriage would strike me with dismay. What knew I but that the unconscious thing might be the symbol of some new depar-

ture in which I was interested? what knew I but that the vehicle which then rattled by me was bearing off her that I would most miss from the rapidly depopulating city. There were strange semblances in those days about the decrepid and phantom-looking hacks which gilded by me. Faces would peer from the windows which I knew could not be so soon upon the wing, and a mocking laugh would ring in my ears from voices which I felt could never mock me thus. Often at witnessing such sights and sounds, would I rush down to the steamboat wharf and there find a brief respite from gloom in discovering that the real persons of those whose images had been thus shadowed forth, were not actually on board. They still lingered in the city, from which all were fleeing, and a few hours of social intercourse were yet left me.

At last, however, even these were gone—ay! only one besides myself remained! But such a one!

It was a fair girl—a blithe, happy creature, with eyes of heaven's own blue, and hair all radiant of the light which claims the same birth-place. Gentle she was, too, as the airs which travel thence upon summer's blandest eve.

We were alone—this fair girl and I—alone amid the unmeaning crowd that had no part nor lot in thought and feeling with a being such as her, and fondly did I whisper myself that she lingered amid the desolation for me alone. She seemed like that almost magical flower which the polar discoverer found blooming upon the arctic desert—as fresh and fair amid its casing of ice as if a tropic sun had warmed it into being. It would redeem the darkest lot to find such a flower blooming in one's path, and I cared not that the city was.

— "My dwelling-place,

With one fair spirit for my minister,"

so that I might see, love, live for only her. "We met," we met often, and though "twas in a crowd," yet did she not "shun me!" for, said I not, that we were all alone in that crowd! But weeks wore on, and she too, that blessed comforter, was to be stolen from me.

I hardly remember now what brought the first warning to my heart of the impending blow. I could not and I would not see that it hung over me. Something there was though of wearying of the town—a little talk of other days—a transient memory of childish sports upon the river, and a mention of an aunt in the country.

Valn'y I tried her drooping soul to raise; I spoke cheerfully of the resources near, I painted the verdurous aisles of Washington Square in prospect—I tried to lure her to the Battery. I spoke of Niblo's! She listened—kindly, but not with earnestness. She did not complain, but her heart was evidently away to the green fields and murmuring brooks and hanging orchards of her kinswoman's villa; there, where her favorite cousin (a boy—a romping boy—a boy of fifteen!) claimed her to share his sports, what time the August sun withdrawn from shady stream should tempt the lazy angler to the woods.

And now I was indeed alone. I saw the low hung and endless Long Island wagon drag its last length aboard of the South Ferry steamboat, I heard the relentless engine give its first ponderous jar, and I watched the pea-green handbox on the top of the stage until it became blended with objects upon the opposite shore; and then, as I mentally exclaimed, "how often will that odious cousin bait his hook for her!" I

laughed a laugh—that first half-savage laugh of the overtasked young spirit which is never laughed but once—I laughed it then! and rushed up Whitehall street.

It boots not to tell how since have passed my hours. Mine is no common lot—and the details of my feelings can, therefore, awaken no general sympathy. Time was when breakfasting alone was to me a luxury—time was when dining with a friend was to me the height of enjoyment: but now the charm of the first has become so common, the pleasure of the last so rare, that I would share my meals even with a billiard-marker, or a dandyling to have aught approaching to humanity so near me. The waiters, sitting by the deserted windows of my hotel, scarcely rise from their places when I enter; yet I have not the heart to reprove them for their want of respect for the last member. The fawn has been known to make friends with the lion when thus isolated from all the rest of creation—and besides venturing once or twice into Wall street, and sliding unobtrusively past a loitering broker, I have found myself more than once wistfully approaching a sheriff's officer. But it did not speak to me—and I slunk away in faintheartedness and dejection. I do not think, however, that there has been any weak surrender to the gloom which such loneliness may well awaken; for I catch at every sight and sound which may let cheerfulness into the windows of my soul. Sometimes I wander in the suburbs, where the deep bass notes of the wine which our city laws have not yet desparked, awaken a rural association. Sometimes I listen to the shrill tenor of the swallows, wheeling like lawyers on a circuit, around the chimneys of the Bridewell. Sometimes I loiter round the public gardens, and catch a glimpse of green from their diminutive parterres. But here there is always something to disturb the stoicism which I find it so difficult to preserve. I hear songs which remind me of

The lawless breeze and the glowing sky,  
And bright world shut from my languid eye.

"Away, away, to the mountain's brow" but serves to knit my brow with care; "Some love to roam," reminds me that I must stay at home; "It's my delight of a shiny night," only makes me curse *my stars*—and when I hear,

"Oh, Nannie wilt though gang wi' me,  
Nor sigh to leave this flaunting town?"

I gnash my teeth at the thought that Nannie could gang without me, and leave her lover to sigh in vain. As for the theatre, with its *Trees and Groves*, and its expected *Woods, Forests and Meadows*, it but mocks my misery; while *Barnes* in the city raises only a deluding image of a cottage in the country. Now and then I take a sort of savage pleasure in reading the advertisements of country seats for sale, and disport my fancy over the maps and prospectuses now so common, of new collections of villas, projected by some ingenious persons, who talk about "eligible sites for the ornamental cottage, and grounds of a retired gentleman," upon "nicely leveled lots, in parallelograms of twenty-five feet by a hundred." He who invented the art of packing a quart of wine into a pint decanter, must have given the first hint to these worthies. Thank heaven, I have no such maimed ruralities to offend my eyes as their procrustean labors would fain create. It is true that my better senses are now

all prisoned up in the brick walls around me; but I would rather they should be fettered than perverted. My rural taste may languish for want of nutriment to feed upon, but better thus than it should become vitiated and cocknified from unnatural ailment. The realms of fancy are still mine; for

"When breeze and beam, like 'shieves come in,  
To steal me away, I deem it sin  
To slight their voice, and away I'm straying,  
Over the hills and vales a Maying."

I own many a lot in the fields of imagination, which, though of no marketable value, is nearly as substantial as those in which people about me are speculating. The last that I have laid out are among the Adirondach mountains, where, wholly unnoticed by the learned gentlemen who have been tracing the sources of the Hudson in that quarter, I have accompanied the surveying party over many a romantic tract, where the magic pencil of Cole was busied long since. It is grievous, however, to retrace my steps from this sweet and roaming track of my fancy; for

"Then what a dreary, dismal gloom,  
Settles upon my loathed room—  
Darker to every thought and sense,  
Than if they had ne'er wandered thence."

At such a time as this, I use my washerwoman's album as a sort of safety-valve to let off my pent and pining musings; and the other day, while loitering near the river, and flinging in vain upon the tide the weary thoughts that would ever and anon recur to me, like the valueless chips which, when set afloat by wanton boys, the waves so carefully still return to their feet, the last words of the last man were thus poured out:

River, oh river! thou rovest free,  
From the mountain height to the fresh blue sea!  
Free thyself, but with silver chain,  
Linking each charm of land and main.  
From splintered crag, thou leap'st below,  
Through leafy glades at will to flow—  
Lingering now by the steep's mossed edge—  
Loitering now mid the dallying sedge:  
And pausing ever, to call thy waves—  
From grassy meadows and fern-hid caves—  
And then, with a prouder tide to break  
From wooded valley to breezy lake:  
Yet all of these scenes, though fair they be,  
River, oh river! are banned to me.

River, oh river! upon thy tide  
Full many a freighted bark doth glide;  
Would that thou thus couldst bear away,  
The thoughts that burthen my weary day!  
Or that I, from all save them, made free,  
Though laden still, might rove with thee!  
True that thy waves brief life-time find,  
And live at the will of the wanton wind;  
True that thou seekest the ocean's flow,  
To be lost therein for evermoe—  
Yet the slave who worships at Glory's shrine,  
But toils for a bubble as frail as thine;  
But loses his freedom here, to be  
Forgotten as soon as in death set free.

Two things are embarrassing: to be silent, when we ought to speak; and to speak when we ought to be silent.



## AN OLD MAID'S MUSINGS.

## A PARODY.

## I.

WHEN the hours of night are numbered,  
And the voice of chanticleer  
Calls the drowsy ones that slumbered  
To renew their toll and care;

## II.

Ere the stars have ceas'd their vigils,  
Or the sun's bright beams intrude,  
Thoughts of other days, and brighter,  
Come to haunt my solitude.

## III.

Then the forms of the departed  
Sweep through mem'ry's shaded halls;  
Old belov'd ones—but false-hearted,  
Stand before me, one and all.

## IV.

He, the gallant youth, who cherish'd  
Hopes of making me his wife,  
But who, when those hopes had perish'd,  
Left me to an old maid's life!

## V.

They, the countless host of suitors,  
Who had plead for hope in vain,  
One by one in turn departed,  
Never to return again!

## VI.

And with them that faithless lover,  
Who once worship'd at my shrine,  
Said he ne'er could love another—  
Married now, but ah! not mine!

## VII.

With a slow and stealthy footstep  
Comes that fickle, worthless one,  
Scarcely dares to lift his head up,  
When he thinks of what he's done.

## VIII.

Now he steals a glance toward me  
With his small and snake-like eyes,  
Till I wonder how I ever  
Thought him worth a dozen sighs!

## IX.

Uttered low, but comprehended,  
Were his vows of constancy;  
But those foolish scenes are ended,  
And I bless my stars—I'm free!

## X.

Oh, though oft distress'd and lonely,  
Still I've cause to be resigned;  
I should not have been an "old maid,"  
Had not each one chang'd his mind.

N'IMPORTE QUI.

For the Rover—Brunswick, Me., July, 1844.

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THE POWER OF FRIENDSHIP.

It was nearly four o'clock; and I had not yet prepared myself to give my lecture. The heat was oppressive, the air heavy, the sky tempestuous; and I felt a sensation of restlessness and nervous irritability

quite unusual to me. During the last week I had not enjoyed one hour's tranquillity: several persons dangerously ill and requiring my attention had called for me. One in particular (the only support of a large family) gave me great anxiety, and excited in my mind extreme sympathy. In this state I got into the carriage to go to the University. At that moment an unsealed note was put into my hand. I opened it immediately, and found it to announce the death of poor H—, for whom I was so much interested; and this news affected me deeply.

The stroke was the more severe as I had not foreseen the event, and consequently, had not the consolation of having been able to prepare the family of my patient for so great a misfortune. Hitherto the chair of declamation had always been to me rather a pleasure than a labor; the abstract theories of the science had amused my mind: but this evening I felt a degree of uneasiness on my spirits for which I could not account. The events of the day had so deeply affected me that I felt an almost insurmountable inclination to repose. When I reached the entry of the hall, I cast a look around at the unusually full audience, and as I passed through the crowd I heard the name of a celebrated doctor, spoken of as being among my hearers. At another time these were circumstances that would have given me pleasure, but now they increased my confusion, which was indeed complete when I discovered that I had left my notes in the carriage, which I had dismissed at the door, intending to walk home. It was too late to send for them; and I was now in great perplexity. I opened my port-folio, and hastily ran through a number of remarks that I had thrown in there without arranging them; happily, I fell upon some novel observations upon insanity, and I then determined to make that the subject of my off-hand lecture.

I have but a confused idea of what then followed: but I remember the applause which saluted my entrance, and which became still louder when my confusion was observed. As soon as there was silence I summoned all my courage, and began. The first words cost me infinite pain: I hesitated and stopped continually; but by degrees I recovered myself, and the great attention paid to me gave me confidence. I soon found the cloud that overspread my senses clearing off; my ideas became less confused; the words came readily, and comparisons and expressions crowded upon me. I had only to choose them. As I went on my observations became more striking, and my demonstrations more clear and comprehensive. I was astonished at the fluency with which I expressed myself. I found great facility in treating several difficult subjects, which at another time I should hardly have dared attempted. They seemed to me clear and simple, and I got through them as trifles. Still greater became my surprise to find that my memory, which had hitherto been slow and imperfect, was suddenly become miraculously faithful, and brought back the most trifling circumstances of my long career. I cited an author, and with so much exactitude, that one might have imagined that I held the book in my hand; facts and anecdotes came to elucidate my theories and demonstrations; the cases of insanity that I had witnessed in my youth, and which I thought were effaced from my memory, rushed back upon it as if they had recently happened. I became every moment more at ease, the promptness with which one idea followed

another exciting every faculty; and words came to give them expression. At that moment a great terror took possession of my mind. It seemed to me that some unknown danger, which it was not in my power to avoid, hung over me.

The supernatural power that had hitherto supported me began to sink: my thoughts became confused; strange faces and fantastic images flitted before my eyes. The objects of which I had been speaking came to life, and I seemed like a magician who, by a word, rendered visible the living and the dead. I stopped! The most perfect silence reigned in the hall, and every eye was turned toward me. All at once a horrible thought seized me, a convulsive laugh broke from me, and I exclaimed, "*I also am mad!*" All the assembly rose instantaneously like one body. Every voice raised a cry of surprise and terror; and of what afterward happened I knew nothing.

When I recovered my senses I was in bed. I looked around—I knew every object in the room. The sun shone upon the window-curtains, which were half crossed; I was sensible it was evening; I saw nobody in the room; and when I endeavored to comprehend who I was, and why there, a faintness came over me; I shut my eyes, and tried to sleep, when some one entered the room awakened me: it was my friend Doctor G—, who approached the bed, and attentively examined me for the space of a few moments. While he thus looked at me I perceived that he changed color, his hand trembled while feeling my pulse, and in a low and melancholy whisper he said, "My God, how he is changed!" I then heard a voice at the door say, "May I come in?" The doctor did not answer, and my wife came gently into the room. She looked pale and sorrowful; her eyes were wet, and, as she bent anxiously over me, burning tears fell upon my face. She took my hands in both hers, bent her lips close to my ear, and said, "William, do you know me?" A long silence followed this question. I tried to answer, but was incapable of pronouncing one word. I wished to show by some sign that I was sensible of her presence. I fixed my eyes upon her; but I heard her say amidst deep sobs and tears.

"Alas! he does not know me!"

And thus I perceived that my efforts had been in vain. The doctor now took my wife by the hand to lead her from the room.

"Not yet, not yet," she said, withdrawing her hand, and I relapsed into delirium. When again I became sensible, I felt as if I had awakened from a long and deep sleep. I still suffered, but less severely; extreme weakness had succeeded to fever; my eyes were painful, and a mist was over them, at first I was not sensible that any one was in the room, but gradually objects became more distinct, and I saw the doctor seated by my bed. He said, "Are you better William?" Hitherto my ineffectual attempts to make myself understood had not given me pain; but now the impossibility of doing so was a martyrdom. I soon became aware that my strength of mind was leaving me, and that death approached. The efforts that I made to rouse myself from this sort of death-like slumber must have been very violent, for a cold sweat came all over me: I heard a rushing as if my ears were full of water, and my limbs were convulsed. I seized the doctor's hand, which I pressed with all my strength. I rose in my bed and looked wildly at him. This did not last

long; I soon fell again into weakness: I dropped the hand which I had grasped, my eyes closed, and I fell back on my bed. All that I remember at that moment were the words of poor Doctor G—, who, thinking me dead, exclaimed, "At last his sufferings are over!"

Many hours passed before I recovered my senses. The first sensation of which I became sensible was the coldness of the air, which felt like ice upon my face; it seemed as if an enormous weight was on it; my arms were stretched against my body, and though I was lying in a most inconvenient position, yet it was impossible to change it; I tried to speak, but had not the power. Some time afterward I heard the steps of many people walking in the room, something heavy was set down, and a hoarse voice pronounced these words: "William H—, aged thirty-eight: I thought him older!" These words recalled to my mind all the circumstances of my illness! I understood that I had ceased to live, and that preparations were making for my interment. Was I then dead? The body was indeed cold and inanimate; but *thought* was not extinct. How could it be that all traces of life had disappeared exteriorly, and that sentiment still existed in the chilly frame that was now going to be conveyed to the grave? What a horrible idea! My God! is this a dream? No; all was real. I recalled to my mind the last words of the doctor; he knew too well the signs of death to allow himself to be deceived by false appearances. No hope! None! I felt myself being placed in the coffin. What language can describe all the horror of that moment.

I knew not how long I remained in this situation. The silence that reigned in the room was again broken, and I was sensible that many of my friends came to look at me for the last time.

My mind was awake to all the horrors of my situation: in a moment my heart became sensible of acute suffering. But what! thought I to myself; is everything within me dead? Is the soul, as well as the body inanimate? My *thought* nevertheless was a proof to the contrary. What is then become of my *will* to speak, to see, to live? Everything within me sleeps, and is as inactive as if I never had existed! Are the nerves disobedient to the commands of the brain? Why do those swift messengers refuse to obey the soul? I recalled to mind the almost miraculous instances of the power of mind directed to one purpose and urged by a strong impulse. I knew the history of the Indian who, after the death of his wife, had offered his breast to her infant, and had nourished it with milk. Was not this miracle the effect of a strong will? I myself had seen life and motion restored to a palsied limb by a mighty effort of the mind, which had awakened the dormant nerves. I knew a man whose heart beat slowly or quick as he pleased. Yes, thought I, in a transport of joy, the will to live remains. It is only when this faculty has yielded that Death can become master of us. I felt a hope of reviving, as I may express it, by the vigor of my will; but alas! I cannot even now think of it without fear! The moments were speeding fast away, and by the noises around me I comprehended that preparation was making to close my coffin. What is to be done? If the will has really the power attributed to it, how shall I direct it? During all my illness I often strongly desired to speak and move, but could not do so. I now made another effort. As the wrestler puts forth the utmost strength of every

muscle to raise up his antagonist, so I employed all that my will could command, and endeavored to impart to my nerves the impulse of that energetic volition, my last hope! *It was in vain.* In vain did I try to raise one breath within my breast—to utter one sigh. And, oh! what increase of horror! I heard the nails applied to my coffin! Despair was in the sound!

At that very instant E—, my oldest, my dearest friend, came into my room. He had performed a long journey to see me once more, to bid an eternal farewell to the companion of his childhood. They made way for him. He rushed forward and laid his hand, his faithful, fond hand on my bosom. Oh, the warmth of that friend's hand! It touched the inmost fibres of my heart, and it sprang to meet him. That emotion acted upon my whole system; the blood was agitated; it began to flow; my nerves trembled, and a convulsive sigh burst from my disenchained lungs; every fibre moved with a sudden bound, like the cordage of a vessel struggling against a mighty sea. I breathed again! But so sudden and so unexpected was the change in my frame, that an idea came to my mind that it could not be real—that I was again deprived of reason. Happily this doubt soon ceased. A cry of terror, and these words, "He lives!" uttered distinctly enough for me to hear, put all beyond doubt. The noise and bustle became general, and some voice exclaimed, "E— has fainted: raise him up, carry him hence that he may not when he opens his eyes first behold his friend. Orders, exclamations, cries of joy and surprise, increased every instant: all that I now recall is, that I was lifted out of my coffin, and, before a good fire was completely brought to life, and found myself surrounded by friends. After some weeks I was restored to health; I had seen death as near as possible, and my lips had touched the bitter portion which one day I must drink to the last drop.—*Hood's Magazine.*

THE GLORIOUS TWENTY.

Anecdote of the Hornet and Penguin.

It has been related that William Cobbett used to show no small exultation in recapitulating the naval victories of the Americans. He was one day speaking somewhat boldly on the subject in the presence of an English officer, who pettishly observed—"There is good reason for it; I went on board their men of war after our defeat, and found *half* their sailors *were English!*" "Well," retorted the shrewd and undaunted radical, "and were not your sailors *all English?*"

We believe we are the first to put into printed record, a little anecdote that may fairly claim consanguinity with the above.

On the 23d of March, 1815, the United States brig of war Hornet, under the command of Capt. James Biddle, captured the British brig of war Penguin, after an action of twenty minutes. Capt. Biddle, himself, stretching naval courtesy to the utmost, sets the time down as twenty-two minutes; but the cry of surrender was shouted from the Penguin two minutes sooner, though the enemy treacherously fired after, and renewed the conflict. The brave tars of the Hornet never allowed the extra two minutes any notice; but sung, drank, toasted, and told the battle o'er again, ever distinguishing the gallant affair, after their characteristic fashion, as "*The Glorious Twenty!*"

Many years after this well known naval occurrence, the hero of the Hornet, then in command of a squad-

ron, was cruising in the Mediterranean, when one day his attention was attracted as he walked the quarter-deck, by a sailor bowling and scraping to him from a distant part of the vessel, as if anxious to be permitted to address him. He called the man to him; who came up with an anxious, smiling, imploring, and yet triumphant mixture of expression in his weather-beaten countenance, still scraping and asking pardon for his boldness.

"Out with your business, my man," said the Commodore—"what would you have?"

"Why, please your honor, if you won't be angry"—stammered the sailor, maintaining still a half-confident expression.

"Not if what you say is honest and worthy of a brave sailor. Speak out, sir."

"Why, then, your honor, you see as how Coramodore, this is the day of the Glorious Twenty!"

"The what?"

"The Glorious Twenty, your honor, the time you took the Penguin."

Biddle remembered then that the day was, indeed, the 23d of March, the anniversary of his famous exploit, and his heart warmed up toward the sailor.

"Well, my man," said the commander, slightly softening his tone.

"Well, your honor, don't think me bold, but—I *was* in that action, sir!"

"You!"

"Yes, your honor, *I was* in that action!"

The brave officer's eyes glistened, and he stretched out his hand to the sailor.

"I am glad to see you, my good fellow; I rejoice to meet any of my old companions in that noble achievement of American seamen. And you always remember the day, do you?"

"Ay, that I do, your honor."

"I am glad to see you still alive and in the service of your country; they were brave fellows who fought with me that day."

"Thank your honor—thank you—I'm so glad, sir—you—you—won't think me bold, Commodore?"

"I will think you bold, my man," replied the Commodore, yielding a little to enthusiasm; not a man fought on board the Hornet that day who was not bold as a lion—brave Jack-tars every soul of them."

"So they were, Commodore; God bless your honor! Well, then, your honor, if you please, let me get glorious to-day? I always does it, you see once a year, on this day, your honor. Please to let me get a little glorious, sir, in honor of the Glorious Twenty?"

"Get glorious?"

"Yes, if you please your honor, a little swipesy or so—now do, your honor, just in honor of the Glorious Twenty."

The kind-hearted Commodore waved the severity of discipline for once, and gave the brave sailor who had been by his side in battle, permission to enjoy himself as he wished for one day, only warning him to guard his conduct and go to his berth without allowing his excess of "glory" to disturb the good order of the vessel.

The happy sailor promised everything, and bowed himself away from the quarter deck, while order was given direct from the Commodore, that he should be furnished with an extra allowance of grog.

The day wore on, and everything was regular and

quiet, as usual, until some hours after, when a furious uproar broke out among the men forward, the uncommon noise reaching every corner of the ship. On calling to know the cause of such an outrageous disturbance, the Commodore was informed that one of the men was drunk; had been vociferously cursing the Yankees for traitors, rebels, cowards, and everything else insulting, until he got knocked down and desperately beaten by one of the other sailors. The man was sent for immediately, and made his appearance, with his face pummeled to a pulp, blind and bleeding, and half stupid with drink and the bitter punishment he had received. He proved to be the hero of the morning, who had been in the Hornet and Penguin engagement, and so obtained the Commodore's permission to "get glorious."

Justly indignant at such a result of his kindness, Commodore Biddle addressed the man in tones of stern anger and reproach.

"Did you not promise me, sir, to go to your berth quietly, when I gave you the favor you asked this morning? Is this the way you abuse my kindness?"

"Please your—*hic!* your honor, I believe I got a little—*hic!*—a little too glorious," stammered the sailor looking very stupid, miserable and repentant.

"You have got drunk, like a beast," said the Commodore in a fearful voice, "and it is not your worst offence, sir; how could you, sir, curse and abuse your countryman as you have done. Can you so insult your messmates, and dare to call yourself an American?"

"Please your honor—*hic!*—I'm not an American?"

"What, sir?"

"*Hic!*—I isn't no American, your honor."

"Sir?"

"Please you, sir, I'm a—*hic!*—"

"Well, sir?"

"An Englishman, your honor?"

"Rascal! did you not say you was with me on the Hornet?"

"Beg pardon, your honor, but—*hic!*—I didn't say that; coz I wasn't on the 'Ornet."

"Where were you, sir?"

"On the Penguin, if you please, your honor. I only said—*hic!*—"

"Speak, sir!"

"I only said *I was in that action, sir!*"

"Put him in irons till he gets sober," roared the Commodore; "I am glad the beast is not an American!"

There was great depth in Cobbett's remark, and, doubtless, one cause of the American naval victories was, that sailors on British ships were "*all English!*"
—*St. Louis Reveille.*

ELECTRICITY AT BREAKFAST.—Dr. Lardner says—Startling as it may seem, it is beyond contradiction certain that the largest charge of the largest Leyden battery does not equal in quality the electricity which passes between the tongue and a silver spoon, during the simple act of eating an egg. Indeed, if the quantity developed in the latter case were free to assume the form of the electricity obtained from friction, the result would be a lightning flash of no small power. The chemical action of a grain of water upon four grains of zinc, can evolve electricity equal in quantity to that of a powerful thunder-storm.

THE WOOD-MOUSE.

BY MARY HOWITT.

D'VE know the little wood-mouse?
That pretty little thing,
That sits among the forest leaves,
Or by the forest spring?

Its fur is red, like red chesnut,
And it is small and slim;
It leads a life most innocent
Within the forest dim.

'Tis a timid, gentle creature,
And seldom comes in sight;
It has a long and wiry tail,
And eyes both black and bright.

It makes a bed of soft, dry moss,
In a hole that's deep and strong;
And there it sleeps, secure and warm,
The dreary winter long.

And though it keeps no calendar,
It knows when flowers are springing;
And waketh in its summer life,
When the nightingale is singing.

Upon the banks the squirrel plays,
The wood-mouse plays below,
And plenty of food he finds for himself,
Where the beach and chesnut grow.

He sits in the hedge-sparrow's nest,
When its summer brood is fled;
And picks the berries from the bough
Of the hawthorn overhead.

And I saw a little wood-mouse once,
Like Oberon in his hall;
With the green, green moss beneath his feet,
Sit under a mushroom tall.

I saw him sit and his dinner eat,
All under the forest tree—
His dinner of chesnut ripe and red,
And he ate it heartily.

I wish you could have seen him there,
It did my spirit good,
To see the small thing God had made,
Thus eating in the wood.

I saw that God regardeth them,
These creatures weak and small:
Their table in the wild is spread
By Him who cares for all.

HARRY MARKHAM,

The Eastern Speculator.

"WHERE are you bound Harry—going to emigrate," said an old, calculating money-maker, as he met his young friend in Broadway, laden with traveling-case, cloak, rifle and umbrella, and moving with hot speed, from one store to another in pursuit of something very necessary to complete his equipments.

Harry, staring at the speaker, replied—"What! have you not heard of the great speculating fever that's raging in Maine? They say that some folks have caught it, and gone to bed, without a shilling in their pockets, and waked up worth a million. I'm going down to try it."

The old man thrust his tongue into his cheek, shook his head, and saying there would be a vacancy in his counting-house in a month, passed on.

Harry Markham was one-and-twenty, and had just come to the possession of some ten thousand dollars, left him, by his father, at his demise. He had been well educated at the schools, but he had studied the world only to get cheated. A wallet, in his breast pocket, contained his fortune. Speculation, to him, was a smooth sea. Launch upon it, and fair winds were sure to bear him to a golden island, where there was nothing to do but to load in the ore. Harry left New York, like a man going to his wedding; with his brain in a whirl, and his whole feelings in such a happy perplexity, he could scarcely find two ideas, for anything but the fortune he was about to wed. It was in the summer of '35 when the excitement ran highest, that Harry resolved to make a bold push for possession of one side of "Down East."

In a few days he was in Bangor, and as the Bangor house was the chief depot of those who were affected with the "fever," as he termed it, he resolved to take up his quarters there.

As he entered the drawing-room, he observed, on a panel in the wall, a splendidly colored map, in size, about six feet by eight, and resembling a nice piece of mosaic. Over it, was to be read, in large gilt capitals, "Plan of the town of Guilafellow." A group was collected round the plan, while several were descanting upon the scenery of the place. Its natural water-works—as much before the Fairmount, at Philadelphia, as those are superior to a town-pump; its delightful scenery, and the talk about locating a college there, was all touched upon, and numerous were the other recommendations.

"Rare chance, that, sir," said a gentleman bowing to Harry, and who had been examining the chart, apparently as an uninterested spectator. "Fine drawing," replied Harry, determined not to be taken in by a painting. "Ah! sir," continued the stranger, "the town as much exceeds *that*, as that surpasses the advantages held out by a black sheet. I have been there. There are fortunes marked out for somebody; but only ten lots remain unsold."

"Only ten, did you say; how many were first offered?" "But three hundred and twenty," said the stranger carelessly as he noticed Harry's growing interest. "And how long have they been in the market?" "Since dinner. They are decidedly the best bargains that have been offered." Harry did not think to inquire how long they were in market *before* dinner, nor how many sham sales had been made to effect real ones. He only saw that the "minutes, set with diamonds," were slipping by, and he losing the treasure.

The clerk of the house coming in, Harry demanded to know if he could have a bed and a room by himself, for a few days. "Why bless you, no!" said the clerk, "The smallest room we have has five beds in it, and forty, which we put up in the stable yesterday, are all engaged. We couldn't find room to lodge a fly, without he would first take his wings off." Harry, thinking to bribe the clerk, silently slipped between his fingers a ten-dollar bill.

"Pish!" said he, pushing back the money, "just look here."

So saying he touched a spring in the wall, and opened a hole which had formerly been a receptacle for old boots, blacking, shoe-brushes, and brooms. "There,"

continued the clerk—"a gentleman paid me seven dollars for the privilege of sleeping there four hours last night."

Here the stranger who had first spoken interceded. "The gentleman can have a place in my bed, if he pleases. It has only three, and will accommodate another." Harry very thankfully accepted the favor, suggesting that they might take in two or three more and then, like sailors sleep by watches.

He was now ready to give his whole attention to the object of his journey. He sought an interview with the great owner of the chart and ten lots, which was obtained through the kind offices of the stranger-friend.

"Long in the city inquired Mr. Swell, after salutations were exchanged.

"Arrived to-night."

"From Boston?"

"From New York."

"Indeed! Have you seen Mr. Astor there, within a few days?"

"Have not," "He wrote," continued Mr. Swell, "desiring that I should retain twenty lots of the Guilafellow township, for him; but I forgot it until all but twenty were gone, and shall be unable to gratify him."

"What price do you set on the remaining lots?" inquired Harry; thinking if so keen a person as John J. Astor, should deem it a safe investment he need not hesitate to purchase. "Twenty-five hundred dollars apiece, quarater down, to be forfeited if the remainder is not paid in six days. Or two thousand dollars, on receiving the deed. They are the best lots in the town; one of them being opposite the great public square, and the remainder being alongside the magnificent waterworks." Harry took Mr. Swell by the button, pulled him out of hearing of the rest of the company, and taking out his wallet, laid down ten one thousand dollar bills. "I will give these," said he, "and security on the land for the remainder."

"No!" said the speculator coldly.—"Promise to pay the remainder in thirty days and I will give you a bond for a deed." Harry hesitated. It was paying all his wealth, but a few hundred dollars, for what he had never seen, and which might be as deceptive and unimprovable as a bank of moonshine. And thirty days was a short time to clear ten thousand dollars, unless he could dispose of some of the water-privileges, or perhaps sell the lots opposite the "Great Square" to erect the college buildings on. For Mr. Swell had intimated that it was elevated, overlooking the whole "town," and swept by clear breezes—a desirable situation. It was then, when only the weight of a feather was wanting to clench the bargain, that the stranger walked up, and told Mr. Swell that he had concluded to take lots No. 170, and 205, and that the money would be ready when the deeds were. This, coming from one who had seen them, decided Harry, and he replied, before Mr. Swell could find his tongue, that he was just concluding a bargain for the whole of them. The disappointment of the stranger was extreme; but the interest he had felt in Harry, from the moment he first saw him, compelled him to relinquish all claims which a previous offer gave.

Between and under, his three bed-fellows, our speculator slept but little that night, but he was consoled by Mr. Swell, who was one of the party, with the assurance that he would not be crowded when he got upon his own soil.

The next day the papers were made out, and on the

day following, Harry, in company with a lumberman, who was to point out all the opportunities for improvement, started for the Gullafellow. It was two days ride from the city, and about the close of the second day, when his companion told him they were near the "town." Harry was continually stretching up his neck to catch a glimpse of the steeples. They had not passed a house since noon; the roads were in a wretched condition; but his spirits were kept buoyant by the thoughts of a tavern and a soft bed.

The sun was about setting, and the mist begun to gather into the damp forests, when the lumberman, pointing ahead, called out, with much evident satisfaction, "there it is." Harry, who saw nothing but a log hut, without a window, and a chimney on the outside, propped up by young saplings, supposed it was something that had been dropped in a rain-storm; never once dreaming that man could make anything half so ugly, and replied that it was a great curiosity.

In a few minutes they drove up to the hole which had received the name of "Door," and the lumberman jumped out. A man with a head as hairy as a buffalo's, and which it might be safe to suppose had not been washed since he was an infant, came out and accosted them:

"Wall, strangers, I'm right down glad to see you. There has been nobody along for five weeks before, and I'm all out of tobacco. Come, youngster, jump down, and go in," he continued, addressing Harry.

"Thank you; believe I will not go in; can't stop now."

"You might as well," said the settler, "there is no other house within fifteen miles of us, and it is worth a man's life to go it in the night time."

"No other house!" echoed Harry in a voice between a scream and a groan. "Are there two places in this state called Gullafellow?"

"Not's I knows of, sir. There was a settlement begun, under that name, about ten miles further down but the tarnal wild critters drove 'em out and broke it up before 'twas a week old."

"This is the Gullafellow; but it does not show so nice as it does in the day time," said the lumberman in a bland, comforting tone.

Harry descended. A supper of potatoes and bacon tasted good after their weary ride, and a bed of hemlock boughs, in a corner of the cabin, beside a pig, the settler, his wife and two children, he found as comfortable as the one in Bangor with three bed-fellows.

Early the next morning, with the settler as a guide, he started to explore the lot before the "Great Square," and those "lying along the magnificent water-works." The guide carried an axe to clear away the bushes and at his suggestion, Harry took his rifle.

After walking more than half a mile, through a forest, filled with a thick undergrowth of thorn-bushes covering innumerable fallen trees and mud-sloughs, they arrived at the foot of an enormous ill-shapen rock, rising some hundreds of feet high, and without a single tree, or green spot an inch square, on its whole surface. "There is fine air!" said the guide, "fine views; it overlooks the whole 'town.' This is the lot opposite the 'Great Square!'"

Harry, in a faint voice, declined ascending, but expressed a desire to see the 'Square.' The guide waded up to the spot where he stood, nearly up to his knees in mud that was expressing all kinds of signs of life, through its inhabitants, and pointing to a tree,

from one side of which the bark had been hewn, asked if he saw it.

"Certainly!" gasped Harry.

"Well, that is one of the corner-bounds," continued the guide, "and we're on the north side of the 'Square,' and have just come through the centre of it!"

Whether Harry was faint just at that time, or not, we have never learned; but he looked a little white round his lips, and rested his arm round the shoulder of his guide as though for support.

"Now," said he at last, "we will look at the lots by the water if you please."

"That is best done from the top of the rock before us. I think we had better go up," replied the guide; and accordingly they commenced the ascent. There was hardly a place, on the whole rock, where both feet could be brought on a level, and they toiled nearly an hour before reaching its summit.

Harry did not speak, he only sat down, when the guide, pointing to a level, marshy tract, in which could be discovered a few spots of water, but more brakes and bushes, told him there were the "Water Privileges," and that all the rich bog, a little nearer, belonged to his own estate.

While they were on the rock, an incident occurred which had well nigh made it the grave of Harry as well as of his fortune.

A cloud, which had been gathering in the west for more than an hour, suddenly rolled up, and the hoarse rumbling of the thunder, and the large drops, which begun to descend at intervals, betokened that a heavy shower was close upon them. The guide, not afraid of a little water himself, but anxious on his companion's account, said he remembered having once seen a cave, a short distance lower down, and toward it they both scrambled.

They had scarcely reached it before the rain began to fall in floods. The lightnings seemed to play on the very face of the rock, which trembled beneath the heavy peals of thunder, as though it would be riven. In the height of the tempest, a flash of lightning struck its summit, and an immense mass of granite came bursting, grinding down the steep, with an awful sound, which reverberated frightfully through the crashing woods. A fierce growl from the back of the cave succeeded. "My God!" whispered the guide, "we are in a bear's den!" and scarcely had he spoken, when they saw the flashing eyes of one of the largest of those animals, approaching. To retreat was their first impulse. But to escape, if they could not destroy him, they knew to be an impossibility.

The creature, affrighted and infuriated by the continuing roar of the tempest, leaped from the den, ere they had gone twenty feet, and knowing all attempts at flight would be useless, both turned in defence. Harry, with a sure aim, discharged his rifle into the creature's breast, but he only became the more exasperated. His claws tore the scales from the rock, his eyes glowed like fire, and the winds blew the froth from his teeth as he sent forth dreadful growls.

The guide stepped before Harry, planted his feet firmly, and when the bear reared on his hind legs to give him the death-embrace, he drove the axe, with desperate energy, into his brain. It was effectual, and the body tumbled down the descent, and reached the valley crushed and shapeless.

Harry wished to see no more, but advised immediate return. Next morning he left Gullafellow and

its attractions, for Bangor. He did not go to the Bangor House, this time, but retired to more private quarters, and on the following day departed for home.

Harry went out, as we have said, like one going to his wedding. He returned, like a man coming from a funeral, with his brain clear and thoughtful, and his feelings painful. But he was not the one to despond, and on the morning after his arrival in New York, he called upon the old man whom he had met when leaving the city. "What success, my boy?" said he as soon as Harry came in sight.

"I have come to say," replied the latter, "that I will fill the vacancy in your counting-house."—*Leveiston (Maine) Adv.*

DUTCH THRIFT AND HONESTY.

AN EXAMPLE FOR THE DELINQUENT STATES.

THE Kingdom of Holland, with a population of only 2,800,000, or a little more than that of the State of New York, owed a short time since, 1,200,000,000 guilders; or \$450,000,000, requiring an annual interest of 39,400,000 guilders, or \$15,600,000, being at the rate of \$5 57 to each inhabitant. Besides this, were the current expenses of the nation, for the support of government, army, navy, &c. The burden was so enormous, that public credit began to falter, and it was evident that an increase of resources must be obtained from some quarter. One project was, to impose a property tax of 1 1-2 per cent or so; but the government were reluctant to resort to such a measure, as the people were already overburdened with taxes. Another scheme, which was finally adopted, was to propose a voluntary loan of 127,000,000 florins, or \$50,900,000, bearing interest at 3 per cent. The history of this loan so honorable to the people of Holland, and so worthy of imitation by other communities similarly situated, is thus given by a correspondent of the Boston Daily Advertiser:

The Treasury of the Kingdom of the Netherlands being nearly exhausted, with heavy arrears and a large floating debt, which rendered it doubtful whether the interest on the funded debt could henceforward be paid in full, the government proposed to the States General a loan for 127,000,000 florins, (\$50,900,000)—toward which the late King, previous to his disease, subscribed 10,000,000—the said loan, bearing 3 per cent interest, to be issued at par, and at 3 per cent below; in combination with voluntary gifts to the treasury, and with the alternative of a property tax of nearly 1 1-2 per cent on an average, should the whole sum not be completed by voluntary subscriptions.

After serious and protracted discussions, this important measure was carried in the beginning of March, 1844, and toward the latter end of the same month the loan was proposed to the public, and entirely taken in the short space of ten days; all classes of the community, throughout the whole kingdom, having contributed their share, even laborers, servants and females sending in small donations; and the reigning King of the Netherlands, with the other members of the royal family, together with the capitalists, subscribed large sums toward the completion of the loan. The importance of the sacrifices making by the subscribers, may be inferred from the price of the new three per cent stock, which, during the progress of the subscriptions, was seventy-two per cent, and about the middle of April seventy-five to seventy-six per cent.

This example of public spirit and of the serious determination of the people to make any sacrifices for the sake of upholding the national faith and credit, is worthy of being imitated by those States of the North American Union, who have left unpaid the interest on their stocks, whereby this same generous Dutch nation is sufferer to a very considerable amount; they having trusted to the well known honor of the Americans and their ability, so clearly evinced on former occasions, to discharge their debts. Notwithstanding the non-payment of the interest on the stocks of several of these states, during about two years, the principal owners of American funds, in Holland, keep their bonds, confidently expecting that some measures will ultimately be taken, and that at no very distant period, for adjusting the arrears of interest, and meeting the payment of dividends falling due in the course of the present year 1844.

The benefits which Holland will derive from the aforementioned sacrifices, are the restoration of the public credit, and the probability that government will be enabled to reduce, by the voluntary assent of the stockholders, the interest on the five per cent. debt, or to redeem the capital of the principal part of it: which must ultimately lead to some reduction of the existing heavy taxes.

To another correspondent we have been indebted for a similar account of this highly creditable transaction.

"Poor laborers," says this letter, "boatmen, servants, children, in fact every one brought their offerings, saying that they gave them willingly, and hoped that they would serve to keep up the honest name of the country."

THE POOR MAN'S MEAT BARREL.

A True Story.

SOME years since there lived in the town of S—, Massachusetts, a most practical and good minister by the name of P—. Two of his parishioners by the name of White and Hagar, lived on opposite sides of a beautiful little pond that was full of pickerel. White was a rich farmer, and lived in a large two-story house. Hagar, was a poor day-laborer, with several small children, and lived in a little log hut on the very brink of the pond. Both were members of the church.

On a cold Sabbath morning in January, Farmer White started at an early hour for church, and, it being nearer, instead of going by the road, he cut across the pond upon the ice. But how was he mortified and shocked to find his poor brother Hagar, upon it, fishing. He approached him at once, and with a stern voice and a feeling of deeply offended piety, reprimanded him for his wickedness. Hagar attempted to reply, but White would not hear him. Hagar said he had a good excuse, and that his brother White would not only forgive, but even justify him, if he would consent to hear. But no, no, he would lay the matter before the church, was the only reply.

Accordingly, as soon as meeting was over, in the afternoon, he accompanied parson P.'s short distance on the road, and related to him the great wickedness he had witnessed in Hagar in the morning. Parson P., though of a mild and amiable temper, felt as though Hagar ought to be brought to judgment, and made an example of. Accordingly, the first time he saw him, the subject was broached with all due form and gravity, as in days of yore, in all such cases, made and

provided. The story of farmer White was repeated, and he asked if it was true? Hagar replied in the affirmative, stating also the fact that brother White refused to hear an explanation, which he desired to give; and which he now proposed to state.

"Well," said the parson mildly, "what is it?"

"Why," said Hagar, "I worked for Mr. B. till late on Saturday night, and expected to get something to last my family over Sunday, at Mr. G.'s store on my way home. But it was shut up, and I got nothing. We had nothing but a few potatoes in the house, and I told Mrs. Hagar that I would go out on the pond and catch three pickerel. She made no answer. And accordingly, in the morning, just as I had cut a hole in the ice, and put my hook in the water, brother White came along and reprimanded me as he told you. I thought I was doing right. I was but a few rods from my house, and I knew not where else to go for dinner. I was very thankful when the first fish bit. I kept my mind meditating on religious truths all the time, and just as soon as I had the three I wanted, I went home. I was so thankful when we came to the table that we had been provided with something to eat. We went to church in the afternoon, and I don't think I did wrong. What else could a poor man do, who had nothing for his wife and children to eat for the day but a handful of poor potatoes?" The parson gave him some good words of advice and comfort, and they parted.

In the course of a few days he met farmer White, who asked him straightway, if he had seen Hagar. Yes, was the reply. What did he say? The parson related to him Hagar's story, and then said, Mr. White, don't you have warm dinners on Sunday? Why yes, said the farmer, somewhat surprised. How do you get it? continued the minister, pleasantly. How,—why Mrs. White goes to the meat barrel, and takes out a piece large enough for the whole family's dinner, and boils, or fries it, and— Hold said the parson. That pond, Mr. White, is Hagar's meat barrel—it is all the one he has, and everybody knows it. He took out just meat enough for dinner, and no more; and though I cautioned him not to be caught in such a difficulty again, if he could possibly avoid it, I thought upon the whole it would not be best to trouble the church with the matter. Farmer White was a man of sense, and he admitted that the good parson was right. The pond, he said, was Hagar's meat barrel, and no mistake: and he should say nothing more about the matter.

The Apostles plucked ears of corn upon the Sabbath, rubbing them in their hands, and eating, because they were "an hungered!" And the Jews complained of them to their master. What was his reply!—*Eastern Argus.*

BITTER AND SWEET.—There is on earth much sorrow and much darkness; there is crime and sickness, the shriek of despair and the deep, long, silent torture. Ah! who can name them all, the sufferings of humanity, in their manifold, pale dispensations! But, God be praised! there is also an affluence of goodness and joy; there are noble deeds, fulfilled hopes, moments of rapture, decades of blissful peace, bright marriage days, and calm, holy death-beds.—*Miss Bremer.*

MY SISTER.

BY A. J. H. DUGANNE.

SHE smiled upon me with a gladsome smile,
She ne'er will smile upon me more;
Those childish innocent lips, that knew no guile,
Are cold in death—their smile is o'er.

She lov'd me, my own sister, in our youth,
And now she sleeps beneath the sod;
She was a being form'd for love and truth,
And she has sought them in her God.

Fain would I wish my sister with me still,
That we might wander side by side—
That her sweet, caroling voice my heart might thrill,
—All whom I've lov'd have died!

Soon I shall slumber in the silent tomb,
And all my hopes shall fade,
And all my fanciful sunlight sink in gloom,
When in the grave I'm laid.

For the Rover, Harmony Grove, Salem, Mass, June, '44.

AN AFRICAN'S REVENGE.

THE following thrilling tale has been translated in the Boston Journal from a passage in Eugene Sue's French novel of Altar Gul. The scene is laid in Gaudeloupe. It is merely necessary to premise that Altar Gul is a favorite slave, whom Col. Willis brought from Africa several years before the event described is supposed to have taken place. Altar Gul always had appeared faithful to his master, and grateful for his kindness to him. But in secret he brooded over the loss of his liberty, and resolved to be deeply revenged. Smiles shone on his countenance, but deadly hatred rankled in his heart.

"When Altar Gul had nearly reached the summit of a mountain, the sun had already risen, and the lofty heights of *La Souffraire* threw their shades to a great distance across the valleys below. As he was about entering a sort of dell, formed of huge blocks of granite which seemed to have been fantastically heaped up around, he heard a fearful sound, and stopped short—it was the sharp hiss of a serpent! He soon after heard the flapping of wings over head, and on looking up saw one of those large birds called Secretaries, or Man of War birds, common in the tropical climates, which having already descried the serpent was making wide circles in the air, but approaching nearer his destined prey every moment.

The serpent seemed aware of the inferiority of his force, and was rapidly gliding toward his den, when the bird, apparently aware of his intention, descended with the rapidity of lightning, and alighted in his path, and with his large wings, which terminated with a bony protuberance, and served him both as a war club and a shield, he effectually prevented the retreat of the venomous serpent.

The serpent now became enraged, and the beautiful variegated colors of his skin sparkled in the sun like rings of gold and azure. His head was frightfully swollen with rage and venom—he darted out his forked tongue and filled the air with hisses.

The huge bird extended one of his wings, and with a longing eye on the serpent, advanced to the conflict; but his wary antagonist watched his movements, and with quick motions of his body to the right and left, evading his attacks, until finding this mode of warfare

would not long avail him, he at length darted at the bird, and vainly attempted to fixed his poisonous fangs in his body, and crush him in his fangs. But the Secretary caught him in one of his claws, and with a furious blow of his beak fractured his skull. This serpent struggled violently for a few moments—but resistance was useless—and he was soon stretched lifeless before his victorious enemy.

But ere the bird had time to enjoy his victory, the report of a musket was heard, and the Secretary in his turn, lay dead by the side of his venomous antagonist. Altar Gul turned his head and saw Theodore standing on a rock above him with a fowling piece in his hand.

"Well, Altar Gul," said the young man, in sliding down from the summit of the rock, "was not that well done?"

"It was a good shot, master—but I am sorry that you killed that bird—for these Secretaries wage war with the venomous serpents, with which our mountains are infested." And the black pointed to the dead reptile—which was seven or eight feet long and four or five inches diameter.

"Ah!" exclaimed Theodore—I regret it now—for I do detest these hideous serpents. I would give half my fortune to be able to exterminate these monsters."

"You are right, master," said Altar Gul. "They are a great nuisance, and their bite almost always proves fatal."

"It is not only that," said the young man, "but you know that my betrothed Marguerite—whom if Heaven wills, I am to wed to-morrow has a most unaccountable antipathy to the sight of one of these animals. Less so now than formerly, I confess—for once the name of a snake would always deprive her of sensation. But her father, her mother, and myself, have at various times tried to conquer her silly but deep rooted fears of these reptiles. We have tried to accustom her to the sight of them, and have often thrown them in her way after they had been killed—and then laugh at her screams of terror."

"That is the only way to conquer her foolish antipathy, master," said the wily African. "In my country we thus habituate our women and children to sights of horror. But a thought strikes me. A means presents itself of curing her of these foolish fears if you can only be prevailed upon to adopt it." And his eyes were for the moment lighted up with a gleam of ferocious delight. "We will take the snake home with us. But first let us cut off its head. We cannot use too much precaution."

"Noble fellow!" said Theodore, as he assisted Altar Gul to separate the head of the serpent from the body.

"It is a female," whispered Altar Gul to himself, "and the male cannot be far off."

They proceeded toward Col. Willis' habitation—the black, dragging after him the bleeding carcass of the serpent. The house in which the colonel resided, like most of the houses in that climate, consisted of but one story with wings. In one of the wings was the bed chamber of Marguerite. A piazza in front of the window, and a *jalousie*, screened the room from the devouring heat of the tropical sun.

Theodore approached the window on tip-toe—cautiously opened the *jalousie*, and looked in—Marguerite was not there. He then took the serpent from the hands of Altar Gul—who, as it seemed, through an excess of precaution, first bruised the neck of the rep-

tile on the window frame. Theodore hid the serpent, whose brilliant hues had already become tarnished by death, beneath the pressing table. He then retired and closed the *jalousie*. As he turned away, he met Colonel Willis, who laughed heartily at the trick which Theodore was playing on Marguerite.

The room which was appropriated to Marguerite, was really the asylum of innocence. The hand of a mother had been there. It was seen in all the elegant and useful furniture which decked the apartment—that little bed, curtained with white gauze—stuccoed walls, polished, and shining as brilliant as a Parian marble—that harp, and table covered with music books—that little dressing glass—those silken ribbons—that cross of pearl—those jeweled ornaments—in a word, all those trifling things which are so precious to a young girl, whispered a tale of Innocence, Love and Happiness.

The door opened, and Marguerite entered. She seated herself before her dressing table, but she saw not the reptile beneath it. While she arranged her hair, and essayed a ribbon, which Theodore had praised, she sang the song which she had been taught by her lover.

"To-day," soliloquized the lovely girl. "I must try to appear as beautiful as possible. To-morrow I shall belong to another. Oh, Theodore! with what devotion he loves me. Nothing on earth can add to my happiness."

She approached so near the glass to judge of the effects of the ribbon, that her breath tarnished the brilliant surface of the mirror—then with her finger she playfully and smilingly traced upon the glass the name of Theodore.

A slight noise near the window awakened her from the delicious reverie. She turned toward it, blushing lest her dearest secret had been discovered. But the paleness of death instantly came over her features. She convulsively threw her hands before her, and tried to rise—but she could not. Her trembling limbs refused to sustain her, and she fell back into her chair. The unhappy girl saw peering through the *jalousie* the head of an enormous serpent!

In a moment he was lost among the flowers, which were tastefully arranged before the window. His disappearance gave new strength to Marguerite, who rushed toward the door, which opened into the gallery, screaming, "Help! mother, mother help! Here is a monstrous serpent!"

But her parents and her lover held the door outside, and laughed at what they conceived to be her imaginary fears. "Well done, my girl," said Colonel Willis, "cannot you scream a little louder? The snake will not eat you, I'll engage—poor little thing! How frightened she appears to be!"

But her cries continued.

"My dear Marguerite," said Theodore, don't be alarmed. I put it there myself, and you shall give me a kiss for my pains, sweet girl."

Meanwhile the hideous monster left the flowers and glided into the room. Marguerite, finding her cries for assistance of no avail, uttered a loud shriek and fell senseless on the floor. The serpent raised its head, and for a moment seemed to be recoiling on the apartment. But when it saw its companion on the floor, its eyes absolutely sparkled with rage. It sent forth a loud and long hiss, and advanced toward the unfortunate girl.

With a rapidity almost inconceivable, the hideous reptile twined itself around the graceful limbs and sylph like form of Marguerite. Its cold and slimy neck rested against the snowy bosom of his victim, and there it fastened its venomous fangs!

The helpless girl restored to consciousness by the agonizing pain of the wound, opened her eyes—but the first object which met her view, was the horrid head of the reptile—its eyes flashing fire—and its open mouth displaying its crooked and deadly fangs!

"Mother! mother! O, dear mother!" faintly screamed the dying girl.

But a half suppressed laugh was the only response to her convulsive cry. The *jalousee* was slowly opened, and Altar Gul looked in at the window—his eyes glaring with malignancy and triumph.

"Elizabeth, Elizabeth!" said Mr. Willis, "she answers not—perhaps she has fainted with terror."

"Silly girl!" said the colonel. "But we will open the door and see what is the matter."

Some heavy object lay against the door. He gave a violent push, and entered the chamber, followed by Mrs. Willis and Theodore. But who can paint the agony of the parents and the lover, when they found they had stumbled over the *dead body* of the unfortunate Marguerite.

As they entered the apartment, the serpent was seen to glide out at the window.

SHE LIVES BY THE VALLEY BROOK.

She lives by the valley brook,
Away from care and wrong,
Her heart a pure and open book,
Her lips a mellow song.
A mother, meek and old, is all
The kindred that she knows,
And so they love the waterfall,
And every flower that blows.

She singeth when the earth is spread
With green, and spring hath come;
And weepeth when the flowers are dead
And her sweet brook is dumb:
And thus the gentle maiden's life
Steals placidly away,
Without a shade of pain or strife,
To cloud its summer day.

She liveth by the valley brook,
Away from care and wrong,
Her heart a pure and open book,
Her lips a mellow song.
Oh! never may the maiden dream
Of this sad world of ours,
Nor stray beyond her sister stream,
Its valley and its flowers.

THOMAS CARLYLE says, "The saddest aspect the decay of civil society can exhibit, has always appeared to me to be this: when honorable, honor-loving, conscientious diligence cannot, by the utmost efforts of toil, obtain the necessaries of life; or when the working man cannot even find work, but must stand with folded arms, lamenting his forced idleness, through which himself and family are verging to starvation, or, it may be actually suffering the pain of hunger."

THE ROVER OMNIBUS.

GREENWOOD CEMETERY.

WE know not who is the offender, but the tasteless, if not almost ruinous, changes in the once peculiar scenery of this celebrated spot, seem to strike every person who has visited it in former seasons. The picturesque beauty which still marks the grounds, must more or less gratify every stranger who sees them for the first time this summer; but all who have heard of the deep woodland shadows and heavy forest thickets which, by their sudden contrast with the open glades and smiling lawns of Greenwood, gave such infinite variety to its landscape, now find themselves utterly disappointed in its character. Those sudden surprises, when emerging from wild covert to open glade, so delightful in natural scenery, and constituting the highest achievement of skill in the difficult art of landscape gardening—(an art as distinct from others as portrait painting)—features of rare beauty, natural to Greenwood, and preserved with so much care by the accomplished Major Douglass, when he originally laid out the grounds, are almost effaced. The underwood is cleaned out, the old mossy stumps, the fairy thickets, swept away, and you can see from one part of the grounds to another, and measure the number of acres with your eye almost as easily as in the Park or Battery.

We write upon this subject with feeling; for in common with hundreds of others, we had hoped from the excellent taste which first marked the ordering of these grounds, that there would long remain one rural spot in the vicinity of New York, which the hand of Gothic ignorance would never invade. But how could such a thing be expected? The difficult and elevated art of landscape gardening is not only little known in this country, but even its *existence*, as a branch of art, is so wholly undreamed of by many, that well-meaning persons, out of sheer ignorance, will undertake to improve grounds, and thus work irreparable mischief in total unconsciousness of their own presumption. Frequently these are persons who have a decided predilection for these pursuits; but a predilection, either unaccompanied by natural taste, or untrained by that study which has made landscape gardening an elevated profession in Europe. Major Douglass and Mr. Downing of Newburgh, are as yet the only eminent persons of whom we have heard as practicing the art professionally. But the woodland mutilations, and actual obliteration of some of the most delicate and yet striking features of Greenwood, during the past season, prove the necessity of calling in some regular professional person, before the original scenic peculiarities of the place are wholly changed if not destroyed.

Upon reading over the above, it has occurred to us that our warmth of expression might be construed as reflecting upon some particular person or parties who have occasioned the mischief which we have recorded with so much regret. We disclaim this utterly: not from any hesitation in castigating hurtful ignorance and presumption of any kind, but because, with regard to this branch of taste, above all others, there are few of our countrymen, we fear, who would not have offended in the premises ten times as strongly—leveled the hills, filled up the ponds, and white-washed the trees most probably. It would be unjust, therefore, to make any severe special example in the present case. Still the Greenwood Company ought either to have

some accomplished professional person in their habitual employ, or there should at least be a guarantee to the share-holders that no violent alteration, which may possibly mar the beauty, or in any way essentially change the character of the grounds, should ever be made, until the proposed alterations are first submitted to some *responsible artist* for his opinion! We do hope that there is some stipulation of this kind among the laws which are to regulate the new Episcopal Cemetery at Bloomingdale.

SHIDLIKENS FLASH.

THIS was the name given by Washington Irving, some thirty-five years ago, to a young English adventurer who at that time cut a mighty swarth in the good society of New York. He was said to be the natural son of a British baronet. He was flippant, affected and assuming, and supposed to *embroider* pretty liberally in conversation. But he was, withal, accomplished in both mind and manners, and had a fine flow of animal spirits which often made him a not unacceptable guest, even where he was most distrusted. His driving, his talking, his impudence and his talents made him so much the talk among the ladies, that those conspiring wits of that day (Washington Irving, the late William Irving, M. C., and J. K. Paulding) served him up in Salmagundi, under the name which heads this paragraph. This same English adventurer, who has long since passed his grand climacteric, has recently perpetrated a book upon this country. The London Spectator, in referring to the outlines and characteristics of his book, says:

"Uncouth language and behavior, even on the part of females, offensive and disgusting conduct by the men, habitual blasphemy, with pure unmitigated blackguardism and ruffianism, and an universal worship of Mammon superseding every other object in life, stand out strikingly in the traveler's pages; while his plain spoken, straight forward manner, gives an air of truth to his pictures."

The Sun comments upon this in the following well written paragraph:

"It is now forty years ago since Mr. Featherstonaugh presented himself and letters of introduction to the taste, and literature, and fashion of the city of Philadelphia, as an intelligent, well educated Englishman, of extraordinary attainments in the dead and living languages, and with all the acquirements of an accomplished gentleman. He was received and treated with distinction and hospitality. He came to this city—went up the Hudson—married an American lady, Miss Duane, of Duaneburgh, near Schenectady—acquired with her a large fortune—established a valuable farm—had several children—was intimate with Clinton, Tompkins, and all the distinguished men of this state—passed his winters in Albany, and was the delight of the social circle. Reverses in fortune threw him upon his accomplishments for support. The American government, considering him an American, appointed him geologist, with a liberal salary, but he soon got into disputes and difficulties with scientific men, and he left for England. We then find him in the British service, engaged on the Boundary line on the North Eastern frontier, and finally, a writer on American character and manners, libeling the people who for so many years had fostered and protected him. It may be asked, could the opinions contained in the above extract be really the convictions and impressions of G. W.

Featherstonaugh? We should answer, No. Heknew from many years of experience among the best class of Americans, that his pictures were false, *but he wanted to sell his book*, and we apprehend that no book will sell in England that speaks favorably of America or Americans. There are chords which, when touched, produce no harmony; reminiscences which produce no friendly results. We may therefore excuse the hasty traveler who sets out to make a book on America for the English market; but no apology can be made for the man who, after forty years' kind and hospitable residence in the land where his children were born, and which made the poor adventurer rich, returns to his native shores an old man, a libeler and an ingrate."

When will Americans learn to be on their guard against these Ishmaelish islanders? When will they learn to admire their patient talent, their successful industry, their brave enterprize, their vigorous nationality, their striking honesty and reliability in all their moneyed dealings with each other—learn fully to admire and respect these most estimable and undeniable traits of English character, and yet to remember, at the same time, that a stranger never comes within the pale of their consideration—that they regard all the rest of the world as "outside barbarians," and are so totally deficient in the scruples of delicacy and feeling which govern other people, that it probably never will enter the brain of an Englishman that this Mr. Featherstonaugh, in publishing such a book under such circumstances, commits one of the most heinous crimes against human society. We presume it would be impossible to make Dickens—wonderfully gifted as he is—to make him even comprehend the nature of his offence against this country! Being an Englishman, he will believe to his dying day that he had a right to publish what he thought to be true. Many an American, indeed, might do the same thing about England; yet though positively certain that his facts were true, he would feel—had he been received there with the same cordial confidence that Dickens was embraced with here—the American, we say, would feel that he did a mean, a shabby, a disgraceful and criminal thing in holding up those facts to the disadvantage of his friendly entertainers and warm-hearted well wishers. If an Englishman, then, so highly endowed and so rarely gifted as Charles Dickens, has a moral sense impenetrable to such considerations, and if forty years of actual living upon this country, as in the case of Mr. Featherstonaugh, cannot eradicate this insular idiosyncrasy which so strangely seems always to impel an Englishman to return vituperation for kindness, how absurd it is in our countrymen ever to make an effort to coalesce with him in sympathy. Why not admire that useful, respectable, and, in many respects, glorious people, at a distance, and avoid luring them into relations in which they invariably display qualities so incitive of detestation and contempt.

TRINITY CHURCH CEMETERY.

We apprehend there are but few, even of our city readers, who are yet aware that a new and extensive cemetery has been opened on an eligible and beautiful site near Manhattanville, six or seven miles from the City Hall. The grounds comprise, we believe, about forty acres, and extend from the tenth avenue to Hudson river. It belongs to the Trinity Church property, but is thrown open to the public for general use on moderate terms. Already considerable improvements

have been made on the grounds, and from the beauty of the location and the natural advantages of the place, it must soon rank among the most interesting cemeteries in the country. It is reached by any of the avenues on the western side of the city, or by the Bloomingdale road, or by a steamboat which plies regularly twice a day between the cemetery and the foot of Canal street.

GENEVA COLLEGE.

WE have before us the Register for the current year of this comparatively young institution, and are somewhat surprised and gratified at the progress it seems to have made, and the flourishing and solid condition it has already attained. Rev. Benjamin Hale, D. D. is at the head of the Faculty, and there are seven professorships already filled. Funds are also being raised, under the active and judicious attention of the worthy president, to establish another professorship. So that in the means of instruction Geneva College bids fair to rank with the best in the country. The undergraduates at present number about seventy, and the medical students nearly two hundred. The location is favorable, the courses of instruction are well arranged, expenses moderate, and under an enlightened and energetic administration, Geneva College can hardly fail to rise rapidly in prosperity and honorable distinction.

PARODIES.—Some persons detest a parody. Others again are very fond of them. For ourselves, we confess to a considerable relish for a good parody. The rapid glancing at resemblances and differences, which they present, affords a pleasureable exercise for the mind; and as it is generally articles of high excellence that are selected for parody, the subject often brings out considerable excellence in the imitation.

We have a very clever parody in this number of the *Rover* on Longfellow's "Footsteps of Angels," which was published in the 13th number of the present volume, June 15. The person who sent it to us says it was written by a lady, and intimates that she is quite young. If so, we can only say that she writes "an old maid's musings" with a great deal of smartness, and if we get such things from the green tree, what may we not expect from the dry?

We cannot refrain from adding that we regard Longfellow's poem, which is the subject of this parody, as one of exceeding delicacy and beauty.

THE ROVER BOOK-TABLE.

J. Winchester, New World Press, 30 Ann street, has published, in cheap form, "The Smugglers of the Swedish coast, or the Rose of Thistle Island," a romance by Mrs. Emeline Carlen. Also a "History of the Oregon Territory, being a demonstration of the title of the United States of North America to the same," accompanied by a map.

THE CARCANET, No. I.—James Mowatt, 174 Broadway.—This is an elegant and very cheap publication, and intended we believe to be continued periodicaly. It comprizes six numbers of the Drawing-room Library, making ninety six large octavo pages, neatly printed, with two steel plates, and enclosed in a glowing illuminated cover of red and blue on a white ground. The contents consist, first, of "The Light of the Light-House, and other Poems," by Epes Sargent; second, "Recollections of the Emperor Napo-

leon," by Mrs. Abell, during the time spent by the Emperor at her father's house at St. Helena; third, "The Poems of Mrs. Southey, late Caroline Bowles;" fourth, "The Death of an Angel," from the German of Richter; fifth, "Feminiana," or a collection of poetical tributes to beautiful women; sixth, "Marien's Pilgrimage," a poem by Mary Howitt. All this is sold for the very low price of twenty-five cents.

THE HIGHLANDER TO HIS SWORD.

BY C. DONALD MACLEOD.

I.

Sword of my sires! they forged thy might
In Norseland mountain cave;
When the sky was bright with the northern light,
And the ice was on the wave.
They caught the blue of thy matchless steel
From the depths of the arching heaven,
And welded it in with an earthquake din
Like the peal when the rocks are riven.
With the muttered chaunt of the gray-haired scald,
And the wild-eyed saga's yell;
By the lurid glare of the forge-fires there,
O sword, they framed thee well.

II.

They brought thee forth from the stormy north,
The raging waters o'er;
To gleam in the van when the Norseland clan
Swept down on the ice-bound shore—
When they found their way through the thick array,
Where the Celtic knights were belted,
Like a torrent tide through the harvest's pride,
When the mountain snows are melted.
Thy wielder bathed in an hundred wounds,
Thy blade-edge keen and bare;
And won thee then, from the hearts of men,
A bloody baptism there.

III.

Now rest 'till the Stuart's voice shall call
The hills from their sleep to start;
'Till the war-breeze springs and the slogan rings
From the depths of the Highland heart.
Aye! sleep in pride by thy master's side,
'Till the beacon-light burns fiery;
Then leap from thy sheath to the feast of death,
Like an eagle from its eyrie!
Thy sheath I'll dash where the wild seas lash
The isles of our noble name,
Then win the right in the stormy fight,
Or fall with a deathless fame!
For the *Rover*—New York, June, 1844.

DUELLING.—An apothecary having refused to resign his seat at the theatre to an officer's lady, the officer feeling himself much insulted, sent a challenge. The apothecary was punctual at the meeting, but observed, not having been accustomed to fire, he had proposed a new way of settling the dispute. He then drew from his pocket a pill box, and taking thence two pills, thus addressed his antagonist: "As a man of honor, sir, you certainly would not wish to fight me on unequal terms; here are, therefore, two pills, one composed of the most deadly poison, the other perfectly harmless—we are, therefore on equal ground, if we each swallow one; you shall take your choice, and I promise faithfully to take that which you leave." It is needless to add that the affair was settled by a hearty laugh.

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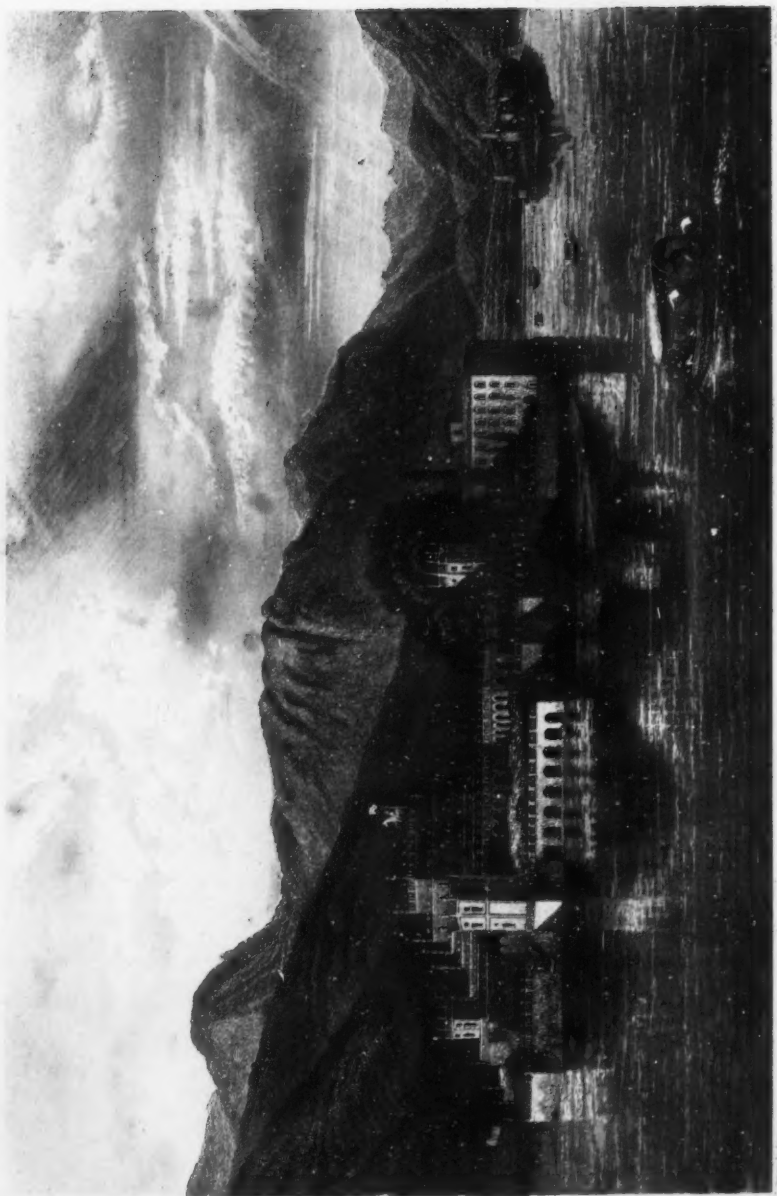
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BEAUTIFUL VILLAGE OF LAKE MICHIGAN.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

THE ROVER.

THE SUMMER BREEZE.

BY LAWRENCE LABREE.

Oh, welcome blow, thou summer breeze,
O'er flower and leafy bough;
I hear thy voice among the trees,
Thy breath is on my brow.
Thou bringest thoughts of pleasant days,
When youth was gay and fair—
When hope was bright as summer's sun,
Light as its breezy air.

Oh, like a feather on the spray,
My heart the day long danced;
For then Misfortune's envious darts
All hurtless by me glanced.
Ambition's fevered pulse beat low,
Love's altar-flame was pure;
The happy spirit murmured not,
In its own faith secure.

And now thy soft and whispering voice
With music fills my ear—
The robin's plaint, the cuckoo's note,
The sparrow's cherup clear;
I sigh to be a youth again,
Gay sporting o'er the leas—
Or else a spirit—or a part
Of thee, oh summer breeze.
For the Rover—Hoboken, July, 3, 1844.

LAKE MAGGIORE, IN ITALY.

WITH AN ENGRAVING.

Is our fine engraving this week we have a very interesting view of Italian scenery. We copy the following remarks, in reference to the place, from Rev. Dr. Fisk's travels.

"The next day we took a carriage, and crossed the country to lake Maggiore; struck the lake at Lavena, and took boat for Bavena—visiting the Barroean Islands on our way. This lake—although a handsome sheet of water, and abounding with numerous villages on its shores, and white cottages on its mountain sides—does not begin to compare, in my opinion, with lake Como.

The greatest interest is in the Barroean Islands. These are ornamented with a great variety of trees, shrubbery, and flowers; have fine palaces, especially Isola Bella. The palace on this island has a suite of subterranean apartments, fitted up like marine grottoes, tastefully encrusted with shells, rock-work, and stalactites. It must be a most delicious retreat in the heat of summer. There is also a suite of state apartments, to which we were introduced, and in which was a number of paintings, by Tempesta. The garden is on an elevated part of the island, which is, at best, only large enough for the palace, and a moderate sized garden, and rises up eight successive terraces, and is crowned with fountains and statuary, and redolent with the fragrance of plants and flowers. It cannot be described; but the accompanying plate will give its general features."

VOLUME III.—No 18.

THE PIRATE CHASE.

I HAD just turned over in my berth, in hopes to resume a very pleasant dream, the thread of which had been broken by some noise on deck, when a cry of "Sail, ho!" caused me to jump up, and make haste on deck. I met Mr. Tomkins in the gangway, coming down to call me. "Where is she, sir?"

"On the lee beam."

"A ship?"

"No, sir, I believe a schooner, but I can't make her out."

"Steward, hand up my glass."

The day had scarcely dawned, and by the gray and uncertain light, unassisted by the glass, I could only make out an object; but the moment I put my telescope to her, I saw she was a schooner, with raking masts, standing to the Westward, with square-sail set. We were standing South, close hauled, with a light air from the Eastward, momentarily expecting the Trade Wind. As the day dawned more perfectly, and we were perceived by the stranger, his square sail came in and he hauled his wind with such celerity, that I did not hesitate to pronounce him a slaver or a pirate, which indeed are synonymous terms in blue water.

"Call all hands, Mr. Tomkins; hoist our colors."

"Ay, ay, sir."

The stranger showed Portuguese colors in reply to ours. This did not relieve the anxiety which had seized on me the moment I had a fair view of the schooner, for that nation was still actively engaged in the slave trade, and we were just in the track of outward bound vessels to the coast of Africa, and the Cape de Verd Islands, also, where they often touch to refresh and refit. Our crew, consisting of only ten men, besides officers, cook, and steward, were soon mustered aft.

"I have called you, my boys," said I, "to state my intentions with regard to that vessel to leeward, which I suspect to be a rogue. We will prepare for as stout a resistance as possible. If he is honest, I shall still see by your actions which of you I can really depend upon, and there will be nothing lost; and, if a rogue, we must take it for granted, that if we give up like cowards we shall have our throats cut; and as this is to be our fate whether we resist or not if he boards us, let us make up our minds to sell our lives as dearly as possible; and remember, men, one man devoted to a good cause, is able to beat off a dozen engaged in robbery and murder." They gave a simultaneous shout of approbation, and went forward again, apparently in good spirits.

It was now broad daylight, and we could plainly perceive that the stranger gained to windward, though he dropped astern a little, rendering it somewhat doubtful whether he was much superior to us in sailing. Our bonny bark was reputed to be a first rate sailer on the wind, when in her best trim; but she was pretty deeply laden with a full cargo of cotton bale goods, and about one hundred thousand dollars in specie, and it could not be supposed that we could sail with a clipper schooner on the wind, or in any other way. Our ship's armament consisted of two six pounders, twelve muskets and the same number of boarding

pikes, and a brace or two of pistols; my private armament consisted of a good rifle, a large ducking gun, a double-barrel Joe Manton, a pair of duelling pistols, and a patent pistol capable of discharging six balls in as many seconds; and I accounted myself a good shot with all of them.

At eight o'clock it was nearly calm, the chase about two miles on the lee quarter, and heading directly for us.

Mr. Tomkins was a six footer, a real down east Yankee, who had been mate of the Ark, for all I knew, and who was equal to any man in that capacity; although he might be taken for twenty years of age, if seen going aloft, there were people who had known him at least that time as chief mate. He always obeyed orders promptly, never failed to have an answer ready, and exacted from all under him the same prompt and strict obedience that he paid to his superior officer. The second mate, Mr. Turner, was a young man of good education, looking forward to promotion, and promising to do honor to himself as a commander, after a few years' more experience. My crew were all active young men, and the cook, (or Doctor, as he was called,) was a real specimen of a first rate runaway Virginia slave: he could cook, as well as he could fiddle, and on a Saturday night, he would amuse all hands, by a tale of a 'possum hunt, or a deer drive. Having thus described our crew, our vessel, and all we know of the stranger, I will hasten to put the patient reader in possession of the facts for which he is anxiously looking. My orders were as follows, and they were obeyed in as short a time as I shall take to write them: "Mr. Tomkins, load the small arms, one ball and four buckshot in each; look to the flints; also load the great guns with round and canister."

"Aye, aye, sir."

"Doctor, put two iron bolts in the fire, and keep them red hot, and fill your coppers with boiling water.

Mr. Turner, muster all the hats and pea jackets, and stick one on each hands-pike near about the ports; it will make him think that we are well manned; and trice up all the ports, sir, and put a log of wood out of each, and give them a dab of black paint. Mr. Tomkins, send old Brown to the helm, and tell him to "steer small."

"Aye, aye, sir."

These arrangements being completed, I went down below, and loaded my arms; and on examining the 'Doctor,' I found that he was quite familiar with that instrument of death, the rifle; I accordingly gave him my flask and bag of balls, and other materials, telling him I should call upon him to load for me when the time came.

"Oh, neber fear, Massa, gib us breeze, and him not catch us so easy," said he, grinning from ear to ear, and whetting his long knife on a stone.

I put a ball and four plugs into my double barrel, and a half a handful of buckshot into my ducker, and a *quantum sufficit* of balls into the pistols. I had scarcely made these arrangements when Tomkins called.

"He's sweeping his bow off, sir, and I reckon he's going to slap 'long Tom' into us."

I jumped on deck, and as it was now dead calm, it was too evident this was his intention.

"Down flat upon deck, every soul of you!" shouted I. All obeyed except Tomkins, who coolly looked through the glass.

"There she flashes, sir," and in another instant a heavy shot whistled through our maintop-gallant-sail.

"He shoots well, that's a fact," said Tomkins.

I looked as the smoke lazily curled away, and saw that he had not the same flag flying. "Tomkins, what's that at her peak?"

"It looks, sir, like a red shirt with the Doctor's head in it, and a couple of bones rigged across his chin."

Sure enough it was a red flag, with a black Death's head and marrow bones painted upon it. I cannot say that I felt relieved at these symptoms; yet my mind was made up that *we were lost*, and it remained only for us to die game. There seemed nothing short of Providence to save us; if it remained calm, he would bore us through with his long gun; if it breezed up, he could out-sail us.

"Mr. Tomkins, keep an eye to him, and let me know of any movement. Mr. Turner, bend on the weather studding-sails, all ready to run out; perhaps we can out-sail him off the wind when the breeze comes."

The order was scarcely obeyed, when Tomkins reported, "they are gitting a tackle on the foreyard and another on the main riggin', sir, to hoist out their launch, and board us, by heavens!"

"I like that, Mr. Tomkins, for the rascally captain and half his crew will come in her, certain of an easy prey; but if my aim don't fail me, few of that boat's crew will return, be they more or less. Mr. Turner, hoist those two guns up on the poop deck at once, for if we want them at all, it will be over the stern. Are you a good shot, Mr. Tomkins?"

"When I was younger, sir, I was called a leetle the best shot in Kennebunk, and I guess I could fetch a turkey at a hundred yards now, with a straight rifle."

"Then, sir, do you take charge of the twelve muskets, and let Jim load for you, as fast as you fire, while the Doctor and I, will keep my own tools busy."

The pirate's launch was now manned, and pulling ten oars for us lustily, while a group of men were collected forward and in the stern sheets of her, perhaps twenty or twenty-five altogether, scarcely a mile astern, and as we were almost entirely becalmed, gained rapidly on us. There was no occasion to call the people aft to give my orders, for they were collected round the capstan with anxious faces and blanched cheeks.

"If they succeed in getting alongside, boys," said I, "we will retreat with our arms to the cabin, and let them board us, and through the windows and cabin door we may clear the decks; if not, I shall reserve my last pistol for the powder magazine, which is at hand, and we will all go together, and disappoint the rascals. But I trust it will not be necessary to come to that. Nail down the fore scuttle, Mr. Turner; if they get alongside, mind every one retreat to the cabin, or die like a dog on the deck, if he please."

"There they shout, sir, and pull ahead, as if after a whale," said the mate, "and here comes a little breeze, too, perhaps it will strike us before the villains get near enough."

"They are in range of the rifle, sir."

"No, sir, wait until they get near enough to be sure of the leader—within an hundred yards. There she breezes, thank God! 'Good full,' Brown, and nothing off. We have the breeze before the schooner, but it is very light yet, and the launch gains fast. Now, Doctor, stand by, mind you ram the balls home, be cool,

never mind the patches. Stand by Tomkins, aim at the group in the bow, while I take the stern; are you ready?"

"Yes, sir."

"Fire!" and down went the rascal at the tiller, and one also at the bow.

"Load her quick, Doctor, and let me give them Joe Mantion; in the meantime, fire away Tomkins, as fast as you please, only take good aim—be cool."

"Cool as a cucumber, sir."

My double barreled gun, dropped one oar in the water, and caused some confusion in the after part of the boat. "Put it into them, sir, we have not lost a ball yet. Give me the rifle, Doctor."

"Yes, sir, he is ready. I spit on the bate for luck."

This discharge caused them, with the increased breeze, to lay on the oars an instant, and then pull round for the schooner, they had only six oars out.

"Three cheers, my lads, and fire as long as you can reach them. There, the schooner begins to feel the breeze. Mr. Turner, run up the weather studding sails, keep off two points, for he must pick up his boat. There she breezes, thank Heaven! Steady, Brown, steady."

"Steady, sir."

"Keep her straight, for your life! Steward, give the lads a glass of grog at once."

By the time the schooner had picked up her boat and hoisted her on board, we had gained a mile or two, and we were now going eight or nine knots with a free wind. "Watch her close, Tomkins; let me know if she gains on us."

"Mr. Turner, we are a little by the stern; carry everything portable chock forward—carpenter's chest, harness cask; roll those two after casks forward—be lively, sir. Swab those guns out, Doctor, we'll have another dab at them yet, I fear, for he sails like a witch."

"Yes, sir, him going to Africa for ivory and gold and dust—dat's what dey call nigger trading."

"She gains, sir, but slowly; he hasn't got the best of the breeze yet, perhaps."

"So, that will do, Mr. Turner; now get a small pull of your weather top-sail and top-gallant braces. Well, sir—well all!"

"They are hoisting that d—d great square sail, sir, and she springs to it like a tiger."

Mr. Turner, slack a little of your topmast and top-gallant backstays to the windward—carefully, sir, not much—and then send all chock forward—every pound will help."

"Four bells, sir, hold the reel."

"No, never mind the bells, nor the reel, Tomkins; what use is it to us now? Keep your eye on the schooner, and let me know when the six-pounders will tell on him; we may shoot away his topmast by good luck."

"Ay, ay, sir."

Tomkins was so mechanically correct in everything that he would, no doubt, have brought his quadrant on deck and observed for the sun, if it had been noon, and I had not interfered. He was as cool as possible, and his conduct seemed to put nerve into the men.

"He gains fast, sir; I can see the red cap on the rascal at the helm—let me give him a shot, sir."

"Well, sir, fire away if you think you can reach him. Doctor, bring your loggerhead, and when I give the word, touch her quick. So, lift her breech a little

mite, Tom, so, so, stand by, give it to her!" and away went our little shot and struck about two-thirds of the way to the schooner.

"Load up again, Tomkins, and leave out the carpenter, and the shot will go straighter; aim higher than before, say for the royal, now give it to him!"

"Plump into his square sail, sir; but forty thousand such wouldn't hit him hard. Oh, if we only could borrow his long Tom for an hour or two! The Sarpint is sure of us or he would fire it himself!"

At this crisis the chase was only a mile or a mile and a half astern, and could easily have bored us through; but I presume he was afraid to yaw his vessel enough to bring the gun to bear, and it would no doubt kill the wind in a considerable degree; and, as he was gaining perceptibly, he calculated to be alongside of us long before night.

"Load up again, sir, and I will try my luck, for it must be a mere chance shot that does him any harm."

"All ready, sir."

"Stand by, Doctor, and when I give the word touch her quick—fire."

The shot struck the water just under her bow. "Now for the other gun; I shall do better. Ready!—Fire! His topmast totters! It falls, by heavens!"

A spontaneous cheer from our crew seemed to assure us of safety. "Give me the glass, boy. They are cutting the wreck away as fast as possible, still determined to overhaul us. Keep off two points, round to the weather braces a full, run out that lower studding-sail, be handy, lads. Watch the rascal, Mr. Tomkins, with the glass, and let me know if we gain on him."

"Ay, ay, sir."

The breeze was now fresh, well on the quarter, and we were sure to gain on him until his topmast could be replaced, which with a large and active crew, bent on revenge, would cost him but an hour's work.

"She drops, sir, she drops! I can but just see that nigger's head on the flag; half an hour ago I could see the marrow-bones."

"Very well, sir, let the people now get a bite of dinner, for we shall have more work to do yet, to get clear of him, if we do at all."

"I don't know what more we can do sir, unless we grease the bottom," said Tomkins with a smile.

"We have one principal resort, my dear sir, and will go at it the moment we get something to work upon, if he gain upon us."

Tomkins cut a new quid of tobacco, of which he had made uncommonly free use that morning, and by that only did he show any signs of anxiety. "Get your dinners, Mr. Tomkins and Mr. Turner; I can't go down to eat, while that fellow is dogging us. Send me up a bit of biscuit, and a glass of wine."

"Ay, ay, sir."

It was about one o'clock, and the schooner dropping slowly, while the preparations to fit a new top-mast were actively progressing. In ten minutes all hands were again on deck, anxiously watching. As Tomkins came on deck, I heard him say to Turner.

"Consarn me, if I know what the old man is going at; we've done all human nature can do, and he's not given to praying."

"How long, Tomkins, will it take him to catch us, when he makes all sail again, at the rate he gained before?"

"Three or four hours, sir. He will be alongside before sunset, I reckon."

By two o'clock, his top-sail and top-gallant were again set; and in twenty minutes more, his studding sails, royal and ringtail, and it was evident he began to gain space, though now more than four miles astern.

"Mr. Tomkins, we will now try our last resort."

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Break open the hatches, saw the rail and bulwarks off abreast them, and tumble up those bales as fast as possible."

This idea had evidently never entered into the head of any of the crew or officers; and the long faces with which they had seen the pirate gain on us, were instantly changed to faces full of hope. In ten minutes the cook and second mate had sawed off the rails and bulwarks, the hatches were off, and the bales coming up faster than ever before came out of her and overboard.

"Look well to your trim, Mr. Tomkins; do not take too many from one side. Send boy Jim on the poop to keep an account of the number as they pass by. Over with them, boys, you are now working for your lives."

But no encouragement was necessary, for the men, stripped to their trowsers only, worked like tigers.

"Mr. Tomkins, cut away this stern boat; every little helps—let her go, sir, at once—that's it. These large bales will oblige him to steer wild or to run against them."

We continued this work for nearly an hour, before we began perceptibly to gain on the schooner. But by four o'clock he had dropped more than half a mile; yet to make sure, we did not abate our exertions until after five o'clock, when four hundred out of a thousand bales had been thrown over. During the operation I could hardly refrain from laughing at the remarks which escaped from the men, after we began to gain.

"Huzza, boys!" said one, "over with them, the underwriters are rich."

"Watch there—watch!" cried another, as he rolled a bale over; "them will do for him to buy niggers with."

"I wish my old woman had a bale of that," said the Doctor.

As soon as the pirates discovered that we were gaining, he gave us several shots from his long Tom, but the distance was too great, and by sunset he was hull down from the poop; a few minutes after he hauled in his square-sail and studding-sails, and rounded to; and when last seen, was very busy in picking up the bale goods, which would no doubt come in play, though not quite so acceptable to him as the dollars would have been, sweetened with our blood. At dusk, we could but just discern the villain, lying to.

"See all secure inhold, Mr. Tomkins, and put on the hatches; and as we have a steady trade-wind, let her go till midnight south south-west; and let all hands get some rest. I must do the same, for I am nearly done up."

The excitement being over, I was nearly prostrate, and after thanking God with more fervor and sincerity than I ever prayed before, I threw myself into my berth, but had a feverish dreamy sleep till twelve o'clock, when my trusty mate called me according to orders.

"Twelve o'clock, sir."

"How is the wind and weather?"

"Fresh trade, sir—clear and pleasant—moon just rising—going nine, large."

"Take in the lower studding-sail. Tomkins, and haul up south and east, if she'll go it good full."

"Ay, ay, sir."

It is sufficient to inform the patient reader that we saw no more of the pirates, and made much better progress now that our bonny barque was in ballast trim only. We finished our passage without farther trouble. Many were the jokes cracked by all hands, as they talked over the events of that day of excitement. The underwriters not only paid for the cargo thrown overboard at once, on receiving the news, but, on learning the particulars, voted a piece of plate for me, and a gratuity in cash for the mates and men of equal value.

In conclusion, I have merely to remark, that the above tale is founded on facts, and is not expected to interest any, except nautical men, being too full of technicalities to amuse the general reader, and too imperfect to claim the notice of the literati.—*Boston Miscellany.*

WHY I WRITE SADLY.

BY A. J. H. DUGANNE.

In my sad heart come thick and fast
The memories of youth—
Of childhood's dreams forever past,
The dreams of love and truth.

My heart is woven in my harp,
And if I strike its strings,
Oh sadly sweet, or wildly sharp,
Must be the tone it brings.

For the Rover—New York, July, 1844.

REMARKABLE POWER OF THE WILL.

THE most singular instance of the power of the will over the functions of the body, and, taken altogether, perhaps the most remarkable case on record, being supported by the testimony of unquestionable authority, is related by Dr. Cheyne, in his "English Malady." It is the case of the Hon. Col. Townshend, who for many years had suffered from an organic disease of the kidney, by which he was greatly emaciated. He was attended by Dr. Baynard, Dr. Cheyne, and Mr. Skrine; and these gentlemen were sent for one morning to witness a singular phenomenon. He told them he had for some time observed an odd sensation, by which, if he composed himself he could die or expire when he pleased, and by an effort come to life again. The medical attendants were averse, in his weak state, to witness the experiment; but he insisted upon it, and the following is Dr. Cheyne's account.

"We all three felt his pulse first; it was distinct though small and thready, and his heart had its usual beating. He composed himself on his back and lay in a still posture some time: while I held his right hand, Dr. Baynard laid his hand on the heart and Mr. Skrine held a clean looking-glass to his mouth. I found his pulse sink gradually, till at last I could not feel any by the most exact touch. Dr. Baynard, could not feel the least emotion in his heart, nor Mr. Skrine see the least soil of breath on the bright mirror he held to his mouth; then each of us by turns examined his arm, heart, and breath; but could not by the nicest scrutiny discover the least symptoms of life in him. We

reasoned a long time about this odd appearance as well as we could, and all of us judging it inexplicable and unaccountable, and finding he still continued in that condition, we began to conclude that he had indeed carried the experiment too far, and at last were satisfied he was actually dead, and were just ready to leave him. This continued about half an hour, by nine o'clock in the morning in autumn. As we were going away, we observed some motion about the body, and upon examination found his pulse and the motion of his heart gradually returning; he began to breathe gently and speak softly; we were astonished to the last degree at this unexpected change, and after some further conversation with him, and among ourselves, went away fully satisfied as to all the particulars of this fact, but confounded and puzzled, and not able to form any rational scheme that might account for it. He afterwards called for his attorney, added a codicil to his will, settled legacies on his servants, received the sacrament, and calmly and composedly expired about five or six o'clock that evening."

His body was examined, and all the viscera, with the exception of the right kidney, which was greatly diseased, were found perfectly healthy and natural. This power of the will to die or live at pleasure, is, perhaps, one of the most remarkable phenomena connected with the natural history of the human body. Burton alludes to cases of the same kind, and reports that the celebrated Cardan bragged he could separate himself from his senses when he pleased. Celsus makes reference to a priest who possessed the same extraordinary power.

THE PERSIAN BRIDE; Or Love After Death.

FAREWELL, awhile! Life's stormy sea
Will soon be passed—and I may dwell
In some far brighter world with thee;
In which that joyless sound, *farewell*,
Breaks that most hallowed transport never,
Which *there* is felt and felt for ever!

Zuleika was the daughter of one whose wealth rivaled that of the greater part of those by whom he was surrounded. He was the slave of ambition. His sole delight was to see his money bags increase, and heap up piles of gold in his treasury. His was one of the noblest houses, and its apartments were stored with the richest luxuries of the earth: heaps of massy gold were spread upon his table; the finest silks, and the most precious gems, were seen in his household—he lived but for his treasures. He had an only daughter, Zuleika, more beautiful than they whom fable paints the Paradise of Mahomet peopled with, the Houris of the dreams of Eastern enthusiasts; but the beauties of the female form were lightly considered by the gold-loving parent of Zuleika, and all her charms were prized by him only as a matter of merchandize; and when she grew into the full splendor of womanhood, he began to think of the best means whereby she might be made an instrument of a further accumulation of gold and gems. Zuleika was simple as the modest wild flower that grows unseen in the retirement of some bosky dell. She heeded not the glories by which she was surrounded, deeming them but the mere dross of the world. Her contemplations were on higher things; she loved virtue for its own sweet sake, and deemed there was more honor in sitting

among the poor, and broken in spirit, relieving their distress, and assuaging their anguish, than in dwelling in loneliness among senseless gold. Her father would smile at her enthusiasm in the cause of virtue: but Zuleika sighed, and felt convinced the cause was good.

Noureddin, a neighboring youth, was charmed with the earnestness of Zuleika's sympathy and benevolence; his young heart cleaved to her; and when they met, their discourse insensibly attached them to each other; and ere they were aware of the entrance of the passion, they felt their hearts absorbed in love!—pure, true and deathless love!

Noureddin was in comparatively humble circumstances; his father had been a merchant, and had been content to gain the title of an honest man. He had left a small possession to his son, and the valuable inheritance of a good name; but these were not the things to satisfy the gold-loving father of Zuleika, and both Noureddin and Zuleika knew that though they loved with all the truth and purity of angels, they loved in vain. Their's was the wretchedness of knowing that they were hopeless of happiness; that a bar was placed between them and the attainment of their felicity; they saw the fruit within their reach, but the prejudices of a parent forbade the enjoyment of it. A passion for gold absorbs all the kinder feelings of humanity; and as the stores of Zuleika's father increased, he became quicker to anger, more cruel, more revengeful; and when he could not vent his bad feelings upon others, he would make his lovely and virtuous child the object of his sportive cruelty. These things served to estrange the heart of Zuleika from her father; she ceased to love him—he for whom her love had been boundless—he for whom she could have laid down her life, was now regarded by her only with cold respect.

Her heart formed comparisons between the cruelty of her father and the kindness and generosity of her lover; and at length the one became greater than she could bear; and she flew from the golden roof of a parent, to the humble but happy house of *Love*.

Zuleika became the wife of Noureddin, and blest was their lot; they knew no strife, no discord disturbed the harmonious current of their happiness; their lives were dedicated to virtue and to each other; and they experienced from each other's devotion a foretaste of the Paradise prepared for the blessed. The father of Zuleika stormed—was furious—and endeavored to crush Noureddin, but his efforts were frustrated by the intervention of the ruling authority, who, pleased with the character of Noureddin and delighted with the affectionate attachment of Zuleika, stretched forth his arm as a shield before them, and preserved them. The malice of the father was therefore displayed in vain; his machinations were defeated, and Noureddin and Zuleika lived and loved in the enjoyment of perfect bliss. All good men admired the example their conduct set to others, and bad men envied while they hated them; the poor blessed them, and the affluent courted their society. And this was simply the effect of love—true love. How few know what true love is!

The mysteries of fate are too obscure for mortal eye to pierce. Our happiness is given as a reward for virtue, our afflictions perhaps to make us know how imperfect we, children of clay, are, and to keep our thoughts from fixing upon earthly things to the exclusion of thoughts of Heaven. The bitterest cup is administered for some wise purpose, and when the storm

cloud comes upon us, we should bow in submission, and not repine. The bitterest cup was to be inhaled by Nouredin. His wife was to die. She was to be snatched from him who made the desolate world a Paradise of bliss. He was to see her who had spoken life and joy to his fond heart, sink into the embrace of death—he was to feel her warm heart which used to beat responsive to his own, cold, ice-cold, and her red lips white in death, her beautiful eyes closed, the wife of his bosom, the object of his tenderest solicitude, breathless, inanimate, dead!

In the moment of his highest rapture, the angel of death came upon his house, and the spirit of Zuleika was wafted to a brighter home where the glory fades not away, and the sweet harmony of angels is ever heard.

Who can picture the distress of the bereaved Nouredin, the widowed husband of Zuleika, the virtuous and good? Who can paint his agony, when he beheld her who had been bearing life and light, in his heart from her brilliant eyes, cold and lifeless before him. The sight drove him to madness; he tore his hair, and rolled himself in the dust: he wept and groaned in agony; he filled the air with his lamentations, and though he bowed to the will of Providence, he could not restrain his emotions, his suffering was greater than he could bear!

Zuleika was laid in the tomb, and the bereaved Nouredin was left in the desolate world alone. He stood like a blighted tree in a desert; the life was dead: the spirit which gave existence and motion to him had departed: he knew for some wise purpose, but that spirit was essential to his life, and without her he moved upon the earth, a mournful emblem of blighted hope and perished happiness?

Nouredin's friends, seeing his melancholy, wished him to remove from a scene which called up so many painful recollections: but the husband was too deeply enamored of the memory of his wife to quit the scene of all their earthly felicity. "No," he would say, when thus requested to seek another abode, "*here we lived and loved: here she died, and upon what other spot could I die so happily as on this?* While I remain *here*, it seems to me as if the spirit of my beloved dwelt here with me, unseen, but with its bright eyes fixed upon me, and I feel its breath upon my forehead, its kiss upon my cheek: were I to remove could I hope to enjoy the bliss of this love-presence? No, oh, no: therefore *here* will I remain, till the angel of death carries me to the arms of my Zuleika in Paradise.

The friends of Nouredin believed him to be insane: they had no idea of the purity of his feelings, his truth of devotion; for they were all denizens of the world, their thoughts were too closely connected with earthly things to allow them to appreciate spiritual aspirations. They deemed Nouredin insane, and some smiled at, while others pitied him; but Nouredin found consolation in his own thoughts, and he knew that he was proceeding in the path that would lead him to the wife of his bosom. He dwelt in the chamber where Zuleika had breathed her last sigh: her picture hung before him, and her lute from which she had been used to draw exquisite music in his hours of melancholy was never removed from the spot where she had placed it: he would suffer nothing to be disturbed that could remind him of his heart's love, and with these remembrances before him, he would sit and fancy Zuleika

still living, until his imaginations would scarcely credit she was dead, and he would cry in an agony. "Zuleika, dearest, best beloved! Come to me Zuleika!"

Alas! there was no responsive voice! The silver tones of his gentle wife were not heard in reply. He did not hear her fairy footsteps bound toward him at his call. His exclamations echoed through the building, and all that his ears could catch were those echoes. Then, then alone could he believe Zuleika dead, then he felt his loneliness!

At those times he would fancy the spirit of Zuleika floating in the air around him, breathing the atmosphere of Heaven upon his fevered brow and into his aching heart, and as his fancy delighted to picture her form in the air, he experienced a return of all his former happiness. The time came when his pilgrimage was to have an end. 'Twas a clear still summer's eve, and Nouredin sat with one chosen friend, the preceptor of his youth, in the chamber of Zuleika; he was composed and happy, he conversed with the sage upon life and eternity, the rewards of the good and the punishment of the guilty, and though he could not call to mind a single action of his, which to his mind, would call for punishment, yet he put no confidence in the dictates of his own heart, and prostrating himself before Heaven, he breathed fervent prayer and supplications for grace and pardon. While thus prostrated, a murmured sound of celestial music was heard in the chamber, and it seemed as if the lute of Zuleika was touched with divine expression. Nouredin clasped his hands and cried, "I am ready, Zuleika, wife! receive me to thy fond arms! Again the music was heard, gently and solemnly, the spirit of Nouredin passed away, and from that moment he moved not. The music died away, as if they who made it were receding, and the sage was left alone with the lifeless ashes of Nouredin! His soul had winged its flight to the mansions of eternal bliss.

MOOWIS, OR THE INDIAN COQUETTE.

BY HENRY R. SCHOOLCRAFT.

The following curious specimen of Indian story-telling is genuine. It was taken down, verbatim, from the lips of an aboriginal narrator, and the translation is as literal as it can be made.

In a large village once lived a noted belle, *Ma-mo-da-go-kwa*, who was the admiration of all the young hunters and warriors. She was particularly admired by one who, from his good figure and the care he took in his dress, was called the beau-man. This young man had a friend and companion, whom he made a confidant of his affairs. "Come," said he, one day in a sportive mood, "let us go courting to the one who is so handsome; perhaps she may fancy one of us." But she would listen to neither of them, and when the handsome young man rallied from the coldness of her air and made an effort to overcome her indifference, she put together her thumb and three fingers, and raising her hand gracefully toward him, deliberately opened them in his face. This gesticulatory mode of rejection is one of the highest contempt, and the young hunter retired confused and abashed. His sense of pride was deeply wounded, and he was the more piqued as it had been done in the presence of others, so that the affair was soon noised about the village and became the talk of every lodge circle. Besides, he was a very sensitive man, and the thing so

preyed upon him that he became moody, and at last took to his bed. He was taciturn, often lying for days without uttering a word, his eyes fixed on vacancy and taking little or no food. From this state no efforts could rouse him; he felt abashed and dishonored, even in the presence of his own relations, and no persuasions could induce him to rise. So that when the family prepared to take down the lodge and remove, he still kept his bed and they were compelled to lift it over his head and leave him upon his skin couch. It was a time of general removal and breaking up, for it was only a winter hunting camp, and as the season of the hunt was now over and spring began to approach they all moved off, as by one impulse, to the place of their summer residence; and, in a short time, all were gone and he was left alone. The last to leave him was his boon companion, who has been mentioned, and who was his cousin, and also his co-admirer of the charms of the forest belle. But even his voice was disregarded, and as soon as his steps died away on the creaking snow, the stillness and solitude of the wilderness reigned around.

As soon as all were gone and he could no longer, by listening, hear the remotest sounds of the departing camp, the beau-man arose. Now it is to be understood that this young man was aided in his desertion and bitterness of feeling by a powerful guardian spirit, or personal moneto, or god. And he was resolved to make use of his utmost power to punish and humble the girl. For she was noted in the tribe for her coquetry, and had treated others, who were every way her equals, as she had done him. He resolved on a singular stratagem, by way of revenge. For this purpose he walked over the deserted camp and gathered up all the bits of soiled cloth, clippings of finery, cast-off clothing and ornaments which had either been left or lost. These he carefully picked out of the snow, into which some of them had been trodden and partially buried, and conveyed them to one place. The motley heap of gaudy and soiled stuffs he restored to their original beauty and made them into a coat and leggings, which he trimmed with beads and finished and decorated after the best fashion of his tribe. He then made a pair of moccasins and garnished them with beads; a bow and arrows, and a frontlet and feathers for the head, having done this, he searched about for cast-out bones of animals, pieces of skins, clippings of dried meat, and even dirt, and having cemented these together with snow, he filled the clothes which he had made with these things and pressed the mass firmly in, and fashioned it externally, in all respects, like a tall and well favored man. He put the bow and arrows in his hands and the frontlet on his head. And having finished it, he willed it to be a man, and the image stood forth with all the life and most favored lineaments of his fellow. Such was the origin of Moowis, or the rag-man.

"Follow me," said the beau-man, "to the camp of our friends and I will direct you how you shall act." He was indeed a very slightly person, and as they entered the new encampment the many colors of his clothes, the profusion of ornaments which the beau-man had managed to give him, and his fine, manly step and animated countenance, drew all eyes. And he was received by all, both old and young, with marks of attention. The chief invited him to his lodge and he was feasted on moose's hump and venison.

But no one was better pleased with the handsome

stranger than Ma-mon-da-go-kwa. She fell in love with him at first sight, and he was an invited guest at the lodge the very first evening of his arrival. The beau-man went with him, for it was under his patronage that he had been introduced; and, in truth, he had another motive for accompanying him, for he had not yet wholly subdued his feelings of admiration for the object against whom he had nevertheless exerted his necromantic power, and held himself subject to any favorable turn which, he secretly hoped, the visit might take in relation to himself. But no such turn occurred. Moowis attracted the chief attention, and every eye and hand were alert to entertain and please him. In this effort on the part of his entertainers they had well nigh revealed his true character, and dissolved him into his original elements of rags and snow and dirt; for he was assigned the most prominent place before the fire, the increasing heat of which he could by no means endure. He interposed a boy between himself and the fire. He shifted his position frequently and evaded, by dexterous manoeuvres and timely remarks, the pressing invitations of his host to enjoy its—to all but him—vivifying rays. He so managed these excuses as not only to conceal his dread of immediate dissolution, but to secure the farther approbation of the fair forest girl, who could not but admire one who had so brave a spirit of endurance against the paralyzing effects of cold.

The result of the visit proved that the rejected lover had well calculated the effect of his plan. He withdrew from the lodge and the image man triumphed. Before he went, the beau-man saw him cross the lodge to the coveted abino, or bridegroom's seat. Marriage, in the forest race, is a simple ceremony, and where the impediments of custom are small there is but little time demanded for their execution. The barb which Ma-mon-da-go-kwa had so often delighted in sending to the hearts of her admirers, hidden though it were in a garniture of flowers, she was at length fated herself to receive, she had married a shadow. As the morning star began to lose his lustre in the increasing rays of a stronger light, the stranger arose, adjusted his warrior's plumes and took his forest weapons to depart. "I must go," said he, "for I have an important business to transact, and there are many hills and streams between me and the object of my journey." "I will go with you," she replied. "It is too far," he rejoined, "and you are ill able to encounter the perils of the way." "It is not so far but that I can go," she responded, "and there are no perils which I will not freely share for you."

Moowis returned to the lodge of his master and related to him the events we have described. Pity for a moment seized the breast of the rejected youth. He regretted that she had thus unwittingly cast herself away upon an image and a shadow, when she might have been mistress of the best lodge in the tribe. "But it is her own folly," he ejaculated; "she has turned a deaf ear to the counsels of prudence and she must submit to her fate."

The same morning the image-man set forth and she followed him at a distance. The way was rough and intricate, and she could not keep up with his rapid pace; but she struggled hard and perseveringly. He had been long out of sight. As the sun arose and cast his ferid rays upon the earth, the throes of dissolution began to exert their power upon the object she followed, and piece after piece of his clothing and

structure was found in her path. She first found his mittens, then his moccasins, then his leggins and other parts of his garments. They had all returned to their debased and filthy condition. The way led over rocks, through windfalls, across marshes. It whirled about to all points of the compass, and had no certain direction or object. Rags, bones, leather, were occasionally found, but she never caught sight of his form. When evening came she was no nearer the object of her search than in the morning, but the snow having now melted, she had completely lost his track and wandered about, uncertain which way to go, and in a state of despair. Finding herself lost she began, with bitter cries, to bewail her condition; and this was the burden of her cry:

"Moowis—Moowis—where art thou? Thou hast led me astray! Thou art leading me astray!"*

* Moowis! nin ge won e win ig, ne won e win ig.

COURTSHIP OF THE ELDER ADAMS.

SOME ten years since I spent a college vacation in the town of Weymouth, Norfolk county, Mass. While there I attended church one Sunday morning at what was called the old Weymouth meeting house, and heard a sermon from the venerable pastor, Rev. Jacob Norton. About the same time, I made Mr. Norton a visit, and became much interested in the old gentleman. I mentioned my agreeable visit to an aged lady of the parish, whose acquaintance I had made. She informed me that Mr. Norton was ordained their pastor when he was about twenty-one years of age, and that he had been with them nearly forty years. She observed that most of his parishioners could remember no other pastor; but that she could remember his predecessor, the Rev. Mr. Smith, and that he and Mr. Norton had filled the same pulpit for the better part of the last eighty years.

"Mr. Smith," said she, "was an excellent man, and a very fine preacher, but he had high notions of himself and family—in other words, he was something of an aristocrat." One day, said she to me, "to illustrate the character of old parson Smith, I will tell you an anecdote that relates to himself and some persons of distinction. Mr. Smith had two charming daughters—(the eldest of these daughters was Mary, the other's name I have forgotten)—who were the admiration of all the beaux, and the envy of all the belles of the country around. But while two careful guardians of the parson's family were holding consultations on the subject, it was rumored that two young lawyers (I think both of the neighboring town of Quincy,) a Mr. Cranch and a Mr. Adams, were paying their addresses to the Miss Smiths. As every man, woman and child of a county parish in New England, is acquainted with whatever takes place in the parson's family, all the circumstances of the courtship soon transpired. Mr. Cranch was of a respectable family of some note, was considered a young man of promise, and worthy of all the alliance he sought. He was very acceptable to Mr. Smith, and was greeted by him and his family with great respect and cordiality. He was received by the oldest daughter as a lover; and was in fact a young man of much respectability; He afterward rose to the dignity of judge of the Court of Common Pleas in Massachusetts, and was the father of the present Hon. Judge Cranch, of the District of Columbia.

"The suitor of the other daughter was John Adams, who afterward became President of the United States. But at that time, in the opinion of Mr. Smith and family, he gave but slender promise of the distinction to which he afterward arrived. His pretensions were scorned by all the family, except the young lady to whom his addresses were especially directed. Mr. Smith showed him none of his ordinary civilities of the house, he was not asked to partake of the hospitalities of the table; and it is reported that his horse was doomed to share with his master the neglect and mortification to which he was subjected, for he was frequently seen shivering in the cold and gnawing the post at the pastor's door, of long winter evenings. In fine it was reported that Mr. Smith had intimated to him that his visits were unacceptable, and he would do him a favor by discontinuing them; he told his daughter that John Adams was not worthy of her; that his father was an honest tradesman and farmer, who had tried to initiate John in the art of husbandry and shoemaking, but without success; and that he had sent him to college as a last resort. He in fine, begged his daughter not to think of making an alliance with one so much beneath her.

"Miss Smith was among the most dutiful of daughters, but she saw Mr. Adams through a medium very different from that which her father viewed him. She would not for the world offend or disobey her father, but still John saw something in her eye and manner which seemed to say '*persevere*,' and on that hint he acted.

"Mr. Smith like a good parson, and an affectionate father, had told his daughters if they married with his approbation, he would preach each of them a sermon on the sabbath after the joyful occasion; and they should have the privilege of choosing the text.

"The espousal of the eldest daughter, Mary, arrived, and she was united to Mr. Cranch in the holy bonds, with the approval, the blessings and benedictions of her parents and her friends. Mr. Smith then said, 'my dutiful child, I am now ready to prepare your sermon; what do you select for next Sunday?'

"My dear father," said Mary, 'I have selected the latter part of the 82d verse of the 3d chapter of Luke: *Mary has chosen that good part which shall never be taken from her.*'

"Very good, my daughter," said her father; and so a sermon was preached.

"Mr. Adams persevered in his suit in defiance of all opposition. It was many years after, and on a very different occasion, and in resistance to a very different opposition, that he uttered those memorable words, '*sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my heart to this measure.*' But though the measure was different the spirit was the same. Besides he had already carried the main point of attack, the heart of the young lady—and he knew the surrender of the citadel must soon follow. After the usual hesitation and delay that attended such an unpleasant affair, Mr. Smith, seeing that resistance was fruitless, yielded the contested point with as much grace as possible, as many a prudent father has done, before and since that time. Mr. Adams was united to the lovely Miss Smith. After the marriage was over, and all things were settled in quiet, Mrs. Adams remarked to her father, 'you preached Mary a sermon on the occasion of her marriage, won't you preach me one likewise?'

" 'Yes, my dear girl,' said Mr. Smith, 'choose your text and you shall have your sermon.'

" 'Well,' said the daughter, 'I have chosen the 33d verse of the 7th chapter of Luke; *For John the Baptist came neither eating bread nor drinking wine, and ye say he has a devil.*' "

The old lady, my informant, looked me very archly in the face when she repeated this passage and observed, "If Mary was the most dutiful daughter, I guess the other had the most wit."

I could not ascertain whether the last sermon was ever preached.

It may not be inappropriate to remark, how well these ladies justified the preference of the distinguished individuals who had sought them in marriage. Of them it will hardly be extravagant to say they were respectively an honor to their husbands, the boast of their sex, and the pride of New England. Mrs. Adams in particular, who, from the elevated position in which her husband was placed before the world, was brought before the public eye, was supposed to hold the same elevated rank with the gentle sex, that Mr. Adams did among the men, and she is reported to have rendered her husband much assistance in his multiplied labors of the pen.—*Cincinnati Chronicle.*

THE DOOMED FAIRY.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

"It doth not yet appear what we shall be."—*ST. PAUL.*

'Tis a blessed thing to be a child

In the freshness of its life,
While the sunshine lingers on the brow,
Undimmed by care and strife—
Ere from the earth a single ray
Of its glorious light hath passed away.

For things unhidden from the child,
Fade in its after years—
He reads strange language in the flower,
And round it music hears;
The bird and blossom have a voice
To bid the pure in heart rejoice.

A simple child one summer night
Was lured to listen long,
And hear each petal ere it closed,
Breathe out an evening song;
And he, at three score years and ten,
Remained a child as he was then.

That night he learned what kept him young
In every after strife;
What kept him hoping, trusting still
On to the verge of life.
It gave one's heart a thrill of joy
To see that gray-haired, cheerful boy.

He found that Truth to every soul
Hath teachings of her own,
Mysterious, binding, earnest things,
Revealed to it alone;
And thence a cheerful faith he learned,
That every heart for goodness yearned.

That all the creatures God hath made
Strive upward to the light;
Which purer, broader, fuller grows,
Upon the waiting sight;
The dimness of the spirit clears,
As it that blessed radiance nears.

And they, the bridegroom's chosen ones,
The wedded to the truth,
In bright'ning pathways onward move,
Renewed in love and youth;
And holier fervor, faith in heaven,
Rewardeth all who thus have striven.

The stars burn'd clear in the summer sky,
The moon was full and bright—
On every beam was sailing down
A spirit robed in light.
In music broke each quivering ray,
Heard in the stillness far away.

The child stooped down to a myrtle-tree
Whence low, sweet voices rung,
And anon a thousand glow-worm lamps
Were out on the branches hung.
A fairy troop were gathering by
To hold their court in the moon-lit sky.

Transparent they as the chrystal sea—
For spirits may naught conceal,
Their holy natures, robed in light,
All inward thoughts reveal;
Then first the child began to see,
How dread a thing a sin must be.

Each tiny face was cold and grave,
And he marked their solemn air,
As up from the mount, and out from the deep,
Their ranks were mustering there.
On the thistle down, in the keel of the pea,
And in pearly shells from the dark, blue sea.

They lowly bowed to their beautiful queen,
With her lucid wing and brow;
The young child thought so fair a face
He had never seen till now—
As she bade a fairy stand at her feet,
Her voice was kindly, and low, and sweet.

Then slowly uprose a little sprite
With a cold, yet saddened air,
Whose wings were veiled in a snowy robe,
And lilies graced her hair.
And through her pure ethereal frame,
The wavering doubts like shadows came.

Bright rosy tints, and thoughtful eye,
Bedimmed with shades of grief,
That only in that upward glance
From doubting found relief;
That questioned of the fairy life,
With its little pomp and useless strife.

The young child bowed a listening ear,
And word spake never one;
He heard the tale of the fairy told,
And staid till all was done—
Of the pure in heart he thought the while,
And the sunshine felt in a loving smile.

'Twas said her birth-place Pearllette traced
Where old Katahdin stands,
Lifting his hoary head to screen
The work of fairy hands;
Where caverns, lit by diamond rays,
Are bright as earth in the noon-tide blaze.

She slept with the pearl and crystal stone,
Unsunned and pure as they;

To sprinkle drops in the rose-lipped shell
As it lay in the deep away:
Or fill the diamond moulds with dew
Was the only task that Pearllette knew.

The queen beheld with a loving smile,
And she brought the lowly sprite
From the cavern forth to the upper air,
Where the blossoms bathe in light.
To the gladsome earth 'twas a gladsome ray,
And chased from its breast one shadow away.

All things that the pretty Pearllette loved,
More lovely seemed to grow;
The flower would borrow a fairer hue,
And the gem more brightly glow.
The rainbow, touched by her in the sky,
Was made of a richer, deeper dye.

The cradled sleep of the smiling child
More sweet and tranquil seemed;
For Pearllette kissed its bud-like lip,
And the little baby dreamed
Of many a vision sweet and bright,
Which the fairy brought to its infant sight.

Alas! that the fay should weary soon
Of the toil of fairy land;
That she should spurn the needful links
Which bind the fairy band.
That the elfin feast and the moonlight glee
Should become a fitful mockery.

Alas! that the pomp of little things
Should fail her life to fill;
That dreams of love and higher truth
Should keep her yearning still,
Unsated, drooping, and apart,
To pine in loneliness of heart.

The fairy queen with a saddened look,
The altered Pearllette eyed;
She hoped the evil would pass away,
And a gentle task she tried.
She sent her where the sunshine smiled,
To tend the flowers of a little child.

And now the child the reason learned
Why the flowerets drooped and died;
Why the small green bug to the rose-leaf came,
And the snow-drop's petals dried;
Why the unbloomed buds were withered up,
And incense crushed from the blighted cup.

Wherever the doubting fairy passed
Dark mildew spots were seen;
Unloving tendance had been there
To mar the blossom's sheen—
From the opening bud had dried the dew,
And the green leaf curled wherever she flew.

But most it grieved the child to see
On the snowy illy's breast
The darkened prints, that plainly told
Where the tiny footsteps pressed.
The passion-flower was crushed in its birth,
Alas! 'tis a holy thing on earth.

The gentle queen in vain had hoped
A penitent thought might spring
In Pearllette's breast, e'er her doom was told,
And she fell from fairy ring.

For half in love and half in fear,
She read that brow, so calm and clear.

There had been tales in fairy land
Of guileless, gentle fays,
Who once had dwelt in caverns lit
By the cold diamond blaze,
And thence had found the upper air,
With its freshness, freedom, higher care.

And it was said those glorious sprites,
With beauty strangely wild,
By beings of a higher state
Had sometimes been beguiled;
And thus had learned dark, hidden lore,
And fairy customs loved no more.

And these were doomed from fairy ring,
By laws they dared to spurn,
In listening to forbidden lore
That made them fondly yearn
For higher wisdom, higher life,
Apart from pomp and fairy strife.

Oh! sadly drooped each rainbow wing,
To hide the gushing tear;
And the young child held its very breath
That fearful doom to hear—
While dirge-like voices, sad and low,
The fairy doomed to a state of wo.

THE DOOM.

"By the rainbow in the skies,
Glowing with its morning dyes;
By the moon-beams silver light,
When the stars are burning bright;
By the waters of the fountain,
In the cave of hoary mountain,
Wheresoe'er we meet together,
Pearllette comes no more, forever.

Where the arctic streamers glow,
By the frosty Esquimaux,
Where basaltic columns stand
On the northern icy strand,
And a palace rich and rare
By the ocean rises there,
Never more the doomed one may
Seek with us the fairy way.

Never more in cavern dark,
Never more in pearly bark,
Never more in coral bower,
Never more in starry hour,
By the bed of infant sleeping,
By the flower in dew-drop steeping,
Shall the sinful Pearllette dare
With her sister band repair.

But the knowledge of the right,
Which the spirit dared to slight,
And the truth that cannot lie,
And the thoughts that never die,
And the bliss that never more
Tears and prayers can back restore,
Shall a cup of anguish bring,
Which the doomed one's lips must wring."

The glow-worm lamps are out and gone,
The fairies all have wended;
And gleaming brook and shadowy branch,
In full moonlight are blended;

And there in that lone stilly hour,
The child is hid in myrtle bower.

Those vestal sprites with freakish will,
Creatures of stern decree,
Who have no dreams of onward thought,
Nor love's deep sympathy,
Who round the gem and blossom play,
As cold and glittering as they—

How should they know of higher things,
How judge of one sweet soul,
Who trembling, fearful, and abashed,
Bowed to a new control!
And only half as yet had learned
The blessedness for which it yearned:

Who, veiled in secrecy and dread,
As fearful they were sin,
The promptings of a spirit waked
To mysteries within.
Who, casting off the laws that bound,
A new and higher duty found!

All, all are gone but that fair one,
The doomed and exiled sprite,
Who dared not lift her stricken head
In that cold, cheerless light—
But stood with wings her vision hiding,
Like one some fearful peril biding.

Awhile she stood, one moment stood,
But who the pangs may tell,
That one brief moment on the soul
In agony may swell—
When rayless, friendless, it is left
Of all but consciousness bereft.

One moment, and her head she lifts—
Her dreams are real now—
The bright, the beautiful of dreams,
With his calm radiant brow—
All love and tenderness his eyes,
To clasp the exiled fairy flies.

She lifts to his her meek, fond look,
The wise, the true-beholding;
And he, unfaltering, to his breast
The gentle one enfolding.
Who turns from all of outward show,
Undying, earnest truth to know.

He calms the doubt, he whispers peace,
While love and truth are blending;
He takes away those sprite-like wings
From her fair shoulders pending—
Those freakish wings of changeful hue,
That every varying fancy drew!

And then the child with wonder saw
A higher life revealing;
Sweet, tranquil traces of calm soul,
Upon her features stealing—
Those elvish wings all cast aside,
How beautiful the fairy bride!

THE HEIR OF ROOKLEY.

BRIGHTLY shone the sun on the white towers of Castle Rookley on the morning on which the Honorable Reginald George Frederick Rookley first opened his infant eyes on the light of day and the magnificence

around him. Bonfires blazed on the surrounding hills, flags waved from the towers, and the minute cannon roared until sunset; in short, no ceremony was unobserved that could in any way add dignity to the rejoicings; and Rookley's long desired, ardently expected and warmly welcomed heir was ushered into life with all the splendor and honors which the importance of the occasion and his future prospects demanded.

When the usual time had elapsed, the lace-enveloped atom of mortality was presented at the baptismal font by the august hands of those who stood proxy for his royal sponsors. Many an English coronet and foreign star graced the ceremony, and admiration was wound to its highest pitch, when, on handing the baby round, the single diamonds of rare value were observed looping up the cockade, sleeves, and flowing dress of the Honorable Reginald.

Years past, and at the age of seven, our hero became in truth "a rebel boy," and beautiful was his young countenance, bright as were the long brown curls which danced on his shoulders, and distinguished as was his whole appearance, still Lord Rookley could not help perceiving that his child was far inferior in understanding to his young companions of the same age.

"Reginald must go to school," said his lordship to Lady Rookley, one evening; the boy knows nothing, not even his letters."

"My dear lord!" exclaimed the mother energetically, as she clasped her arms around the pet, "you will not surely send a child of his size to school! It will break his spirit and injure his health—in short, school will ruin him."

"Better be ruined at school than spoiled at home," muttered Rookley's lord.

"Then why not have a private tutor? what does my darling say?"

"I won't go to school!" cried Rookley's heir, "I'll have a tutor."

The majority of one decided the question. A private tutor was engaged; and when Reginald was fifteen, his seventh tutor gave notice to leave; he declined undertaking the education of Master Rookley.

"Reginald, my boy, you are a sad dog," said his father, the evening of Mr. Lexicon's departure. Reginald shrugged assent. "I shall send you to Eton," continued his lordship; and to Eton went the youth. He soon established his character there—he turned out the best rower, the best boxer, the handsomest fellow, and the idlest scholar.

Soon after he had attained his eighteenth year, Lord Rookley received a very polite but decided note from the head master, requesting his lordship to remove Mr Rookley—he had infringed every rule of the college, created a disturbance among his fellow Etonians, and incited a large portion of them to secret rebellion; consequently the hopeful heir left Eton.

"Reginald, you must go abroad," said Lord Rookley one day; "no young man of rank should spend the last years of his minority in England."

"It is very necessary," added Lady Rookley, "that you should make the 'grand tour,' my love; it will polish and refine your manners—really, my dear child, you want softening down—I trust you will go."

"What do you say, Reginald?" said his father.

"I?—oh—I think it's a cursed bore—but anything is better than this crazy old castle," was the reply of the heir.

Notwithstanding this disrespectful opinion of the halls of his ancestors, Reginald felt something bordering on regret, when its snowy towers rose proudly out of the dark woods as he drove rapidly along, and a bend in the road hid them from his sight.

Time sped, and Rookley found Paris very delightful. He amused himself there incog. for some time, and then tossed over his letters of introduction. After much hesitation, he determined to bend his steps toward the chateau of M. le Comte de Valmont, in one of the provinces, and thither accordingly he went. M. de Valmont was one of Lord Rookley's oldest friends. Reginald consequently received a flattering welcome. The family consisted of the count, his son, his nephew Auguste de St. Geran, and his three daughters, Albertine, Cecile, and Eulalie.

It was late when Rookley's caleche stopped at the chateau, and the young ladies had retired, but the next morning brought an introduction. All three sisters were elegant, as most young French women are, but it was on the youngest, Eulalie, that the eyes of the Englishman rested with a long gaze of admiration. He had never seen anything like her before. She was beautiful, and yet she had not regular features—she was delicately small, yet not diminutive; her complexion was a clear rich brown, the brilliancy of which was enhanced by an ever varying color in her cheeks, and a pair of the rosiest lips in the world. Then her eyes!—they were hazel, and had it not been for the long sweeping lashes with which she occasionally veiled their mischievous playfulness, the wild ungovernable Reginald had been speedily her captive. As it was, no sooner did she see him attracted, than she was her demure little self again, and three months elapsed before the young man remembered that the chateau De Valmont was not his home.

It was a lovely summer's evening, and Reginald was amusing himself in a shady grove, by throwing pebbles into the rivulet that flowed at his feet, when a voice—a light yet melancholy voice—rang on the silent air. He listened—Eulalie was singing. He raised his eyes and saw her advancing. The last words of the song were trembling on her lips—they were:

"Mais ne m'oubliez pas!"

Rookley sprang on his feet and darted to her side—"Eulalie! my bright, beautiful Eulalie! I love you!"

The declaration was, like himself, impetuous, and made without a moment's reflection. It seemed, however, that Eulalie was not much astonished, for, after the first start, she listened to his rapid avowal with unwearied attention.

"Mais, Monsieur"—she at last interrupted.

"Nay, Eulalie, let me explain; I have loved you from the very first moment I saw you!"

"Mais, Monsieur Rookley"—

"Eulalie, will you go to England with me?"

"Allow me to speak," entreated Eulalie; "pray hear me!"

"Eulalie!" exclaimed Reginald once more, "I cannot leave De Valmont without you; can you love me?"

"Ah! do not ask me!" cried Eulalie; and with one bound she flew from him and disappeared.

Rookley went to the chateau immediately, and obtained an interview with the Comte de Valmont.

"M. de Valmont," said he, unhesitatingly, "pardon me for intruding, but I adore your beautiful Eulalie!"

The count raised his eyebrows. "What do I hear, Mr. Rookley?"

"The simple truth; to know Eulalie—to live for three happy months under the same roof with her, and not love her, were impossible!"

"You have not spoken to my child, I presume," asked De Valmont, as an unaccountable smile played over his features.

"I have, indeed," replied Rookley.

"And what did she say?"

"She—she—we were—that is to say—she said nothing."

"Ah! c'est bien!" said the count, smilingly, "then permit me, while I deeply regret the necessity, to decline your proposals, flattering as they are."

"Monsieur de Valmont!"

"Believe me, I feel for you—I know what my Eulalie would say; perhaps she would have spared you the pain I am giving you, but"—

"Monsieur de Valmont!" interrupted Reginald, imperiously, "pray speak decidedly—I do not understand you."

"Then, my dear young friend, I will tell you the truth. Eulalie has been engaged for nearly a year to my nephew, the Count de St. Geran—you know Auguste?"

Reginald flung himself out of the room in a fever of mingled rage and indignation. The sight of letters on his dressing table roused him from the state into which he had thrown himself. He tore them open. They contained news of the illness of his father, and an immediate summons to England.

Eulalie was the first person to whom he communicated the tidings. His carriage was ordered at dusk—his valet had everything in readiness.

"For the last time, dearest Eulalie, will you be mine?"

"What will Auguste say?"

"Do you care for him?"

"Ah, no! I do not think I like him at all."

"Then fly with me—all is ready—my mother shall be yours. You can wish me good bye as Cecil and Albertine will, and then meet me at the gate of the chateau."

"But Auguste—poor Auguste?"

"You do not love him?"

"Ah, true! I do not love him, and you know he can marry Cecil instead—what do you think?—can he not?"

"At the chateau gate, at ten o'clock this night, Eulalie!"

"J'y serais—adieu!"

At ten that evening, Eulalie, in the presence of her family, took a graceful leave of Rookley. At eleven she was in one corner of his caleche, flying toward Paris as quick as four horses could convey them. Once arrived there, among the number of his friends, Reginald found no difficulty in concealing the fugitive Eulalie. The next morning they were married. The caleche was at the door, the horses waiting, and the Hon. Mr. Rookley handing his bride down stairs, when a travelling carriage dashed into the court yard—three gentlemen sprang out, and the next moment Reginald was standing before the count, Claude de Valmont, and Auguste de St. Geran.

Eulalie flew away and hid herself.

"Villain!" exclaimed the old count, "where is my

daughter?—I demand my child—what have you done with her?"

"Monsieur de Valmont," replied Rookley, "you come too late—Eulalie is my wife!"

"My sister shall be avenged!" cried Claude. "This insult to our family can only be redeemed by your blood!"

"With all my heart," said Reginald; "I am quite ready."

"And when you have settled with De Valmont, I am at your service," muttered Auguste de St Geran.

"With the greatest pleasure," answered Rookley, carelessly; and turning away, he raised Eulalie from the ground, on which she was kneeling before her father.

That evening the parties met on the Bois de Boulogne. Reginald was cool and contemptuous; De Valmont firm, but evidently much excited.

The ground was measured—the signal given, and they fired; Reginald fell instantly.

"Grand Dieu!" ejaculated De Valmont, "I have killed him!"

A trembling sigh burst from the lips of the dying youth—his eyes partly opened, and with one violent effort he exclaimed: "England! Eulalie!" The next moment he fell back in the arms of St. Geran—and the heir of Rookley had not the least occasion for a wife.

It is more than probable that his widow married again.

THE HAMBURGH MERCHANT IN ENGLAND.

THE following very clever story was told by Sir E. L. Bulwer to illustrate the absurdity and injustice of the "law of arrest" in England.

ONCE upon a time there lived at Hamburg a certain merchant of the name of Meyer: he was a good little man; charitable to the poor, hospitable to his friends, and so rich that he was extremely respected, in spite of his good nature. Among that part of his property which was vested in other people's hands, and called "debts," was the sum of five hundred pounds, owed to him by the captain of an English vessel. This debt had been so long contracted that the worthy Meyer began to wish for a new investment of his capital. He accordingly resolved to take a trip to Portsmouth, in which town Captain Jones was then residing, and take that liberty which in a free country never be permitted—viz., the liberty of applying should for his money.

Our worthy merchant one bright morning found himself at Portsmouth; he was a stranger to that town, though not altogether unacquainted with the English language. He lost no time in calling on Captain Jones.

"And vat," said he to the man whom he asked to conduct him to the captain's house, "vat is dat fine veshell yondare?"

"She be the Royal Sally," replied the man, "bound for Calcutta—sails to-morrow; but here is Captain Jones's house, sir, and he'll tell you all about it."

The merchant bowed, and knocked at the door of a red brick house—door green—brass knocker. Captain Gregory Jones was a tall man; he wore a blue jacket without skirts; he had high cheek-bones, small eyes, and his whole appearance was eloquent of what is generally termed the bluff honesty of the seaman.

Captain Gregory Jones seemed somewhat discon-

certed at seeing his friend—he begged for a little further time. The merchant looked grave—three years had already elapsed. The captain demurred—the merchant pressed—the captain blustered—and the merchant, growing angry, began to threaten. All of a sudden Captain Jones's manner changed—he seemed to recollect himself, begged pardon, said he could easily procure the money, desired the merchant to go back to his inn, and promised to call on him in the course of the day. Mynheer Meyer went home, and ordered an excellent dinner. Time passed—his friend came not. Meyer grew impatient. He had just put on his hat, and was walking out, when the waiter threw open the door, and announced two gentlemen.

"Ah, dere comes the monish," thought Mynheer Meyer. The gentlemen approached—the taller one whipped out what seemed to Meyer a receipt. "Ah, ver vell; I vill sign—ver vell."

"Signing, sir, is useless; you will be kind enough to accompany us. This is a warrant for debt, sir; my house is extremely comfortable—gentlemen of the first fashion go there—quite moderate, too—only a guinea a day—find your own wine."

"I do—no—understand, sare," said the merchant, smiling amiably; "I am ver vell off here—thank you."

"Come, come," said the other gentleman, speaking for the first time, "no parlavoo, monseer, you are our prisoner. This is a warrant for the sum of ten thousand pounds, due to Captain Gregory Jones."

The merchant stared—the merchant frowned—but so it was. Captain Gregory Jones, who owed Meyer five hundred pounds, had arrested him for ten thousand pounds; for, as every one knows, any man may arrest us who has conscience enough to swear that we owe him money. Where was Mynheer Meyer in a strange town to get ball? He went to prison.

"Dis be a strange vay of paying a man his monish!" said Mynheer Meyer.

In order to while away time, our merchant, who was wonderfully social, scraped acquaintance with some of his fellow-prisoners.

"Vat be you in prishon for?" said he to a stout, respectable-looking man, who seemed in a violent passion—"for vat crime?"

"I, sir!—crime!" quoth the prisoner; "sir, I was going to Liverpool, to vote at the election, when a friend of the opposite candidate's had me suddenly arrested for two thousand pounds. Before I get ball the election will be over."

"Vat's that you tell me? arrest you to prevent you giving an honesht vote! Is that justice?"

"Justice! no," cried our friend; "It is the Law of Arrest."

"And vat be you in prishon for?" said the merchant, pityingly, to a thin cadaverous-looking object, who ever and anon applied a handkerchief to eyes that were worn with weeping.

"An attorney offered a friend of mine to discount a bill, if he could obtain a few names to endorse it—I, sir, indorsed it. The bill became due; the next day the attorney arrested all whose names were on the bill—there were eight of us; the law allows him to charge two guineas for each; there are sixteen guineas, sir, for the lawyer—but I, sir—alas! my family will starve before I shall be released. Sir, there are a set of men called discounting attorneys, who live upon the profits of entrapping and arresting us poor folk."

"Mine Gott! but is dat justice?"

"Alas! no, sir,—it is the Law of Arrest."

"But," said the merchant, turning round to a lawyer, whom the devil had deserted, and who was now with the victims of his profession—"dey tell me dat in England a man may be called innoeshent till he be proved guilty; but here am I, who, because von carion of a shailor, who owesh me five hundred pounts, takes an oath that I owe him ten thousand—here am I, on that schoundrel's oath, clapped up in a prishon. Is this a man's being innoeshent till he is proved guilty, sare?"

"Sir," said the lawyer, primly, "you are thinking of criminal cases; but if a man be unfortunate enough to get into debt, that is quite a different thing—we are harder to poverty than we are to crime."

"But, mine Gott! is that justice?"

"Justice! pooh! it's the Law of Arrest," said the lawyer, turning on his heel.

Our merchant was liberated; no one appeared to prove the debt. He flew to a magistrate; he told his case; he implored justice against Captain Jones.

"Captain Jones!" said the magistrate, taking snuff; "Captain Gregory Jones, you mean?"

"Ah, mine goot sare—yesh!"

"He set sail for Calcutta yesterday. He commands the Royal Sally. He must evidently have sworn this debt against you for the purpose of getting rid of your claim, and silencing your mouth till you could catch him no longer. He's a clever fellow is Gregory Jones!"

"De teufel! but, sare, ish dere no remedy for de poor merchant?"

"Remedy! oh, yes—indictment for perjury."

"But vat use is dat? You say he be gone—ten thousand miles off—to Calcutta!"

"That's certainly against your indictment."

"And cannot I get my monish?"

"Not as I see."

"And I have been arreshted instead of him!"

"You have."

"Sare, I have only von word to say—is dat justice?"

"That I can't say, Mynheer Meyer, but it is certainly the Law of Arrest," answered the magistrates and he bowed the merchant out of the room.

SBIDLIKENS FLASH, ALIAS G. W. FEATHERSTONHAUGH.

Extracts from *Salmagundi*, by Washington Irving.

I WENT, a few evenings since, to the theatre, accompanied by my friend 'Sbidlikens, the Cockney, who is a man deeply read in the history of Cinderella, Valentine and Orson, Blue Beard, and all those recondite works so necessary to enable a man to understand the modern drama. 'Sbidlikens is one of those intolerable fellows who will never be pleased with anything until he has turned and twisted it divers ways, to see if it corresponds with his notions of congruity; and as he is none of the quickest in his ratiocinations, he will sometimes come out with his approbation when everybody else has forgotten the cause which excited it. 'Sbidlikens is, moreover, a great critic, for he finds fault with everything; this being what I understand by modern criticism. He, however, is pleased to acknowledge that our theatre is not so despicable, all things considered; and really thinks Cooper one of our best actors. The play was *Othello*, and, to speak my mind freely, I think I have seen it performed much

worse in my time. The actors, I firmly believe, did their best; and whenever this is the case, no man has a right to find fault with them, in my opinion. Little Rutherford, the Roscius of the Philadelphia theatre, looked as big as possible; and what he wanted in size he made up in frowning. I like frowning in tragedy; and if a man but keeps his forehead in proper wrinkle, talks big, and takes long strides on the stage, I always set him down as a great tragedian; and so does my friend 'Sbidlikens.

Before the first act was over, 'Sbidlikens began to flourish his critical wooden sword like a harlequin. He first found fault with Cooper for not having made himself as black as a negro; "for," said he, "that Othello was an arrant black appears from several expressions of the play; as for instance, 'thick lips,' 'sooty bosom,' and a variety of others. I am inclined to think," continued he, "that Othello was an Egyptian by birth, from the circumstance of the handkerchief given to his mother by a native of that country; and if so, he certainly was as black as my hat: for Herodotus has told us, that the Egyptians had flat noses and frizzled hair; a clear proof that they were all negroes." He did not confine his strictures to this single error of the actor, but went on to run him down in toto. In this he was seconded by a Philadelphian, who proved by a string of most eloquent logical puns, that Fennel was unquestionably in every respect a better actor than Cooper.

During the performance, I kept an eye on the countenance of my friend the Cockney—because, having come all the way from England, and having seen Kemble, I thought his phiz might serve as a kind of thermometer to direct my manifestations of applause or disapprobation. I might as well have looked at the back of his head; for I could not, with all my peering, perceive by his features that he was pleased with anything—except himself. His hat was twitched a little on one side, as much as to say, "demme, I'm your sorts!" he was sucking the end of a little stick—he was a "gemman" from head to foot; but as to his face, there was no more expression in it than in the face of a Chinese lady on a tea-cup. On Cooper's given one of his gunpowder explosions of passion, I exclaimed, "Fine, very fine!" "Pardon me," said my friend 'Sbidlikens, "this is damnable!—the gesture, my dear sir, only look at the gesture! how horrible! Do you not observe that the actor slaps his forehead, whereas the passion not having arrived at the proper height, he should only have slapped his—pocket-flap. This figure of rhetoric is a most important stage trick, and the proper management of it is what peculiarly distinguishes the great actor from the mere plodding mechanical buffoon. Different degrees of passion require different slaps, which we critics have reduced to a perfect manual, improving upon the principle adopted by Frederic of Prussia, by deciding that an actor, like a soldier, is a mere machine; as thus—the actor, for a minor burst of passion, merely slaps his pocket-hole; good!—for a major burst, he slaps his breast; very good!—but for a burst maximus, he whacks away at his forehead, like a brave fellow; this is excellent!—nothing can be finer than an exit, slapping the forehead from one end of the stage to the other." "Except," replied I, "one of those slaps on the breast, which I have sometimes admired in some of our fat heroes and heroines, which make their whole body shake and quiver like a pyramid of jelly."

The Philadelphian had listened to this conversation with profound attention, and appeared delighted with 'Sbidlikens' mechanical strictures; twas natural enough in a man who chose an actor as he would a grenadier. He took the opportunity of a pause, to enter into a long conversation with my friend; and was receiving a prodigious fund of information concerning the true mode of emphasizing conjunctions, shifting scenes, snuffing candles, and making thunder and lightning, better than you can get every day from the sky, as practised at the royal theatres; when, as ill-luck would have it, they happened to run their heads full butt against a new reading. Now this was "a stumper," as our old friend Paddle would say; for the Philadelphians are as inveterate new-reading hunters as the Cockneys; and, for aught I know, as well skilled in finding them out. The Philadelphian thereupon met the Cockney on his own ground; and at it they went, like two inveterate curs at a bone. 'Sbidlikens quoted Theobald, Hammer, and a host of learned commentators, who have pinned themselves on the sleeve of Shakspeare's immortality, and made the old, bard, like General Washington, in General Washington's Life, a most diminutive figure in his own book. His opponent chose Johnson for his ally, and thundered him forward like an elephant to bear down the ranks of the enemy. I was not long in discovering that these two precious judges had got hold of that unlucky passage of Shakspeare, which, like a straw, has tickled, and puzzled, and confounded many a somniferous buzzard of past and present time. It was the celebrated wish of Desdemona, that heaven had made her such a man as Othello. 'Sbidlikens insisted that "the gentle Desdemona" merely wished for such a man for a husband, which in all conscience was a modest wish enough, and very natural in a young lady who might possibly have had a predilection for flat noses. The Philadelphian contended with all the vehemence of a member of Congress, moving the House to have "whereas," or "also," or "nevertheless," struck out of a bill, that the young lady wished heaven had made her a man instead of a woman, in order that she might have an opportunity of seeing the "anthropophagi, and the men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders;" which was a very natural wish, considering the carlosity of the sex. On being referred to, I incon- tently decided in favor of the honorable member who spoke last; inasmuch as I think it was a foolish, and therefore very natural wish for a young lady to make before a man she wished to marry. It was, moreover, an indication of the violent inclination she felt to wear the breeches, which was afterward, in all probability, gratified, if we may judge from the title of "our captain's captain," given her by Cassio, a phrase which, in my opinion, indicates that Othello was, at that time, most ignominiously hen-pecked. I believe my arguments staggered 'Sbidlikens himself, for he looked confoundedly queer, and said not another word on the subject.

THE ROVER OMNIBUS.

MNEMONICS, HALLWORTH, GOURAUD.

We are obliged to a correspondent who has sent us three or four different books of T. Hallworth on Mnemonics. They go to confirm what we stated in the Rover of May 11, that Hallworth was the real pioneer, at least in this country, in the system of mnemo-

tics, and that Gouraud's system, whether copied from Hallworth or not, is almost precisely the same. We don't know that we should be interesting our readers generally, by enlarging upon this subject at present, but we copy from the communication of our correspondent the following brief notice of Hallworth, who seems never to have received a tithe of the fame or fortune that his works merit.

"Having been for several years, and until within a few months, a resident within the same country village with him, where he now resides, and occasionally been in his family, I shall briefly allude to him and the history of his system. He is a man of whitened locks (probably upward of sixty) who has spent a long and useful life as an instructor of youth. He is "unpretending" in his person, and his literary and scientific acquirements are by no means so ordinary as you might be led to think from the scanty notice you saw of them. Although having been considered unusually successful as an instructor through his whole course, yet from near sightedness he has not been able to engage in his favorite and useful employment on an extensive scale. While he has gained much celebrity and the lasting gratitude of many who are now in the busy walks of life, he has never gained for himself more than a competence of the things of this life to render it pleasant and comfortable.

"His first effort to introduce his system of mnemonics to the public, was as early as the year 1821. His residence at that time was in your city, where he first lectured on the subject, and afterward in various parts of the state, New Jersey and New England. The periodicals of that time noticed his works favorably and himself as a lecturer. After lecturing occasionally for a few years, he again resumed the business of teaching, which was more agreeable to him than lecturing, and at which, I presume, he is at this time engaged. He has, I believe, for a great number of years taught several sciences by the aid of his mnemonic system. A few months since he had, besides his system, and a dictionary, several works in manuscript, consisting principally of text-books for seminaries, schools and bible classes, in which his mnemotechnic system was incorporated throughout."

SBIDLIKENS FLASH, AGAIN.

FEATHERSTONHAUGH's book has just been published by the Harpers. The title is an "Excursion through the slave states from Washington on the Potomac to the frontiers of Mexico, with sketches of popular manners and geological notices." We had not time to examine it before our present number went to press, but shall have an opportunity to recur to it again. We are told it is a very readable book, and from a hasty glance at a few passages we should think it might be so, though it is unquestionably well besprinkled with caricature and libel. This is more unpardonable in Featherstonhaugh, on account of his long residence in this country, than in ordinary English tourists. Although he came to this country a perfect cockney, one would suppose that a thirty years residence here might have made a pretty decent American of him; that after marrying here, and seeing his family grow up around him, and engaging honorably in the business of the country for so long a term, he would hardly have gone back to England again to turn about and throw mud at us. But so it is, and so it hath been in

all time; the dog will return to his vomit again, and the sow that is washed, to her wallowing in the mire.

We have a brief little likeness, in the present number of the *Rover*, of this same Mr. Featherstonhaugh when he first arrived in this country, taken by no less an artist than Washington Irving, and published in the first series of *Salmagundi*. What was Sbidlikens Flash then, it would seem, is Sbidlikens Flash to this day.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROVER.

In a recent number of your valuable periodical, on page 238 of the present volume, I notice the remarks of a critic of "The Fine Arts," who makes several very appropriate and just observations on the present state of American art, and offers some valuable hints in regard to the encouragement of native artists. With his sentiments on this subject I cordially agree; but I would take the liberty to correct an error into which he has inadvertently fallen, in an illustration, drawn from the literary world. "But a few years ago," he says, "the question was asked by Blackwood's Magazine, Who reads an American book? and in a month this witty question was in the mouth of every brawler, and at the pen's end of every penny-a-liner."

In the *Democratic Review* for June current, may be found an elaborate and well-written article on the writings and literary career of the Rev. Sidney Smith, principally known in this country by his pungent and satirical "Letters on the American Debts," by which it will be seen that this famous writer is the original author of that oft quoted question, "Who reads an American book?" and that it appeared as long since as 1820—not in Blackwood, but in the *Edinburgh Review*, which work was first projected, and for many years edited, by this reverend divine. I subjoin the following extract from the article above mentioned:

"Sydney Smith has exhibited many of the benefits of America to the world, the economy of her government, the simplicity of her courts of law, her religious toleration, the absence of restrictions on tradesmen; but alas! he could find in 1820 no American literature, and wrote that much quoted phrase, 'Who reads an American book?' It was coupled with other interrogatories after the fashion of Englishmen, which time has fully answered. Indeed, some of the answers, as to the demand for statesmen and political economy, have resolved themselves into questions which have yet to be answered by the other side. . . . The question of an American literature, in the right sense of the word, is one of great possibilities, of some probability, but of few facts. There was abundant playfulness in Sydney Smith on this question, as on all others, and he did amuse himself with Joel Barlow and 'a Mr. Dwight, who wrote some poems, and his baptismal name was Timothy.' . . . Sydney sums up his view of the matter thus: 'Why should the Americans write books, when a six weeks' passage brings them in their own tongue, our sense, science and genius in bales and hogsheads? Prairies, steamboats, grist-mills, are their natural objects for centuries to come.'"

If, then, Mr. Editor, there be any merit in the authorship of the phrase above mentioned, it certainly belongs to the Rev. Sydney Smith. But however appropriate and well-timed it may have been twenty years ago, a cursory reader of the English magazines and reviews will find that it is a question which has

long been out of date, even in Great Britain. Within a few years past, several complimentary and highly favorable reviews of original American works have appeared in English periodicals, which go to show conclusively, that in spite of their prejudices as a people against this young republic, a sense of critical justice has drawn forth these tributes to the real merits of American authors. True, the satiric pen of a Dickens or a Marryatt will sometimes find scope through these channels to sneer at and disparage American literature; but the general tone of the acknowledged standards of British criticism is evidently grown more favorable toward the productions of our countrymen; and as the authors of both countries become familiar with each other, we may confidently hope, at no distant day, for a better state of feeling, and a fraternal acknowledgment, on both sides, of a common interest in the great republic of letters.

CRITICUS.

We have another article on the Fine Arts, in reply to the one referred to at the commencement of the preceding communication, which, fearing its general interest would not compensate for its length, we have postponed for the present.

SONG FOR SUMMER.

BY ARTHUR MORRELL.

SUMMER's bright hours,
Sweet season of flowers,
Again they appear;
Away with all sadness!
'Tis the season of gladness—
Bright summer is here.

'Tis morn, and the swallow
Now leaveth his hollow,
And hasteth away
O'er hill and o'er valley,
His companions to rally
For frolic and play.

Going and coming,
The busy bee's humming
Is heard on the lea,
And in every bower,
Where he sippeth the flower—
How dainty is he.

Up, sluggard! why slumber
Away hours without number—
Sweetest hours of the day?
Soft breezes are blowing
Where the streamlet is flowing—
Thither hasten—away!

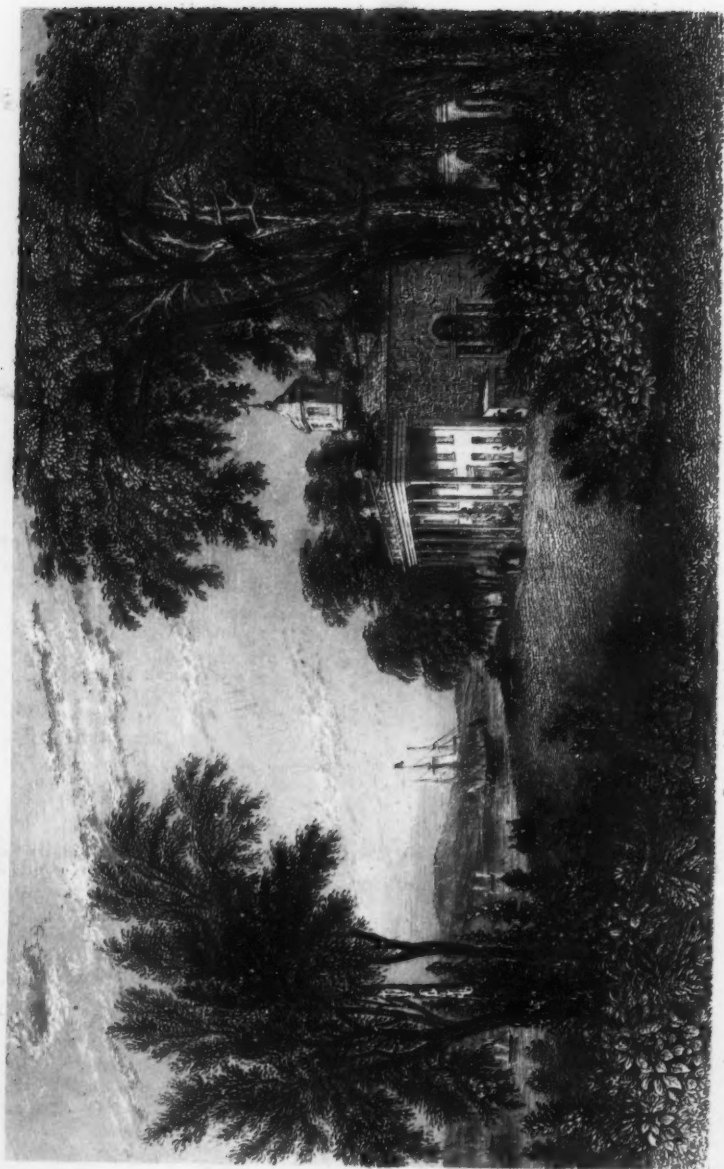
Flowers are springing,
Their rich odors flinging
Around, far and near;
The song of the maiden,
With sweet garlands laden,
Saluteth the ear.

Summer's bright hours,
Sweet season of flowers,
Again they appear;
Away with all sadness!
'Tis the season for gladness—
Bright summer is here.

For the *Rover*—New York, July, 1844.

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Drawn & Engraved by A. T. B. from an Original Sketch

U.S. FRIGATE POTOMAC, PASSING MOUNT VERNON.

U.S. PRIGATE POTOMAC, PASSING MOUNT VERNON.

THE ROVER.

TO ONE OF OTHER DAYS.

E'en though there's been a lapse in years
Since last I look'd upon thy face,
Oft to my fancy there appears
The outline of thy simple grace;
Dim'd as it is by time's swift flight,
It still will ever bring to me
A glimmering of the holy light
That once in radiance broke from thee.

And dearly do I love to keep
This twilight of our early days
That comes to me in hours of sleep,
When back to thee each feeling strays,
And paints in hues by memory made,
The pictures I've so often dream'd,
That deep within my heart were laid,
Until thine eye upon them beam'd.

It is not that I hope to win
A heart that now is dead to me,
That I thus cherish "what has been,"
And dwell on what "can never be;"
But 'tis that when my thoughts are wild,
And passions lure my heart astray,
I may but catch thy look so mild,
And turn me to the better way.

D. F. R.

For the Rover—New York, July, 1844.

MOUNT VERNON.

With the U. S. Frigate Potomac in the Distance.

SEE ENGRAVING.

In the years 1821—2—3 & 4 the U. S. frigate Potomac made a voyage round the globe. On her return, a journal of the voyage was published in a large and elegant volume prepared by J. N. Reynolds, Esq. Our engraving this week is a fine view of Mount Vernon with the surrounding scenery, and the ship on her way down the river to commence her long cruise.

The mansion, says Reynolds, in which Washington resided till his death is a plain edifice of wood, cut in imitation of freestone, two stories high, surmounted by a cupola, and ninety-six feet in length, with a portico in the rear, overlooking the river, extending the whole length of the building. The central part of this edifice was erected by Lawrence Washington; the two wings were afterward added by the general, who caused the ground to be planted and beautified in the most tasteful manner.

The house fronts northwest, looking on a beautiful lawn of five or six acres, with a serpentine walk around it, fringed with shrubbery and planted with poplars. The tomb, or family vault, in which rests the hero's remains, is about two hundred yards southwest from the house, and about one hundred and fifty from the river bank: "A more romantic and picturesque site for a tomb," says a late writer, "can scarcely be imagined. Between it and the river Potomac is a curtain of forest-trees, covering the steep declivity to the water's edge, breaking the glare of the prospect, and yet affording glimpses of the river even when the foliage is thickest. The tomb is surrounded by several large native oaks, which are venerable by their years,

VOLUME III.—No 19.

and which annually strew the sepulchre with autumnal leaves, furnishing the most appropriate drapery for such a place, and giving a still deeper impression to the *memento mori*. Interspersed among the rocks, and over-hanging the tomb, is a copse of red cedar; but whether native or transplanted is not stated. Its ever-green boughs present a fine contrast to the hoary and leafless branches of the oak; and while the deciduous foliage of the latter indicates the decay of the body, the eternal verdure of the former furnishes a beautiful emblem of the immortal spirit."

LAST CRUISE OF THE WASP.

BY J. E. DOW.

"The wind that rings along the wave,
The clear, unshadowed sun,
Are torch and trumpet to the brave,
Whose last green wreath is won."

* * * * *

"The gnashing billows heaved and fell,
Wild shrieked the midnight gale,
Far, far beneath the morning swell,
Sunk pennon, spar and sail."—HOLMES.

It was a lovely evening in midsummer, in the year 1814, when a sloop of war appeared off the chops of the English Channel, and stood in toward the silent shore of Cornwall. The gentle breeze from the ocean now sighed through the neatly fit rigging of the belligerent stranger, and the faint ripple at her bows gave evidence that she was slowly gliding ahead. The waves seemed to creep in long unbroken swells before her, and the lingering glow of sunset, as it glanced from summit to dark green summit, seemed like the smile of dying day upon the rolling prairies of Illinois.

Her light sails, from sky to water-sail, swelled beautifully to the rising shores of merry England, and the starry ensign of the free streamed gallantly over her quarter deck. Her ports were shut in—a silence equal to that of a forsaken bark reigned throughout her halls of thunder, while a solitary battle-lantern gleamed at the cabin door. The tread of the orderly on duty, alone gave evidence that the gallant vessel was not a spectre-ship—"some galleon freighted with the dead." Hour after hour lazily rolled away. The land now began to grow more distinct, while the haze of morning settled deeper upon the shadowed water. At 4 A. M., a bright flash appeared where the shade of the land and the moon-lit billow mingled together, and then one after another the gleaming sails of a ship of war hove in sight.

"Beat to quarters!" thundered the commander of the American vessel, and as quick as thought the silence of the quiet ship was broken by the shrill notes of the fife—the tapping of the drum—the tricing up of ports—the rattling of cannon-shot in the racks, and the running out of heavy pieces of ordnance.

The chase now showed English colors, turned swiftly upon his heel and ran up the private signal of the channel fleet.

"Show them the stars!" cried the immortal Blake-ly. "Forecastle, there!"

"Ay, ay!" replied the master's mate.

"Are you all ready with the bow gun?"

"All ready, sir."

"Luff, quarter-master."

"Luff it is," said the old salt at the helm.

The sloop yawed gracefully at the command of the trumpet, and displayed her ensign, which had been hidden by the mountain of canvas that towered before it. A heavy roar followed a volume of fire and wooly smoke from the American vessel's bows, and then a sharp crackling sound, from the chase, as though a heavy body had fallen from a great height upon a thin lattice of laths, and had passed through it, accompanied by a cry of agony that echoed fearfully over the still waters—told but too plainly that the work of bloody death had commenced.

"They have felt the sting of the Wasp," cried the American captain, as he scanned the chase through his night-glass. "Steady your helm, quarter master; this is but the opening of the ball."

"Steady, so," answered the attentive gunner at the wheel. And the gallant sloop was as silent as before.

"And still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the leafy woods all night
Singeth a pleasant tune."

At fifteen minutes past one, P. M., the Wasp tacked—the stranger also tacked to preserve the weather-gage. At three, P. M., the enemy bore down on the Wasp's weather quarter, answered her cannon of defiance, and stood gallantly down to close. When within sixty yards of the American, the chase fired a shifting gun from his top-gallant fore-castle, and repeated the same unwelcome salute for several minutes. The destructive fire was borne without a murmur by the Wasp, which vessel could not bring a gun to bear upon her antagonist. A favorable moment had now arrived.

"Put your helm hard down!" shouted Blakely from the quarter-deck.

In a moment the broadside of his vessel began to show its teeth to the enemy, and soon the stranger received his former double-shotted salute with interest.

"Haul up the mainsail!" thundered the deck trumpet.

The order had hardly died away before the heavy sail hung in festoons upon the main yard. The fire of the Wasp now became dreadful—every shot told; and feeling that any risk was safer than the one he was then running, the captain of the British cruiser, at forty minutes past three, ran the Wasp aboard on the starboard quarter, his larboard bow coming foul. The English commander now uttered the magic command—"Boarders, away!" and placing himself at the head of his crew, endeavored to carry the deck of his antagonist. Three times in succession the attempt was made, and three times the Americans drove the assailants back with great slaughter. At the third rush, the gallant captain of the enemy fell from the Wasp's mizzin rigging, while in the act of flourishing his sword—two bullets had pierced his brain, and he was dead ere he touched the deck. At forty-four minutes past three, Captain Blakely gave the order to board in return. The American seamen now started en masse—bounded over the hammock nettings at the enemy like a living torrent; and in one minute, amid the

clashing of cutlasses, the sharp reports of boarding pistols, the groans of the dying and the wounded, were masters of the foe. As the sword of the dying Mariners was laid upon the capstan, the flag of the Britain dropped suddenly upon the bloody deck of the Reindeer: and ere the spectator could mark the movement, the banner of freedom floated triumphantly in its place.

The Reindeer was an 18 gun sloop of war and had a complement of 118 souls. She had 25 killed and 42 wounded; while the Wasp had only 5 killed and 22 wounded.

After burning his shattered prize, the victorious Blakely shaped his course for L'Orient, where he arrived on the 8th day of July, with his ensign waving above the tattered flag of England, and his vessel crowded with prisoners of war.

On the 27th of August, having undergone a thorough repair, the Wasp dropped down to the outer anchorage, and departed from the shores of France. Having made a few prizes, she stood farther out to sea, and on the morning of the first of September, found herself in the midst of a fleet of merchantmen, under convoy of the Armada, seventy-four.

With his accustomed skill and gallantry, Captain Blakely now beat to quarters, and dashed in amid the unsuspecting fleet. A vessel loaded with guns and military stores was soon captured, and while the boarding officer was busily engaged with another, the seventy-four came down upon the wind and stopped the havoc, with her deadly thunder.

Evening now crept in long and dusky shadows along the silent waters, and the lookout man from his airy height watched with eager eyes the horizon around. The cry of "Sail O!" now roused the officers from their evening meal. Busy feet now echoed along the cleared decks, and the shot-racks received a further supply of iron messengers of death, while the active powder boy stood with a spare cartridge in his leathern passing box beside his gun. Four sail now hove in sight, but the nearest one seeming most like a man of war, the Wasp ran down to speak her.

At seven, P. M. the chase began to signalize the stranger. Flies, lanterns, rockets and guns, waved, shone, roared and blazed in quick succession—but the Wasp made no return.

At twenty minutes past nine, the chase, was on her lee bow within hail. A heavy eighteen now hurled its death dealing into the enemy's bridle port, and swept his deck fore and aft. The shot was promptly returned by the chase; when Blakely ran under his lee, fearful lest he might escape; the wind blowing ten knots. Having reached the desired position, the gallant little Wasp poured in a broadside which rattled the enemy's spars and rigging about his ears, convincing him of the true character of the stranger. It was now 9 o'clock at night. Darkness rested upon the ocean save when illuminated by the bright flashes of musketry; and the heavy roar of cannon died away amid the din of the swelling waves. Furious was the fire of the Wasp, and warm was the return made by the enemy. It was almost impossible to tell the officers from the men amid the smoke and darkness of the hour; and the seamen slipped upon the bloody decks as they ran out the long eighteens. The wind howled mournfully through the rigging—the vessels plunged heavily along the agitated deep. As they came up upon the top of corresponding waves, the

practised gunners fired, and when they rose again beheld the damage they had done.

For one hour this terrible conflict was kept up with unmitigated fierceness. At ten the enemy's fire ceased, and Captain Blakely leaning over the quarter, hailed them in a voice louder than the roaring ocean—"Have you surrendered?" No human voice replied—but a few long eighteens thundered back the emphatic "No!" A fresh broadside was now poured into the enemy, and as the fire was not returned, Blakely hailed a second time; "Have you struck?" A faint "Ay, ay," now came over the waters, and a boat was at once lowered to take possession of the prize. As the cutter touched the waves, the look-out man cried, "Sail O! close aboard!" The smoke having blown away, another vessel was seen nearing the Wasp. The cutter was therefore run up to the davits, and the crew sent again to their guns.

The Wasp was now in readiness to receive the second antagonist; but two more sails heaving in sight astern, the conqueror was forced to leave his shattered prize. The helm of the Wasp was therefore put up, and the ship ran off free, in order to repair her rigging and to draw the nearest vessel of the enemy away from his consorts.

The second stranger continued in chase of the Wasp until he got quite near, when he shot across her stern, gave her a parting broadside, and beat up toward his consort, whose signal guns of distress now echoed in melancholy murmurs along the midnight deep. The Wasp left her prize in such haste, as to be ignorant of his name and force. When the sea gives up its dead, and the crew of the Avon and the little band of Blakely shall muster together at the final judgment, then, and then only, shall the conqueror know his vanquished foe.

The Wasp was soon lost amid the darkness of the night, while the Castilian, the vessel that came to the assistance of the enemy and its consorts, hovered around the wreck of the prize, and endeavored to save the crew.

As the morning watch was called, the Avon gave a sudden roll to leeward, then settling swiftly by the stern, she sank with a gurgling sound, while her dead men floated in ghastly and bloody forms upon the summer sea. With heavy hearts the English cruisers lowered their ensigns half mast, and left the ocean tomb of their sister, firing minute guns, in memory of the brave.

Having repaired her damages, which were principally in spars and rigging, the Wasp continued her cruise to the westward, and on the 12th of September fell in with and took the brig *Three Brothers*. After capturing her, she overhauled and took the brig *Bacchus*. This vessel she soon sent to a final resting place in cold water. As she neared the Western Island, an armed brig hove in sight. Crowding on all sail, the gallant Blakely fired a shot across her bows, and received her descending flag as a token of submission. This vessel proved to be the *Atalanta*, of 8 guns and 39 men. Midshipman Daniel Geisenger, now a post captain in the service, was put on board as her prize-master, and as the prize slowly parted from the conqueror at the dim hour of evening, the prize-master and his crew were the last Americans who beheld the Wasp and her gallant band, and lived to tell the tale.

On the 9th October following, the Swedish brig

Adonis, from Rio, bound to Falmouth, was boarded by the Wasp, in latitude 18 degrees 35 minutes north, longitude 30 degrees 10 minutes west, and two passengers, Lieutenant M'Knight, and master's mate Lyman, late of the gallant *Essex*, were taken from her. The Swede then pursued his course, while the American cruiser continued to the southward under easy sail. At four, P. M., her topsoils dipped in the Southern ocean—and when the sun set she was seen no more.

Of the final end of the Wasp, rumor has been busy with her thousand tongues. At one time she was said to have been lost upon the desolate coast of Africa, while her hardy seamen battled with the Arabs of the desert. At another time she was said to have been sunk in a gale of wind off the Spanish shore, after an action with an English frigate. At one time she was supposed to have been lost in the ocean, alone. At another blown up by the accidental ignition of her magazine. History being silent upon the subject, the pen of imagination must trace her last moments.

It was an awful night in the South Atlantic; the waves leapt in mighty masses, like spectre knights in dusky armor, upon their coal black steeds; and their fire-tipped crests, like the crimson plumes of hell's battalion, played with the clouds and fluttered in the breeze. Loud rolled the thunder of Heaven, and around the horizon the lightning-like tongues of a thousand adders forked in air, or wreathed around the magazines of hail that reared their pale blue bodies upon the bosom of the storm. The wind swept in one unbroken howl, and the din of dashing water completed the dreadful music of the elementary war.

The sails of the mariner's bark were nowhere to be seen. It seemed as though man had left the ocean in its majesty to its God, while the clouds and darkness, the whirlwind and the water spout, the lightning and the deep mouthed thunder, gave terrific evidence of the Creator. But hark! A cannon faintly echoes! A pale, sepulchral light faintly glares upon the deep—and now, with the velocity of a wounded whale, a sloop of war with her spars twisted and broken, her bulwarks partly carried away, and her rudder gone, comes down before the wind. She falls off from her course; now she buries her head in foam, and now her stern seems fast disappearing in the awful hollow of the deep. Sea after sea rolls over her lumbered deck, and the seamen lashed to her sides seem waiting the hour of near destruction. The commander at the wheel with his brazen trumpet is silent. His bright eye flashes, like that of a chained eagle, as he scans the face of the deep. A few hours more, and the vessel must founder at sea. Her banner still floats in ribbands at her peak; a faint light gleams from her starboard binnacle, and the signal bell tolls sadly as the vessel is thrown from broadside to broadside upon the sidelong waves.

The storm abates! The fierceness of the blast is gone! The sea rolls in gentler billows, and the Heavens shower darkness instead of forked fire. A temporary rudder is rigged: a storm staysail is set; the wreck of spars is cleared away, and the jib and jib-boom are cut adrift together. The rolling guns are choked with hammocks from the nettings, and the ports are closed.

"Ha, my brave fellows," thundered the commander, "we are safe, Reilly, Tillinghast and Baurry, nobly

have you stood the test of this war of nature. All hands save ship!"

"All hands," shout the first Lieutenant.

"Tumble up, tumble up," cries the boatswain's mate below.

And now the weary crew are upon the deck. Those who are lashed, cut their seizing as if by magic. Grasping axes, the officers spring to the top and work with the undaunted men. The shattered topmasts are replaced, new sails are bent, and already the distressed bark begins to wear the appearance of a ship of war. But, hark! from the northwest a rushing sound is heard! A bright bow rears itself from the edge of the horizon! And from the centre of that arch of fire, a flash of lightning, followed by an instantaneous crash, blinds the eyes of the anxious leader and his busy crew. In a moment more the fierce north strikes the ship aback; from the top of a giant billow it hurls her down. A huge abyss yawns to receive her—and with her mainmast blazing with the lightning's fire, and her tattered stars gleaming in the lurid glare, down, down to the ocean sepulchre sinks the gallant Wasp, with her IMMORTAL BLAKELY and his MATCHLESS CREW.

LAY OF THE LUNATIC.

BY CAROLINE M. SAWYER.

PALLID queen of silent evening—
Empress of the sky,
Gazing down in silent beauty
From thy throne on high—
Fairer than aught else created
Art thou to mine eye!

Softly now thy lonely shimmer
O'er the plain is cast,
Where the trees, like spectres, swaying
In the sighing blast,
Point their dark and formless shadows
Ever to the past!

To my spirit strange it seemeth,
As I gaze on thee,
That dim, haunting shapes and visions
Come so oft to me;
Like pale, gliding spectres rising
From Oblivion's sea!

Oft times when thy beams are sleeping
On the silent hill,
And I steal away, to wander
By the glancing rill,
Till its soft, low, liquid murmur
All my spirit fill,

Moves a pale form ever by me
With a noiseless tread,
And her long, fair tresses hanging
Motionless and dead,
And a veil of shining silver
Drooping round her head!

But why gazes she thus on me,
With her cold blue eyes,
Till the words I strive to utter
Melt away in sighs,
And with strange, fond yearnings in me,
All my spirit dies?

Why, too, as I strive to fold her

In my eager clasp,

Doth an unsubstantial shadow

Only meet my grasp,

While a shivering awe creeps o'er me,

And my pale lips gasp?

Wherefore, then, with fearful laughter

Doth the plain resound,

And a crowd of gibbering faces

Hem me all around,

Till I reel, and faint and falter,

To the dewy ground?

It is said that vagrant spirits,

Frequent, 'neath thy ray,

Come in strange, mad sport to gambol

All the night away,

Vexing, with fantastic tortures,

Helpless sons of clay!

Is it so? Oh, stretch thine aegis

My scared sight before!—

Bid the cold-eyed lady leave me,

And return no more,

Lest yon gathering cloud of madness

Wrap me evermore!

For the Rover—New York, July, 1844.

TOO HANDSOME FOR ANYTHING.

BY E. L. BULWER.

MR. FERDINAND FITZROY was one of those models of perfection of which a human father and mother can produce but a single example—Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was therefore an only son. He was such an amazing favorite with both parents that they resolved to rule him; accordingly, he was exceedingly spoiled, never annoyed by the sight of a book, and had as much plumcake as he could eat. Happy would it have been for Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy could he have always eaten plum-cake and remained a child. "Never," says the Greek tragedian, "reckon a mortal happy till you have witnessed his end." A most beautiful creature was Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy! Such eyes—such hair—such teeth—such a figure—such manners, too—and such an irresistible way of tying his neckcloth! When he was about sixteen, a crabbed old uncle represented to his parents the propriety of teaching Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy to read and write. Though not without some difficulty, he convinced them; for he was exceedingly rich, and riches in an uncle are wonderful arguments respecting the nurture of a nephew whose parents have nothing to leave him. So our hero was sent to school. He was naturally (I am not joking now) a very sharp, clever boy; and he came on surprisingly in his learning. The schoolmaster's wife liked handsome children. "What a genius will Master Ferdinand Fitzroy be, if you take pains with him!" said she to her husband.

"Pooh, my dear, it is of no use to take pains with him."

"And why, love?"

"Because he is a great deal too handsome ever to be a scholar."

"And that's true enough, my dear!" said the schoolmaster's wife.

So, because he was too handsome to be a scholar

Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy remained the lag of the fourth form!

They took our hero from school. "What profession shall he follow?" said his mother.

"My first cousin is the Lord Chancellor," said his father, "let him go to the bar."

The Lord Chancellor dined there that day: Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was introduced to him; his Lordship was a little, rough-faced, beetle-browed, hard-featured man, who thought beauty and idleness the same thing—and a parchment skin the legitimate complexion for a lawyer.

"Send him to the bar!" said he; "no, no, that will never do! Send him into the army; he is much too handsome to become a lawyer."

"And that's true enough, my Lord!" said the mother. So they bought Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy a cornetcy in the ——— Regiment of Dragoons.

Things are not learned by inspiration. Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy had never ridden at school, except when he was hoisted; he was, therefore, a very indifferent horseman; they sent him to the riding-school, and every body laughed at him.

"He is a d——d ass!" said Cornet Horsephiz, who was very ugly; "A horrid puppy!" said Lieutenant St. Squintem, who was still uglier; "If he does not ride better, he will disgrace the 'regiment!" said Captain Rivalhate, who was very good-looking; "If he does not ride better, we will cut him!" said Colonel Everdrill, who was a wonderful martinet; "I say, Mr. Bumpemwell (to the riding-master,) make that youngster ride less like a miller's sack."

"Pooh, sir, he will never ride better."

"And why the d——l will he not?"

"Bless you, Colonel he is a great deal too handsome for a cavalry officer!"

"True!" said Cornet Horsephiz.

"Very true!" said Lieutenant St. Squintem.

"We must cut him!" said the Colonel.

And Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was accordingly cut.

Our hero was a youth of susceptibility—he quitted the ——— Regiment, and challenged the Colonel. The Colonel was killed!

"What a terrible blackguard is Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy!" said the Colonel's relations.

"Very true!" said the world.

"The parents were in despair! They were not rich but our hero was an only son, and they sponged hard upon the crabbed old uncle.

"He is very clever," said they both, "and may do yet."

So they borrowed some thousands from the uncle, and bought his beautiful nephew a seat in Parliament.

Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was ambitious, and desirous of retrieving his character. He sagged like a dragon—conned pamphlets and reviews—got Ricardo by heart—and made notes on the English constitution.

He rose to speak.

"What a handsome fellow!" whispered one member.

"Ah, a coxcomb!" said another.

"Never do for a speaker!" said a third, very audibly.

And the gentlemen on the opposite benches sneered and *heard!* Impudence is only indigenuous in Milesia, and an orator is not made in a day. Discouraged by his reception, Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy grew a little embarrassed.

"Told you so!" said one of his neighbors.

"Fairly broke down!" said another.

"Too fond of his hair to have anything in his head," said a third, who was considered a wit.

"Hear, hear!" cried the gentlemen on the opposite benches.

Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy sat down—he had not shone; but in justice, he had not failed. Many a first-rate speaker had begun worse; and many a country member had been declared a phoenix of promise upon half his merit.

Not so thought the hero of the corn laws.

"Your Adonises never make orators!" said a crack speaker with a wry nose.

"Nor men of business either," added the chairman of a committee with a face like a kangaroo's.

"Poor devil!" said the civillest of the set. "He's a deused deal too handsome for a speaker! By Jove, he is going to speak again—this will never do; we must cough him down!"

And Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was accordingly coughed down.

Our hero was now seven or eight-and-twenty, handsomer than ever, and the admiration of all the young ladies at Almack's.

"We have nothing to leave you," said the parents, who had long spent their fortune, and now lived on the credit of having once enjoyed it. "You are the handsomest man in London; you must marry an heiress."

"I will," said Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy.

Miss Helen Convolvulus was a charming young lady, with a hare-lip and six thousand a-year. To Miss Helen Convolvulus then our hero paid his addresses.

Heavens! what an uproar her relations made about the matter. "Easy to see his intentions," said one; "a handsome fortune-hunter, who wants to make the best of his person!" "Handsome is that handsome does," says another; "he was turned out of the army, and murdered his Colonel!" "Never marry a beauty," said a third; "he can admire none but himself." "Will have so many mistresses," said a fourth; "Make you perpetually jealous," said a fifth; "Spend your fortune," said a sixth; "And break your heart," said a seventh.

Miss Helen Convolvulus was prudent and wary. She saw a great deal of justice in what was said; and was sufficiently contented with liberty and six thousand a-year, not to be highly impatient for a husband; but our heroine had no aversion to a lover; especially to so handsome a lover as Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy. Accordingly she neither accepted nor discarded him; but kept him on hope, and suffered him to get into debt with his tailor, and his coach-maker, on the strength of becoming Mr. Fitzroy Convolvulus. Time went on, and excuses and delays were easily found; however, our hero was sanguine, and so were his parents. A breakfast at Chiswick and a putrid fever carried off the latter, within one week of each other; but not till they had blessed Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy, and rejoiced that they had left him so well provided for.

Now, then, our hero depended solely upon the crabbed old uncle and Miss Helen Convolvulus; the former though a baronet and a satirist, was a banker and a man of business; he looked very distastefully at the Hyperian curls and white teeth of Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy.

"If I make you my heir," said he, "I expect you will continue the bank."

"Certainly, sir!" said the nephew.

"Humph!" grunted the uncle, "a pretty fellow for banker!"

Debtors grew pressing to Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy, and Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy grew pressing to Miss Helen Convolvulus. "It is a dangerous thing," said she, timidly, "to marry a man so admired, will you always be faithful?"

"By heaven!" cried the lover—

"Heigho!" sighed Miss Helen Convolvulus, and Lord Rufus Pumlion entering, the conversation was changed.

But the day of the marriage was fixed; and Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy bought a new curriole. By Apollo, how handsome he looked in it! A month before the wedding-day the uncle died. Miss Helen Convolvulus was quite tender in her condolences—"Cheer up, my Ferdinand," said she, "for your sake, I have discarded Lord Rufus Pumlion!"

"Adorable condescension!" cried our hero; "but Lord Rufus Pumlion is only four feet two, and has hair like a peony."

"All men are not so handsome as Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy!" was the reply.

Away goes our hero, to be present at the opening of his uncle's will.

"I leave," said the testator, (who, I have before said, was a bit of a satirist,) "my share of the bank, and the whole of my fortune, legacies excepted, to"—(here Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy wiped his beautiful eyes with a cambric handkerchief, exquisitely *brode*) "my natural son, John Spriggs, an industrious, pains-taking youth, who will do credit to the bank. I did once intend to have made my nephew Ferdinand my heir; but so curling a head can have no talent for accounts. I want my successor to be a man of business, not beauty; and Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy is a great deal too handsome for a banker; his good looks will, no doubt, win him any heiress in town. Meanwhile, I leave him, to buy a dressing-case, a thousand pounds."

"A thousand devils!" said Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy, banging out of the room. He flew to his mistress. She was not at home. "Lies," says the Italian proverb, "have short legs;" but truths, if they are unpleasant, have terribly long ones! The next day Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy received a most obliging note of dismissal.

"I wish you every happiness," said Miss Helen Convolvulus, in conclusion—"but my friends are right; you are much too handsome for a husband!"

And the week after, Miss Helen Convolvulus became Lady Rufus Pumlion.

"Alas! sir," said the bailiff, as, a day or two after the dissolution of Parliament, he was jogging along with Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy, in a hackney-coach, bound to the King's Bench, "Alas! sir, what a pity it is to take so handsome a gentleman to prison!"

GREAT COMMERCIAL HOUSE.

The gentleman who resides in New York city as a partner in the great house of Brown, Brothers & Co., is the son of Alexander Brown, a native of the county of Antrim, and, if we are not misinformed, was born at Ballymanna, England. He is one of four brothers, who, with their father, spent the early part of their

life in Yorkshire, England. In 1800, Mr. Alexander Brown left England, and came with his family to the United States, and settled in the town of Baltimore. There he established a mercantile house, under the firm of Alexander Brown & Sons, and soon extended the sales of British manufactured goods so far, that it was deemed requisite for one of the sons to return to England and establish a house in Liverpool. This duty devolved on William, the eldest. It was in 1803, so that he had been altogether eight years in America. The selling of American produce in England, and the purchase and exportation of British manufactured goods for the American markets, was the first line of business. This was soon mingled with an extensive agency trade, which means that other merchants consigned cargoes of goods to the houses of Messrs Brown in Liverpool and Baltimore, from America and from England respectively, and drew advances of money upon such goods, without waiting for the ultimate sales. In process of time the commerce between Liverpool and America, through the agency of the Liverpool house, became so great, or rather it should be said, that the commerce of England with the four quarters of the globe ran so much through the agency of this house, that the buying and selling of goods, either as principals or as agents, was, in a great measure, departed from and the negotiations of bills, or rather the transferring of payments from one country to another, on account of other buyers and sellers, was chiefly attended to. In 1836 the transactions of this house amounted to 10,000,000*l*. During the prostration of American credit in England, the house was in some anxiety, but the bank of England came to its relief, sustained it by a loan of a million, which was not all drawn for, and it went through triumphantly. Mr. Brown, resident in New York, is one of our greatest sellers of foreign exchange, and is highly esteemed as a man of business. He married a second wife in the town of Watervliet, Albany county, New York, a Miss Coe, the daughter of a respected clergyman of Troy.—*Phil. Sat. Cour.*

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS.

DEATH is always a fearful thing!

A messenger of woe

To the aged and the young,

The lofty and the low.

But at the noon of life,

Ere the sun leans to the west,

It is indeed an awful thing—

A most unwelcome guest.

For oh! how little then

Are we prepared to part

With those endeared to us

By the goodness of the heart—

By many happy years

Of mutual love and joy,

That fondly and confidently

Were passed without alloy.

Julian had loved his wife

As the apple of his eye;

Their hearts had beat in unison,

And the thought that she could die

Had never crossed his mind,

Or if it had, was driven

Like a land-bird o'er the ocean
Before the gales of heaven.

Imagine then his sorrow
When he learned that she was dead!
Speechless and tearless long he stood
Beside her narrow bed;
He kissed the death-sealed lips,
And the cold form gently pressed,
That so often and so fondly
In life he had caressed.

On his knees he sank beside her,
And felt his heart-strings break,
As the fond hope passed away,
That she might yet awake.
He thought of all her kindness,
Her devotion unto him,
And of her pure seraphic eyes,
Now pallid, cold and dim.

And to make him still more wretched,
And his sorrow more profound,
That lovely form before him
Showed many a secret wound;
And words that he had spoken
Unkindly and in haste,
Came up before his memory,
No more to be effaced.

The wheels of life ceased moving,
His heart forgot to beat;
His very soul forsook him,
And reason fled her seat;
But tears, sweet tears, came rushing
In a cool and soothing stream—
And the kisses of a loving wife
Awoke him from a dream!

Let husbands from his suffering,
This serious lesson learn:
Ne'er alight a mild and kind rebuke,
Or recklessly return
Harsh words for pure affection;
For soon may come the day
When neither tears nor sorrow
Can wash those crimes away. A. S. H.

For the Rover—Ellerslie, N. Y., July, 1944.

THE WEEPING ROCKS.

A Legend of Hoosic Valley.

Near Williamston there is a remarkable pile of rocks, which continually drop water from their sides.—BANCROFT'S HIST.

I WAS strolling one Sunday afternoon of June, with my fishing-rod in hand, beside one of those streamlets which come with a bounding rush down the mountain side, when suddenly, among a group of hemlocks, I met an aged man, with a hoary head, and venerable beard clinging around his breast. I bent my head with the respect due to his gray hairs; he smiled, and with a kind look, taking me by the hand, he said:

"Come with me, my son! and I will tell thee a tale of the olden time."

Gladly I followed the footsteps of the aged wanderer; he led me through a wild ravine, till we came to a lonely pile of rocks, moss-clad, with here and there a few stunted shrubs, struggling for existence in the barren crevices. Although it was summer, yet from

every craggy point, slowly fell great round drops of water like falling tears.

The old man seated himself beneath one of these overhanging rocks; I placed myself at his feet, and while the rock-tears cooled his brow, and rolled down his gray beard, he told me this story of years long passed away.

"When the ringing stroke of the white settler's axe was first heard among the woods, and the long, red feather of the wild Indian warrior waved in these shady dells, Onecho was chief of the Mukhekanews. Upon these weeping rocks his throne of woodland pomp was placed; his rich regalia shone with bright stones, with gaily spotted skins, and long eagle plumes. No Eastern king ever owned such pride of state as graced the regal throne of this monarch of the West. Skilled in the wily art of the red man, unflinching in endurance, savage in eye, and heart, and hand, he ruled his tribe with unconquerable sway. His warriors were numerous as the stars; their pine bough tents were thickly hung around with gory scalp-locks; their darts were red with the blood of their foes; but none could chant the death-song or raise the war-cry—none could bend the unerring bow, or hurl the pointed spear, like the chieftain of their tribe, Onecho—the dread of his foes.

The chieftain heard the white man's gun amid his native woods—he heard the strokes of his axe, and the mournful echoes of the falling oaks—he saw the affrighted deer fly to the deep shades of the forest—he saw his forefather's graves, trod down by lowing herds and leveled by spades—sadly and sternly he heard and saw. The strangers increased in number, and the eye of the savage chief grew fiercer—darkly he brooded over the present—fearfully he thought of the future. From the summit of these rocks he gazed around the valley—he saw bright spots where the sunlight shone on the earth which had been shaded from its warmth for centuries, by venerable trees which had fallen ere time had decayed their trunks, or withered their foliage—beside the woodland fountains where once the black haired maidens of his tribe were wont to meet their dark browed lovers, he heard the laugh of blue eyed girls, and the soft accents of love whispered in a strange and unknown tongue. He seemed with a prophetic eye to read danger and destruction to his race.

Long Onecho thought—at length he bade his old men light the council fire, and his younger men dig up the tomahawk of war—garbed in the robe of battle with the blood red paint lining his swarthy cheeks and limbs, he stood before his people, and told them of the threatened danger.

"Sons of the brave—the footsteps of the stranger are everywhere planted upon our soil—the deadly lightning of their guns has affrighted the game—the wild deer and the shaggy bear no longer seek the darts of our hunters—see, children of the good Manito, our wise men have lit their council fire—see far in the north where yonder Aurora's blaze in the sky—see, they are the council fires of our departed warriors, who are watching us in the Spirit land. Shall the foot of the white man still trample the graves of our fathers? Shall his axe yet longer cut down the pride of our forests? Shall he build his dwellings longer on our hill sides? I heard in my dreams the voice of the Great Spirit—he bade me call the Mukhekanews to the council post, and bid them sweep the stranger

from our forest wild, and drive them far toward the great waters of the east.¹

Then rose along the vale the Indian's gathering cry of war—and the swarthy warriors whirled round the council post, in the fierce and wild war dance of their tribe—offerings were laid on their rude altars to the Great Spirit—while with brandished tomahawk's, and fiendish yells, they doom the stranger whites to death.

Among the families who had found a resting place in this inland wilderness, was that of Mr. Carrington. He dwelt, alone with his daughter, in a solitary log building, near where the waters of Green River mingle with the darker flow of the Hoosic. A lovelier flower was never transplanted from the gardens of England, to bloom in the wilderness of our tree-clad west, than Mary Carrington. Light as the forest doe in motion—graceful as the tall reed that bent to the lightest wind—with eyes blue as the heaven of August—and a brow clear and white as the driven snow, she won a blessing from the old man who met her in her forest strolls, and caused many a sigh in the hearts of the youth who gazed upon her, half hid behind some lofty tree, as with a bounding step she passed by them—and the wild red men in their expressive tongue, were wont to call her 'The Timid Fawn.'

Night had settled over the forest, and the lights of the settlement had gone out one by one, till all was dark and still. The silent hours of night flew by, and the red light of morning was just gilding the eastern hills, when the dwellers of that lonely outpost were aroused by the dread and fearful war whoop of the Indian. Unprepared, and not fearing an attack, they fell an easy prey to the savage. The tomahawk and knife were glutted with blood—their habitations were burned. Mr. Carrington was killed before his own door, and his daughter borne away captive—and when the sun arose full over the hills, he looked upon a scene of desolation and death. Men, women and children stiffened in their gore, among the smouldering ruins of their once loved and peaceful homes. Not unfrequent were such scenes in the early history of New England—and it becomes us to cherish with a deep and holy reverence, the privileges, and institutions, that were won and founded amid toil, and danger, and death.

Again the red men of the wood lit the council fire, and chaunted around its rising flame the song of victory—again the stern Onecho rose to speak.

'Warriors of our race—the Great Spirit has given us a bloodless triumph—I have counted my warriors and none are lost from the number. Shall the Mukhekanew's be ungrateful to the Manito? Shall we not offer him a sacrifice, and pray for his continued smile? Behold warriors the sole relic of the stranger's race—the Timid Fawn—with drooping head, and pallid cheek, she stands like a rose withered by the frost of autumn—let us offer her to propitiate the Great Spirit; warriors, is such your will?'

A wild yell proclaimed assent—among all the tribe none were found to lift their voices for 'The Timid Fawn.' And they led her forth to the dark rocks—the red hand of Onecho was clasped in her long hair, and the sacrificial knife waved above her devoted head—but she shed no tear—she heaved no sigh—she had seen her father perish—she had been dragged from his bloody body—she was the last of her race—and she did not wish to live.

The knife of the savage chief sought her breast—the wild supplicating song of the Mukhekanews as-

cended to the Great Spirit. The blood of 'The Timid Fawn' moistened these cold rocks and trickled down their sides—and ever since they have dropped from their mossy crevices, these bright tear drops, as if they wept the fate of one so beautiful and young—a rude and unchisled fountain of grief, continually mourning over this last resting place of beauty and loveliness—this altar and tomb of the doomed daughter of despair."

The old man rose—kindly he laid his hand upon my head, and leaving a blessing, departed. He bent his course toward the far west, where the sun's light was laying on the hills—meet emblem of his life's own light, soon doomed to set in the silent tomb.

With a less buoyant heart I sought my room, and long since has the vision of that fair haired daughter of the Saxon, with the red knife in her breast, and the form of that aged man, mingled with my dreams, the companions of the solitude and loneliness of night.—

CHENLYRA.

North Adams Transcript.

LINES IN A LADY'S ALBUM.

BY LAWRENCE LABREE.

O LADY, at thy virgin shrine
Friendship her fairest wreaths shall twine,
And kind words shall be spoken;
Yet 'mid the throng that onward press
To yield thee homage, and caress,
Accept a stranger's token.

We never met—we never may—
Till dawns that vast, eternal day,
And Time, the tyrant, dies;
Yet not the less for thee doth start
The kindest feeling of my heart,
Though couched in sober guise.

Thou may'st be fair—perchance thou art;
One jewel thou hast—a woman's heart—
On earth the dearest treasure;
Blight seize the heart would do thee wrong,
And may the Fates its years prolong
To fill Despair's deep measure!

Oh, may thy span of life be bright
And cloudless as a starry night—
All earthly joys possessing;
Nor scorn the tribute which I bring,
Though humble be the offering—
Accept a stranger's blessing!
For the Rover—New York, July, 1844.

COUSIN AGATHA.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

"O what a goodly outside falsehood hath."—SHAKESPEARE.

"I HAVE been thinking, Henry, that I should like to invite cousin Agatha to spend the winter with us: what do you say to my plan?"

"Really, Alice, I can say nothing about it, since I know nothing of the lady."

"Oh, I had forgotten that you had never seen her; she is only distantly related to us, but being left an orphan at an early age, she became an inmate of our family and continued to reside with us until she married. Agatha is several years my senior, and entered society while I was yet in the school-room; she married rather in opposition to the wishes of my parents,

as they approved neither of the profession nor the character of her husband, who was an officer in the army, and known to be a man of dissolute habits. Poor thing! she has fully paid the penalty of her folly during seven years of poverty and discomfort. Her husband has been sent from one frontier station to another, until the health of both was destroyed, and at the time of his death they were both at Sackett's Harbor."

"Then she is a widow?"

"Yes, her vile husband died about a year since, and cousin Agatha is released from bondage, but reduced to actual penury. I received a letter from her yesterday, the first she has written since my marriage, and she alludes most touchingly to her desolate condition as contrasted with my happiness."

"And that letter, I suppose, induced you to think of inviting her to spend the winter with us?"

"It did, Harry; for I felt as if it was almost selfish in me to be so happy when my early friend was pining in loneliness and poverty."

"I love the kindness of feeling which prompts you to such acts, dear Alice, but to confess the truth, I would rather relieve your cousin's distresses in any other way."

"But there is no other way of doing so, Henry—she would not accept pecuniary aid from us: why do you object to her visit?"

"Because we are so happy that I dread any interruption to the calm current of our life."

"Thank you, dear Harry, I cannot find it in my heart to scold you for your selfishness," said the young wife, as she laid her hand on her husband's arm; "But really," she continued, "cousin Agatha would be the last person in the world to disturb our tranquillity. She is full of gentleness and sentiment; a creature of warm and affectionate impulses, and she would delight in adding to our enjoyments. You know my health will confine me to the house this winter, and you may find the long evenings hang heavy upon your hands."

"Not in your society, Alice."

"I am glad you think so, Harry; but when I am languid and dispirited from indisposition you would find cousin Agatha a charming companion; besides, she would relieve me from some of the cares of house-keeping."

"Well, my dear, you offer so many good reasons in favor of her coming, that I can find no argument against it, but I have a sort of a presentiment that she will not be agreeable."

"Oh, Harry, how can you think so? If you could see her you would change your opinions very soon, for her picturesque appearance would charm your artistic taste."

"Is she very beautiful?"

"No, but she is just the person to please a painter, for there is so beautiful a combination of light and shade in her face. She has those gray eyes which, when fringed with long, dark lashes, are so full of varied expression, and her hair, black as the raven's wing, falls in heavy natural ringlets that put to shame the skill of a coiffeur."

"May she not be altered since you saw her, Alice?"

"True, I had forgotten that more than five years have passed since we last met; but, even if her person has changed, her heart, I am sure, has not, and when

you know her you will thank me for my pertinacity in thus wringing your reluctant consent to her visit."

"If you think it will add to your enjoyments, Alice, invite her by all means."

Alice Wentworth had been a wife scarcely two years, and her married life had been a scene of uninterrupted happiness. Nothing would have induced her to risk the disturbance of her tranquillity, but remembering the companion of her early years as one who had been the confidant of all her childish joys and sorrows, she looked upon her presence as the completion of her plans of enjoyment. Her husband's scruples she naturally attributed to unfounded prejudice which an acquaintance with her cousin could not fail to overcome, and, therefore, following the dictates of kindly feeling, she determined to cheer the bereaved widow by an affectionate letter of invitation.

Some three weeks after she had despatched her missive, at an early hour, on a cold autumnal morning, a carriage drove up to the door, and a loud ring announced the expected guest. Alice had not yet finished her morning toilet, and Mr. Wentworth hastened down to receive the lady; but scarcely had he got through the awkwardness of a self-introduction when his wife entered full of impatience to embrace her early friend. During the mutual raptures of their meeting, he had leisure to scrutinize the new inmate of his family, and certainly his impressions were anything but favorable. Cousin Agatha had taken a violent cold, her countenance was disfigured by a swollen cheek, and her eyes were bleared and inflamed by a severe attack of influenza, while the effect of steamboat slumbers and steamboat toilet did not tend to the improvement of her appearance. Indeed Harry Wentworth could scarcely refrain from laughter when he contrasted his wife's enthusiastic description with the reality before him. But Alice, with ready hospitality, conducted her cousin to her apartment, and to that room the wearied traveler, overcome with illness and fatigue, was confined during the several succeeding days.

"When will your friend be presentable, Alice?" asked Mr. Wentworth one evening as he threw himself upon a sofa, after tea, "since she has been here you have not sat with me a half hour, for your whole time seems devoted to nursing."

"I hope she will be well enough to meet you at dinner to-morrow, Harry; the swelling has left her face and she begins to look like herself. What amuses you so much?" she asked, as her husband burst into a loud laugh.

"I was thinking of the force of contrast, Alice; you are an excellent painter, dear, but you draw your tints too exclusively from fancy; who could have recognized your picturesque beauty with soft gray eyes and raven curls in the dowdyish-looking woman with red nose and redder eyes whom I welcomed as cousin Agatha?"

"For shame, Harry, you ought not to judge of her by her appearance at that time."

"Perhaps not; but first impressions are the most durable, and I shall never see any beauty in your cousin, for even if she should hereafter appear to advantage when dressed for display, I shall never forget how she looked in her traveling dishabille; one thing you may be sure of, Alley, you will never have cause to be jealous of your picturesque cousin."

"I don't mean to be jealous of any one, Harry, but I shall be much mistaken if you do not learn to admire cousin Agatha."

"Then you may prepare yourself for a disappointment, Alice; I do not think I should feel perfectly satisfied with any one who had thus broken in upon our tranquil happiness, and even if I were disposed to like your cousin elsewhere she would not please me in our quiet home. Besides, I was disappointed in my idea of her personal beauty, and her manners appeared to me abrupt and inellegant."

"Harry, you never were more mistaken in your life?"

"Well, well—it will be difficult to convince me of my error." A slight rustle at the door was heard as Mr. Wentworth finished his ungallant speech, and the next moment cousin Agatha entered.

"I thought I would endeavor to make my way to the drawing-room instead of depriving you any longer of the society of your Alice," said she as she languidly sank into the softly-cushioned chair which Mr. Wentworth drew forward for her accommodation. Of course the usual congratulations followed, and as the invalid dropped the heavy shawl from her shoulders, Alice glanced toward her husband in the hope that he would not fail to observe the symmetry of her petite figure. He was too great an admirer of beauty to fail in such notice, yet still he could see little to claim admiration in her face. Her complexion was not clear; her mouth, though well formed and adorned with superb teeth, was large, and her eyes were dim from recent illness, while her curls were hidden beneath one of those fairy fabrics of gossamer and ribbon which often display the taste of the wearer at the expense of a crowning beauty. But, ere the evening had expired Mr. Wentworth was forced to acknowledge that he had formed too hasty an opinion of her manners, for whatever *brusquerie* he might have observed on the morning of her arrival, he was certainly struck now by the easy elegance and graceful dignity of her deportment.

From this time cousin Agatha laid aside the character of an invalid, and quietly taking her place at the table and fireside, seemed to have no other wish than to make herself useful. Devoted in her attentions to Alice, she took little notice of Mr. Wentworth, except to receive his courteous civility with profound gratitude. He was nothing more to her than the husband of her friend, and while she exhibited the deepest interest in the development of Alice's mind and feelings, she seemed scarcely to observe the fine taste, the elegant scholarship, and the nobleness of sentiment which characterized Mr. Wentworth. Alice suffered no small degree of mortification from this evident coldness between those whom she was so anxious to behold friends. She could not bear to find Agatha so totally blind to the perfections of her beloved Henry, and she was almost as much annoyed at her husband's indifference to the graces of her cousin.

"You are pained because I do not sufficiently admire your husband, Alice," said Agatha one day, when they were alone, "but surely you would not have me estimate him as highly as you do?"

"I would not have you love him quite as well, but I would have you appreciate his exalted qualities."

"My dear coz," said Agatha, with a slightly sarcastic smile, "do not, I pray you, make it one of the conditions of our friendship that I should see through your eyes. Mr. Wentworth is a fine scholar, a tolerable amateur painter, and a most ardent lover of his pretty wife; is that not sufficient praise?"

Alice felt uncomfortable, though she could scarcely tell why, at this and similar remarks from cousin Agatha. She had been accustomed to consider her husband a being of superior worth and endowments, but there was something in her cousin's manner of uttering commendation of him, which seemed to imply contempt even while it expressed praise. In the innocence of her heart, Alice several times repeated cousin Agatha's sayings to her husband, and they were not without their effect upon him. The self-love which exists, more or less, in every heart, was by no means a negative quality in the character of Mr. Wentworth. He knew his wife overrated his talents, but he loved her the better for her affectionate flattery, and cousin Agatha's apparent ignorance of his character mortified and vexed him. He began to think that his prejudices had prevented him from showing himself in a proper light, and his wounded vanity led him to redouble his attentions to his guest. Heretofore he had never thought of her except when in her company; but now, the certainty that she was as yet blind to his merits, made her an object of interest. He was not a very vain man, but his wife's idolatry had gratified even while he was fully aware of its extravagance, and he was proportionably annoyed by the perfect coldness with which cousin Agatha regarded him. She seemed to think him a very good sort of a man, but not at all superior to the common herd, and he was determined to convince her of her mistake. Agatha had succeeded in her first design: she had aroused him from the torpor of indifference.

Cousin Agatha was a most invaluable assistant to a young housekeeper, for she had a quick hand, a ready invention, and exquisite taste, so that whether a pudding was to be concocted, a dress trimmed, or a party given, she was equally useful. Alice had learned the duties of housekeeping theoretically and was now only beginning to put them in practice, as every young wife must do, for whatever she may know in the home of her childhood, she still finds much to be learned in organizing and arranging a new household. Cousin Agatha, on the contrary, had been trained from her childhood to do all these things, for the dependent orphan had early learned to earn her bread by her own usefulness. In the course of her married life she had been compelled to practice the thousand expedients which pride and poverty teach to a quick-witted woman, and it is not surprising, therefore, that her skill should far surpass that of the gentle and self-distrusting Alice. Doubting her own knowledge only because Agatha was near to advise, the young wife applied to her on all occasions, until at length the regulation of domestic affairs was entirely in her hands, and Alice was left only to assist in the execution of Agatha's plans. Cousin Agatha was always busied in some pretty feminine employment. She had very beautiful hands and her long taper fingers were always engaged in some delicate needle-work or an elegant piece of tapestry. Did it ever occur to you, my fair reader, that a pretty hand never appears to such advantage as when busied with the needle? The piano extends the fingers until the hand sometimes resembles a bird's claw; the pencil or pen contracts it until half its beauty is concealed: but needle-work, with the various turnings and windings necessary to its accomplishment, displays both hands in perfectly natural positions and in every variety of grace. This fact was not unknown to cousin Agatha; she had no accomplishments, but

she was rarely seen without the tiniest of gold thimbles upon her slender finger.

Slowly and by scarcely perceptible degrees, Agatha seemed to learn the full value of the prize which her friend had drawn in the lottery of life. His fine talents seemed to dawn upon her with daily increasing vividness, his amateur sketches became more and more characterized by genius, his musical taste developed itself surprisingly, and ere many weeks had elapsed, Alice had the satisfaction of repeating to her husband many a heart-warm compliment breathed into the ear of the happy wife by cousin Agatha, in her hours of confidential communing with her friend. Nor was Mr. Wentworth slower in discovering the latent charms of his guest. Restored to her former health, and associating as the guest of Mr. Wentworth, in a pleasant circle of society, cousin Agatha threw aside the weeds of widowhood, and appeared in all the attractive coquetry of tasteful and becoming dress. Her luxuriant tresses were once more allowed to shadow her low feminine brow, and fall upon her graceful neck, or, if bound up in conformity with fashion, the very restraint was studiously arranged in such a manner as to display their rich redundancy. Her gray eyes sometimes seemed actually flashing with light, and again were filled with the soft liquid lustre of intense sensibility; and then her smile, displaying her brilliant teeth and lighting up her whole face, had the effect of a sudden sunbeam upon a darkened landscape. The charm of Agatha's face was its vivid and varied expression; the grace of her person was the effect of long and carefully studied art. Not a look, not a gesture, not even a movement of her fringed eyelids, but was the result of frequent practice. There was a perfection of grace in her attitudes that seemed like Nature's self. Her head always assumed a pretty position, her curls always seemed to drop in their proper place, her drapery always fell in becoming folds, and no one observed that she was particular in avoiding cross lights, especially careful not to face a broad glare of sunshine, and remarkably fond of placing herself at the arm of a sofa, so as to obtain a fine back ground for the exhibition of her attitudes. Harry Wentworth wondered how he could ever have thought her ugly. And then her manners: what could be more gentle, more feminine, more fascinating than the tenderness of her tones and the sweetness of her deportment? She seemed to look upon gentlemen as if she felt all a woman's helplessness, and was willing to consider man as a "*chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*," born to be her natural protector. There was something so pleasing in the soft eyes which she lifted to the face of her sterner sex, that few could resist their charm, and actually Harry Wentworth was not one of those few.

Long before the time fixed for the termination of Agatha's visit, Alice had urged her to prolong her stay, and, when Mr. Wentworth added his earnest entreaties, she was induced to promise that she would not no other limit to its duration than such as circumstances might create. But as week after week fled by, Alice began to doubt whether she had acted wisely in making this request. She was ashamed to acknowledge even to herself the feeling, but, somehow or other, she was not quite as happy as she had been before cousin Agatha's coming. She attributed it to the nervous irritability from which she was now suffering, and endeavored to think that when she should once more recover her health, she would find her former

enjoyment in Agatha's society. But Agatha sometimes made such singular remarks; they were uttered with the utmost simplicity and *naïveté*, her smile was full of sweetness, her tones like the summer breeze when she spoke, and yet the import of her words was excessively cutting and sarcastic. There was often an implied censure in her manner of replying to Alice—not in the words themselves, but rather in their application, which the young wife, sick and dispirited, felt perhaps too keenly. Alice was uncomfortable and yet she scarcely could tell why. A shadow was resting upon her path, and she felt, although she saw it not, that there was a cloud in her sunny sky. The idea that she was no longer absolutely essential to her husband's comfort sometimes crossed her mind. During the many hours which she was obliged to spend in her own apartment, she found that Henry was fully occupied with his game of chess or his favorite book in company with cousin Agatha, and though it seemed only a realization of her own wishes, yet she was not prepared to find herself so entirely thrown into the back-ground of the family picture.

At length Alice became a mother, and in the new emotions awakened in her bosom, she forgot her vague feelings of discomfort. Mr. Wentworth was too proud and happy to think of anything but his boy, and when Alice beheld him bending over their cradled treasure with a feeling of almost awe as well as love, she wondered how she could ever have felt unhappy for a moment. Cousin Agatha seemed to share all their joy, and in the presence of the father she fondled and caressed the child as gracefully as possible.

"Do you not think, Alice," said she one day, as she sat with the babe lying on her lap, while Wentworth bent fondly over it, "do you not think your sweet little Harry resembles poor Charles Wilson?"

"No, indeed I do not," exclaimed Alice, quickly, while the blood mounted to her pallid cheek and brow.

"Well, I certainly see a strong likeness; there is the same peculiar dimple in the chin, which neither you nor Mr. Wentworth have, and even the color of his eyes remind me of Charles," said cousin Agatha.

"His eyes are like his father's," said Alice, "and nothing is more common than to see on the face of a child a dimple which entirely disappears in later life."

"Well, Alice, dear, I did not mean to awaken any painful reminiscences by my remark; I did not know you were so sensitive on the subject." These words were uttered in the blindest tones, and the sweet smile which accompanied them was as beautiful as a sunbeam on a troubled sea; but Alice felt both pained and vexed. Agatha had recurred to the only unpleasant recollections of her whole life, and she could not determine whether it had been done by design or was merely the result of thoughtlessness. The remark had not been without its effect upon Mr. Wentworth. He saw with surprise the evident vexation of his wife at the mention of Charles Wilson's name, and while he feared to ask an explanation from her in her present feeble state of health, he determined to satisfy his curiosity by appealing to cousin Agatha.

"Did you never hear of Charles Wilson?" exclaimed Agatha, in great apparent surprise, when, a few hours afterward, he asked the question.

"Never until I heard you mention him," was the reply.

"Then I ought not to tell you anything about him, because I cannot betray the confidence of a friend."

"But as a friend I entreat you to tell me."

"It is impossible, Mr. Wentworth: what Alice has thought best to conceal I certainly will not disclose; strange that she should not have told you; there certainly ought to be the most perfect confidence between husband and wife."

"Agatha, you have excited such a painful interest in the secret, whatever it is, that I must know it."

"You will not betray me to Alice if I tell you?"

"Certainly not, if secrecy be the only condition on which I can learn the truth."

"And you promise not to think harshly of poor Alice?"

"It would be strange if I should think other than well of one whose purity of heart is so well known to me."

"Well, then," replied the insidious woman, with a slight, a very slight sneer on her lip, "since you have such undoubting faith in your wife there can be no harm in telling you. But really we are making a great affair of a very trifling occurrence. Charles Wilson was a clerk to Alice's father, and while she was yet at school, he made love to her in the hope of enticing her into a clandestine marriage. Alice was only about fifteen, and like all girls of her age was delighted with a first lover. He lived in the house with us, and of course enjoyed many opportunities of meeting her, so that before we knew anything about it, an elopement was actually planned. I happened to discover it, and as my duty required it, I made it known to her parents. The consequence was that Wilson was dismissed and Alice sent to boarding-school; I dare say she has thanked me for it since, though then she could not forgive me. You look pained Mr. Wentworth. I hope my foolish frankness has not made you unhappy. I really thought it such a childish affair that I felt no hesitation in alluding to it to-day, supposing that Alice had lost all sensitiveness about it, and I was never more surprised than by her evident agitation. However, I confess I was wrong; I ought to have known that an early disappointment is not easily forgotten even in the midst of happiness."

"How long since this happened?" asked Mr. Wentworth.

"Just before I was married—I suppose about eight years ago; I wonder Alice did not tell you the whole story, but she is such a timid creature that I suppose she could not summon courage enough to be perfectly frank with you."

Wentworth made no reply, but the poisoned arrow had reached its mark. His confidence in his wife was shaken; he had not been the first love of her young heart—she had loved and been beloved—she had plighted her faith even in girlhood, and the creature whom he believed to be as pure in heart as an infant, had narrowly escaped the degradation of a clandestine marriage with an inferior. He was shocked and almost disgusted; he felt heartsick, and even the sight of his child, connected as it now was with the similitude of the early lover, was painful to him. He recalled a thousand trifling circumstances which would pass by unheeded but for cousin Agatha's kind attempts to explain Alice's meaning, and all now corroborated his suspicions of his wife's perfect sincerity. The more he discussed the matter with Agatha, the more dissatisfied did he become with Alice: and in proportion as she fell in his estimation the frank and noble character of Agatha arose. There was a high-toned sen-

timent about her, a sense of honor and an intensity of feeling which added new charms to her expressive countenance and graceful manners. Wentworth was not in love with Agatha, but he was a little out of love with his wife, and the constant presence of such a fascinating woman, at such a moment, was certainly somewhat dangerous. More than once he caught himself regretting that Alice was not more like her cousin, and long before Alice was well enough to leave her apartment, he had become quite reconciled to her absence from the drawing-room. Alice felt his increasing neglect, but she dared not allow herself to attribute it to its true cause. Cousin Agatha was so kind, so attentive to her, and studied so much the comfort of Mr. Wentworth, that she almost hated herself for the growing dislike which she was conscious of feeling toward her.

One day, about two months after the birth of her babe, Alice, who had been suffering from a slow fever, felt so much better that she determined to surprise her husband by joining him at dinner. Wrapping a shawl about her, she slowly proceeded down stairs, and finding the drawing-room door partly open, entered so silently as not to disturb the occupants of the apartment. Mr. Wentworth was lying on a sofa, while cousin Agatha sat on a low ottoman beside him, with one hand threading the mazes of his bright hair, while the other was clasped in his. The face of Agatha was hidden from her, but the wretched wife beheld the eyes of her husband upturned toward it with the most vivid expression of fondness and passion. Her very soul grew sick as she gazed; she turned to glide from the room and fell senseless on the threshold. Weeks had elapsed ere she recovered her consciousness. The sudden shock which her weakened nerves had sustained, produced inflammation of the brain, and for many an anxious day her husband watched beside her sick bed, dreading lest every hour should be her last. She lay in a state of stupor, and her first sign of returning consciousness was the shiver that ran through her frame when the voice of cousin Agatha struck upon her ear.

Mr. Wentworth was conscience stricken, when, aroused by the sound of her fall, he had beheld Alice lying lifeless on the floor. He uttered not a word of inquiry, but he readily divined the cause of her condition, and, as he bore her to her apartment, he almost hated himself for the brief delirium in which his senses had been plunged. He could not be said to love Agatha, but her fascinations had not been without their effect upon his ardent nature. He did not attempt to analyze his feelings, but yielding to the spell which enthralled him, abandoned himself to the enjoyment of her blandishments. Hour after hour had he spent in listening to the false sentiment which fell from her lips in the most honeyed accents, evening after evening had he consumed in attending her to parties of pleasure, day after day had been bestowed upon the completion of her portrait, while Alice was left to the solitude of her sick room. But now when he beheld her stricken down at his very feet, the scales seemed to fall from his eyes, and his infidelity of heart appeared to him in all its true wickedness. The toils which the insidious Agatha had woven about him were broken as if by magic, and his wife, his long-suffering, wronged Alice was dearer to him than all the world beside. He watched her with all the kindness of early affection, and well did he understand her ab-

horrent shudder at the presence of Agatha. His devoted affection and the *adieu* of cousin Agatha, who now found it necessary to terminate her visit, had no small share in restoring Alice to convalescence.

Alice was slowly regaining health and strength; the faint tint of the wild-rose was once more visible on her thin cheek, and her feeble step had again borne her to the room so fraught with painful remembrances. But far different were the feelings with which she now revisited that neglected apartment. Cousin Agatha was gone, she was once more alone with her husband, and with true womanly affection she willingly forgot his past errors in his present tenderness. But there were some things yet to be explained before perfect confidence could exist between them. The serpent had been driven from their Paradise, but its trail had been left on many a flower; the shadow of distrust still lay dark on the pleasant paths of domestic peace, and yet both shrank from uttering the mystic word which might chase its gloom forever. But the moment of explanation came. A letter from cousin Agatha was placed in the hands of Alice, and repressing the shudder with which she looked upon it, she proceeded to peruse it; but scarcely had she read three lines, when, with an exclamation of surprise, she handed it to her husband, and telling him it interested him no less than herself, begged him to read it aloud. It was as follows:

"MY SWEET COUSIN,

"I write to repeat my thanks for the exceeding kindness and hospitality which I received while an inmate of your family. I feel especially bound to do this, because, as I am on the point of embarking for France, I may be unable for several years to offer my acknowledgements in person. You are doubtless surprised, but you will perhaps be still more so when I tell you I am going to join my husband. Our marriage took place more than a year since, but we thought it prudent to conceal it both on account of my then recent widowhood, and because my husband was not then of age. His guardian was opposed to his union with your penniless cousin, and he was sent off on a European tour to avoid me; but we were secretly married before his departure, and as he has now attained his majority, he has written to me to meet him in Paris, where I hope to find that domestic felicity which I failed to derive from my former unhappy connection. By the way, my dear Alice, I fancied, when I was at your house, that there was some little coldness existing between you and your husband. I sincerely hope that I was mistaken and that it was my love for you which rendered me too observant of the little differences which frequently occur in married life. I think Mr. Wentworth was piqued about your early engagement with Charles Wilson; you had better explain the matter to him, and he will probably find as little cause for his jealousy as, I assure you, there was for yours. Don't pout, dear Alice, you certainly were a little jealous of me, but I only flirted harmlessly with your husband *pour passer le tems*; and perhaps a little out of revenge. I wanted to try whether a 'little dandyish red-nosed woman' could have any attractions for him."

"By Jupiter! she must have been listening at the door when I was discussing the subject of her ill-looks just after her arrival," exclaimed Mr. Wentworth."

"Yes, and mortified vanity will account for her well practised seductions, Harry," said Alice; "but let us

hear the end of this precious epistle." Mr. Wentworth resumed:

"I hope he has fallen into his old habits again and is as fond and lover-like as I found him on my arrival. One piece of advice I must give you, my sweet Alice; do not trust him too much with those who have greater powers of fascination than his little wife, for believe me, he possesses a very susceptible nature. Do not be such a good spouse as to show him my letter. Remember I write to you with my usual impudent frankness. Kiss little Harry for me and remember me most kindly to your amiable husband."

"Ever your devoted friend and cousin,

"AGATHA."

"P. S. Can I send you any *nicknackery* from Paris? I shall be quite delighted to be of service to you."

"Well, that is as characteristic a letter as I ever read," exclaimed Wentworth as he flung it on the table; "how adroitly she mingles her poison with her sweetmeats; and how well she has managed to affix a sting in the last: I wonder whom she has duped into a marriage."

"Some foolish boy, doubtless, for she speaks of him as being just of age, while she will never again see her thirtieth summer," said Alice; "but what does she mean Harry about my early engagement with Charles Wilson? He was a clerk to my father."

"She told me a long story Alice about a proposed elopement between you and this said Charles Wilson which had been prevented by her interference."

"Good Heavens! Harry how she must have misrepresented the affair. Wilson was in papa's employ and probably fancied it would be a good speculation if he could marry his employer's daughter. He became exceedingly troublesome to me by his civilities, and finally made love to me in plain terms, when I communicated the whole affair to cousin Agatha, and begged her to tell papa of it, because I was such a child that I was ashamed to tell him myself. She did so, and Wilson was dismissed; but I was then only a school girl."

"You seemed so agitated when she recurred to the subject that I readily believed her story."

"I was vexed, Harry, because she insinuated that there was a likeness between our dear boy and that vulgar fellow."

"How I have been deceived by a fiend in the form of an angel," exclaimed Wentworth; "we should have been saved much suffering if she had never entered our doors."

"Indeed we should, Harry, and I shall never cease to reproach myself for my folly in introducing such a serpent into our Elysium."

"Your motives were kind and good, Alice; and though it has been to you a severe lesson in the deceitfulness of the world, and to me a still more painful one in the deceitfulness of my own heart, yet I trust, that to both of us it may not be without its salutary influences."

TO CORA.

BY JOHN KEESE.

AUTUMN has passed,—when the setting sun
Ripened the fruit it looked upon;
The peach dyed with blushes its pallid hue,
And the smiling grapes the leaves peeped through;
But thou art a fairer fruit by far
Than ever was shone on by sun or star;

The tinge on thy cheek doth co ne and go
Like light through a cloud on a field of snow.

Winter has passed,—his dying tone
Was heard in the spirit-storm's dying moan;
His cheerful fires have gone to decay,
And his robe of white hath melted away;
But thy heart will still in its gentleness glow
While the current of life in thy veins doth flow;
The robe of thy *soul* is purer still,
Nor forms nor harbors one thought of ill.

Spring has passed, and has left behind
Perfumed gardens to scent the wind,
And beautiful flowers, that bless the eyes
With visions of a lost paradise;
But thou art lovelier far than these,
And owest no charm to sun or breeze;
Their lifeless colors can never vie
With the spirit that speaks in thy laughing eye.

Summer has come, when the burning sky
Changes all labor to apathy;
Our wearied limbs from the parching heat,
In the forest shades seek a cool retreat;
So when the soul feels misfortune's fire
Where'er it fancies all hopes aspire,
With the mantle of Mercy o'ershadowing it, thou
Wilt chase all despair from the fevered brow.
For the Rover—Brooklyn, July, 1844.

THE BLIND MAN'S BRIDE.

BY MRS. NORTON.

WHEN first, beloved, in vanquished hours
The blind man sought thy love to gain,
They said thy cheek was bright, as flowers
New freshen'd by the summer rain:
They said thy movements, swift yet soft,
Were such as make the winged dove
Seem, as it gently soars aloft,
The image of repose and love.

They told me, too, an eager crowd
Of wooers praised thy beauty rare,
But that thy heart was all too proud
A common love to meet or share.
Ah! thine was neither pride nor scorn,
But in thy coy and virgin breast
Dwelt preference, not of passion born,
The love that hath a holier rest!

Days came and went:—thy step I heard
Pause frequent, as it pass'd me by;
Days came and went:—thy heart was stirred
And answered to my stifled sigh!
And thou didst make a humble choice,
Content to be thy blind man's bride;
Who loved thee for thy gentle voice,
And owned no joy on earth beside.

And well by that sweet voice I knew
(Without the happiness of sight)
Thy years, as yet, were glad and few,
Thy smile most innocently bright.
I knew how full of love's own grace
The beauty of thy form must be;
And fancy idolized the face
Whose loveliness I could not see!

O! happy were those days, beloved!

I almost ceased for light to pine,
When through the summer vales we roved,
Thy fond hand fondly link'd in mine.
Thy soft "Good night!" still sweetly cheered
The unbroken darkness of my doom;
And thy "Good morrow, love!" endeared
The sunrise which returned in gloom!

At length, as years rolled swiftly on,
They spoke to me of Time's decay—
Of roses from thy smooth cheek gone,
And ebon ringlets turn'd to gray.
Ah! then I blest the sightless eyes
Which could not feel the deepening shade,
Nor watch beneath succeeding skies
Thy withering beauty faintly fade.

I saw no paleness on thy cheek,
No lines upon thy forehead smooth,—
But still the blind man heard thee *speak*,
In accents made to bless and soothe,
Still he could feel thy guiding hand
As through the woodlands wild we ranged,—
Still in the summer light could stand,
And know thy *heart* and *voice* unchanged.

And still, beloved, when life grows cold,
We'll wander 'neath a genial sky,
And only know that we are old,
By counting happy years gone by:
For thou to me art still as fair
As when those happy years began,—
When first thou cam'st to soothe and share
The sorrows of a sightless man!

Old Time, who changes all below,
To wean men gently for the grave,
Hath brought us no increase of woe,
And leaves us all he ever gave:
For I am still a helpless thing,
Whose darkened world is cheer'd by thee;
And thou art she whose beauty's Spring
The blind man vainly yearned to see!

EARLY IMPRESSIONS.

You can hardly be aware how deep may be the impression which you make on the mind of your child, even in a very few moments of time. For one, I can truly say, I have never met with any loss so great, as that of losing the care and instructions of my mother during my childhood, in consequence of her having lost her reasons. But I can recollect that when a very little child, I was standing at the open window, at the close of a lovely summer's day. The large, red sun was just sinking away behind the western hills; the sky was gold and purple commingled; the winds were sleeping, and a soft solemn stillness seemed to hang over the earth. I was watching the sun as he sent his yellow rays through the trees, and felt a kind of awe, though I knew not wherefore. Just then my mother came to me. She was raving with frenzy—for reason had long since left its throne—and her, a victim of madness. She came up to me, wild with insanity. I pointed to the glorious sun in the west—and in a moment she was calm! she took my little hands within hers, and said that 'the great God made the sun stars, the world—everything:—that he it was who made her little boy, and gave him an immortal spirit; that yonder sun, and the green fields and the

world itself will one day be burned up; but that the spirit of her child will then be alive—for he must live when Heaven and earth are gone; that he must pray to the great God, and love and serve him forever!

She let go my hands—madness returned—she hurried away; I stood with my eyes filled with tears, and my little bosom heaving with emotions which I could not have described; but I can never forget the impressions which that conversation of my poor mother left upon me! Oh! what a blessing would it have been, had the inscrutable providence of God given me my mother who could have repeated these instructions, accompanied by her prayers, through all the days of my childhood! But, "even so Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight!"—*Rev. John Todd.*

THE ROVER OMNIBUS.

BRIEF HISTORY OF MORMONISM.

THE tragical fate of poor Joe Smith, the great Mormon Prophet, gives at this moment a strong interest to his history and career. The following is the best condensed account of his rise and progress we have ever met with. It has been lying among our gathered scraps for nearly a year, and was taken, if we recollect right, from some paper published in Ohio.

"This imposture had its origin in Ontario county, New York, in 1830. The ostensible projector was an idle, worthless fellow, by the name of Joseph Smith—the real inventors of the delusion, have had adroitness enough to "keep dark" as yet. Smith pretended that he had found some golden or brass plates, like the leaves of a book, hid in a box in the earth, to which he was directed by an *Angel*, in 1827; that the writing on them was in the "Reformed Egyptian language," that he was *inspired* to interpret the writing, or engraving, by putting a plate in his hat, putting two smooth flat stones, which he found in the box, in the hat, and putting his face therein—that he could not write, but as he translated, one Oliver Cowdrey wrote it down. The next step was to operate upon a superstitious and credulous farmer, by the name of Martin Harris, and induce him to sell his farm, worth it is said three thousand dollars, to raise funds to print the book!

Harris was a professor of religion, and believed much in dreams, and supernatural communications and was easily persuaded to believe Smith's story about the plates and the *Angel*. To confirm his faith, and get his money, they pretended to show him some of the plates, and got several other persons by name of Whitmer, and Smith's relations, to certify to the plates. The probability is that Smith, who had been a book-peddler, and was frequently about printing establishments, had procured some old copper plates for engravings, which he showed for his golden plates.

It is pretended that the "Book of Mormon," was translated by Joseph Smith from these plates.

Of the falsehood of this, the book itself contains the most unquestionable evidence. On the truth or falsity of Smith's pretended inspiration and of the character of this "Book of Mormon," rests the whole scheme. If the Book in general is a fable—with the extravagant stories, then Joe Smith Junior, is a base impostor—a worthless fellow, and all his followers are most wretchedly deceived and deluded.

I have not space, nor is it necessary, to give anything like a regular account of its contents. Its com-

position is the work of three kinds of authors, each peculiarly and distinctly marked.

1. It contains many extracts, and sometimes whole chapters from our common Bible, both the Old and New Testament, word for word as it is in our common translation. But it is scripture perverted, because it is mixed up with the most extravagant and monstrous fictions—and low, vulgar, cant expressions.

2. A series of extravagant and romantic histories about two sorts of people, that at two remote periods of time, are supposed to have crossed the Atlantic Ocean, and lived on this continent.

One class came here shortly after the confusion of tongues at Babel, lived here for many generations, became very warlike and fought till at last every man, woman and child was killed off! The Kilkenny cats only fought till nothing was left but the tips of their tails, but the "*Jaredites*," unmerciful wretches, fought up tails and all."

But this is not more extravagant than the manner in which this race first came to the American continent. They built eight small barges both air and water tight, had the identical stones which Joseph Smith now uses to translate by, for lights, and partly by skimming the surface, and partly by diving like ducks, they crossed the ocean, with their families, flocks, herds, fowls, and "all manner of provisions," in 344 days!

The second race of men migrated here about six hundred years before the birth of Christ, from Jerusalem, and became the ancestors of the present race of Indians. They were of the tribe of *Joseph*, and constituted the *Mormans*.

The extravagant fictions of this portion of the story, outdo the Arabian Night's Entertainment, or the stories of Sinbad the Sailor.

They might pass for wild romances, however, were it not for the blasphemous assertion that Jesus Christ, after ascending to Heaven from Mount Olivet, descending again on this continent, chose here twelve apostles, organized a church, and stayed sometime on earth again.

The family of Levi, who first came over, had a quarrel, and became divided into two parties under the name of *Lamanites* and *Nephites*. The Lamanites became corrupt and idolatrous—the Nephites were slain except Moroni, the "last of the Mormons," who buried the plates for the special purpose of having Joseph Smith find them!

The Book of Mormon pretends to have been written during a space of 1030 years, by twelve different authors, the last of which, Moroni, gives the story of the "*Jaredites*," who came over in the little barges, under the ocean, before the days of Abraham.

THE ORIGIN OF THESE WRITINGS.

About 20 years since, a singular, eccentric gentleman, by the name of *Spaulding*, in the north eastern part of Ohio, was engaged in writing a series of *romances*, the prolific fruits of his own fertile imagination, about the early settlement of America. He was a man of some talent, of much eccentricity of character, and in poor circumstances. He went to Pittsburg to get his book printed, but soon died, and the manuscripts were supposed to be mislaid or lost. From a number of circumstances it appears now evident that Joseph Smith, Junior, got possession of them, and hence the legends in the Book of Mormon! Smith had the cunning with others to turn the whole to a religious ac-

count, impose upon the credulous, superstitious and visionary, and became the prophet and leader of a new sect.

Hence, 3d, the preface, conclusion, and occasionally a few sentences interspersed through it, are the genuine writings of the Impostor Smith and his coadjutors.

SOBER SECOND THOUGHTS.

Few things have struck us more in the action of public opinion, than the complete change of sentiment which took place in regard to the operations against the mob in the uniform companies of Philadelphia. We are unfortunately so much in the habit in this country of borrowing from Europe some stale political cry, or catchword, which has no real reference to our state of society, that the mere mention of "The Military" firing upon "citizens" was enough to call out a sort of *Manchester* indignation against the defenders of the law. The real good sense of Americans, however, was not to be ultimately blinded by the absurd cry against "the armed soldiery," and they soon recognized these "soldiery" as, in fact, a part of themselves; as citizens identified just as much with themselves in feeling and interest as the class of firemen or that from which a jury of their *peers* is empanelled.

In this same way the refusal of General Cadwallader to make prisoners, which, when first mentioned, gave great offence, soon received its proper interpretation. The general was called upon by his duty to enforce authority—not to act the part of a catchpole. If prisoners were to be taken, the civil posse needed no aid of the military. If the civil posse is powerless, law for the moment is prostrated, the military called out to assert its dignity must act in an executive capacity against the offenders at the bidding of the civil magistracy, and it has no right, by making prisoners, to recognize the lawless assemblage as the acknowledged faction of an organized revolution. If it can make prisoners, it can also treat with a body of rioters, which would endanger the state in ways too evident to make it necessary to enlarge upon.

THE CHILD'S REVERIE.

BY ARTHUR MORRELL.

SWEET innocent! where are thy thoughts fondly straying?

What scene of enchantment is Fancy displaying,
What joys and what sorrows before thee arraying,

To fill thee with gladness?

Dost dream that in some fragrant bower thou'rt playing,

A stranger to sadness?

Sweet child! what new joy to thy heart is appealing,
What innocent wish through thy bosom is stealing,
What trace of *past* pleasure is Mem'ry revealing—

What bright spell hath bound thee?

Dost dream that at Pleasure's rich shrine thou art kneeling,

With fairies around thee?

Ah! ne'er hast thou dream'd that the season is nigh,
When pleasure as now will not brighten thine eye—
When sorrow and sadness shall cause thee to sigh,

And whelm thee in gloom;

When thy innocent joys one by one will all die,
Alas! in thy bloom.

Still smile, gentle one—for thy smile is as bright
As the vision which now is deluding thy sight.
I would that thy thoughts might be always as light

And happy as now—

Nor time ever bring to thy pure heart a blight,
Or a cloud to thy brow.

For the Rover—New York, July, 1844.

JUNE.

BY W. C. BRYANT.

I GAZED upon thy glorious sky,
And the green mountains round,
And thought, that when I came to lie
Within the silent ground,
'Twere pleasant, that, in flowery June,
When brooks sent up a cheerful tune,
And groves a joyful sound,
The sexton's hand, my grave to make,
The rich, green mountain turf should break.

A cell within the frozen mound,
A coffin, borne through street,
And icy clouds above it rolled,
While fierce the tempest beat—
Away!—I will not think of these—
Blue be the sky and soft the breeze,
Earth green beneath the feet,
And be the damp mound gently prest
Into my narrow place of rest.

There, through the long, long summer hours,
The golden light should lie,
And thick young herbs and groups of flowers
Stand in their beauty by;
The oriole should build and tell
His love tale close beside my cell;
The idle butterfly
Should rest him there; and there be heard
The housewife bee and humming-bird.

And what, if cheerful shouts, at noon,
Come from the village sent,
Or songs of maids, beneath the moon,
With fairy laughter blent.
And what, if in the evening light,
Betrothed lovers walk in sight
Of my low monument—
I would the lovely scene around
Might know no sadder sight nor sound.

I know, I know, I should not see
The season's glorious show,
Nor would its brightness shine for me,
Nor its wild music flow;
But if, around my place of sleep,
The friends I love come here to weep,
They might not haste to go,
Soft airs, and songs, and light, and bloom,
Should find them lingering by my tomb.

These to their softened hearts should bear
The thought of what has been,
And speak of one who came to share
The gladness of the scene.
Whose part in all the pomp that fills
The circuit of the summer hills,
Is that his grave is green,
And deeply would their hearts rejoice
To hear again his living voice.

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ARRIVAL OF THE CARAVAN AT SANTA FE.

ALBION

THE ROVER.

COMMERCE OF THE PRAIRIES.

SEE ENGRAVING.

COMMERCE of the Prairies, or the Journal of a Santa Fe Trader, during eight expeditions across the great western prairies, and a residence of nearly nine years in Northern Mexico; illustrated with maps and engravings. By Josiah Gregg; two volumes. New York, Henry G. Langley, 8 Astor House.

This is one of the most interesting and valuable works of the season. It is got up in two neatly printed volumes of something over three hundred pages each, handsomely bound in cloth and gilt. It is illustrated by several fine steel engravings, and several others on wood, executed in the first style of the art, together with a large and elegant map of the Indian Territory, Northern Texas, and New Mexico, showing the great western prairies. We have not time nor room, in a work like ours, to go into a long or critical notice of the volumes before us, but we have no hesitation in recommending them as replete with interesting narrative and valuable information.

One of the plates in this work is presented to the view of the reader in this week's Rover. Another of the plates, and a very interesting one, represents "Dog Town," giving a view of a settlement of prairie dogs; another, the march of the Caravan; another, an Indian alarm, &c.

We learn from the preface that Mr. Gregg also, as well as Kendall and others, has suffered from the piratical depredations of that freebooter, Captain Marryat. Some portions of these volumes were communicated in 1841 and 42, in letters from Mr. Gregg to the Galveston Daily Advertiser and the Arkansas Intelligencer; which letters have been taken, word for word, without any acknowledgement and incorporated into Captain Marryat's late work entitled "Monsieur Violet." Surely the impudence of these English writers knows no bounds.

THE FIRST BLOOD OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY SEBA SMITH.

TWO-THIRDS of a century have passed away since our fathers stood up in their might to throw off the yoke of British oppression. And now that they have gone down to the grave, how few among us understand or realize the stern difficulties they encountered, and the severe hardships they endured, in those days that tried men's souls. We look into the pages of history indeed, and feel a glow of patriotism as we read their heroic achievements, shed a tear of gratitude that our country was blessed with the wisdom, the labors, and the goodness of Washington, and perhaps bestow an indignant smile upon the folly and madness of Lord North. But we do not look upon those days and those scenes as our fathers looked upon them. We see them as through a glass, darkly; they beheld them face to face.

Let us for a few moments go back to those memorable times, and stand side by side with our fathers, and our mothers too, and see with what determined and unsubdued spirits they beheld the dark clouds of oppression settling upon them. Let us walk with them

in their fields, and sit with them at their firesides, and see how those iron men bared their bosoms to every shaft of oppression, and how those patriotic women cheered them on by their zealous co-operation and patient endurance.

On the eleventh day of May, 1774, toward the close of the day, Mr. Jonathan Buker, of Lexington, in the Province of Massachusetts Bay, came riding up to his house with a speed somewhat more rapid than was his usual habit, dismounted, drew the saddle and bridle from his horse, and instead of hanging them up, as he was generally careful to do, he threw them into the shed and entered the house. His two sons, Joshua and Levi, with their round jackets hanging upon the rail fence, and their shirt sleeves rolled up to the elbows, were occupied in ploughing a potatoe patch a few yards from the door, and seeing the arrival of their father, they left the plough in the furrow and went in. Mrs. Buker was sitting with an apron full of fox-berry leaves, which her little daughter had just brought from the woods, and which she was picking over for tea.

"That's right," said Mr. Buker, "make much of the fox-berry leaves, for it'll be a long time, I guess, before we shall have anything to do with India tea again."

"Why, has anything more happened in Boston?" said Mrs. Buker; "is there any more news from home?"

"Yes, the Parliament has been at its dark, dirty work again," said Mr. Buker; "they mean to make us all hewers of wood and drawers of water here in the colonies, to support them in their idleness at home. But let 'em go on; let 'em try their worst; they'll find before they get through, that the people of these colonies weren't made to be slaves."

"Well, what is it?" said Mrs. Buker; "do let us hear; telling on't wont make it no worse."

"They have passed an act," said Mr. Buker, "to shut up the harbor of Boston, and stop all vessels from going in or out there to trade. Not a single dollar's worth of goods can be brought in or carried out of Boston by water after the first day of next month. The Boston folks are in a sad pickle about it, and don't know what to do, nor which way to turn. It'll be all the same as shutting of 'em up to starve to death, for they can't live there if their trade is all stopt; they must all suffer and die in a heap, or leave the place. Some of 'em are for giving right up, and letting Parliament have their own way, if they'll only let their trade go on. But most of 'em say, no, they'll die first."

"Well, I hope they'll stick to that," said Joshua, coloring deeply; "I hope they'll resist that act of Parliament to the bat's end; I'm ready for one to go and help 'em fight it out."

"Oh dear, I hope it'll never come to that," said Mrs. Buker, with a heavy sigh, "but if it should, I'd rather see my children die, standing up for their rights, than to see 'em live to become the slaves of the king and Parliament."

"What is it?" said the trembling voice of old Mr. Ichabod Buker, the grandfather, who was seated by the open window with a pipe in his mouth, his white locks gently waving in the wind. He had become too deaf to hear much of ordinary conversation, but his

sharp black eye was still undimmed, and he had watched the countenances of the family till he was sure something of unusual interest was the topic of conversation. "What is it?" said the old man, bending his head forward, and placing his hand behind his ear.

Levi approached his grandfather to answer his eager inquiry, and putting his mouth close to his ear, told him in a loud voice, that "Parliament had passed an act to shut up the harbor of Boston."

"What?" said the old man, drawing his head back and turning his eyes upon Levi—"shut up the harbor of Boston? How are they going to work to do that?"

"Why, they've passed an act," said Levi, "that there sha'n't be any more vessels go in or out of Boston harbor to trade after the first day of next month; and they are going to send over their ships of war and soldiers to put the act in force."

"Well, well, if it comes to that," said the old man, "I shall have to try once more in my old age to see if I can handle a musket. I don't s'pose I could walk to Boston, but I could ride down in the wagon, and if Boston is invaded, I will go."

As he finished this sentence, he rose from his chair, struck his staff upon the floor with considerable energy, and directed his tottering steps to the other corner of the room, where the family group were seated.

"Jonathan, said he, "aint all the country going down to help Boston, if the Parliament sends over troops to shet up the harbor? I'm eighty-one years old, but as old as I be, if it comes to that I'll go myself. My eyesight's good yet, and I can take aim as well as ever I could, and though I couldn't march about after the enemy much, I could sit in your brother Nathan's store, and fire out of his back window, which you know looks right out upon the harbor. What does Nathan say about it? Dont he want me to come right down?"

"Oh, no, father; you are too old and feeble to take any part in these things. You ought to try to keep quiet, and not let yourself get excited about them. Besides, there wont be any fighting to be done at present. Nathan says, Mr. Samuel Adams told him it wouldn't be best for the Boston folks to make any resistance to the act, but let it go into operation, and it would do more to unite the colonies in one firm band to maintain their rights, than anything that's ever happened. You couldn't do Nathan any good, if you was to go down to Boston. He'll be out here to see us soon after the port bill, as they call it, goes into effect; for all business'll be stopt, and he wont have anything else to do. But he's got two vessels ready to load, and he wants to get 'em loaded and off before the first of June. I'm afraid he'll have a tough match to do it, for everybody was round yesterday, after the news come, to engage all the help they could find. I promised to send Joshua and Levi down to-morrow, with the cart and oxen, to help him till he gets his vessel loaded."

In the midst of this conversation, Miss Triphenia Buker, or Trify, as the family used to call her, who had been on an errand to one of the neighbors half a mile distant, came in, full of news from Boston, and with almost breathless earnestness said,

"Mr. Niles has jest got home, and says Boston is all in an uproar, because the harbor's going to be shet up in two or three weeks, and he's got to go right back to-morrow with his team, to work for his brother a fortnight; and Miss Niles says she shall be dreadful

lonesome, and wants mother to come over the first day she can, and spend the afternoon with her."

"Well, I guess I sha'n't go," said Mrs. Buker, rather decidedly.

"Why not?" said Mr. Buker, looking a little surprised; "you always used to be rather fond of going to see Miss Niles. What's turned up now?"

"Well, nothin' in particular," said Mrs. Buker; "only I don't feel as if I cared much about seeing of her."

At this moment, Mr. Buker glanced at his daughter Trify, and a smile was playing over her face, that seemed to look as though she knew something more about her mother's reasoning in the matter, than had been conveyed in the reply just given. He turned again to his wife, and renewed his expostulations.

"Now, mother," said he, "I know something has happened, jest as well as can be, and I insist upon knowing what's broke out between Miss Niles and you."

"Well, it's nothin' at all in the world," said she, "only I strongly expect Miss Niles drinks boughten tea, and if I knew she did, I'd never set my foot in her house again."

"If that's the case," said her husband, "it's so much the stronger reason why you ought to go and see her, and find out the truth about it. If it's a fact that she does drink India tea, it's our duty to report her to the committee, and let 'em make an example of her. But what makes you think she drinks tea?"

"Why, the two last times I was over to their house, I smelt boughten tea, if ever I smelt it in my life. They were jest done supper; and says I, 'Miss Niles, what do you drink for tea, now?' She colored a little, and says she, 'Some of us drink sage, and some of us drink fox-berry.' But I could smell the boughten tea then, and it gave me such a hankering after it, I didn't get over it for two days. And last week, when the parson was coming to take tea with us, I sent over and borrowed her black tin teapot, because mine had the nose melted off; and when I rensed it out, as true as you're alive, Mr. Buker, there was a fair leaf of boughten tea come out of the nose. I showed it to Trify, and she knew it in a minute. I thought then I wouldn't say nothin' about it, for I was in hopes our troubles in Parliament was going to be settled pretty soon. But since they've broke out anew, and things is growing worse and worse, I wont try to screen her no longer. If she will drink tea in such times as these, the committee ought to know it."

"That's right," said her husband; "now you talk like a Buker. I hope you'll follow up Miss Niles till she's fairly brought to justice. The boys will have to be off to-morrow morning, and I shall go again myself the next day, after I've seen to putting things to rights a little here at home; and then you'll have a good chance for a week or two, to watch Miss Niles. I'd go over and spend the afternoon with her, and see if you can find out the truth of the matter."

The next morning, by sunrise, Joshua and Levi were on the road to Boston, with the cart and oxen, and the day after they were followed by their father on horseback. The very same afternoon, Mrs. Buker, whose patriotism would not let her rest, called on her two neighbors, Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Hill, to go over with her and spend the afternoon with Mrs. Niles. On the way, Mrs. Buker revealed confidentially to Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Hill her suspicions with regard to Mrs. Niles,

at which both of those ladies uttered an exclamation of patriotic horror, and declared if that were the case, she ought to be exposed at once. On their arrival, Mrs. Niles said she was dreadful glad to see them, for she was awful lonesome, and she took them right into the "fore-room," where they had a couple of hours of comfortable chat. Their conversation naturally turned upon the gloomy state of public affairs and the important crisis that seemed inevitably approaching. Mrs. Buker said she verily believed a war would come of it yet, for she didn't think the colonies would ever give up to Parliament, and for her part she hoped they never would. She had rather wear home-made gowns and drink fox-berry tea as long as she lived, than to leave her children under a yoke of bondage to Parliament. Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Hill said that was their opinion exactly, and appealed to Mrs. Niles for her sentiments, who said, "as for home-made gowns, she had jest as lieve wear 'em as not, or anything else the committee might tell her to wear; but she must confess it was a dreadful trial for her to do without tea. There was such a comfort in a good strong dish of shushon, she did wish the committee would take off the restriction on it." The other ladies here glanced at each other with such significant looks, that Mrs. Niles colored. She left the room for a short time, and presently returned and invited the ladies into the other room to supper. In a few moments they were seated round a snug table bountifully supplied with substantial farmer comforts. On the centre stood a large plate of wheat biscuit, made from flour as white as snow, and baked to a delicate brown, that rendered them at once crispy and delicious. This plate was flanked on one side by another of smaller dimensions, holding a generous slice of fresh sweet butter, and on the other by a corresponding plate of rich new-milk cheese; while farther advanced toward the outskirts of the table, smoked a couple of custard pies, warm from the oven, and glowing with all the richness that milk and eggs could give.

"Well, there," said Mrs. Brown, as she divided a biscuit, and placed a piece of butter upon the warm surface, "how is it you make your biscuit so nice?—Seems to me they are the nicest I ever see."

"They are beautiful," said Mrs. Hill, "perfectly beautiful."

Mrs. Buker gave her testimony to the same point, adding an extra compliment to the cheese. In the mean time Mrs. Niles had filled her tea-cups and placed them before her guests. Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Hill almost simultaneously took a sip; but Mrs. Buker raised her cup only half way to her mouth, when she suddenly stopt, looked at it for a moment, and then returned it to the table. Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Hill each took another sip, a little deeper and more scrutinizing than the first.

"Why, this isn't fox-berry," said Mrs. Brown, "nor sage neither."

"So it seems to me," said Mrs. Hill; and both of those ladies took another very delicate sip.

"Now, Mrs. Niles," said Mrs. Brown, "you haint been a giving us boughten tea, have you?"

"I shouldn't think you would need to ask, after drinking half a cup full," said Mrs. Buker. "For my part, I could tell it clear across the room by the smell."

"Well, to tell the truth," said Mrs. Niles, "it is as good a dish of shushon as I could make."

This direct avowal of her guilt by Mrs. Niles, drew

from the other three ladies an exclamation of extreme horror.

"Why, Mrs. Niles," said Mrs. Buker, "how do you dare to break over the rules of the committee in this way? Why, you'll jest as true be published in the papers as a traitor to the cause of the country as you're alive."

"I don't think so," said Mrs. Niles, very calmly.

"Oh, you certainly will," said all the ladies at once; "folks will find it out, if you go on in this way, and you will certainly be exposed and published in the papers."

"Well, I'm not afraid of it," said Mrs. Niles.

"Why not?" said Mrs. Buker; "I think it's high time you was."

"Because I haven't broke over any of the rules of the committee," said Mrs. Niles, firmly. "We had ten pounds of this tea in the house when the rules against buying and using India tea was first published. And you know families were allowed to use up what they had in the house. I would do as much, and undergo as much for the cause of the country as anybody; I would not only do without tea, where it would do any good, but without bread too. Yes, I would live on one potatoe a-day, and work day and night, as long as my strength would hold out, before I'd have the colonies give up to Parliament, and let 'em tax us and take away jest what they'd a mind to from us. I've no notion of buying any more tea till these troubles are settled; but as we have this in the house, we may as well drink it once in a while, and take the comfort of it, and give a cup to our friends when they come to see us, as to let it lay and lose its strength and be wasted. So now, ladies, jest drink up your tea, and not worry any more about it."

This lucid and frank exposition of the matter greatly relieved the consciences of Mrs. Niles's visitors, and they all began to sip their tea, and praise its delicious flavor. Even Mrs. Buker said she didn't think she ever drank a better cup of tea in her life. After taking five cups apiece, all round, the warmth of their patriotism greatly increased, and they spent an hour in discussing the affairs of the colonies with great earnestness and volubility, and promising to come again in a few days and get another cup of Mrs. Niles's good shushon, the visitors bade her good night, and departed.

What occurred for the next fortnight, or how often these good ladies visited Mrs. Niles to help her keep her good shushon from spoiling, our history does not very fully record. Mr. Buker did not return home till the second day of June, having remained in Boston with his two sons to assist his brother Nathan in making such arrangements in his business as the time would allow before the port bill went into operation. His neighbor Brown saw him ride up to the door, and immediately came over to inquire the news.

"Well," said Mr. Brown, "how does things look down to Boston? Did they let the port bill go into operation yesterday?"

"Yes," said Mr. Buker, "there wasn't any opposition made to it, nor no disturbance; but it's a sad time there, I can tell ye. Everybody seems to feel as though there was dreadful times ahead. It seemed more like Sunday there yesterday, than anything else. The bells tolled, and the day was kept as a fast; and the papers said nearly all the colonies had appointed the same day to be kept as a public fast, on account of the port bill."

"And so we've got a new governor, too, hav'n't we?" said Mr. Brown. "Well, I hope he's a better one than Hutchinson was. What do folks think of Governor Gage?"

"Oh, he's only making things worse and worse," said Mr. Buker. "When the General Court met in Boston, a week ago, yesterday, they nominated twenty-eight counsellors, and sent the names in to the governor, and he cut off thirteen of 'em, right off slap, and the best ones among 'em too; all them that had been most earnest in standing up for the rights of the colonies. He cut off Mr. Bowdoin, and Mr. Winthrop, and Mr. James Otis, and Mr. John Adams, and sich as them."

"Well, how did the General Court stan that?" said Mr. Brown; "I think it was using of 'em rather shabby."

"They wouldn't stan it no how," said Mr. Buker. "They said if the new governor was going to try to go that gate, he might go it alone for all them, and they wouldn't touch to nominate another single counsellor; and they didn't. And then the governor got mad, and adjourned the General Court to meet at Salem the seventh day of this month."

According to the intimation here given, the General Court of the Province of Massachusetts Bay did meet at Salem on the 7th of June, 1774, and their first act was the appointment of a committee to take into consideration *the state of the province*. The leading spirits of this ancient province had made up their minds that a crisis had arrived in public affairs, which required the adoption of something more than half-way measures. They determined to make a bold effort to unite the colonies in firm and uncompromising opposition to the unjustifiable and oppressive encroachments of parliament. In short, they resolved that the General Court should, in its legislative capacity, recommend a congress of delegates from all the colonies to be holden at Philadelphia, to consult on measures for the public good. But how should this be accomplished? The proposition would be new and startling to most of the members. It would not do to go into a public discussion of the subject, for Governor Gage would at once exercise his authority and dissolve the House. The thing must be kept entirely from his ears and the ears of his partisans. Samuel Adams and James Warren were on the committee appointed to consider the state of the province. Their report was prepared, recommending a continental congress to be holden at Philadelphia on the first of September. These two indefatigable and sturdy rebels held secret conversations with the individual members, whom it would do to trust, explained to them the whole matter, and canvassed the subject till they were sure a majority of the members were prepared to accept their report at once, without discussion. In order to avoid any possibility of delay in the House, they had made all the arrangements for appointing the delegates to the congress, had calculated the amount of the expenses, and pointed out the means for defraying the charges.

At length, everything being in readiness, the committee on the state of the province announced that they had a report to make to the House. It was immediately voted that the report should be read with *closed doors*, and that no person should be permitted to enter or leave the House during the reading. When so much of the report had been read as to render its tenor obvious, a tool of the governor feigned to be

seized with sudden illness, and under that plea was permitted to leave the House. He hastened immediately to the governor and informed him what was going on. Whereupon that distinguished functionary ordered his secretary to fly with all possible speed to the House and proclaim it at once dissolved. In breathless haste the secretary reached the door, and found it locked. He knocked, and called aloud for entrance in the name of the governor, but nobody regarded his call. Unable to obtain admission, he at last read his proclamation of dissolution to the doorkeeper, and retired. He then went into the council chamber and read it to the members of the council, and proclaimed the General Court dissolved. But it was too late; the deed had been done; the report of the committee had been accepted, and rebellion had successfully raised its head in the legislative assembly.

From this time the breach between General Gage and his rebellious subjects grew wider and wider. He fortified Boston Neck, at that time the only avenue to the town by land, and kept a guard upon it, who constantly annoyed the inhabitants by vexatious interruptions and questions whenever going out or returning to town. The great sufferings of the people of Boston, in consequence of the suspension of all their business, sufferings not confined to them alone, but felt through the whole colony, and in all parts of the country that had any dealings with Boston, aroused the whole country to the height of indignation, and hastened to prepare it for the great crisis that was approaching.

All the colonies, except Georgia, being twelve out of thirteen, followed the recommendation of the Massachusetts General Court, and appointed delegates to a general congress, which met at Philadelphia on the 5th of September, 1774. The proceedings of this distinguished and memorable body were worthy to receive, and have received, the admiration of the world. They asserted the rights of the colonies boldly, clearly, and temperately, pointed out their grievances, and resolved that they be redressed. The proceedings infused new life and new energies into the people. Their recommendations were strictly and enthusiastically obeyed, even in those colonies where all other authorities seemed to be disregarded. The local authorities in many places were entirely broken up, and the several colonies began to form Provincial Congresses for the regulation of their internal affairs. In Massachusetts the people determined to hold a Provincial Congress on the 15th of October. In the hope of preventing the meeting of this Congress, General Gage issued a proclamation calling on the members of the General Court to meet at Salem on the 5th. But becoming alarmed at the aspect of affairs, and fearing the General Court would be too much for him to manage, he issued another proclamation on the 4th, declaring the court dissolved. The members, however, met on the 5th and decided that the last proclamation of the governor was illegal. They resolved themselves into a Provincial Congress, chose John Hancock for President, and adjourned to meet at Cambridge on the 17th of the same month. At the adjourned meeting they voted that one fourth part of the militia should be drafted and held as minute men. They appointed a committee of safety, and another of supplies, and directed them to procure military stores sufficient for an army of twelve thousand men.

On the 1st of February 1775, the Massachusetts Congress met again at Cambridge, but adjourned soon

after to Concord as a place of greater security. Here they directed their committee to increase the military stores and prepare for an army of fifteen thousand. Dark clouds were gathering thick and fast over the country, and all were expecting the storm would soon burst upon them. A slight hope, however, was entertained by many that parliament, during its winter session, would relax its oppressive measures toward the colonies, and that a compromise of the difficulties might be effected. But while there were some who indulged this hope, all seemed determined to be prepared for the worst. It is highly probable, too, that General Gage was expecting some conciliatory measures from parliament, for he seemed disposed to lie upon his oars all winter in Boston, without making any decided demonstration of his intentions.

About the 5th or 6th of April, as Mr. Jonathan Buker's family were at dinner, Miss Trify, who sat facing the window that looked out upon the road, suddenly exclaimed,

"There comes a carriage right up to the door," and stepping hastily to the window, she continued, "it's uncle Nathan, as true as I live, and aunt and the children."

The whole family hastened to the door to meet them. Even old Mr. Ichabod Buker rose from the table, and hobbled with his staff as far as the door, in his eagerness to grasp the hands of his children, and to inquire the news at Boston. As soon as the first shaking of hands had passed round, Mr. Jonathan Buker earnestly inquired if anything had happened in Boston, or if there was any more news from home.

"News from home?" said Mr. Nathan Buker, "yes, there's news from home as black as a thunder cloud. There hasn't nothing happened in Boston yet, but I shouldn't be willing to trust my family there a week longer, and I've brought 'em out here to leave 'em, I don't know how long; I must go back myself to-night, for I come away in such a hurry that everything is left at loose ends."

"Well, what is the news?" said Mr. Jonathan Buker impatiently. "Is there any thing more from Parliament?"

"Yes," said Nathan, "there was an arrival yesterday, that brought us private accounts that Parliament is going all lengths to bring our noses to the grindstone. They have passed the most odious and oppressive acts to restrain the trade of nearly all the colonies, and to cut us off from the fisheries on Newfoundland, and I don't know what all. The Governor hasn't got the news yet, and perhaps he won't for a week or two, for the people mean to keep it from him as long as possible, so as to give 'em a chance to arrange their business as well as they can, for they know as soon as he gets the news he'll make a dab somewhere, but where he'll strike nobody knows. A great many of 'em are preparing to move out of Boston, for they're afraid as soon as the Governor gets his budget from home, he'll begin to hang them up by the neck."

After partaking of refreshments, Mr. Nathan Buker started again for Boston. A couple of weeks of anxious expectation passed away, and people were everywhere making preparations to meet the blow, which they were sure would soon fall upon them. Every musket in the colony was put in the best condition and every man capable of bearing arms was trained to the use of them.

On the morning of the 19th of April, just as the

cock crowed for day, Mr. Jonathan Buker was aroused by a loud knocking at the door. He rose and looked from the window, and called out "who's there?"

The well-known voice of his brother Nathan replied, "It is I; turn out all hands; the enemy are on the road, and will be here in an hour."

In five minutes, the whole household were assembled in one room; and Mr. Nathan Buker informed them hastily, that a detachment of near a thousand of the British troops had left Boston early in the night, crossed the river, and landed at Phipps' farm, and were now on the road into the country. The committee of safety, in Boston, had watched their movements, and from the best information they could get, they had no doubt their aim was to reach Concord, and get possession of the military stores. He and some twenty others, had been riding all night to alarm the country. In five minutes more, four muskets were loaded in that room, and ready to do battle. Mr. Jonathan Buker had loaded one, his two sons had each loaded one, and the fourth was loaded by old Mr. Ichabod Buker, who, ever since the shutting up of the harbor of Boston, had insisted on having a musket at his command, and had frequently been out to practise firing at a mark.

As the house stood near the road, Mr. Nathan Buker advised that the women and children should depart immediately across the fields, to some neighbors, who lived back nearly a mile from the road, or else retreat to the woods on the back of the hill, where they could remain secure till the danger was past. The women chose the latter position, as it would give them a view of Lexington village, where it was thought probable some disturbance might occur. Joshua, who belonged to the minute men, shouldered his gun and hastened to the village, to be ready to obey the orders of any officers that might be there collected. Mr. Nathan Buker mounted his horse, and rode off rapidly toward Concord, to continue to spread the alarm, and Mr. Jonathan Buker, with his father and son remained on the premises. In a short time, they heard the drums and the fifes of the approaching army; and soon after, the whole body of troops came in sight, marching in regular platoons, and stretching for half a mile along the road. The sun was just rising, and their brightly burnished arms, glancing in the sunbeams, shone with great brilliance. As the officer, who appeared to be in command, came against the house, Levi exclaimed, "I know that man; that's Lieut. Colonel Smith, I see him a number of times when I was in Boston."

"Well, now let us aim right at him," said old Mr. Ichabod Buker, "if we can only jest knock him off of his horse, it'll put 'em in such confusion they'll hardly get to Concord," and as he said this, he began to point his gun from the window. But Mr. Jonathan Buker hastily caught the gun from his hands and prevented the discharge.

"What!" said the old man, with a mingled look of surprise and anger, "a'n't ye going to fire, Jonathan?—are ye going to let them go by without firing?"

Jonathan told him it would never do to fire upon the king's troops, unless they fired first; and besides, should a gun be fired in their present condition, it would insure their own instant death. They remained quiet till the troops had all passed by, and in a few minutes, when there had been about time enough for them to reach the village, they heard a sharp volley of musketry, followed by several scattering fires.

"There," said Mr. Jonathan Buker, "I believe the first great blow has been struck. I think them shots drew blood, and if they did, blood will run till it makes rivers large enough to swim in."

Presently, the women came running from the hill, greatly agitated.

"Oh, they've killed some of 'em," said Mrs. Buker, wringing her hands, "I'm sure they've killed some of 'em, for after the king's troops fired and turned off into the road to Concord, I see our folks take up as many as five or six bodies and carry 'em into the houses. And oh, where is Joshua? I'm afraid he's one of the killed. Let us run right down to the village, and see if we can find out what's become of him. Oh, my poor Joshua! he ought not to a-gone."

"If Joshua has fallen," said Mr. Buker, solemnly, "he never could die in a better cause."

While they were speaking, they were suddenly relieved by the appearance of Joshua, who came running toward the house. Mrs. Buker flew to meet him, and flinging her arms round his neck wept like a child, exclaiming, "A'n't ye hurt, Joshua, a'n't ye hurt?"

"Hurt? No mother," said the sturdy rebel boy; "but this is no time to stop and talk about it. Capt. Jones says they'll find more military stores at Concord than they'll know what to do with, and it won't be long before they'll be coming back along in a greater hurry than they went. And he says we must rally everybody far and near, minute men or no minute men, and get all the guns and ammunition ready that we can, and stand behind the stone walls and the fences and trees, and give 'em such a peppering as they come back along, as they never'll want to fire at an American again. I've come home to see about getting somebody to go up the back road to old Mr. Wilson's to give the alarm, for nobody's been up that way yet, and there's a good many on that road that would be down with their guns about the quickest, if they knew what was going on."

"I'll go," said Miss Trify Buker, earnestly; "it's no use for me to stay here, for I don't know how to fire guns, but I can ride as well as most any body."

In five minutes Mr. Buker's horse was at the door, saddled and bridled, and Miss Trify was mounted and off upon a quick gallop. And now from every direction the Provincials came pouring along "in hot haste," toward the scene of action. They came down from the hills, and up from the valleys, with strong hands and strong hearts ready for the conflict. From every cross road and by-way came forth old farmers on horseback and young farmers on foot with fire in their eyes and muskets in their hands. And when the British, an hour or two after their gallant achievement at Lexington, were on their back track from Concord, they soon found they had a fearful gauntlet to run, that they had little dreamed of. Even the strong reinforcement that met them at Lexington was not sufficient to revive their courage, and the whole body made a rapid and somewhat irregular retreat, aided in no small degree by "the great activity of Lord Percy,

"Whose brave example led them on,
And spirited the troops to run."

While they were passing the house of the Bukers, old Mr. Ichabod Buker, stationed behind a heavy stone wall, with an aperture before him just sufficient to poke his gun through, fully satisfied his patriotic indigna-

tion by keeping up a constant firing till the last of the train was beyond the reach of his musket. And when the killed of the enemy were gathered up for burial, more than one body was found in front of Mr. Buker's premises.

THE ACORN.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

An acorn fell from an old oak tree,
And lay on the frosty ground—
"Oh, what shall the fate of the acorn be?"
Was whispered all around,
By low-toned voices, chiming sweet,
Like a floweret's bell when swung—
And grasshopper steeds were gathering fleet,
And the beetle's hoofs up-rung—

For the woodland fays came sweeping past
In the pale autumnal ray,
Where the forest leaves were falling fast,
And the acorn quivering lay;
They came to tell what its fate should be,
Though life was unrevealed;
For life is holy mystery,
Where'er it is conceal'd.

They came with gifts that should life bestow:
The dew and the living air—
The bane that should work its deadly wo—
Was found with the fairies there.
In the gray moss-cup was the mildew brought,
And the worm in the rose-leaf roll'd,
And many things with destruction fraught,
That its fate were quickly told.

But it needed not; for a blessed fate
Was the acorn's doomed to be—
The spirits of earth should its birth-time wait,
And watch o'er its destiny.
To a little sprite was the task assigned
To a bury the acorn deep,
Away from the frost and searching wind,
When they through the forest sweep.

I laugh'd outright at the small thing's toil,
As he bow'd beneath the spade,
And he balanced his gossamer wings the while
To peep in the pit he made.
A thimble's depth it was scarcely deep,
When the spade aside he threw,
And roll'd the acorn away to sleep
In the hush of dropping dew.

The spring-time came with its fresh, warm air,
And its gush of woodland song;
The dew came down, and the rain was there,
And the sunshine rested long;
Then softly the black earth turn'd aside,
The old leaf arching o'er,
And up, where the last year's life had dried,
Came the acorn shell once more.

With coiled stem, and a pale green hue,
It look'd but a feeble thing;
Then deeply its roots abroad it threw,
Its strenght from the earth to bring.
The woodland sprites are gathering round,
Rejoiced that the task is done—
That another life from the noisome ground
Is up to the pleasant sun.

The young child pass'd with a careless tread,
And the germ had well nigh crush'd,
But a spider, launch'd on her airy thread,
The cheek of the stripling brush'd.
He little knew, as he started back,
How the acorn's fate was hung
On the very point in the spider's track
Where the web on his cheek was flung,

The autumn came, and it stood alone,
And bow'd as the wind pass'd by—
The wind that uttered its dirge-like moan
In the old oak sere and dry;
And the hollow branches creak'd and sway'd,
But they bent not to the blast,
For the stout oak tree, where centuries played,
Was sturdy to the last.

A schoolboy beheld the lithe young shoot,
And his knife was instant out,
To sever the stalk from its spreading root,
And scatter the buds about;
To peel the bark in curious rings,
And many a notch and ray,
To beat the air till it whizzing sings,
Then idly cast away.

His hand was stayed—he knew not why:
'Twas a presence breathed around—
A pleading from the deep-blue sky,
And up from the teaming ground.
It told of the care that had lavish'd been
In sunshine and in dew—
Of the many things that had wrought a screen
When peril around it grew.

It told of the oak that once had bow'd,
As feeble a thing to see;
But now, when the storm was raging loud,
It wrestled mightily.
There's deeper thought on the schoolboy's brow,
A new love at his heart,
And he ponders much, as with footsteps slow
He turns him to depart.

Up grew the twig, with a vigor bold,
In the shade of the parent tree,
And the old oak knew that his doom was told,
When the sapling sprang so free.
Then the fierce winds came, and they raging tore
The hollow limbs away;
And the damp moss crept from the earthy floor
Around the trunk, time-worn and gray.

The young oak grew, and proudly grew,
For its roots were deep and strong;
And a shadow broad on the earth it threw,
And the sunshine linger'd long
On its glossy leaf, where the flickering light
Was flung to the evening sky;
And the wild bird came to its airy height,
And taught her young to fly.

In acorn-time came the truant boy,
With a wild and eager look,
And he mark'd the tree with a wondering joy,
As the wind the great limbs shook.
He look'd where the moss on the north side grew,
The gnarled arms outspread,
The solemn shadow the huge tree threw,
As it tower'd above his head:

And vague-like fears the boy surround,
In the shadow of that tree;
So growing up from the darksome ground,
Like a giant mystery.
His heart beats quick to the squirrel's tread
On the withered leaf and dry,
And he lifts not up his awe-struck head
As the eddying wind sweeps by.

And regally the stout oak stood,
In its vigor and its pride;
A monarch own'd in the solemn wood,
With a sceptre spreading wide—
No more in the wintry blast to blow,
Or rock in the summer breeze;
But draped in green, or star-like snow,
Reign king of the forest trees.

And a thousand years it firmly grew,
And a thousand blasts defied;
And mighty in strength, its broad arms threw
A shadow dense and wide.
It grew where the rocks were bursting out
From the thin and heaving soil—
Where the ocean's roar, and the sailor's shout,
Were mingled in wild turmoil—

Where the far-off sound of the restless deep
Came up with a booming swell;
And the white foam dash'd to the rocky steep,
But it loved the tumult well.
Then its huge limbs creak'd in the midnight air,
And join'd in the rude uproar:
For it loved the storm and the lightning's glare,
And the sound of the breaker's roar.

The bleaching bones of the sea-birds prey
Were heap'd on the rocks below;
And the bald-head eagle, fierce and gray,
Look'd off from its topmost bough.
Where its shadow lay on the quiet wave
The light boat often swung,
And the stout ship, saved from the ocean-grave,
Her cable round it flung.

Change came to the mighty things of earth—
Old empires pass'd away;
Of the generations that had birth,
O Death! where, where were they?
Yet fresh and green the brave oak stood,
Nor dream'd it of decay,
Though a thousand times in the autumn wood
Its leaves on the pale earth lay.

A sound comes down in the forest trees,
An echoing from the hill;
It floats far off on the summer breeze,
And the shore resounds it shrill.
Lo! the monarch tree no more shall stand
Like the watch-tower of the main—
The strokes fall thick from the woodman's hand,
And its falling shakes the plain.

That stout old oak!—'Twas a worthy tree,
And the bullder marked it out;
And he smiled its angled limbs to see,
As he measured the trunk about.
Already to him was a gallant bark
Career'ing the rolling deep,
And in sunshine, calm, or tempest dark,
Her way she will proudly keep.

The chisel clinks, and the hammer rings,
And the merry jest goes round;
While he who the longest and loudest sings
Is the stoutest workman found.
With jointed rib, and trunnel'd plank
The work goes gayly on,
And light-spoke oaths, when the glass they drank,
Are heard till the task is done.

She sits on the stocks, the skeleton ship,
With her oaken ribs all bare,
And the child looks up with parted lip,
As it gathers fuel there—
With brimless hat, the bare-foot boy
Looks round with strange amaze,
And dreams of a sailor's life of joy
Are mingling in that gaze.

With graceful waist, and carvings brave,
The trim hull waits the sea—
And she proudly stoops to the crested wave,
While round go the cheerings three.
Her prow swells up from the yeasty deep,
Where it plunged in foam and spray;
And the glad waves gathering round her sweep
And buoy her in their play.

Thou wert nobly rear'd, oh heart of oak!
In the sound of the ocean roar,
Where the surging wave o'er the rough rock broke
And bellow'd along the shore—
And how wilt thou in the storm rejoice,
With the wind through spar and shroud,
To hear a sound like the forest voice,
When the blast was raging loud!

With snow-white sail, and streamer gay,
She sits like an ocean sprite,
Careering on her trackless way,
In sunshine or dark midnight:
Her course is laid with fearless skill,
For brave hearts man the helm;
And the joyous winds her canvas fill—
Shall the wave the stout ship whelm?

On, on she goes, where icebergs roll,
Like floating cities by;
Where meteors flash by the northern pole,
And the merry dancers fly;
Where the glittering light is backward flung
From icy tower and dome,
And the frozen shrouds are gayly hung
With gems from the ocean foam.

On the Indian sea was her shadow cast,
As it lay like molten gold,
And her pendant shroud and towering mast
Seem'd twice on the waters told.
The idle canvas slowly swung
As the spicy breeze went by,
And strange, rare music around her rang
From the palm-tree growing nigh.

Oh, gallant ship, thou didst bear with thee
The gay and the breaking heart,
And weeping eyes look'd out to see
Thy white-spread sails depart.
And when the rattling casement told
Of many a peril'd ship,
The anxious wife her babes would fold,
And pray with trembling lip.

The petrel wheeled in her stormy flight;
The wind piped shrill and high;
On the topmast sat a pale blue light,
That flicker'd not to the eye:
The black cloud came like a banner down,
And down came the shrieking blast;
The quivering ship on her beams is thrown,
And gone are helm and mast.

Helmless, but on before the gale,
She ploughs the deep-troughed wave:
A gurgling sound—a phrenzied wail—
And the ship hath found a grave.
And thus is the fate of the acorn told,
That fell from the old oak tree,
And the woodland fays in the frosty mould
Preserved for its destiny.

BEAU BRUMMELL.

The following sketch of this prince of dandies has been condensed for the *Rover* from Blackwood.

GEORGE BRYAN BRUMMELL, was born in June, 1778. The biographer observes characteristically, that the beau avoided the topic of his genealogical tree with a sacred mystery. It appears that he avoided with equal caution all mention of the startling fact, that one of his Christian names was *Bryan*. It never escaped his lips: it never slipped into his signature; it was never suffered to "come between the wind and his nobility." If it had by any unhappy chance transpired, he must have fainted on the spot, have fled from society, and hid his discomfiture in

"Deserts where no men abide."

Brummell was a dandy by instinct, a good dresser by the force of original genius; a first-rate tyer of cravats on the involuntary principle. When a boy at Eton, in 1790, he acquired his first distinction not by "longs and shorts," but by the singular nicety of his stock with buckle, the smart cut of his coat, and his finished manners. Others might see glory only through hexameters and pentameters; renown might await others only through boasting or cricket; with him the color of his coat and the cut of his waistcoat were the materials of fame. Fellows and provosts of Eton might seem to others the "magnificoes" of mankind—the colossal figures which overtopped the age by their elevation, or eclipsed it by their splendor—the "dii majorum gentium," who sat on the pinnacle of the modern Olympus; but Brummell saw nothing great but his tailor—nothing worthy of respect among the human arts but the art of cutting out a coat—and nothing fit to ensure human fame with posterity but the power to create and bequeath a new fashion.

But the name of dandy was of later date; the age had not attained sufficient elegance for so polished a title; it was still buck or macaroni; the latter having been the legacy of the semi-barbarian age which preceded the eighteenth century. Brummell was called Buck Brummell when an urchin at Eton—a preliminary evidence of the honors which awaited him in a generation fitter to reward his skill and acknowledge his superiority. Dandy was a thing yet to come, but which, in his instance, was sure to come.

"The force of title could no further go—

The 'dandy was the heirloom of the beau.'"

Yet even in boyhood the sly and subtle style, the Brummellism of his after years, began to exhibit itself.

A party of the boys having quarrelled with the boatmen of the Thames, had fallen on one who had rendered himself obnoxious, and were about to throw him into the river. Brummell, who never took part in those affrays, but happened to pass by at the time, said: "My good fellows, don't throw him into the river; for, as the man is in a high state of perspiration, it amounts to a certainty that he will catch cold." The boys burst into laughter, and let their enemy run for his life.

In 1794 he was gazetted to a cornetcy in the Tenth Hussars, the gift of its colonel, the Prince of Wales. Brummell's own account of his origin of his court connections is, that when a boy at Eton, he had been presented to the prince, and that his subsequent intimacy grew out of the prince's notion on that occasion. But a friend of his told the biographer that the prince, hearing of the young Etonian as a second Selwyn, had asked him to his table, and given him the commission to attach him to his service. This was a remarkable distinction, and in any other hands would have been a card of fortune. He was then but sixteen; he was introduced at once into the highest society of fashion; and he was the favorite companion of a prince who required to be amused, delighted in originality, and was fond of having the handsomest and pleasantest men of the age in his regiment.

Brummell, though an elegant appendage to the corps, was too much about the person of the prince to be a diligent officer. The result was, that he was often late on parade, and did not always know his own troop. However, he evaded the latter difficulty in general, by a contrivance peculiarly his own. One of his men had a large blue-tinted nose. When Brummell arrived late, he galloped between the squadrons till he saw the blue nose. There he reined up, and felt secure. Once, however, it happened unfortunately that during his absence there was some change made in the squadrons, and the place of the blue nose was shifted. Brummell, on coming up late as usual, galloped in search of his beacon, and having found his old friend he reined up. "Mr. Brummell," cried the colonel, "you are with the wrong troop." "No, no," said Brummell, confirming himself by the sight of the blue nose, and adding in a lower tone: "I know better than that; a pretty thing, indeed, if I did not know my own troop!"

His promotion was rapid; for he obtained a troop within three years, being captain in 1796. Yet within two years he threw up his commission. The ground of this singular absurdity is scarcely worth inquiring into. He was evidently too idle for anything which required any degree of regularity. The command of a troop requires some degree of attention from the idler. He had the prospect of competence from his father's wealth; and his absolute abhorrence of all exertion was probably his chief prompter in throwing away the remarkable advantages of his position—a position from which the exertion of a moderate degree of intellectual vigor, or even of physical activity, might have raised him to high rank in either the state or the army.

Of course, various readings of his resignation have been given; some referred it to his being obliged to wear hair-powder, which was then ceasing to be fashionable; others, more probably, to an original love for doing nothing. The reason which he himself assigned, was comic and characteristic. It was his disgust at the idea of being quartered, for however short

a time, in a manufacturing town. An order arrived one evening for the hussars to move to Manchester. Next morning early he waited on the prince, who, expressing surprise at a visit at such an hour from him, was answered: "The fact is, your royal highness, I heard that we are ordered to Manchester. Now, you must be aware how disagreeable this would be to me; I really could not go. *Think! Manchester!* Besides, you would not be there. I have, therefore, with your permission, determined to sell out." "Oh, by all means, Brummell!" said the prince; "do as you please." And thus he stripped himself of the highest opportunity in the most showy of all professions before he was twenty-one.

He now commenced what is called the bachelor life of England; he took a house in Chesterfield street, May Fair; gave small but exquisite dinners; invited men of rank, and even the prince, to his table; and avoiding extravagance—for he seldom played, and kept only a pair of horses—established himself as a refined voluptuary.

Yet for this condition his means, though considerable, if aided by a profession, were obviously inadequate. His fortune amounted only to £20,000, though to this something must be added for the sale of his troop. His only resources thenceforth must be play, or an opulent marriage.

Brummell's dress was finished with perfect skill, but without the slightest attempt at exaggeration. Plain Hessian boots and pantaloons, or top boots and buckskins, which were then more the fashion than they are now; a blue coat, and a buff-colored waistcoat—for he somewhat leaned to Foxite politics for form's sake, however he despised all politics as unworthy of a man born to give the tone to fashion—was his morning dress. In the evening, he appeared in a blue coat and white waistcoat, black pantaloons closely fitting, and buttoning tight to the ankle, striped silk stockings, and opera hat. We may thus observe how much Brummell went before his age.

The prince, at this period, cultivated dress with an ardor which threatened to dethrone Brummell himself, and his wardrobe was calculated to have cost £100,000. But his royal highness had one obstacle to encounter which ultimately drove him from the field, and restricted all his future chances of distinction to wigs; he began to grow corpulent. A scarcely less formidable evil arose in his quarrelling with Brummell. In the course of hostilities, the prince pronounced the beau a tailor's block, fit for nothing but to hang clothes on; while the retaliation came in the shape of a caricature, in which a pair of leather breeches is exhibited lashed up between the bed-posts, and an enormously fat man lifted up to them, is making a desperate struggle to get his limbs properly seated in their capacity: another operation of a still more difficult nature, the making the waistband meet, still threatening to defy all exertion.

Brummell's style was in fact simplicity, but simplicity of the most studied kind. Lord Byron defined it, "a certain exquisite propriety of dress." "No perfumes," the Beau used to say, "but fine linen, plenty of it, and country washing." His opinion on this subject, however, changed considerably in after time; for he used perfumes, and attributed a characteristic importance to their use. Meeting a gentleman at a ball with whom he conversed for a while, some of the party inquired the stranger's name. "Can't possibly

tell," was the Beau's answer. "But he is evidently a gentleman—his perfumes are good."

His snuff-boxes were numerous and costly. But even in taking snuff he had his style: he always opened the box with *one* hand, the left. The prince imitated him in this *tour de grace*.

A fashion always becomes more fashionable as it becomes more ridiculous. People cling to it as they pet a monkey, for its deformity. The high head-dresses of France, which must have been a burden, made the tour of Europe, and endured through a century. The high heels, which almost wholly precluded safe walking, lasted their century. The use of powder was universal until it was driven out of France by republicanism, and out of England by famine. The flour used by the British army alone for whitening their heads was calculated to amount to the annual provision for 50,000 people. Snuff had been universally in use from the middle of the seventeenth century; and the sums spent on this filthy and foolish indulgence, the time wasted on it, and the injury done to health, if they could all have been thrown into the common form of money, would have paid the national debt of England. The common people have their full share in this general absurdity. The gin drunk in England and Wales annually amounts to nearly twenty millions of pounds sterling; a sum which would pay all the poor rates three times, over, and, turned to any public purpose, might cover the land with great institutions—the principal result of this enormous expenditure now being to fill the population with vice, misery, and madness.

In the matter of coats Brummell had but one rival, the prince, whose rank of course gave him a general advantage, yet whose taste was clearly held inferior by the royal artists themselves. A baronet, who went to Schweitzer's to get himself equipped in the first style, asked him what cloth he recommended. "Why, sir," was the answer, "the prince wears superfine, and Mr. Brummell the Bath coating. Suppose, sir, we say Bath coating; I think Mr. Brummell has a trifle the preference." Brummell's connection with the prince, his former rank in the hussars, and his own agreeable manners, introduced him into the intercourse of the principal nobility.

The Duke of Rutland raised a corps of volunteers on the renewal of the war in 1803; and as Brummell had been a soldier the duke gave him a majority. In the course of the general inspections of the volunteer corps, an officer was sent from the Horse Guards to review the duke's regiment, the major being in command. On the day of inspection every one was on parade except the major-commandant. Where is Major Brummell, was the indignant inquiry? He was not to be found. The inspection went on. When it was near its close, Brummell was seen coming full gallop across the country in the uniform of the Belvoir Hunt, terribly splashed. He apologized for himself by saying, that having left Belvoir quite early, he had expected to be on the parade in time, the meet being close at hand. However, his favorite hunter had landed him in a ditch, where, having been dreadfully shaken by the fall, he had been lying for an hour. But the general was inexorable, and Brummell used to give the worthy officer's speech in the following style—

"Sir, this conduct is wholly inexcusable. If I remember right, sir, you once had the honor of holding a captain's commission under his royal highness the

Prince of Wales, the heir apparent himself, sir! Now, sir, I tell you; I tell you sir, that I should be wanting in a proper zeal for the honor of the service; I should be wanting, sir, if I did not this very evening report this disgraceful neglect of orders to the commander-in-chief, as well as the state in which you presented yourself in front of your regiment; and this shall be done, sir. You may retire, sir."

All this was very solemn and astounding; but Brummell's presence of mind was not often astounded. He had scarcely walked his horse a few paces from the spot, when he returned, and said in a subdued tone—"Excuse me, general; but in my anxiety to explain this most unfortunate business, I forgot to deliver a message from the Duke of Rutland. It was to request the honor of your company to dinner." The culprit and the disciplinarian grinned together; the general coughed and cleared his throat sufficiently to express his thanks in these words—"Ah! why, really I feel and am very much obliged to his grace. Pray, Major Brummell, tell the duke I shall be most happy;" and melodiously raising his voice, (for the Beau had turned his horse once more toward Belvoir,) "Major Brummell, as to this little affair, I am sure no man can regret it more than you do. Assure his grace that I shall have great pleasure in accepting his very kind invitation;" and they parted amid a shower of smiles. But Brummell had yet but half completed this performance; for the invitation was extempore, and he must gallop to Belvoir and acquaint the duke of the guest he was to receive on that day.

"Where were you yesterday, Brummell?" said one of his club friends. "I think," said he. "I dined in the city." "What! you dined in the city?" said his friend. "Yes, the man wished me to bring him into notice, and I desired him to give a dinner, to which I invited Alvanley, Mills, Pierrepont, and some others." "All went off well, of course?" said the friend. "Oh yes! perfectly, except one *mal-a-propos*: the fellow who gave the dinner had actually the assurance to seat himself at the table."

Dining at a large party at the house of an opulent but young member of London society, he asked the loan of his carriage to take him to Lady Jersey's that evening. "I am going there," said his entertainer, "and will be happy to take you." "Still, there is a difficulty," said Brummell in his most delicate tone. "You do not mean to get up behind, that would not be quite right in your own carriage; and yet, how would it do for me to be seen in the same carriage with you. Brummell's manner probably laughed off impertinences of this order; for, given without their coloring from nature, they would have justified an angry reply. But he seems never to have involved himself in personal quarrel. He was intact and intangible. Yet he, too, had his mortifications. One night, in going to Lady Dungannon's, he was actually obliged to make use of a hackney coach. He got out of it at an unobserved distance from the door, and made his way up her ladyship's crowded staircase, conceiving that he had escaped all evidence of his humiliation; however, this was not to be. As he was entering the drawing-room a servant touched his arm, and to his amazement and horror whispered—"Beg pardon, sir, perhaps you are not aware of it, that there is a straw sticking to your shoes."

The prevailing cravat of the time was certainly deplorable. Let us give it in the words of history: "It

was without stiffening of any kind, and bagged out in front, *rucking* up to the front in a roll." (We do not precisely comprehend this expression, *precision*, however, we by no means venture to doubt.) Brummell boldly met this calamity, by slightly starching the too flexible material—a change in which, as his biographer with due seriousness and truth observes—"a reasoning mind must acknowledge there is not much objectionable."

Imitators, of course, always exceed their model, and the cravat adopted by the dandies soon became *excessively* starched; the test being that of raising three parts of their length by one corner without bending. Yet Brummell, though he adhered to the happy medium, and was moderate in his starch, was rigorous in his tie. If his cravat did not correspond to his wishes in its first arrangement, it was instantly cast aside. His valet was seen one morning leaving his chamber with an armful of tumbled cravats, and on being asked the cause, solemnly replied, "These are our *failures*."

Perfection is slow in all instances; but talent and diligence are sure to advance. Brummell's "tie" became speedily the admiration of the *beau monde*. The manner in which this dexterous operation was accomplished was perfectly his own, and deserves to be recorded for the benefit of posterity.

The collar, which was always fixed to his shirt, was so large, that, before being folded down, it completely hid his head and face, and the neckcloth was at least a foot in height. The first *coup d'archet* was made with the shirt-collar, which he folded down to its proper size; but the delicate part of the performance was still to come. Brummell "standing before the glass, with his chin raised toward the ceiling, now, by the gentle and gradual declension of his lower jaw, creased the cravat to reasonable dimensions; the form of each succeeding crease being perfected with the shirrit which he had just discarded." We were not aware of the nicety which was demanded to complete the folds of this superior swathing; but, after this development, who shall pronounce a dandy idle?

Brummell was as critical on the dress of others as he was *recherche* in his own, and this care he extended to all ranks. He was once walking up St. James's street, arm-in-arm with a young nobleman whom he condescended to patronize. The Beau suddenly asked him, "what he called *those things* on his feet." "Why, shoes."—"Shoes, are they?" said Brummell doubtfully, and stooping to look at them; "I thought they were slippers?"

The late Duke of Bedford asked him his opinion of a new coat. "Turn round," said Mr. Beau. When the examination was concluded in front and rear, the Beau, feeling the lapel delicately with his finger and thumb, asked in a most pathetic manner, "Bedford, do you call this *thing* a coat?"

Somebody told him, among a knot of longers at White's, "Brummell, your brother William is in town. Is he not coming here?"—"Yes," was the reply, "in a day or two; but I have recommended him to walk the *back streets* till his new clothes come home."

Meeting an old *emigre* marquis at the seat of some noble friend, and probably finding the Frenchman a bore, he revenged himself by mixing some finely-powdered sugar in his hair-powder. On the old Frenchman's coming into the breakfast-room next morning, highly-powdered as usual, the flies, attracted by the scent of the sugar, instantly gathered round

him. He had scarcely begun his breakfast, when every fly in the room was busy on his head. The unfortunate marquis was forced to lay down his knife and fork, and take out his pocket-handkerchief to repel these troublesome assailants, but they came thicker and thicker. The victim now rose from his seat and changed his position; but all was in vain—the flies followed in fresh clusters. In despair he hurried to the window; but every fly lingering there was instantly buzzing and tickling. The marquis, feverish with vexation and surprise, threw up the window. This unlucky measure produced only a general invasion by all the host of flies sunning themselves on the lawn. The astonishment and amusement of the guests were excessive. Brummell alone never smiled. At last M. le Marquis gave way in agony, and, clapping his hands on his head, and followed by a cloud of flies, rushed out of the room. The secret was then divulged, and all was laughter.

"You seem to have caught cold, Brummell," said a lounging visitor on hearing him cough. "Yes—I got out of my carriage yesterday, coming from the Pavilion, and the wretch of an innkeeper put me into the coffee-room with a damp stranger."

A visitor, full of the importance of a tour in the north of England, asked him which of the lakes he preferred. "I can't possibly remember," was the reply; "they are a great way from St. James's street, and I don't think they are spoken of in the clubs." The visitor urged the question. "Robinson," said the Beau, turning in obvious distress to his valet, "Robinson, pray tell this gentleman which of the lakes I preferred." "Windermere, sir, I think it was," said the valet. "Well," added Brummell, "probably you are in the right, Robinson. It may have been. Pray, sir, will Windermere do?"

We come, in the course of this goodly history, to the second great event of the Beau's life—the first being his introduction to Carlton House. The second was his being turned out of it. Brummell always denied, and with some indignation, the story of "Wales, ring the bell!"—a version which he justly declared to be "positively vulgar," and therefore, with due respect for his own sense of elegance, absolutely impossible for him. He gave the more rational explanation, that he had taken the part of a lady who was presumed to be the rival of Mrs. Fitzherbert, and had been rash enough to make some remarks on Mrs. Fitzherbert's *en bon point*, a matter of course never to be forgiven by a belle. This extended to a "declining love" between him and the Prince, whose foible was a horror of growing corpulent, and whom Brummell therefore denominated "Big Ben," the nickname of a gigantic porter at Carlton House; adding the sting of calling Mrs. Fitzherbert *Ben-lina*. Moore, in one of his satires on the Prince's letter of February the 13th 1812, to the Duke of York, in which he *cut* the Whigs, thus parodies that celebrated "sentence of banishment":

"Neither have I resentments, nor wish there should come ill

To mortal, except, now I think on't, Beau Brummell,
Who threatened, last year, in a superfine passion,
To cut me, and bring the old king into fashion."

Brummell now, since the sword was drawn, resolved to throw away the sheath, and his hite were keen and "damaging," as those things are now termed. In this

style he said to little Colonel M'Mahon the Prince's secretary—"I made him, and I shall unmake him."

The "fat friend" hit was more pungent in reality than in its usual form. The Prince, walking down St. James's street with Lord Moira, and seeing Brummell approaching arm-in-arm with a man of rank, determined to show the openness of the quarrel, stopped and spoke to the noble lord with an apparent unconsciousness of ever having seen the Beau before. The moment he was turning away, Brummell asked in his most distinct voice, "Pray, who is your fat friend?" Nothing could be more dexterously impudent; for it repaid the Prince's pretended want of recognition precisely in his own coin, and besides stung him in the very spot where he was known to be most thin-skinned.

It is sufficiently remarkable that the alienation of the prince from Brummell scarcely affected his popularity with the patrician world, or his reception by the Duke and Duchess of York.

Brummell continued in high life, and was one of the four who gave the memorable *fete* at the Argyll Rooms in July 1813, in consequence of having won a considerable sum at hazard. The other three were Sir Henry Mildmay, Pierrepont, and Lord Alvanley. The difficulty was, whether or not to invite the prince, who had quarrelled with Mildmay as well as with Brummell. In this solemn affair Pierrepont sounded the prince, and ascertained that he would accept the invitation if it were proposed to him. When the prince arrived, and was of course received by the four givers of the *fete*, he shook hands with Alvanley and Pierrepont, but took no notice whatever of the others. Brummell was indignant, and, at the close of the night, would not attend the prince to his carriage. This was observed, and the prince's remark on next day was—"Had Brummell taken the cut I gave him last night good-humoredly, I should have renewed my intimacy with him." How that was to be done however, without lying down to be kicked, it would be difficult to discover. Brummell, however, on this occasion, was undoubtedly as much in the right as the prince was in the wrong.

Brummell, in conformity with the habits of the time, and the proprieties of his caste, was of course a gambler, and of course was rapidly ruined; but we have no knowledge that he went through the whole career, and turned swindler. One night he was playing with Combe, who united the three characters of a lover of play, a brewer, and an alderman. It was at Brookes's, and in the year of his mayoralty. "Come, Mash Tub, what do you set?" said the Beau. "Twenty-five guineas," was the answer. The Beau won, and won the same sum twelve times running. Then, putting the cash in his pocket, said with a low bow, "Thank you, alderman; for this, I'll always patronize your porter." "Very well, sir," said Combe, drily, "I only wish every blackguard in London would do the same."

At this time play ran high at the clubs. A baronet now living was said to have lost at Water's 10,000*l.* at one sitting at *ecarte*. In 1814, Brummell lost not only all his winnings, but "an unfortunate 10,000*l.*," as he expressed it, the last that he had at his bankers. Brummell was now ruined; and to prevent the possibility of his recovery at any future period, he raised money at ruinous interest, and finally made his escape to Calais. Still, when everything else forsook him, his

odd way of telling his own story remained. "He said," observed one of his friends at Caen, when talking about his altered circumstances, "that, up to a particular period of his life, everything prospered with him, and that he attributed this good luck to the possession of a silver sixpence with a hole in it, which somebody had given him some years before, with an injunction to take good care of it, as everything would go well with him so long as he kept it, and everything the contrary if he happened to lose it." And so it turned out; for having at length, in an evil hour, given it by mistake to a hackney coachman, a complete reverse of his affairs took place, and one misfortune followed another until he was forced to fly. On his being asked why he did not advertise a reward for it, he answered—"I did; and twenty people came with sixpences with holes in them for the reward, but not my sixpence." "And you never heard any more of it?" "No," he replied; "no doubt that rascal Rothschild, or some of that set, have got hold of it." But the Beau's retreat from London was still to be characteristic. As it had become expedient that he must make his escape without *clat*, on the day of his intended retreat he dined coolly at his club, and finished his London performances by sending from the table a note to his friend Scrope Davies, couched in the following prompt and expressive form:

"MY DEAR SCROPE—Lend me two hundred pounds: the banks are shut, and all my money is in the 3 per cents. It shall be repaid to morrow morning. Yours,
GEORGE BRUMMELL."

The answer was equally prompt and expressive—"MY DEAR GEORGE—It is very unfortunate, but all my money is in the 3 per cents. Yours,
S. DAVIES."

Such is the story;

"I cannot tell how the truth may be,
I tell the tale as 'twas told to me."

Nothing daunted, the Beau went to the opera, allowed himself to be seen about the house, then quickly retiring, stepped into a friend's chaise and met his own carriage, which waited for him a short distance from town. Traveling all night with four horses, he reached Dover by morning, hired a vessel to carry him over, and soon left England and his creditors behind. He was instantly pursued; but the chase stopped on reaching the sea. Debtors could not then be followed to France, and Brummell was secure.

The little, rude, and thoroughly comfortable town of Calais was now to be the place of residence, for nearly the rest of his life, to a man accustomed to the highest luxuries of London life, trained to the keenest sensibility of London enjoyment, and utterly absorbed in London objects of every kind. Ovid's banishment among the Thracians could scarcely be a more formidable change of position. Yet Brummell's pleasantry did not desert him even in Calais. On some passing friend's remark on the annoyance of living in such a place—"Pray," said the Beau, "is it not a general opinion that a gentleman might manage to spend his time pleasantly enough between London and Paris?"

At Calais he took apartments at the house of one Leleux, an old bookseller, which he fitted up to his own taste; and on which, as if adversity had no power to teach him common prudence, he expended the greater part of 25,000 francs which, by some still problematical means, he had contrived to carry away with him. This was little short of madness; but it was a

madness he had been practising for the last dozen years, and habit had now rendered ruin familiar to him. At length a little gleam of hope shone across his fortunes. George IV. arrived at Calais on his way to Hanover. The Duke d'Angouleme, came from Paris to receive his majesty, and Calais was all a tumult of loyalty. The reports of Brummell's conduct on this important arrival, of the king's notice of him, and of the royal liberality in consequence were of every shade of invention. But all of them, except the mere pronouncing his name, seem to have been utterly false. Brummell, mingling in the crowd which cheered his majesty in his progress, was observed by the king, who audibly said, "Good heavens Brummell!" But the recognition proceeded no further.

The Beau sent his valet, who was a renowned maker of punch, to exhibit his talent in that art at the royal entertainment, and also sent a present of some excellent maraschino. But no result followed. The king was said to have transmitted to him a hundred pound note; but even this is unluckily apocryphal. Leleux, his landlord, thus gives the version. The English consul at Calais came to Mr. Brummell late one evening, and intimated that the king was out of snuff, saying, as he took up one of the boxes lying on his table, "Give me one of yours." "With all my heart," was the reply; "but not that box, for if the king saw it I should never have it again"—implying that there was some story attached to it. On reaching the theatre the consul presented the snuff, and the king turning said, "Why, sir, where did you get your snuff? There is only one person that I know that can mix snuff in this way!" "It is some of Mr. Brummell's, your majesty," replied the consul. The next day the king left Calais; and, as he seated himself in the carriage, he said to Sir Arthur Paget, who commanded the yacht that brought him over, "I leave Calais, and have not seen Brummell." From this his biographer infers that he had received neither money nor message, and his landlord is of the same opinion.

But slight as those circumstances are, it seems obvious that George IV., had a forgiving heart toward the Beau notwithstanding all his impertinences, that he would have been glad to forgive him, and that he would, in all probability, have made some provision for his old favorite, if Brummell had exhibited any signs of repentance. On the other hand, Brummell was a man of spirit, and no man ought to put himself in the way of being treated contemptuously even by royalty; but it seems strange that, with all his adroitness, he should not have hit upon a middle way. There could have been no great difficulty in ascertaining whether the king would receive him, in sending a respectful message, offering his loyal congratulations on the king's arrival, or even in expressing his regret at his long alienation from a prince to whom he had been once indebted for so many favors, and who certainly never harbored resentment against man. Brummell evidently repented his tardiness on this occasion; for he made up his mind to make a more direct experiment when the king should visit the town hall on his return. But opportunities once thrown away are seldom regained. The king on his return did not visit the town hall, but hurried on board, and the last chance of reconciliation was gone.

Yet during his long residence in Calais, the liberality of his own connections in England enabled him to show a good face to poverty. He paid his bills punctually whenever the remittance came, and was charit-

able to the mendicants who, probably for the last thousand years, have made Calais their head-quarters. The general name for him was the *Roi de Calais*. An anecdote of his plesantry in almsgiving reached the public ear. A French beggar asked him for a two-sous piece. "I don't know the coin," said Brummell, "never having had one; but I suppose you mean a franc. There, take it." His former celebrity had also spread far and wide among the population. A couple of English workmen in one of the factories of the town, one day followed a gentleman who had a considerable resemblance to Brummell. He heard one of them say to the other, "Now, I'll bet you a pot that's him." Shortly after, one of them strolled up to him, with, "Beg pardon, sir—hope no offence, but we two have got a bet—now, a'n't you George Ring the Bell?"

His dressing-table was *recherche*. Its *batterie de toilette* was curious, complete, and of silver; one part of it being a spitting-dish, he always declaring that "it was impossible to spit in clay." His "making up" every morning occupied two hours. When he first arrived in Caen he carried a cane, but often exchanged it for a brown silk umbrella, which was always protected by a silk case of remarkable accuracy of fit—the handle surmounted by an ivory head of George the Fourth, in well-curved wig and gracious smile. In the street he never took off his hat to any one, not even to a lady; for it would have been difficult to replace it in the same position, it having been put on with peculiar care. We finish by stating that he always had the soles of his boots blackened as well as the upper leathers; his reason for this being, that in the usual negligence of human nature, he never could be sure that the polish on the edge of the sole would be accurately produced, unless the whole underwent the operation. He occasionally polished a single boot himself, to show how perfection on this point was obtained. Clogs, so indispensable in the dirt of an unpaved French street, he always abhorred; yet, under cover of night, he could, now and then, condescend to wear them. "Theft," as the biographer observes, "in Sparta was a crime—only when it was discovered."

But after this life of fantasy and frivolity, on which so much cleverness was thrown away, the unfortunate Beau finished his career miserably. On his application to the Foreign Office, representing his wish to be removed to any other consulate where he might serve more effectually, and of course with a better income; the former part of his letter was made the ground of abolishing the consulate, while the latter received no answer. We say nothing of this measure any further than that it had the effect of utter ruin on poor Brummell. The total loss of his intellect followed; he was reduced to absolute beggary, and finally spent his last miserable hours in an hospital for lunatic mendicants. Surely it could not have been difficult, in the enormous patronage of office, to have found some relief for the necessities of a man whose official character was unimpeached; who had been expressly put into government employ by ministers for the sake of preserving him from penury; who had been the companion, the friend of princes and nobles; and whose faults were not an atom more flagrant than those of every man of fashion in his time. But he was now utterly ruined and wretched. Some strong applications were made to his former friends by a Mr. Armstrong, a merchant of Caen, who seems to have con-

stantly acted a most humane part to him, and occasional donations were sent. A couple of hundred pounds were even remitted from the Foreign Office; and, by the exertions of Lord Alvanley and the present Duke of Beaufort, who never deserted him, and this is much to the honor of both, a kind of small annuity was paid to him. But he was already overwhelmed with debt, for his income from the consulate netted him but 80*l.* a-year, the other 320*l.* being in the hands of the banker, his creditor; and it seems probable that his destitution deprived him of his senses after a period of wretchedness and even of rags. Broken-hearted and in despair, concluding with hopeless imbecility, this man of taste and talent, for he possessed both in no common degree, was left to die in the hands of strangers—no slight reproach to the cruel insensibility of those who, wallowing in wealth, and fluttering from year to year through the round of fashion, suffered their former associate, nay, their envied example, to perish in his living charnel. He was buried in the Protestant cemetery of Caen, under a stone with this inscription:

In
Memory of
GEORGE BRUMMELL, Esq.,
who departed this life
On the 29th of March 1840.
Aged 62 years.

From the Bunker Hill.
NATIVE AMERICANISM.

To the cool observer, the changes of party names and party principles in this country, dating from the very origin of our government, is a subject of curious interest. It is now nearly twenty years since the Federalists, as a party, become extinct; yet even before they had ceased to conflict as partisans, that strengthening of the Federal power, which was their leading principle, had been fully consummated alike by various decisions of the Supreme Court, (in the famous North River steamboat case and others,) and by the vigorous action of more than one Democratic administration; while the year 1834 found the Democrats, in upholding the doctrine of General Jackson's famous "Protest," sustaining political tenets which went far beyond Hamilton's wildest dream of executive power. Since that time, as well as before then, "Protection" and "Free Trade," "National Bank," and "State Banks," with other questions equally temporary, and sometimes merely local, have more or less been tossed to and fro between the "ins" and "outs," just as the popular mind required excitement to feed it, while the general policy of the country, however modified by circumstance, is in the main the same. It has often occurred to us, however, that there are *three* parties in this country which, though never thoroughly organized in themselves or by themselves, have still had, and probably ever will have, a fixed and continuous existence; for we think we can trace them to a period long anterior to the Revolution.

The early planters of these colonies (we speak of the leading characters) seem throughout the whole extent of the land to have consisted of three classes of emigrants (taking feeling and opinion as the bases of classification). Firstly, those who, for personal and family advancement, migrated hither to raise themselves to wealth, power and honor, which would lift them

and their children to a higher station of society at home; secondly, those who migrated for the purpose of enlarging the bounds of society, and establishing a grand asylum for the oppressed of the human race of every nation; and lastly, those who came hither to form distinct ties of country and home, and establish well-defined local properties, privileges, franchises and institutions for themselves and their children. These last, speaking through one of their mouth-pieces *one hundred and fifty years ago*, already complain of strangers coming in to reap where *they* had sown, and settling themselves down upon the tracts which their blood and treasure had purchased from the Indians, instead of pushing further westward, and winning a patrimony for themselves, "coming as it were to a bridal-feast where all things are prepared for them." (Morton.) The first are still represented among us by hundreds of families who continue to be more interested in European literature, politics and marriages, than in anything which is closely interwoven with American interests and feelings; while the second and remaining class are easily identified with the ingenious doctrinaires, repealers, abolitionists and the whole fraternity of uneasy spirits who, sympathizing with every political movement which claims to enlarge human liberty, regard this country as the arena where gladiators are to be invited to fight her battles through all time. Their faith is high, holy and far reaching, but amazingly uncomfortable. "Agitation" is the leading article of their creed, and regarding human society pretty much as an anatomist does "a subject," they would carry their abstractions, as the famous French surgeon would his knife, into the heart of vital systems, chasing social life from member to member, till it ultimately escapes from the darling hand that would thus detect it. Like the same intrepid operator, however, they would thus mangle the few only for the good of human nature at large. The enlarged philanthropy of this class—a philanthropy which, under the name of *sympathy*, arrogates the right to *meddle*—has always been more or less characteristic of John Bull, and very very properly has always the epithet of "Anglo-Saxon" attached to it in this country to distinguish it from true Americanism. For the spirit of true Americanism, born from the *needs* of the human heart rather than the questionings of the human understanding, rejected the vexed shores of Europe, and came hither to battle with climate, and savages, and physical obstacles of every kind, for the very purpose of escaping this mental turmoil. It sought the silence, the repose, and the security of the wilderness, not because it eschewed social enjoyment, not because it was opposed to *all* the political and religious systems around it—but because, in its own familiar phraseology, it wished "to settle!" It wished a home sacred from the intrusion of king-craft or pope-craft—where all the old bickerings of European factions, the prejudices of European ranks, the jealousies of European classes would never reach to molest it. Yet it was not an inhospitable spirit!—far from it; it invited all who were actuated by the same single-minded absorbing motive of winning a peaceful home by the same perils and exposures, and concentrating in that home all their interests, their affections and their pride—it invited such of every nation to the same field of promise; but *wise* as it was hospitable, it exacted from every new comer some *earnest* that his lot was fairly and fully cast among the pioneers, before it permitted him

to share in the harvest which he had never sown. It never dreamed of so unnatural a thing as putting its own children to a probation of twenty-one years before it permitted them to have a voice in the conduct of the vineyard, and then allowing the enormity of inviting the stranger to give law to those very children and themselves—the stranger, who had incurred no responsibility, suffered no hardship, and given no bonds to the society whose measures he has a voice to control. They had borne the burden and the heat of the day. Part of that very burden was the training their own children to follow in the track of their fathers. They dreamed not of so absurd a cruelty as inviting raw foreigners, disciplined in other schools, to supersede them in their charge, much less to supplant them in their heritage. But why need we appeal to the *intentions* of the original planters of these colonies? Were they other than those we have ascribed to them, they would still have been frustrated by the inevitable operation of one of the deepest and most universal laws of nature—*love of country*—a love, like other loves, always jealous and exclusive in proportion as it is strong;—love of country—a sentiment or a primary instinct, whichever it be—a motive power, deeper, stronger than any principle of rationalism or philosophy that ever agitated the human mind—love of country would at last have risen up and stirred the general heart against such monstrous injustice. Yes, the same love of country which impels the faithful and generous Irishman still to hold himself identified in feeling and affection with the land of his birth amid all the privileges which tempt the loyalty of his soul in this home of his adoption—that same love of country would still as now prompt the Native American, while entertaining him as a guest, to stand upon his *reserved rights* when the stranger would place himself at the head of the board.

From the Bunker Hill; Major Downing's new paper.

TO UNCLE JOSHUA,

OF DOWNINGVILLE, AWAY DOWN EAST.

New York July 26, 1844.

DEAR UNCLE, The cheap letter business is going ahead in spite of Congress or Mrs. Grundy. Judge Story and Judge Sprague and two or three more judges have given it a mighty start by deciding that folks have a right to send their letters by any body they are a mind to. A number of companies have got under way, now, that will carry letters from Dan to Beersheba for six cents apiece. But that's too high in this steam-going country. I'm more radical than that; I go for the penny system, and mean to send most all my letters in my paper, at one cent apiece. If we don't bring Congress to it the next heat, and make 'em cut the postage tax right down to about what's right, then I'll agree that snails isn't snails. I don't know how you'll like it, as you belong to the regular post office department, and have had the post office in Downingville for so many years; but I can't help that; right is right, and I'm one of them sort of folks that don't spoil a joke for relation's sake.

I got down to New York the first day of July, and went right to lookin' round to see about getting up my paper. I found the native American folks wide awake, and full of grit and very glad at the prospect of having a new hand at the bellows. So I stuck to it, and soon

got things cut and dried, and here the paper is. You will get sight of it jest about the time you get this letter.

Now I've sot down to write you a sort of a family letter, I might as well tell you a word or two about the 4th here, and how it went off, &c. There was one thing about it that showed the people that Mayor Harper had more real grit in him than most people thought for. It has been the custom here as long as the oldest folks can remember, for hundreds and hundreds of folks to set up little grog shops on the 4th called booths. They always have a row of 'em as thick as they can stick running round the park for about half a mile, and a good many in other places. Well all these little grog shops would draw thousands and thousands of people around 'em all day, as thick as flies round cups of molasses. Well, the way the rowdies would get drunk and fight and kick up rows, was a caution. No decent people hardly would venture to go near the park on the 4th, or any nearer than the opposite side of the street, and jest look across as they would at a caravan of animals.

Well, what does Mayor Harper do? Two or three days before the 4th, without saying boo to any body about it, he comes right out plump with a proclamation and wiped them booths all away smack smooth, forbidding any body from putting up a single shadow of one. This was a stounder. Folks were kind of thunderstruck about it. Some shook their heads and said it wouldn't go. But the mayor, says he, *it must go*. Old Hays, that's been high constable here, I don't know but this thirty years, and looks hard enough to eat iron, he shook his head and went up to Mr. Harper, and says he, "Mr. Mayor, this thing can't be done; you'll have a hornet's nest about your ears. The people have done this thing every 4th of July ever since I can remember, and there aint no force that can stop 'em!"

Says the mayor, says he, "I tell ye, Mr. Hays, that thing has got to be done, and there's no more to be said about it; and if you cant go ahead and enforce the laws and keep the peace round the park on the 4th, jest say so now, and I'll put somebody in your place that will do it."

Well, the 4th came and went, and the thing *was* *did*. The mayor had his police officers sprinkled about thick as hops, with orders, if any body came to put up booths, to tell 'em *it was against the law and they must not do it*.

So, when people went out on the morning of the 4th, there wasn't a booth to be seen, and the park was a very comfortable place for folks to walk in all day. And thousands and thousands of folks did walk there, ladies and children and all, and had a chance to see the grand procession; and in the evening all had a chance to see the most beautiful fireworks that anybody ever dreamt of. Everything went off slick and smooth and pleasant. And after it was over, everybody begun to think that Mayor Harper had done what nobody but Columbus ever could do; he had fairly sot the egg on the end. Mr. Tom comes up to him, and says he, Mr. Mayor, I have lived in New York forty years, and I never see such a quiet rational 4th of July here before. Along comes —r. Dick, and says he, Mr. Mayor, I'm delighted—you've done wonders. Up comes Mr. Harry, and says he, Mr. Mayor, give your hand; I did all I could to prevent your election, for I thought you

wasn't exactly the man, but I was mistaken; I shall do all I can to have you elected again next year.

This Mayor Harper is a plain sort of a man; he used to be a printer, and is now a book-publisher, and he and his brothers, you know, do something of a smash-in business in that line; but he can see through a mill-stone as fur as most anybody. That is, he can see through human nature and mankind as fur as anybody, and that, I take it, is pretty much the same as seeing through a mill-stone. When some of 'em the day before the 4th tried to frighten him about the booth business, and told him that so many thousands of folks walking about on a hot day round the park, and no chance to get anything to drink, they would turn up Jack and tear all before 'em. "Don't you worry," says the mayor; "I'll take care that they shall have enough to drink; I'll fix a punch-bowl for 'em large enough for the whole city to drink out of if they want." And sure enough, the next morning, there was the park fountain, big enough for a clever sized mill-pond, all washed out, and full of running Croton water, and five or six tons of ice put into it to keep it cool, and a row of tin cups hanging on little poles all round it, so that a whole regiment might march up and form a round hollow square and all drink at once. So nobody could complain all day that they couldn't get enough to drink.

Tell Zeb and the boys they needn't send down that load of cheap literature that was packed up at my depot before I come away. The cheap literature business is kind of used up for awhile jest now, and it may as well lay there as here.

Tell Ephraim he better go right to work and get up a native American Association in Downingville; for it's got to be done all over the country, if we mean to keep our government on its legs and live in peace and under good and wholesome laws.

Give my love to aunt Keziah and cousin Nabby. I'll write to you again next week and let you know how things get along.

I remain your respectable nephew,
MAJOR JACK DOWNING,
Editor of the Bunker Hill.

REVOLUTIONS NEVER GO BACKWARD.

THE Native American Party has commenced a revolution in the political affairs of this country, and it will go on to the end. Its principles will be carried out and pervade the whole country. It has become a war of necessity, a war of self-preservation, as much as the war of the revolution was. It is not a war of the *ins* and *outs*; but a contest for a broad principle, the rights and protection of American citizens. With the minor political questions of the country the party has nothing to do. Polk and Dallas, or Clay and Frelinghuysen may come to us if they choose, and help to establish our principles, but we, as a party, shall not go to them. Our party has left the plough in the furrow, like Cincinnatus, to establish a principle, to save the state; when that object is accomplished they will as a party be ready to return to the plough again.

Great national movements of this kind when based on broad principles, founded in human nature and the condition of society, must go on till the object is accomplished. We cannot illustrate this general principle better than by copying the following letter of

that sagacious and philosophic statesman, Thomas Jefferson, to the elder Adams.

Monticello Sept. 4 1823.

"DEAR SIR—Your letter of August 15 was received in due time, and with the welcome of everything which comes from you. With its opinions on the difficulties of revolutions from despotism to freedom, I very much concur. The generation which commences a revolution, very rarely completes it. Habituated from their infancy to passive submission of body and mind to their kings and priests, they are not qualified, when called on, to think and provide for themselves; and their inexperience, their ignorance and bigotry make them instruments often in the hands of the Bonapartes and Iturbides, to defeat their own rights and purpose. This is the present situation of Europe and Spanish America. But it is not desperate. The light which has been shed on mankind by the art of printing, has eminently changed the condition of the world. As yet, that light has dawned on the middling classes only of the men in Europe. The kings and the rabble of equal ignorance, have not yet received its rays, but it continues to spread, and while printing is preserved, it can no more recede than the sun return on its course. A first attempt to recover the right of self-government may fail, so may a second, a third, &c. But as a younger and more instructed race comes on, the sentiment becomes more and more intuitive, and a fourth, a fifth, or some subsequent one of the ever renewed attempts will ultimately succeed.

In France, the first effort was defeated by Robespierre, the second by Bonaparte, the third by Louis XVIII., and his allies; another is yet to come, and all Europe, Russia excepted, has caught the spirit, and all will attain representative government, more or less perfect. This is now well understood to be a necessary check on kings, whom they will probably think it more prudent to change and tame than to exterminate. To obtain this however, rivers of blood must flow, and years of desolation pass over; yet the object is worth rivers of blood and years of desolation.

For what inheritance so valuable can man leave to his posterity? The spirit of the Spaniard, and his deadly and eternal hate to a Frenchman, give me much confidence that he will never submit, but finally defeat this atrocious violation of the laws of God and man, under which he is suffering; and the wisdom and firmness of the Cortes afford reasonable hope that that nation will settle down in a temperate representative government, with an Executive properly subordinated to that. Portugal, Italy, Prussia, Germany, Greece will follow suit. You and I shall look down from another world on these glorious achievements of man, which will add to the joys even of Heaven.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

THE POET COTTON'S OPINION OF PARTIES.

"You ask what party I pursue;
Perhaps you mean 'whose fool are you?'
The names of party I detest—
Badges of slavery at best.
I've too much pride to turn a slave,
And too much grace to play the knave.
I love my country from my soul,
And grieve when knaves or fools control.
I'm pleas'd when vice and folly smart
Or at the gibbet, or the cart.
Yet always pity where I can:
Abhor the guilt, but mourn the man."

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A SCENE IN INDIA.
(THE YOKK HOTT.)

Engraved by J. H. B.

Designed by W. H. B.

THE ROVER.

THE TIGER HUNT.

LAST week our plate carried our readers to the prairies of the far West. In the present number it takes them to the far East, and gives them a very picturesque view of the mode in which tigers are hunted in India. It must be grand and exciting sport to be mounted upon an elephant and shooting at tigers—somewhat different from shooting hedge-sparrows or squirrels. It seems the elephants, too, enter with some zest into the sport, and when the tiger is down, help nail him to the ground with their tusks. But enough said—the engraving tells the story much more graphically than we can.

THE FADED STAR.

The north star fades from out the sky,
As day, advancing, dims its light;
But does the magnet pass it by,
And only point to it by night?
Oh! idle were its power to guide
O'er billows fierce and swelling tide.

The star that lent its beam to be
The hope of many a darker hour,
That closed upon life's troubled sea,
Recedes before returning power;
And more remotely looks upon
The work of happiness begun.

Its beam has faded with the night,
But on its altar in my heart
Memory's lamp burns high and bright,
Bidding all shadows thence depart;
Love bears an impress where it shone,
To guide me now its light is gone.

D.

For the Rover—New York, Aug., 1844.

COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE OF WASHINGTON.

It was in 1759 that that officer, attired in a military undress, and attended by a body servant, tall and militiaire as his chief, crossed the ferry called Williams's, over the Pomunkey, a branch of the York river. On the boat touching the southern or New Kent side, the soldier's progress was arrested by one of those personages who give the beau ideal of the Virginia gentleman of the old regime, the very soul of kindness and hospitality. It was in vain the soldier urged his business at Williamsburg, important communications to the Governor, &c. Mr. Chamberlayne, on whose domain the militiaire had just landed, would hear of no excuse. Col. Washington was a name and character so dear to all Virginians, that his passing by one of the castles of Virginia, without calling and partaking of the hospitalities of the host, was entirely out of the question. The Colonel, however, did not surrender at discretion, but stoutly maintained his ground till Chamberlayne, bringing up his reserve, in the intimation that he would introduce his friend to a young and charming widow, then beneath his roof, the soldier capitulated, on condition that he should dine—only dine—and then, by pressing his charger and borrowing of the night, he would reach Williamsburg before his

VOL. III.—No 21.

Excellency could shake off his morning slumbers. Orders were accordingly issued to Bishop, the Colonel's body servant and faithful follower, who, together with the fine English charger, had been bequeathed by the dying Braddock to Major Washington, on the famed and fated field of Monongahela. Bishop, bred in the school of European discipline, raised his hand to his cap, as much as to say, "Your orders shall be obeyed."

The colonel now proceeded to the mansion, and was introduced to various guests, (for when was a Virginia domicil of the olden time without guests?) and above all, to the charming widow. Tradition relates that they were mutually pleased, on this, their first interview—nor is it remarkable; they were of an age when impressions are strongest. The lady was fair to behold, of fascinating manners, and splendidly endowed with worldly benefits. The hero was fresh from his early fields, redolent of fame, and with a form on which "every god did seem to set his seal to give the world assurance of a man."

The morning passed pleasantly away, evening came, with Bishop, true to his orders and firm at his post, holding the favorite charger with one hand, while the other was waiting to offer the ready stirrup. The sun sunk in the horizon, and yet the colonel appeared hot. "'Twas strange, 'twas passing strange;" surely he was not wont to be a single moment behind his appointments—for he was the most punctual of all men.

Meantime, the host enjoyed the scene of the veteran at the gate, while the colonel was so agreeably employed in the parlor; and proclaiming that no visitor ever left his home at sunset, his military guest was, without much difficulty, persuaded to order Bishop to put up the horses for the night. The sun rode high in the heavens the ensuing day, when the enamored soldier pressed with his spur his charger's side, and speeded on his way to the seat of government, where having despatched his public business, he retraced his steps, and, at the White House, the engagement took place, with preparations for marriage.

And much hath the biographer heard of that marriage, from the gray-haired domestics, who waited at the board where love made the feast and Washington the guest. And rare and high was the revelry at that palmy period of Virginia's festal age; for many were gathered to that marriage, of the good, the great, the gifted, and they, with joyous acclamations, hailed in Virginia's youthful hero a happy and prosperous bridegroom.

"And so you remember when Colonel Washington came a courting of your young mistress?" said the biographer to old Cully, in his hundredth year. "Aye, master, that I do," replied the ancient family servant, who had lived to see five generations; "great times, sir, great times—shall never see the like again!" "And Washington looked something like a man, a proper man—hey, Cully?" "Never seed the like, sir—never the like of him, though I have seen many in my day—so tall, so straight! and then he sat on a horse and rode with such an air! Ah, sir, he was like no one else. Many of the grandest gentlemen, in the gold lace, were at the wedding; but none looked like the man himself." Strong, indeed, must have been the impression which the person and manner of Wash-

ington made upon the "rude, untutored mind" of this poor negro, since the lapse of three-quarters of a century had not sufficed to efface it.

The precise date of the marriage the biographer has been unable to discover, having in vain searched among the records of the vestry of St. Peter's church, New Kent, of which the Rev. Mr. Munson, a Cambridge scholar, was the rector, and performed the ceremony, it is believed, about 1759. A short time after their marriage, Colonel and Mrs. Washington removed to Mount Vernon, on the Potomac, and permanently settled there.—*Life of Mrs. Martha Washington, by G. W. P. Curtis.*

GREAT VOLCANIC ERUPTION.

THE following account of a terrific eruption of the Volcano of Kilauea, in Hawai, Sandwich Islands, is extracted from a letter of Mr. Coan, published in the *Missionary Herald*, dated Hilo, September 25, 1840.

I CANNOT close without saying a word respecting the late volcanic eruption in Puna, on this Island. At the time this eruption took place we were all absent from Hilo to attend the general meeting at Oahu, a circumstance which I much regret, as it deprived us of a view of the most splendid and awful part of the scene. Since our return from Oahu I have made a pretty thorough exploration of the tract of country where the eruption occurred, having found its source, and traced the stream through most of its windings, to the sea. Some of the principal facts which have been collected from credible testimony, and from personal observation, I will now give you. For several years past the crater of Kilauea has been rapidly filling up, by the rising of the superincumbent crust, and by the frequent gushing forth of the molten sea below.

In this manner the great basin below the black ledge, which has been computed from three to five hundred feet deep, was long since filled up by the ejection and cooling of successive masses of the fiery fluid. These silent eruptions continued to occur at intervals, until the black ledge was repeatedly overflowed, each cooling, and forming a new layer from two feet thick and upward, until the whole area of the crater was filled up, at least fifty feet above the original black ledge, and thus reducing the whole depth of the crater to less than nine hundred feet. This process of filling up continued till the latter part of May, 1840, when, as many natives testify, the whole area of the crater became one entire sea of ignifluous matter, raging like old ocean when lashed into fury by a tempest. For several days the fires raged with fearful intensity, exhibiting a scene awfully terrific. The infuriated waves sent up infernal sounds, and dashed with such maddening energy against the side of the awful caldron, as to shake the solid earth above, and to detach huge masses, of overhanging rocks, which, leaving their ancient beds, plunged into the fiery gulf below. So terrific was the scene that no one dared to approach near it, and travelers on the main road, which lay along the verge of the crater, feeling the ground tremble beneath their feet, fled and passed by at a distance. I should be inclined to discredit these statements of the natives, had I not since been to Kilauea and examined it minutely with these reports in view. Every appearance, however, of the crater confirms these reports. Everything within the caldron is new. Not a particle of lava remains as it was when I last visited it. All has

been melted down and re-cast. All is new. The whole appears like a raging sea, whose waves had been suddenly solidified while in the most violent agitation.

Having stated something of the appearance of the great crater, for several days previous to the disgorge-ment of its fiery contents, I will now give a short history of the eruption itself. I say short, because it would require a volume to give a full and minute detail of all the facts in the case.

On the 30th of May the people of Puna observed the appearance of smoke and fire in the interior, a mountainous and desolate region of that district. Thinking that the fire might be the burning jungle, they took little notice of it until the next day, Sabbath, when the meetings in the different villages were thrown into confusion by sudden and grand exhibitions of fire, on a scale so large and fearful as to leave them no room to doubt the cause of the phenomenon. The fire augmented during the day and night; but it did not seem to flow off rapidly in any direction. All were in consternation, as it was expected that the molten flood would pour itself down from its height of four thousand feet to the coast, and no one knew to what point it would flow, or what devastation would attend its fiery course. On Monday, June 1st, the stream began to flow off in a north-easterly direction, and on the following Wednesday, June 3d, at evening, the burning river reached the sea, having averaged about half a mile an hour in its progress. The rapidity of the flow was very unequal, being modified by the inequalities of the surface, over which the stream passed. Sometimes it was supposed to have moved five miles an hour, and at other times, owing to obstructions, making no apparent progress, except in filling up deep valleys, and in swelling over or breaking away hill's and precipices.

But I will return to the source of the eruption. This is in a forest, and in the bottom of an ancient wooded crater, about four hundred feet deep, and probably eight miles east from Kilauea. The region being uninhabited and covered with a thicket, it was sometime before the place was discovered, and up to this time, though several foreigners have attempted it, no one, except myself, has reached the spot. From Kilauea to this place the lava flows in a subterranean gallery, probably at the depth of a thousand feet, but its course can be distinctly traced all the way, by the rending of the crust of the earth into innumerable fissures, and by the emission of smoke, steam, and gases. The eruption in this old crater is small, and from this place the stream disappears again for the distance of a mile or two, when the lava again gushes up and spreads over an area of about fifty acres. Again it passes under ground for two or three miles, when it re-appears in another old wooded crater, consuming the forest, and partly filling up the basin. Once more it disappears, and flowing in a subterranean channel, cracks and breaks the earth, opening fissures from six inches to ten or twelve feet in width, and sometimes splitting the trunks of a tree so exactly that its legs stand astride at the fissure. At some places it is impossible to trace the subterranean stream on account of the impenetrable thicket under which it passes. After flowing under ground several miles, perhaps six or eight, it again broke out like an overwhelming flood, and sweeping forest, hamlet, plantation, and everything before it, rolled down with restless energy to the sea, where, leaping a precipice of forty or fifty feet, it pour-

ed itself in one vast cataract of fire into the deep below, with loud detonations, fearful hissings, and a thousand unearthly and indescribable sounds. Imagine to yourself a river of fused minerals of the breadth and depth of Niagara, and of a deep, gory red, falling in one emblazoned sheet, one raging torrent into the ocean! The scene, as described by an eye-witness, was terribly sublime. Two mighty agencies in collision! Two antagonist and gigantic forces in contact, and producing effects on a scale inconceivably grand! The atmosphere in all directions was filled with ashes, spray, gases, &c.; while the burning lava, as it fell into the water, was shivered into millions of minute particles, and, being thrown back into the air, fell in showers of sand on all the surrounding country. The coast was extended into the sea for a quarter of a mile, and a pretty sand-beach and a new cape were formed. Three hills of scoria and sand were formed in the sea, the lowest about two hundred, and the highest about three hundred feet.

For three weeks this terrific river disgorged itself into the sea with little abatement. Multitudes of fishes were killed, and the waters of the ocean were heated for twenty miles along the coast. The breadth of the stream, where it fell into the sea, is about half a mile, but inland it varies from one to four or five miles in width, conforming itself, like a river to the face of the country over which it flowed. Indeed, if you can imagine the Mississippi, converted into liquid fire, of the consistency of fused iron, and moving onward, sometimes rapidly, sometimes sluggishly; now widening into a sea, and anon rushing through a narrow defile, winding its way through mighty forests and ancient solitudes, you will get some idea of the spectacle here exhibited. The depth of the stream will probably vary from ten to two hundred feet, according to the inequalities of the surface over which it passed. During its flow, night was converted into day on all eastern Hawaii. "The light rose and spread like the morning upon the mountains, and its glare was seen on the opposite side of the island. It was also distinctly visible for more than one hundred miles at sea; and at the distance of forty miles fine print could be read at midnight. The brilliancy of the light was like a blazing firmament, and the scene is said to have been one of unrivaled sublimity.

The whole course of the stream from Kilauea to the sea is about forty miles. Its mouth is about twenty-five miles from Hilo station. The ground over which it flowed descends at the rate of one hundred feet to the mile. The crust is now cooled, and may be traversed with care, though scalding steam, pungent gases, are still emitted in many places.

In pursuing my way for nearly two days over this mighty, smouldering mass, I was more and more impressed at every step with the wonderful scene. Hills had been melted down like wax; ravens and deep valleys had been filled; and majestic forests had disappeared like a feather in the flames. In some places the molten stream parted and flowed in separate channels for a considerable distance, and then re-united, formed islands of various sizes, from one to fifty acres, with trees still standing, but seared and blighted by the intense heat. On the outer edge of the lava, where the stream was more shallow and the heat less vehement, and where of course the liquid mass was cooled soonest, the trees were mowed down like grass before the scythe, and left charred, crisped, smouldering, and

only half consumed. As the lava flowed around the trunks of large trees on the outskirts of the stream, the melted mass stiffened and consolidated before the trunk was consumed, and when this was effected, the top of the tree fell, and lay unconsumed on the crust, while the hole which marked the place of the trunk, remains almost as smooth and perfect as the caliber of a cannon. These holes are innumerable, and I found them to measure from ten to forty feet deep, but as I remarked before, they are in the more shallow parts of the lava, the trees being entirely consumed where it was deeper. During the flow of the eruption, the great crater of Kilauea sunk about three hundred feet, and her fires became nearly extinct, one lake only, out of many, being left active in this mighty caldron. This, with other facts that have been named demonstrates that the eruption was the disgorgement of the fires of Kilauea. The open lake in the old crater is at present intensely active, and the fires are increasing, as is evident from the glare visible at our station and from the testimony of visitors.

During the early part of the eruption, slight and repeated shocks of earthquake were felt, for several successive days, near the scene of action. These shocks were not noticed at Hilo.

Through the directing hand of a kind Providence no lives were lost, and but little property was consumed during this amazing flood of very ruin. The stream passed over an almost uninhabited desert. A few little hamlets were consumed, and a few plantations were destroyed; but the inhabitants, forewarned, fled and escaped. During the progress of the eruption some of the people in Puna spent most of their time in prayer and religious meetings some flew in consternation from the face of the all-devouring elements, others wandered along its margin, marking with idle curiosity its daily progress, while another class still coolly pursued their usual vocations, unawed by the burning fury as it rolled along within a mile of their doors. It was literally true that they ate, drank, bought, sold, planted, builded, apparently indifferent to the roar of consuming forests, the sight of devouring fire, the startling detonations, the hissing of escaping steam, the rending of the earth, the shivering and melting of gigantic rocks, the raging and dashing of the fiery waves, the bellowsings, the murmurings, the unearthly mutterings coming up from the burning deep. They went carelessly on amid the rain of ashes, sand, and fiery scintillations, gazing vacantly on the fearful and ever-varying appearance of the atmosphere, murky, black, livid, blazing, the sudden rising of lofty pillars of flame, the upward curling of ten thousand columns of smoke, and their majestic roll in dense dingy, lurid or parti colored clouds. All these moving phenomena were regarded by them as the fall of a shower, or the running of a brook; while to others they were as the tokens of a burning world, the departing heaven, and a coming Judge.

I will just remark here, that while the stream was flowing, it might be approached within a few yards on the windward side, while at the leeward no one could live within the distance of many miles, on account of the smoke, the impregnation of the atmosphere with pungent and deadly gases, and the fiery showers which were constantly descending, and destroying all vegetable life. During the progress of the descending stream, it would often fall into some fissure, and forcing itself into apertures and under massive rocks, and

even hillocks and extended plats of ground, and lifting them from their ancient beds, bear them with all their superincumbent mass of soil, trees, &c., on its viscous and livid bosom, like a raft on the water. When the fused mass was sluggish, it had a gory appearance like clotted blood, and when it was active, it resembled fresh and clotted blood mingled and thrown into violent agitation. Sometimes the flowing lava would find a subterranean gallery diverging at right angles from the main channel, and pressing into it would flow off unobserved, till meeting with some obstruction in its dark passage, when, by its expansive force, it would raise the crust of the earth into a dome-like hill of fifteen or twenty feet in height, and then, bursting this shell, pour itself out in a fiery torrent around. A man who was standing at a considerable distance from the main stream, and intensely gazing on the absorbing scene before him, found himself suddenly raised to the height of ten or fifteen feet above the common level around him, and he had but just time to escape from his dangerous position, when the earth opened where he had stood, and a stream of fire gushed out.

THE SPECTRE WARRIOR.

On the night previous to the battle of Lexington, a strange warrior, mounted on a spirited charger, rode furiously through the streets of some of the principal towns in the vicinity of Boston, giving intelligence that the British troops had left that city on their march to Concord. He waited for no salutation—no one knew him—but he gave the alarm and passed on. From the circumstance of the alarm being given in such wide and various directions at the same time, in the same singular manner, and by apparently the same person, it was looked upon by many as an interposition of Providence in behalf of the colonists. Such, at, least, was the tradition; and long was the spectre warrior remembered, when the scenes of '76 were recounted by the winter's fire-side.

Heard you not that war-horse trampling?
Heard you not that iron tread?
When the earth and skies are darkling,
Sounds like these might rouse the dead!
Hark! that shout—it swells to heaven,
Loud as pealing thunders roar
When the mountain oak is riven—
These the thrilling sounds it bore:

"Rouse, ye slumberers! sleep no longer—
Foemen's feet are on the way;
Wake to glory—wake to danger,
Gird you to the bloody fray.
Even now their bayonets glancing,
Mock the shroud of murky night—
Hark! the squadrons, proudly prancing,
Guide the hero to the fight.

"Slumberers, wake! away to battle—
Nerve your heart, and nerve your arm;
Heard you not the war-drum's rattle?
Heard you not the dread alarm?
Wait you till your wives and daughters
Victims fall before your eye?
'Till your tow'ring spires, your altars,
Low in smoking ruins lie?

"Sleep you when red ruin lowers
O'er your friends, your hearts, your homes?

Is there one whose spirit cowers?
Bid the wretch in slavery roam.
Sleep no longer—grasp your weapons!
Pledge at freedom's shrine your life!
Bathe with blood the ground you meet on!
Triumph waits the glorious strife.

"Sleep you when the chains are clanking,
Which oppressors forge for you?
When the tyrant's hate is rankling—
Hate which pardon never knew?
See! where yonder clouds are breaking,
Star-light banners wave on high!
Follow them, and proudly waking,
Freemen live or nobly die!

"Sleep no longer!—wake to glory!
Bid the haughty foes come on;
Teach him Freedom's soil is gory—
Strike the blow at Lexington.
Strike as patriots born for freedom—
Men who've sworn they will be free—
Burst the servile chains that bind you—
Strike for God and Liberty!

"By your sires' unconquered spirits!
By the green turf o'er their graves!
By the rights you here inherit!
Swear to never live as slaves!"
The trampling passed on—the sounds died away,
But the patriot flew to the field;
And ere the next sun showed the close of the day,
With his blood had our liberty sealed.

IMPORTANT CHANGE IN THE WHOLE SYSTEM OF POSTAGE.

EVERYBODY knows and everybody feels that the postage tax in this country is unreasonably oppressive and very unequal. The calls for reform are very strong and very urgent. But Congress has as yet turned a deaf ear to the petitions on this subject. We trust, however, that at the next session the popular voice will speak in tones too powerful not to be regarded. The following novel and striking plan for an entire revolution in the whole postage system seems to us eminently worthy of attention. Let the people think of it and speak to Congress about it at the coming session. It was communicated by a gentleman in Philadelphia to the editor of the *Aurora* in this city.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 20th, 1844.

Esteemed Friend—In conformity with thy request I herewith send a plan for carrying letters at a great saving to the government as well as to individuals.

All letters, papers, pamphlets and packages, to be pre-paid. No franking. No privileged class or order.

Government to purchase a large quantity of letter and cap paper, having a water mark running all round the edge thereof, and also stamped, *different from any other paper now manufactured*; to counterfeit said mark or stamp to be punished the same as forgery, with the addition of two to five years imprisonment, without reprieve or pardon.

All letters written on this marked paper to be carried free—no others allowed to go by mail.

This paper can be purchased at one cent for four sheets; (probably much cheaper) let it be sold at 2 1-2 cents a sheet by the quire or single sheet, and for 2 1-4 cents a sheet when purchased by the ream or half ream,

this would leave the government two cents a sheet for every sheet.

Probably most men of business would buy a half of a whole ream each, in order to have letter paper always on hand. Now it would frequently happen that they would want paper for other purposes, when having none but post paid paper by them, they would not stand for the trifling difference in the cost, so would use the paid paper, and to that amount it would be a clear profit to Government, sufficient to cover the 1-4 of a cent allowed to wholesale purchasers, (in anticipation of this) and probably it might cover the incidental expenses. Officers of government could be supplied with a sufficient quantity for necessary official correspondence, and the amount thus furnished charged to that department to which the officer belonged.

For newspapers, pamphlets and packages, a number of stamps to be sold by the government at one cent a stamp, somewhat similar to those used in London at the British P. O.; one stamp pasted on a newspaper to be sufficient to carry it any distance—two stamps for a pamphlet of the average weight of a newspaper and in proportion for a greater weight—packages of the weight of a newspaper four stamps, and in proportion for additional weight.

No charge for distribution—It can be done for one tenth part of a cent each, newspaper or package; many honest men would rejoice to be employed to distribute at that rate—no accounts for them to keep with citizens receiving letters or papers—no money for them to collect from receivers of letters, papers or packages—no change to be given; so they could deliver with great despatch.

No doubt many of the post routes could be let out to responsible contractors who would carry for one cent per letter, and papers and packages at half the above proposed prices of those articles. There would be the route, *where nine-tenths of the letters are carried*, which would enable government to pay higher prices on poorer routes.

It is neither honest, just nor reasonable, that government should be run to any expense to enable one man to transmit his letters, unless she favors every other man to the same amount; hence, whenever a route will not maintain itself it ought to be abandoned. No good can arise from "robbing Peter to pay Paul."

There would be no dead letters—no "hoaxes"—no impositions upon citizens by sending letters to them in which they feel no interest, but on which they now have to pay the postage. Very few accounts, if any, need be kept in the distributing offices. Much labor would thus be saved, which labor is of no use to the community. We would then be better served at one-tenth part of the cost, so far as relates to the delivery.

No contractor to be compelled to put a wagon or stage upon any route where a horse or sulky was able to carry the mail. It is no part of the duty of government to carry travelers at the expense of others who do not travel. Let everything of that kind be left to individual competition.

If government are disposed to aid in the transportation of passengers, it would be better to expend the amount in making or mending the road, rather than in hauling people over it. The high price paid to mail contractors on unproductive routes, is understood to be a compensation for running a coach where the contractor would not otherwise be justified in doing so—it is

the same as though the government paid so much a head for each passenger—it is very unfair toward the great mass of the people who very seldom ride in mail coaches.

One advantage in carrying letters at the low rate above described, would be to prevent irresponsible agents setting up private lines in opposition (or rather competition) to the mail established by government.

HOPE.

BY ARTHUR MORRELL.

Two priceless faculties of mind
Are given unto man;
Hope—Memory—*this* cheers us on,—
With *that* the past we scan.
This fills the rough, untrodden path
With imaginary flowers;
Our solace *that*—the memory
Of happy bygone hours.

To know the future were indeed
A more than mighty gift—
From before the things which are to be,
The mysterious veil to lift;
To read our future destiny—
To know what good and ill,
Whether joy or sorrow, in the main,
Shall our future pathway fill.

But if this wondrous faculty
To aspiring man were given,
Another, *dearer*, from his mind
Would evermore be driven.
Sweet Hope would then be all unknown,
That blessed beacon light,
Which, though it often lures in vain,
Burns always pure and bright.

Though it were offered me to know
That every future hour
Should be fraught with peace and happiness,
I'd shun the proffered power.
'Tis enough the present to employ,
Preparing for the end,
While *Hope* is left to cheer us on—
Man's best and only friend.

For the *Rever*—New York, Aug., 1844.

REVOLUTIONARY ANECDOTE.—After the battle of Bunker Hill, and when the Americans had retired from the field, the British still kept up a random cannonading. Three Americans, weary and exhausted, sat down upon the grass to tell each other of their "hair breadth escapes," and to discuss, withal, the contents of their canteens. While thus regaling themselves, they were thrown into great consternation by a cannon ball which struck the ground within a few rods of them. Two of the men sprang to their feet in an instant, and attempted to find some other place of security. A facetious character, by the name of Smith, from Gilmantown, N. H., sat himself down upon the exact spot where the ball struck, and looking in the direction whence it came, with no apparent concern, said, "Boo! shoot away and be d—d, you can't hit twice in one place."

BATTLE OF THE BON HOMME RICHARD.

Of all the naval battles in ancient or modern times, none has ever been more obstinately contested than that which took place, during our Revolution, between the *Bon Homme Richard*, as she was called, (after Dr. Franklin's Poor Richard,) and the British frigate *Serapis*. The first commanded by Commodore Paul Jones, the last by Commodore Pearson, a very distinguished naval officer.

The *Richard* carried fifty-six guns, and three hundred and eighty men; the *Serapis* fifty-nine guns, and two hundred and twenty men. The former was old and decayed, with a motley battery, throwing only two hundred and eighty-two pounds at a single broadside, and twenty of her best men and the second lieutenant were absent during the whole action. The *Serapis*, on the contrary, was a new ship of approved construction, considered the fastest sailer in the British navy; and, besides her superiority in the number of guns, they were of heavy calibre, throwing three hundred and forty pounds at a single broadside.

Jones, having borne down to cut off the Baltic fleet from the harbor of Scarborough, the *Serapis* and her consort immediately stood out to divert the attention of the American ships, and gave the convoy time to escape. In this way the battle begun. One of Jones's consorts engaged the consort of the *Serapis*; the other took no part in the action until toward the close, when it fired with equal injury upon both. No guns were fired from either ship until they approached within pistol shot, when Pearson cried out,

"What ship is that?"

This was at eight in the evening. The sky was beautifully clear, and the sea smooth; the moon, just then rising, lit the combatants, while it enabled crowds of people, collected on Flamborough Head, to watch the progress of the battle.

When Commodore Pearson had waited in vain for an answer to his challenge, the *Serapis* opened a terrible fire upon the *Richard*. It was at once returned; but three of *Richard's* heaviest guns burst in the discharge, not only becoming lost for the rest of the fight, but destroying more men than the whole broadside of the *Serapis*, and scattering death and confusion on every side. The battle had not continued long, ere Jones found that he was suffering so much from the *Serapis* being able, by her superior sailing, to choose raking positions, that he would soon have to yield if the contest continued so unequal; he therefore ordered his ship to be laid on board the *Serapis*. This manœuvre did not succeed, for the *Richard* could not bring a single gun to bear. Jones therefore backed his sails, and sheered off, when Pearson thinking the American was about to yield, because his fire had ceased, asked him if he struck, to which Jones answered, that he had not yet begun to fight.

He was not long, however, in making a commencement; for having sailed by the *Serapis*, he once more put his helm up, and ran across her bow. Her jib-boom came over the *Richard's* poop, and Jones himself assisted the master in making the jib-stay, which had been shot away, and hung down upon his deck, fast to his mizzen mast. At the same time, the anchor of the *Serapis* hooked one of the *Richard's* ports so that when presently Pearson anchored, to let his enemy sweep clear of him with the tide, both ships swung beside each other, the stern of the *Richard* to the bow of the *Serapis*, and their starboard sides so close to-

gether that the guns met, muzzle to muzzle: the rammers entered into opposite ports, and were dragged from those who used them, who presently began assaulting each other. It is a singular proof of the coolness of Jones that while engaged with the master in making the vessels fast, he should have thought to check him for his profanity, saying, "Mr. Stacy, this is no time for swearing; in the next moment you may be in eternity. Let us do our duty."

Thus grappled, the ships kept up a long and desperate struggle for victory. In battering, the superior metal of the *Serapis* gave her a decided advantage; her shot went through and through the rotten sides of the *Richard*, cutting the men to pieces, and destroying them with splinters. The rudder was destroyed; the quarter beat in; and while the water entered on every side, one of the pumps was shot away. There was already four feet of water in the hold, gaining. 'Upon this the Carpenter, instead of concealing the ship's situation from all but the Captain, cried out that she was sinking. The panic spread. The master-at-arms, moved by the supplications of a hundred English prisoners confined below, released them from irons; and the gunner ran terrified on deck, and bawling for quarters. Among the prisoners thus left at large, one of them, a ship-master, crawled through the ports to the *Serapis*, and told Captain Pearson to hold out for he had begun to meditate a surrender. Nevertheless, Jones quickly recovered from his desperate position. He punished the cowardice of the gunner by throwing his pistols at him, one of which fractured his skull, and precipitated him down the hatchway. At the same time he repulsed an attempt to board from the *Serapis*, and removed the danger of so many prisoners at large below by employing them at the pumps, and telling them to work or sink.

While the battle had taken this unfavorable turn below, the face of affairs was reversed above, by the exertions of a few men stationed in the tops of the *Richard*. According to Jones's orders, they had just directed their fire into the enemy's tops, until not a man remained alive, except one in the fore-top, who kept loading his musket, and dodging, now and then, from behind the mast, to fire. This bold fellow was at length struck by a ball from the *Richard's* main-top, and sent headlong upon deck. And now the exertions of the sharp-shooters were all turned to clearing the decks of the *Serapis*. Some of the bravest even passed, by the yards, into the tops of the *Serapis*, whence they threw flasks and grenades down her hatches, stifling her men and firing the ship in various directions. At this time, both ships having taken fire, the cannonade was suspended, to extinguish it. Jones soon renewed it, however, from some guns which remained in order in the fore-castle, and which he directed himself.

At this time a grenade thrown from the *Serapis's* top, having bounded into the lower deck, and fired some loose powder, this communicated to the cartridges which had been brought from the magazine faster than they were used, and laid carelessly upon deck; and a general explosion took place, by which every man in the neighborhood was blown to pieces, or dreadfully burned. No way remained for Commodore Pearson to save the remnant of his crew, but to yield; but even this it was not easy to signify, for none of his crew would take down the flag, which had been nailed, before the action, to its staff; and he was com-

pelled to perform the perilous and humiliating task with his own hand. Thus ended the battle of the Bon Homme Richard and Serapis. The victory was dearly bought, for the carnage on both sides was terrible. The Bon Homme Richard lost three hundred men, in killed and wounded; and near all of the last died, from the indifferent care which they received, and the dreadful gale which followed the battle. The loss of the Serapis was nearly as great. Of the men who were blown up, some lingered until the flesh dropped from their bones, dying in excruciating agony. The Poor Richard, assailed by fire and water, was abandoned to her fate, and went down carrying with her many of her wounded crew.—*Encyclopedia Americana*.

Here's a poet that seems to be disposed to make a wife toe the mark *both ways*.

A wife, domestic, good and pure,
Like *snail* should keep within her door;
But not like snail, in silver track,
Place all her wealth upon *her back*.

A wife should be like *echo*, true,
Not speak but when she's spoken to;
Yet not like echo, still be heard
Contending for the final word.

Like a *town clock* a wife should be,
Keep time and *regularity*;
But not like clock, harangue so clear,
That all the town her voice may hear.

ON STYLE.

BY WILLIAM WIZARD, ESQ.

Style, a manner of writing; pin of a dial; the pistil of plants.—*Johnson*.

Style, *la*—style.—*Link. Fid.*

Now I would not give a straw for either of the above definitions, though I think the latter is by far the most satisfactory; and I do wish sincerely every modern numscull who takes hold of a subject he knows nothing about, would adopt honest Linkum's mode of explanation. Blair's Lectures on this article have not thrown a whit more light on the subject of my inquiries; they puzzled me just as much as did the learned and laborious expositions and illustrations of the worthy professor of our college, in the middle of which I generally had the ill luck to fall asleep.

This same word *style*, though but a diminutive word, assumes to itself more contradictions, and significations, and eccentricities, than any monosyllable in the language is legitimately entitled to. It is an arrant little humorist of a word, and full of whims, which occasions me to like it hugely; but it puzzled me most wickedly on my first return from a long residence abroad, having crept into fashionable use during my absence; and had it not been for friend Evergreen, and that thrifty sprig of knowledge, Jeremy Cockloft the younger, I should have remained to this day ignorant of its meaning.

Though it would seem that the people of all countries are equally vehement in the pursuit of this phantom, *style*, yet in almost all of them there is a strange diversity in opinion as to what constitutes its essence; and every different class, like the pagan nations, adore it under a different form. In England, for instance, an honest cit packs up himself, his family, and his

style, in a buggy or trim whisky, and rattles away on Sunday with his fair partner blooming beside him, like an eastern bride, and two chubby children squatting like Chinese images at his feet. A baronet requires a chariot and pair: an earl must needs have a barouche and four: but a duke—oh! a duke cannot possibly lumber his style along under a coach-and-six, and half a score of footmen into the bargain. In China, a pulsant mandarin loads at least three elephants with style; and an overgrown sheep at the Cape of Good Hope trails along his tall and his style on a wheelbarrow. In Egypt, or at Constantinople, style consists in the quantity of fur and fine clothes a lady can put on without danger of suffocation: here it is otherwise, and consists in the quantity she can put off without the risk of freezing. A Chinese lady is thought prodigal of her charms if she exposes the tip of her nose, or the ends of her fingers to the ardent gaze of bystanders; and I recollect that all Canton was in a buzz in consequence of the great belle Miss Nangfous peeping out of the window with her face uncovered! Here the style is to show not only the face, but the neck, shoulders, etc.: and a lady never presumes to hide them except when she is not at home, and not sufficiently undressed to see company.

This style has ruined the peace and harmony of many a worthy household; for no sooner do they set up for style but instantly all the honest old comfortable *sans ceremonie* furniture is discarded and you stalk cautiously about among the uncomfortable splendor of Grecian chairs, Egyptian tables, Turkey carpets, and Etruscan vases. This vast improvement in furniture demands an increase in the domestic establishment; and a family that once required two or three servants for convenience, now employ half a dozen for style.

Bell Brazen, late favorite of my unfortunate friend Dessalines, was one of these patterns of style; and whatever freak she was seized with, however preposterous, was implicitly followed by all who would be considered as admitted in the stylish arcana. She was once seized with a whim-wham that tickled the whole court. She could not lie down to take an afternoon's loll but she must have one servant to scratch her head, two to tickle her feet, and a fourth to fan her delectable person while she slumbered. The thing took; it became the rage, and not a sable belle in all Hayti but what insisted upon being fanned, and scratched, and tickled in the true imperial style. Sneer not at this picture, my most excellent townsmen; for who among you but are daily following fashions equally absurd?

Style, according to Evergreen's account, consists in certain fashions, or certain eccentricities, or certain manners of certain people, in certain situations, and possessed of a certain share of fashion or importance. A red cloak, for instance, on the shoulders of an old market-woman is regarded with contempt; it is vulgar—it is odious: fling, however, its usurping rival, a red shawl, over the figure of a fashionable belle, and let her flame away with it in Broadway, or in a ball-room, and it is immediately declared to be the style.

The modes of attaining this certain situation, which entitles its holder to style, are various and opposite: the most ostensible is the attainment of wealth; the possession of which changes the port airs of vulgar ignorance into fashionable ease and elegant vivacity. It is highly amusing to observe the gradations of a fa-

mily aspiring to style, and the devious windings they pursue in order to attain it. While beating up against wind and tide, they are the most complaisant beings in the world; they keep "booming and booming," as M^r. Sycophant says, until you would suppose them incapable of standing upright; they kiss their hands to everybody who has the least claim to style; their familiarity is intolerable, and they absolutely overwhelm you with their friendship and loving kindness. But having once gained the envied pre-eminence never were beings in the world more changed. They assume the most intolerable caprices; at one time address you with importunate sociability; at another pass you by with silent indifference; sometimes sit up in their chairs in all the majesty of dignified silence; and at another time bounce about with all the obstreperous ill-bred noise of a little hoyden just broke loose from a boarding-school.

Another feature which distinguishes these new-made fashionables is the inveteracy with which they look down upon the honest people who are struggling to climb up the same envied height. They never fail to salute them with the most sarcastic reflections; and like so many worthy hodmen clambering a ladder, each one looks down upon his next neighbor below, and makes no scruple of shaking the dust off his shoes into his eyes. Thus, by dint of perseverance merely, they come to be considered as established denizens of the great world; as in some barbarous nations an oyster-shell is of sterling value, and a copper washed counter will pass current for genuine gold.

In no instance have I seen this grasping after style more whimsically exhibited than in the family of my old acquaintance Timothy Giblet. I recollect old Giblet when I was a boy, and he was the most surly curmudgeon I ever knew. He was a perfect scarecrow to the small-fry of the day, and inherited the hatred of all these unlucky little urchins; for never could we assemble about his door on an evening to play, and make a little hubbub, but out he sallied from his nest like a spider, flourished his formidable horsewhip, and dispersed the whole crew in the twinkling of a lamp. I perfectly remember a bill he sent into my father for a pane of glass I had accidentally broken, which came well-nigh getting me a sound flogging; and I remember as perfectly, that the next night I revenged myself by breaking half a dozen. Giblet was as arrant a grubworm as ever crawled; and the only rules of right and wrong he cared a button for, were the rules of multiplication and addition; which he practised much more successfully than he did any of the rules of religion or morality. He used to declare they were the true golden rules; and he took special care to put Cocker's Arithmetic in the hands of his children before they had read ten pages in the Bible or Prayer-book. The practice of these favorite maxims was at length crowned with the harvest of success; and after enduring all the pounds shillings and pence miseries of a miser, he had the satisfaction of seeing himself worth a plum, and of dying just as he had determined to enjoy the remainder of his days in contemplating his great wealth in accumulating mortgages.

His children inherited his money; but they buried the disposition, and every other memorial of their father in his grave. Fired with a noble thirst for style, they instantly emerged from the retired lane in which themselves and their accomplishments had hitherto been buried; and they blazed, and they whizzed, and

they cracked about town like a nest of squibs and devils in a firework. Their sudden *eclat* may be likened to that of the locust, which is hatched in the dust, where it increases and swells up to maturity, and after feeling for a moment the vivifying rays of the sun, bursts forth a mighty insect, and flutters, and rattles, and buzzes from every tree. The little warblers, who have long cheered the woodlands with their dulcet notes, are stunned by the discordant racket of this upstart intruder, and contemplate, in contemptuous silence, its bustle and its noise.

Having once started, the Giblets were determined that nothing should stop them in their career, until they had run their full course, and arrived at the very tip-top of style. Every tailor, every shoe-maker, every coach-maker, every milliner, every mantua-maker, every paper-hanger, every piano-teacher, and every dancing-master in the city were enlisted in their service; and the willing wights most courteously answered their call, and fell to work to build up the fame of the Giblets, as they had done that of many an aspiring family before them. In a little time the young ladies could dance the waltz, thunder Lodolska, murder French, kill time, and commit violence on the face of nature in a landscape in water-colors, equal to the best lady in the land; and the young gentlemen were seen lounging at corners of streets, and driving tandem; heard talking loud at the theatre, and laughing in church with as much ease, and grace, and modesty as if they had been gentlemen all the days of their lives.

And the Giblets arrayed themselves in scarlet, and in fine linen, and seated themselves in high places; but nobody noticed them except to honor them with a little contempt. The Giblets made a prodigious splash in their own opinion; but nobody extolled them except the tailors and milliners who had been employed in manufacturing their paraphernalia. The Giblets thereupon being, like Caleb Quotem, determined to have "a place at the review," fell to work more fiercely than ever; they gave dinners, and they gave balls; they hired confectioners, and they would have kept a newspaper in pay, had they not all been bought up at that time for the election. They invited the dancing men, and the dancing women, and the gormandizers, and the epicures of the city, to come and make merry at their expense; and the dancing men, and the dancing women, and the epicures, and the gormandizers did come; and they did make merry at their expense; and they ate, and they drank, and they capered, and they danced, and they—laughed at their entertainers.

Then commenced the hurry, and the bustle, and the mighty nothingness of fashionable life; such rattling in coaches! such flaunting in the streets! such slamming of box doors at the theatre! such a tempest of bustle and unmeaning noise wherever they appeared; The Giblets were seen here and there and everywhere! they visited everybody they knew, and everybody they did not know; and there was no getting along for the Giblets. Their plan at length succeeded. By dint of dinners, of feeding and frolicking the town, the Giblet family worked themselves into notice, and enjoyed the ineffable pleasure of being for ever pestered by visitors, who cared nothing about them; of being squeezed, and smothered, and parboiled at nightly balls, and evening tea-parties; they were allowed the privilege of forgetting the very few old friends they once possessed; they turned up their noses at everything that was not

genteel; and their superb manners and sublime affection at length left it no longer a matter of doubt that the Giblets were perfectly in the style.—*Salmagundi*.

IN EZ.

BY CAROLINE M. SAWYER.

Oh, she is fair!—her soft and dreamy eyes—
The azure portals of her stainless soul—
Upon my sight, like morning-stars, arise
And bind my spirit by their sweet control!
With strange soft power through all my breast they
thrill,
Till, than her own, I have no other will!

She is all gentleness!—and round my heart
She daily twines with fonder, closer tie—
Her simplest tones can bid the tear-drops start
In strange and sudden softness to mine eye,
While her dear voice to my fond bosom seems
Sweet as the music of remembered dreams!

Ah, dear is she!—her very being seems,
Like some fair jewel, with mine own inwrought,
Mingling forever in my nightly dreams;—
E'en when I breathe my soul's most secret thought,
I scarcely know, so close our spirits twine,
Whether it first were born of hers or mine!

She is all truth!—and ne'er did she betray,
By word or sign, the heart that trusted her!—
Oh, that around life's sad and mournful way
Such souls as hers might ever minister!
But friends are few, and simple hearts, like mine,
Of sit in tears at disappointment's shrine!

Yet for her truth, my heart at length shall learn
To bear the bitterness of trust betrayed,
And, to the few that ne'er deceived me, turn
With love whose bloom shall never droop or fade!
Inez—dear Inez! though all else deceive,
Thou, thou at least my heart will never grieve!
For the Rover—New York, Aug., 1844.

MANUFACTURES IN PARIS.—The Paris paper mills produce five hundred leagues of paper daily. Bronze, says Mr. Walsh, is manufactured in Paris to the value of thirty millions of francs—two thirds for exportation; England takes the greater part; it employs eight thousand operators, whose wages, on the average, are four francs per diem. The manufactures in gold, silver, and precious stones, are estimated at sixty or seventy millions per annum; they yield the government about fifteen hundred thousand in stamp and other duties. Imitation of precious metals and jewels are so various, comprehensive, and complete, that buyers can have no certainty, and have scarcely any need, of the genuine and entire treasure. The workmen on gold and silver are from five to six thousand; the average wages of the men from four to five francs, of the females, half as much; they must, of course, be worthy of particular trust, and hence are generally superior in morals, manners, and discipline, to other artisans; their savings enable them, in five, six or ten years, to set up for themselves. A fund of three thousand francs, with unimpaired character, procures an adequate supplement of credit, and has enabled many to acquire the highest rank, wealth and consideration as masters.

AMUSING ANECDOTE.

A FEW years ago, toward the dusk of the evening, a stranger in a traveling sulkey was leisurely pursuing his way toward a little tavern, situated near the foot of a mountain, in one of the western states. A little in advance of him, a negro, returning from the plough, was singing the favorite Ethiopian melody of

"Gwien down to shin-bone alley,
Long time ago."

The stranger hailed him with, "Hullo!—uncle—you—snow-ball!"

"Sah?" said blackey, holding up his horses.

"Is that the half-way house, yonder?"

"No, sah—that Massa Lemon's 'Otel."

"Hotel, eh?—Billy Lemon?"

"Yes, sah. You know Massa Billy? He used to lib at the mouf of Cedar Crick—he done more now, do—keeps monsons nice tavun now, I tell you."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, sar. You stop dah dis ebenin, I spec—all suspectable gemmen stop dah. You chaw backah, massa?"

"Yes, Sambo; here's so-ne real cavendish for you."

"Tankee, massa—tankee. Quash my name."

"Quash, eh?"

"Yes, sah—at your sarvice. Och!" grunted the delighted African, "dis is nice—he better den green riber. Tankee, sah—tankee."

"Well, Quash, what kind of a gentleman is Mr. Lemon?"

"Oh, he nice man, sah—mounsous nice man—em-pertain gemmen in de fuss stile, and me takes care ob de hauses. I 'long to him, and I do say it, Mas Billy mighty cleber man—he funny, too—tell heap o' stories 'bout ghosses and sperrits, notwithstanding he feard on 'em, he sef do, in my 'pinion."

"Afraid of ghosts, eh?" said the traveler, musing; "well, go ahead, Mr. Quash; as it's getting late, I'll tarry with Mr. Lemon to-night."

"Yes, sah; gee up—hoa!—go along lively;" and setting off at a brisk trot, followed by the traveler, the musical Quash again broke out in—

"Gwien down to shin-bone alley,"—

The burden, "Long time ago," was taken up by some one apparently in an adjacent corn-field, which occasioned Quash to prick up his ears with some surprise; he continued, however, with

"Dah I met ole Johnny Gladden,"—

The same voice again responded from the field,

"Long time ago."

"Who dat?" said the astonished negro, checking suddenly his horses and looking round on every side for the cause of his surprise.

"Oh, never mind; drive ahead, Snowball; it's some of your master's spirits, I suppose."

Quash, in a very thoughtful mood, led the way to the tavern without uttering another word. Halted before the door, the stranger was very soon waited upon by the obliging Mr. Lemon, a bustling, talkative gentleman, who greeted his customer with

"Light, sir,—light—here, John! Quash!—never mind your umbrella, sir—here, Quash, take off that rug—give me your whip, sir—John, take off that chair box—come, sir—and carry this horse to the stable. Do you prefer him to stand on a dirt floor, sir?"

"If you please, sir. He's rather particular about his lodgings."

"Carry him to the lower stable, Quash, and tend to him well—I always like to see horses well tended, and this is a noble critter, too," continued the landlord, slapping him on the back.

"Take care, will you!" said the horse.

"What the d—!!" exclaimed the landlord, starting back.

"None of your familiarity!" said the horse, looking spitefully around to the astonished tavern-keeper.

"Silence, Beelzebub!" said the traveler, caressing the animal; and turning to the landlord, he observed: "You must excuse him, sir, he's rather an aristocratic horse—the effect of education, merely."

"He's the devil, sir."

"Wo hoa, Beelzebub! loose the traces, Quash—what are you staring at?—he won't eat you."

"Come, landlord," said Beelzebub, "I want my oats."

Quash scattered—the landlord backed up into the porch, and the traveler was fain to jump into his vehicle and drive round in search of the stable himself. Having succeeded to his satisfaction in disposing of his horse, he returned to the tavern.

Anon supper came on—the eggs had all apparently young chickens in them; the landlord was in confusion at such a mortifying circumstance, and promised the traveler amends from a cold pig, which, as he inserted the carving fork into it, uttered a piercing squeal, which was responded to by a louder one from the landlady. Down went the knife and fork, and the cold perspiration began to grow in large beads upon the forehead of the landlord, as he stood looking fearfully at the grunter; his attention was soon taken, however, by voices from without, calling:

"Hilloa! house! landlord!"

"Ay, ay—coming, gentlemen—more travelers—do help yourself, sir."

"Landlord!"

"Coming, gentlemen; here, John, a light—bring a light to the door; Sally, wait on the gentleman."

And out the landlord bounced, followed by John with lights; but soon returned with a look of disappointment, he declared there was no living being without. The voices called again, and the landlord, after going out, returned a second time, declaring his belief that the whole plantation was haunted by evil spirits.

The stranger arose presently from the table, and drew his chair to the fire, having made a pretty hearty supper from the eggs and young porker, their cries to the contrary notwithstanding.

That night, rumor saith, Mr. Billy Lemon slept with a bible under his head, and kept a candle burning in the room till morning, and those who pass there to this day, may, upon close examination, discover the heels of old horse shoes peering over the door casement, as a bulwark against witches, hobgoblins, and all other evil spirits.

Having ascertained the name of his guest, in the morning, mine host proceeded to make out his bill—

MR. J. S. KENTWORTHY,

To William Lemon Dr." &c. &c.

This same Mr. Kentworthy was recently a passenger on board the steamboat Columbia, from Norfolk to Washington City, when the violent altercation took place in one of the berths, between three or four different individuals, for precedence. He is said to be something of a wag, and, withal, one of the most accomplished ventriloquists of the present day.

VALLEY OF JEHOSEPHAT.

BLACKWOOD'S Magazine, in an article entitled *Chateaubriand*, contains, among other extracts from his works, the following beautiful description of the valley of Jehoshaphat.

"The valley of Jehoshaphat has in all ages served as the burying-ground to Jerusalem; you meet there side by side, monuments of the most distant times and of the present century. The Jews still come to die, from the remote corners of the earth. A stranger sells to them, for almost its weight in gold, the land which contains the bones of their fathers. Solomon planted that valley; the shadow of the temple by which it was overhung—the torrent, called after grief, which traversed it—the psalms which David there composed—the lamentations of Jeremiah, which its rocks re-echoed, render it the fitting abode of the tomb. Christ commenced his passion in the same place: that innocent David there shed, for the expiation of our sins, tears which the guilty David let fall for his own transgressions. Few names awaken in our mind recollections so solemn as the valley of Jehoshaphat. It is so full of mysteries, that, according to the Prophet Joel, all mankind will be assembled there before the Eternal Judge.

The aspect of this celebrated valley is desolate; the western side is bounded by a ridge of lofty rocks which support the walls of Jerusalem, above which the towers of the city appear. The eastern side is formed by the Mount of Olives, and another eminence called the Mount of Scandal, from the idolatry of Solomon. These two mountains, which adjoin each other, are almost bare, and of a red and sombre hue; on their desert side you see here and there some black and withered vineyards, some with olives; some ploughland, covered with hysop, and a few ruined chapels. At the bottom of the valley, you perceive a torrent, traversed by a single arch, which appears of great antiquity. The stones of the Jewish cemetery appear like a mass of ruins at the foot of the mountain Scandal, under the village of Siloam. You can hardly distinguish the buildings of the village from the ruins with which they are surrounded. Three ancient monuments are particularly conspicuous—those of Zachariah, Jehoshaphat and Absalom.

The sadness of Jerusalem, from which no smoke ascends, and in which no sound is to be heard; the solitude of the surrounding mountains, where not a living creature is to be seen; the disorder of those tombs, ruined, ransacked and half exposed to view, would induce one to believe that the last trump had been heard, and that the dead were about to rise in the valley of Jehoshaphat."

ADAMS AND JEFFERSON.

INTERESTING LETTERS.—NATIVE AMERICANISM.

"We are all federalists—we are all republicans," was a sentiment, full of meaning and full of interest, once uttered by the late President Monroe. Questions of state policy are constantly coming up in the country, upon which people differ in opinion; they take sides according to their opinions, build up parties to support each side of the question, and fight zealously and often bitterly for the victory. In the heat of the contest perhaps they are almost ready to cut each other's throats. But when the occasion has passed by, and the policy of the country has been settled one way or the other, the parties lose their distinctive lines,

their blood cools down, they forget that they have been foes, and having common interests and common ties, remember only that they are members of one great American family.

The most important and memorable organization of parties that has occurred under our government was that of the federalists and republicans. The elder Adams was, for some years, at the head of one school, and Jefferson at the head of the other. Their respective parties fought against each other with more earnestness and more real bitterness of feeling than have characterized the conflicts of any other great party divisions of the country. The people were in earnest in those days in their political struggles; the experiment of our government had but just commenced; people found themselves afloat in a new ship, and were full of anxiety to learn whether she would sink or swim with them. Every new question that came up, materially affecting state policy, was deemed of vital importance. While one party beheld nothing but a smooth sea and a safe harbor before them, the other looked out upon a frightful sea where the wind and current were fast driving them upon fatal rocks and quicksands. At such a time and under such circumstances it is not strange that there should be a warm strife for the helm, and sometimes mutinies among the crew.

But nevertheless, the ship of state sailed safely over that troubled sea. And when the angry billows had somewhat subsided, and the ship still kept on her course, and the people began to perceive that the rocks and quicksands ahead were, after all, nothing but fog-banks, they gradually forgot their animosities, and often began to be found pulling together at the same ropes. It was at this period of the voyage, that Mr. Monroe, on being chosen *Captain*, made the bold and patriotic declaration, "we are all federalists—we are all republicans."

We adopt this sentiment as a motto for the native American party. We say that the countless throngs of people that the nations of Europe are casting upon our shores, the low, the ignorant and the vicious, have rendered it necessary for the protection of the rights and interests of American citizens that our laws and regulations on this subject should be modified. Not that the party is at all disposed to wage any unreasonable war against foreigners. But charity begins at home; self preservation is the first law of nature. We say the laws in relation to the immigration of foreigners among us must be modified. And the only way to effect this object is by the organization of an American party that shall make itself heard and felt throughout the union. In pursuing this grand object we say "we are all federalists—we are all republicans." On other national questions, one may be for Paul, another for Apollos, and another for Cephas. But on this one point we are all Americans. Here is our foundation, and here are we building our house; and let the storm come, and the winds blow, and the rains descend, but our house shall not fall, for it is founded on a rock.

Here in New York we have erected the first grand pillar of the edifice—the great centre column—and we say to our brethren in every city, town, and district of the union, go and do likewise.

We have said above, in reference to the political conflicts of our countrymen, that when the questions which divided them have gone by and been settled,

however hard fought may have been the battle, they soon forget that they have been foes. We have a most touching and beautiful illustration of this in the correspondence between Adams and Jefferson, which we give below. They had been the opposite leaders of the two great parties of the country. When Greek meets Greek then comes the tug of war. The battle had been hot, obstinate, and long continued. It shook the whole country to its centre, and the pillars of our political temple to its foundation. And so bitter were the feelings of the two great leaders against each other, that when Jefferson was elected to fill the presidential chair in place of Adams, the latter broke over all the ordinary rules of courtesy, so far as to leave Washington suddenly on the evening of the third of March because he would not remain to witness the inauguration of his rival on the fourth. Yet these men, these native Americans, when their political campaigns were over, and they had retired, the one to his Monticello, and the other to his Montezillo, and were passing quietly down the vale of years, these former foes turned to each other with mutual esteem and mutual affection, and looked upon each other as brother patriots and fellow laborers in the great cause of their country's freedom and prosperity.

But we will not keep the reader any longer from the beautiful letters to which we have alluded. They were written about three years before the simultaneous decease of their distinguished authors. We have had them in our possession almost ever since the time of their date; have read them over many times with great delight, and believe they cannot be read by any individual without pleasure.

The letter of Mr. Jefferson was written soon after an attack upon him by a "Native of Virginia;" and when there was a strong expectation of a war between Russia and Turkey; this will explain some allusion in the letters.

FROM MR. JEFFERSON TO MR. ADAMS.

"Monticello, June, 1, 1822.

"It is very long, my dear sir, since I have written to you. My dislocated wrist is now become so stiff that I write slowly and with pain; and, therefore, write as little as I can. Yet it is due to mutual friendship to ask once in a while how we do? The papers tell us that General Stark is off at the age of ninety-three. ***** still lives, at about the same age, cheerful, slender as a grass-hopper, and so much without memory that he scarcely recognizes the members of his household. An intimate friend of his called on him not long since. It was difficult to make him recollect who he was, and sitting one hour he told him the same story four times over. Is this life?—with lab'ring step

"To tread our former footsteps? pace the round
Eternal?—to beat and beat
The beaten track—to see what we have seen—
To taste the tasted—o'er our palates to descant
Another vintage?"

"It is, at most, but the life of a cabbage, surely not worth a wish. When all our faculties have left, or are leaving us one by one, sight, hearing, memory, every avenue of pleasing sensation is closed, and athymy, debility, and mal-aise left in their places, when the friends of our youth are all gone, and a generation is risen around us whom we know not, is death an evil?

'When one by one our ties are torn,
And friend from friend is snatched forlorn;

When man is left alone to mourn,
Oh, then, how sweet it is to die!
When trembling limbs refuse their weight,
And films slow gathering dim the sight;
When clouds obscure the mental light,
'Tis nature's kindest boon to die!"

"I really think so. I have ever dreaded a dotting age; and my health has been generally so good, and is now so good, that I dread it still. The rapid decline of my strength during the last winter has made me hope sometimes that I see land. During summer, I enjoy its temperature; but I shudder at the approach of winter, and wish I could sleep through it with the dormouse, and only wake with him in spring, if ever. They say that Stark could walk about his room. I am told you walk well and firmly. I can only reach my garden, and that with sensible fatigue. I ride, however, daily; but reading is my delight. I should wish never to put pen to paper; and the more because of the treacherous practice some people have of publishing one's letters without leave. Lord Mansfield declared it a breach of trust, and punishable at law. I think it should be a penitentiary felony: yet you will have seen that they have drawn me out in the arena of the newspapers. Although I know it is too late for me to buckle on the armor of youth, yet my indignation would not permit me passively to receive the kick of an ass.

"To turn to the news of the day, it seems that the cannibals of Europe are going to eating one another again. A war between Russia and Turkey is like the battle of the kite and snake; whichever destroys the other, leaves a destroyer the less for the world.

"This pugnacious humor of mankind seems to be the law of his nature, one of the obstacles to too great multiplication provided in the mechanism of the Universe. The cocks of the hen-yard kill one another; bears, bulls, rams, do the same, and the horse, in his wild state, kills the young males, until worn down with age and war, some vigorous youth kills him.***** I hope we shall prove how much happier for man the Quaker policy is, and that the life of the feeder is better than that of the fighter: and it is some consolation that the desolation by these maniacs of one part of the earth, is the means of improving it in other parts. Let the latter be our office; and let us milk the cow, while the Russian holds her by the horns, and the Turk by the tail. God bless you and give you health, strength, good spirits, and as much of life as you think worth having.

THOMAS JEFFERSON."

MR. ADAM'S REPLY

"Montezillo, June, 11, 1822.

DEAR SIR.—Half an hour ago I received, and this moment have heard read for the third or fourth time, the best letter that ever was written by an Octogenarian, dated June 1st. * * * * *

"I have not sprained my wrist; but both my arms and hands are so overstrained that I cannot write a line. Poor Stark remembered nothing and could talk of nothing but the battle of Bennington. ***** is not quite so reduced. I cannot mount my horse, but I can walk three miles over a rugged rocky mountain, and have done it within a month; yet I feel when sitting in my chair as if I could not rise out of it; and when risen, as if I could not walk across the room: my sight is very dim, hearing pretty good, memory poor enough.

"I answer your question—is death an evil? It is

not an evil. It is a blessing to the individual, and to the world; yet we ought not to wish for it till life becomes insupportable. We must wait the pleasure and convenience of the 'Great Teacher.' Winter is as terrible to me as to you. I am almost reduced in it to the life of a bear or a torpid swallow. I cannot read, but my delight is to hear others read; and I tax all my friends most unmercifully and tyrannically against their consent.

"The ass has kicked in vain; all men say the dull animal has missed the mark.

"This globe is a theatre of war; its inhabitants are all heroes. The little eels in vinegar, and the animalcules in pepper-water, I believe are quarrelsome. The bees are as warlike as the Romans, Russians, Britons, or Frenchmen. Ants, caterpillars, and cankerworms, are the only tribes among whom I have not seen battles; and Heaven itself, if we believe Hindoes, Jews, Christians, and Mahometans, has not always been at peace. We need not trouble ourselves about these things, nor fret ourselves because of evil-doers; but safely trust the 'Ruler with his skies.' Nor need we dread the approach of dotage, let it come, if it must. ***** it seems, still delights in his four stories; and Stark remembered to the last his Bennington, and exulted in his glory; the worst of the evil is, that our friends will suffer more by our imbecility than we ourselves.

* * * * *
"In wishing for your health and happiness, I am very selfish; for I hope for more letters. This is worth more than five hundred dollars to me, for it has already given me, and it will continue to give me more pleasure than a thousand. Mr. Jay, who is about your age, I am told, experiences more decay than you do.

I am, your old friend,

JOHN ADAMS.

President JEFFERSON."

DEFINITIONS OF LOVE.

BY LEITCH RITCHIE.

"THE history of the heart I hold to be very nearly the same in all men. The apparent difference consists in the strength or faintness of the impression made upon the mind by things always the same. All men have their first love, their second love, and their third love; but some men do not know that they have had any; while others imagine that they have had a great many more. The history of love is like a picture engraven upon a plate of adamant with indelible boldness and delicacy, depth and lightness, simplicity and art. But its effect depends mainly upon the paper subjected to the impression. The heart of man is like that paper—clouded, spongy, spotted, smooth, hard, coarse, fine, or soft, as it may happen. In some cases the lines appear fairly rendered; in others they are blotted and confused; in others they become so faint, on exposure to the air of the world, that they are nearly or altogether invisible. The history of love is divided into three books. The first is like a fairy tale; the second like a poem; the third like a chronicle. The first is the only one we re-peruse in after life with unmixed complacency. No matter what may have been the fate of the heroine—the catastrophe of the story—it is associated with all our best and most beautiful feelings; with the spring-time of the heart, when our young bosoms opened like a flower, in an atmosphere of light, and music, and per-

fume. The recollection of disappointment has no annoyance; the memorials of death bring back no sorrow; we talk of that shadowy past with complacency, even to strangers; it seems as if the fearless, guileless spirit of early life returned with the theme. The second era of love is very different. At that epoch the world began to mingle with our dreams—the world—comprehensive word! including strife, envy, hope, terror, delirious joy, and bitter, burning tears. The history of this period is a secret and a mystery which in most cases descends with us to the grave. In public we recoil from its associations with terror; in private, they crimson or blanch our cheek at the distance of half a century; yet the narrative would, in general, seem to a listener to be the most common place imaginable. Alas! it is not the events that give it importance; it is the thoughts—the imaginations—the stirrings, and heavings, the writhings of the wrong spirit amid the terrible lessons of early experience."

COMPARATIVE PROSPECTS OF AMERICA.

To those who love to *think*, to contemplate the growth, progress and destiny of nations, the following extract from De Tocqueville's work on the United States will be read with much interest. This philosophic and far-seeing Frenchman divides the future empire of the world for many years to come between the Russian and the Anglo-American. If, then, the empire of half the world is the inheritance of the Anglo-American, and no doubt it is so, how important for the whole human family is it, that the invaluable institutions, which our fathers established, should be preserved in their purity. In proportion to the greatness of our destiny as a nation is the magnitude of our responsibility to posterity and the world. Let every Native American, therefore, see to it, that he does his duty.

This work of De Tocqueville was published some six or eight years ago. Many of his prospective remarks on Texas and other subjects are already being verified.

The territory now occupied or possessed by the United States of America, forms about one-twentieth part of the habitable earth. But extensive as these confines are, it must not be supposed that the Anglo-American race will always remain within them; indeed, it has already far overstepped them.

There was once a time at which we also might have created a great French nation in the American wilds, to counterbalance the influence of the English upon the destinies of the New World. France formerly possessed a territory in North America, scarcely less extensive than the whole of Europe. The three greatest rivers of that continent then flowed within her dominions. The Indian tribes which dwelt between the mouth of the St. Lawrence and the delta of Mississippi, were unaccustomed to any other tongue but ours; and all the European settlements scattered over that immense region recalled the traditions of our country. Louisbourg, Montmorency, Duquesne, Saint Louis, Vincennes, New Orleans, (for such were the names they bore,) are words dear to France and familiar to our ears.

But a concurrence of circumstances, which it would be tedious to enumerate, have deprived us of this magnificent inheritance. Wherever the French settlers were numerically weak and partially established, they

have disappeared: those who remain are collected on a small extent of country, and are now subject to other laws. The 400,000 French inhabitants of Lower Canada, constitute, at the present time, the remnant of an old nation, lost in the midst of a new people. A foreign population is increasing around them unceasingly and on all sides, which already penetrates among the ancient masters of the country, predominates in their cities, and corrupts the language. This population is identical with that of the United States; it is therefore with truth that I asserted that the British race is not confined within the frontiers of the Union, since, it already extends to the north-east.

To the north-west nothing is to be met with but a few insignificant Russian settlements; but to the south-west, Mexico presents a barrier to the Anglo-Americans. Thus, the Spaniards and the Anglo-Americans are, properly speaking, the only two races which divide the possession of the New World. The limits of separation between them have been settled by a treaty; but although the conditions of that treaty are exceedingly favorable to the Anglo-Americans, I do not doubt that they will shortly infringe this arrangement. Vast provinces, extending beyond the frontiers of the Union toward Mexico, are still destitute of inhabitants. The natives of the United States will forestall the rightful occupants of these solitary regions. They will take possession of the soil, and establish social institutions so that when the legal owner arrives at length, he will find wilderness under cultivation, and strangers quietly settled in the midst of his inheritance.

The lands of the New World belong to the first occupant, and they are the natural reward of the swiftest pioneer. Even the countries which are already peopled will have some difficulty in securing themselves from this invasion. I have already alluded to what is taking place in the province of Texas. The inhabitants of the United States are perpetually migrating to Texas, where they purchase land: and although they conform to the laws of the county, they are gradually founding the empire of their own language and their own manners. The province of Texas is still part of the Mexican dominions, but it will soon contain no Mexicans: the same thing has occurred wherever the Anglo-Americans have come in contact with populations of a different origin.

It cannot be denied that the British race has acquired an amazing preponderance over all the other European races in the New World; and that it is very superior to them in civilization, industry and in power. As long as it is only surrounded by desert or thinly peopled countries, as long as it encounters no dense populations upon its route, through which it cannot work its way, it will assuredly continue to spread. The lines marked out by treaties will not stop it; but it will every where transgress these imaginary barriers.

The geographical position of the British race in the New World is peculiarly favorable to its rapid increase. Above its northern frontiers the icy regions of the Pole extend; and a few degrees below its southern confines lies the burning climate of the equator. The Anglo-Americans are therefore placed in the most temperate and habitable zone of the continent.

It is generally supposed that the prodigious increase of population in the United States is posterior to their Declaration of Independence. But this is an error: the population increased as rapidly under the Colonial System as it does at the present day; that is to say, it

doubled in about twenty-two years. But this proportion which is now applied to millions, was then applied to thousands of inhabitants; and the same fact which was scarcely noticeable a century ago, is now evident to every observer.

The British subjects in Canada, who are dependant on a king, augment and spread almost as rapidly as the British settlers of the United States, who live under a republican government. During the war of Independence, which lasted eight years, the population continued to increase without intermission, in the same ratio. Although powerful Indian nations, allied with the English, existed at that time upon the western frontiers, the emigration westward was never checked. While the enemy laid waste the shores of the Atlantic, Kentucky, the western parts of Pennsylvania, and the states of Vermont and Maine were filling with inhabitants. Nor did the unsettled state of the Constitution, which succeeded the war, prevent the increase of population, or stop its progress across the wilds. Thus, the difference of laws, the various conditions of peace and war, of order and of anarchy, have exercised no perceptible influence upon the gradual development of the Anglo-Americans. This may be readily understood; for the fact is, that no causes are sufficiently general to exercise a simultaneous influence over the whole of so extensive a territory. One portion of the country always offers a sure retreat from the calamities which afflict another part; and however great may be the evil, the remedy which is at hand is greater still.

It must not, then, be imagined that the impulse of the British race in the New World can be arrested. The dismemberment of the Union, and the hostilities which might ensue, the abolition of republican institutions, and the tyrannical government which might succeed it, may retard this impulse, but they cannot prevent it from ultimately fulfilling the destinies to which that race is reserved. No power on earth can close upon the emigrants that fertile wilderness which offers resources to all industry and a refuge from all want.

Future events, of whatever nature they may be, will not deprive the Americans of their climate or of their inland seas, or of their great rivers or of their exuberant soil. Nor will bad laws, revolutions, and anarchy be able to obliterate that love of prosperity and that spirit of enterprize which seem to be the distinctive characteristics of their race, or to extinguish that knowledge which guides them on their way.

Thus in the midst of the uncertain future, one event at least is sure. At a period which may be said to be near, (for we are speaking of the life of a nation,) the Anglo-Americans will alone cover the immense space contained between the polar regions and the tropics, extending from the coasts of the Atlantic to the shores of the Pacific ocean. The territory which will probably be occupied by the Anglo-Americans at some future time, may be computed to equal three quarters of Europe in extent. The climate of the Union is, upon the whole, preferable to that of Europe, and its natural advantages are not less great; it is therefore evident that its population will at some future time be proportionate to our own. Europe, divided as it is between so many different nations, and torn as it has been by incessant wars and the barbarous manners of the middle ages, has, notwithstanding, attained a population of four hundred and ten inhabitants to the square

league. What cause can prevent the United States from having as numerous a population in time?

Many ages must elapse before the divers offshoots of the British race in America cease to present the same homogeneous characteristics; and the time cannot be foreseen at which a permanent inequality of conditions will be established in the New World. Whatever differences may arise from peace, or from war, from freedom or oppression, from prosperity or want, between the destinies of the different descendants of the great Anglo-American family, they will at least preserve an analogous social condition, and they will hold in common the customs and opinions to which that social condition has given birth.

In the middle ages, the tie of religion was sufficiently powerful to imbue all the different populations of Europe with the same civilization. The British of the New World have a thousand other reciprocal ties; and they live at a time when the tendency to equality is general among mankind.

The time will therefore come when one hundred and fifty millions of men will be living in North America, equal in condition, the progeny of one race, owing their origin to the same cause, and preserving the same civilization, the same language, the same religion, the same habits, the same manners, and imbued with the same opinions, propagated under the same forms. The rest is uncertain, but this is certain; and it is a fact new to the world—a fact fraught with such portentous consequences as to baffle the efforts even of the imagination.

There are, at the present time, two great nations in the world, which seem to tend toward the same end, although they started from different points: I allude to the Russians and the Americans. Both of them have grown up unnoticed; and while the attention of mankind was directed elsewhere, they have suddenly assumed a most prominent place among the nations: and the world learned their existence and their greatness at almost the same time.

All other nations seem to have nearly reached their natural limits, and only to be charged with the maintenance of their power: but these are still in the act of growth: all the others are stopped, or continue to advance with extreme difficulty: these are proceeding with ease and with celerity along a path to which the human eye can assign no term. The American struggles against the natural obstacles which oppose him; the adversaries of the Russian are men: the former combats the wilderness and savage life; the latter, civilization with all its weapons and its arts: the conquests of the one are therefore gained by the ploughshare; those of the other by the sword. The Anglo-American relies upon personal interest to accomplish his ends, and gives free scope to the unguided exertions and common sense of the citizens; the Russian centres all the authority of society in a single arm: the principal instrument of the former is freedom; of the latter, servitude. Their starting point is different, and their courses are not the same; yet each of them seems to be marked out by the will of Heaven to sway the destinies of half the globe.

We esteem in the world those who do not merit our esteem, and neglect persons of true worth: but the world is like the ocean—the pearl is in its depths, the sea-weed swims.

From the Bunker Hill; Major Downing's new paper.

TO UNCLE JOSHUA,

OF DOWNINGVILLE, AWAY DOWN EAST.

New York Aug 2, 1844.

DEAR UNCLE, Since my letter to you last week I've been to work so tight in getting things under way for my paper, that I haint hardly had time to breathe, much more to eat or sleep. In starting a new machine there's a thousand little wheels and springs want tinkering, that you dont hardly think of till you come to put it in motion. Howsomer I'm in hopes to get regulated pretty soon, and get the screws all in and the springs and gudgeons lled, and under easy way, and then I'll begin to look about me and tell you something about York. This York is a smasher of a place, uncle, and no mistake. They don't do things on a small scale here; they go the whole figure. Here's between three and four hundred wheels and folks in the city, and they all drink out of a pond forty miles off! Not that I'd have you suppose they all go to the pond and drink every time they are dry, by no means; but the whole city sucks the water through a pipe forty miles long, jest as boys suck cider through a straw out of a cider barrel.

And then over here in Brooklyn, which is all the same as New York, because they are jined together by steamboats so close that you can step from one to t'other as easy as you can step from your door to the barn yard; well, over here in Brooklyn, down by what is called the south ferry, opposite the New York Battery, they are makin a gun half a mile long, that is calculated to carry a shot ninety-five miles. Capt. Stockton's peace-maker, that burst up and killed half the great men at Washington, was no more to this gun than a boy's cracker was to the peace-maker.

This gun is made by boring a hole nearly half a mile right through a hill, and they load her up with great wooden cartridges so large that they have to run 'em into the gun on wheels. The cartridges aint filled with powder and balls, but with men women and children. They don't fire her off with powder but with steam; and when they get all ready, and let the steam on, out go the cartridges with a whiz, and away go the men, women, and children, as if they were riding on a streak of lightning; and before they have time to think where they are going to, they find themselves at Greenport, away clear to the other end of Long Island. This gun is owned by the Long Island Railroad Company; and last Saturday they fired off an extra charge, for fun, because they had just got the gun so near finished they could shoot the whole length of the island; that is nearly a hundred miles. They were pretty choice of their ammunition in this charge, for they filled up the cartridges with the mayor and aldermen and common council of York, and the Mayor, and aldermen and common council of Brooklyn, and a good many others of the first chop in both cities. I believe the whole charge, primin and all, took four or five hundred people. They got loaded about eight o'clock in the mornin, and touched fire, or rather let the steam on, and off they whizzed to Greenport, ninety-five miles, where they all had a jolly day of it, eating dinncr, drinking wine, and making speeches, and all that.

You will see it stated in the papers, I spose that an elegant dinner was cooked up for all these folks by Mr. Downing. For fear there should be any mistake about this, I want you and everybody else to under-

stand that it wasn't me, but another gentleman here in New York by the name of Downing. I had nothing to do with that dinner at all; my editorial labors would hardly allow me time enough to *smell* of a dinner, much more to cook it.

Well, after the company had eat their dinner, and dranked their wine, and made speeches enough, if they'd only had 'em in Washington, to last Congress a week, toward night the railroad folks fired 'em all back again ninety-five miles to Brooklyn.

The success of this great gun of the Long Island railroad company has put another notion into my head. I've a notion of trying to get up a gun big enough to fire these everlastin rafts of foreigners, that drift over here so thick, back again across the ocean to the countries where they come from. I don't know but you may think this a kind of a hash idea; but I dont think so at all. If them foreign countries would only pick out a fair lot to send over to us, so that they should be upon an average as good as they keep at home, I wouldn't mind it so much. But when three quarters that they send over are the worst and the poorest and the most rascally they can pick out, I say three quarters of 'em ought to be fired back again. They are getting to be too many to think of sending of 'em back in vessels, and balloons aint improved enough yet to depend upon; and I believe the only thing is to get up my great gun. I dont want you to mention the plan till I get it patented, but my idea is to bore a hole through the White Mountains in New Hampshire, or else through one of the largest ridges of the Alleghenies, for the gun must be large enough and thick enough so that no force of steam can burst it, and then put in about a hundred thousand foreigners at a time for a charge, let on the steam and fire 'em as straight as an arrow across the Atlantic. If we should happen to strike a volcano in boring through the mountains, it might be so much the better, as it might help to get up the steam, and perhaps answer for a great railroad whistle.

Now, uncle, dont understand me as wanting to take any ground against these foreigners that isn't just and reasonable; I would be the last man in the world to do it. I'm for treating everybody well that behaves well, and for giving everybody all their just rights. But while we are willing to do this, there is no reason in the world why we shouldn't take care of our own just rights too.

As fast as I get acquainted with matters and things here, I shall try to let you know from week to week how the world wags.

I remain your loving nephew,

MAJOR JACK DOWNING,

Editor of the Bunker Hill.

STEARINE CANDLES.—We have reason to believe if lard can be hardened, that a candle can be made from it nearly equal to the sperm. The Cincinnati Atlas in noticing Mr. Ruder's manufactory of that article says; "they are a great improvement on the first attempt at making this article. The stearine used by Mr. R. is beautifully chrystallized from pure lard, with no admixture of tallow or other oleaginous substance, and it strikes us as the perfection of the manufacture. These candles burn longer and brighter than the old fashioned sperm, and are sold at just half the price formerly paid for the latter article."

THE POET'S BEAUTY.

BY A. J. H. DUGANNE.

MAIDEN, much the poet loveth
Seraph tones from woman's voice;
But the gentle soul that moveth,
Bids the poet's heart rejoice.

When the maiden's eyes are bending,
Starlike, on his upturn'd brow,
'Tis the love-rays in them blending,
Makes the poet's spirit bow.

When his eyes are fondly dwelling
On the cheek of maiden fair,
'Tis the blush he sees, revealing
All the love that slumbers there.

Not in the eyes of dazzling splendor,
Not in the cheek of roseate hue,
Not in the voice with music tender,
Seeks the bard the beauty true.

But the gentle soul that beameth
From the cheek, the lip, the eye,
'Tis of this the poet dreameth—
Beauty that may never die.

THE ROVER OMNIBUS.

NAUVOO, THE MORMON CITY.

PERHAPS our readers may not generally be aware of the extent of population and general progress of this new city. We have seen some accounts which set the population as high as twenty thousand. Joe Smith, the prophet, who was recently killed, was mayor of the city.

A letter-writer, who has been contributing descriptions of this "Holy City," to many of the western papers for a long period back, informs his readers that at the expiration of three years from its establishment it contained one thousand houses, chiefly whitewashed log-cabins, with a few frame and brick houses. The public buildings are the "Nauvoo House," a spacious hotel, fronting on two streets, 120 feet on each, 40 feet wide, and three stories high above the basement. In this building Joe Smith, the pretended prophet and leader of these "Latter Day Saints," was furnished with a suite of rooms. The Nauvoo Temple, not yet completed will be 130 feet long, and 100 feet wide. In the basement is a baptistry, supported on twelve gilded oxen, the model of which is derived from the brazen sea of Solomon. The Nauvoo Legion consists of from two to three thousand men, with proper officers, armed and disciplined. They have an university, which contains a president, and professor of mathematics and English literature, a professor of the learned languages, and a professor of church history. The city is laid out with streets of ample width, crossing each other at right angles. Their property is held as private but they have a large farm without the city, which is occupied and cultivated in common.

THE AMERICAN REVIEW.—A prospectus is out for a new monthly periodical, to be called the American Review, and to be devoted to the Whig cause. The democratic party have had a monthly devoted to their cause for a long time, the Democratic Review, which is ably conducted. The American Review is to be out in about a month.

CHEAP POSTAGE.—Independent letter carriers are springing up in great abundance. The publisher of the New York Sun is going into it strongly; and says he is about to make a proposition to the Post Master General to carry all the mails for the government on the cheap plan. The people are bent upon having cheap postage, and the plan will be accomplished in some way or other.

MORSE'S SCHOOL GEOGRAPHY, on a new plan.—The Harpers have just published Morse's school geography on a plan greatly improved. The principal feature of the improvement is that the maps are all on the same pages with the letter-press, so that the maps and the descriptions of places, &c., are presented at once to the eye. There are fifty-five colored maps and one hundred and forty-four pictorial wood engravings. The whole book is to be sold for fifty cents. It cannot fail to be introduced extensively into the schools.

"THE BUNKER HILL, edited by Major Jack Downing, assisted by several literary gentlemen and a few ladies," is published by S. B. Dean & Co., at 123 Fulton street, New York, at one dollar a year in advance, three cents single copies. The Bunker Hill takes strong and high national ground as a native American paper.

BUNKER HILL.—A sea captain who chanced to be in London during the Revolutionary war, met several British officers in a tavern, who were busily discussing American affairs. "We should have conquered them long ago," said one, "had it not been for that arch rebel, Washington."

"With all his skillful manœuvres they are the same as conquered already," observed another. The American said nothing, but his countenance bore marks of honest indignation. What Jonathan, are you from the rebel colonies? asked the officers. "I am from New England gentlemen." "Well, what news do you bring? Will your crops be heavy enough to feed the regulars?" "My countrymen tell me," replied he, "that British blood is the best manure they ever had, turnips larger than a peck measure are raised on Bunker Hill."

LOVE.

BY FREDERICK HALM.

Tell me, my heart, what love is?

It giveth but to rob—

Two souls and one idea,

Two hearts and but one throb.

And tell me, how love cometh?

It comes—and ah! 'tis here.

And whither, pray, it fleeth?

'Twas not—'twas fancy mere.

And when is love the purest?

When its own self it shuns.

And when is love the deepest?

When it the stillest runs.

And when is love the richest?

It hoardeth when it gives.

And tell me how love speaketh?

It speaketh not—it lives.

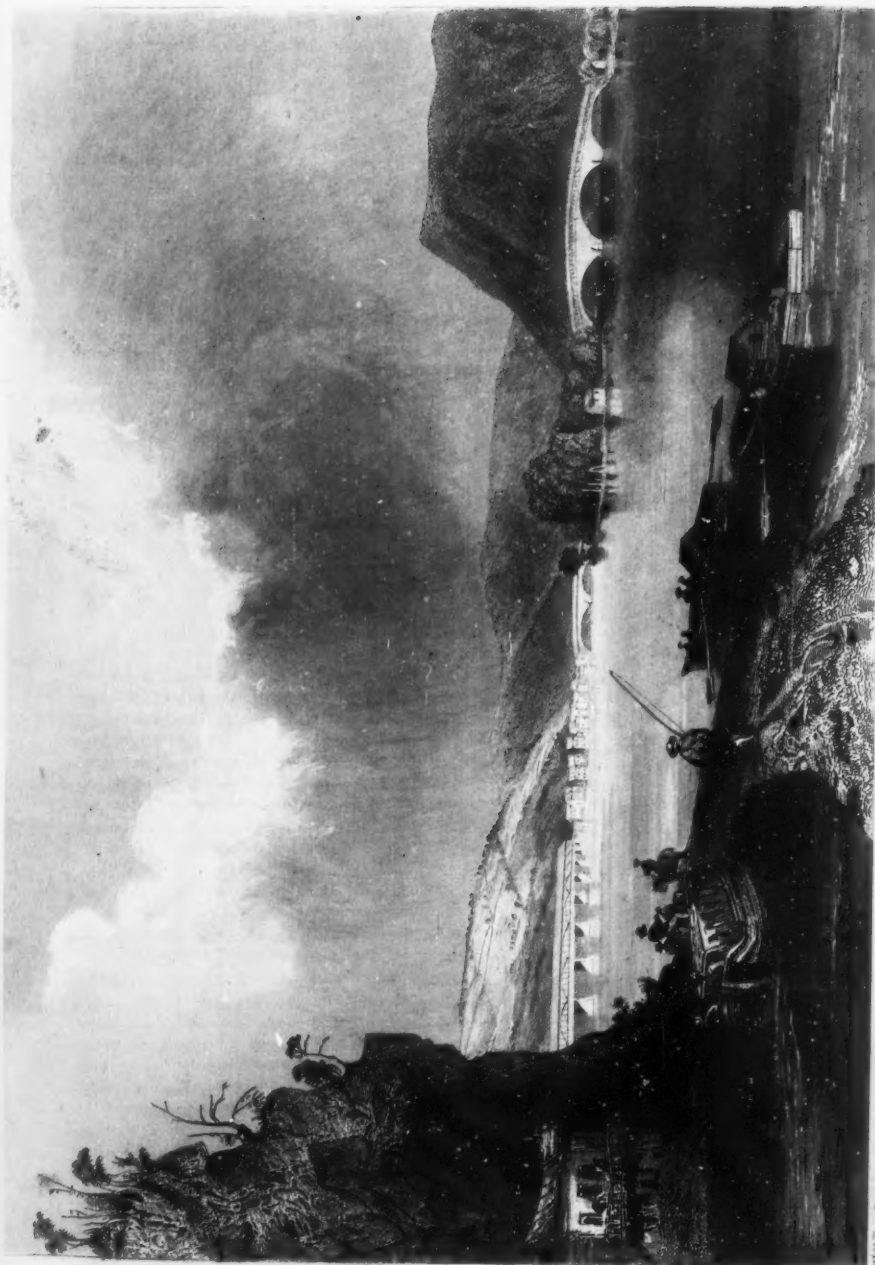
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W.H. Bartlett.

VIEW OF MONTICUMBERLAND.
(On the Susquehanna.)

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THE ROVER.

VIEW ON THE SUSQUEHANNAH.

Our plate this week is another of those beautiful and picturesque views of American scenery, drawn by Bartlett and engraved by Dick. We consider these plates, which exhibit correct views of the bold and striking scenery of our country, more valuable than the unmeaning portrait of some unknown modern fine lady. There have been more than a dozen of these fine landscape scenes published in the Rover since its commencement, all of which may still be obtained on application to the publishers.

BATTLE SONG OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY C. DONALD MACLEOD.

I.

Aw, yes! we have suffered too long,
And prayed and been humbled in vain;
Till the blood that hath flowed to the stripe and the wrong,
Hath rusted the links of our chain.
Awake! let our young sinews burst it!
From the sleep of our slavery break;
And teach to the legions of him who hath nursed it,
The might of a freeman. Awake!
Be heart and be hand
As the fetterless sea;
When ye strike for the land
God hath made for the free!

II.

The deer boundeth free through the wood;
The bird warbles free from the spray;
The free eagle screams o'er his rock-nest brood—
And shall man be more slavish than they?
No!—quick to the battle-call, brothers,
Arouse! to the Maker one prayer:
One kiss to the wife—one embrace to the mother—
Then speed to the battle—and there
Be heart and be hand
Like the fetterless sea,
As ye strike for the land
God hath made for the free!
For the Rover—New York, Aug., 1844.

AN AFFECTING STORY.

It was in the year 183— that a gentleman distinguished for his talents and intellectual abilities, suddenly resolved to abandon the habits of intemperance to which he had long been addicted. He was a remarkable and extraordinary man. His talents were of the first order, and his attainments were of the most extensive character. In person he was handsome, and possessed every exterior grace that could please or attract the eye. His manners were of the most pleasing and fascinating kind, and his conversation was of that varied and elegant nature, that his company was in every condition of society desired. No man was more deeply versed in classical learning, and in the various branches of scholastic philosophy he was deeply profound.

In the lighter branches of polite literature he had considerable acquirements, and indeed in every branch of intellectual knowledge he was deeply read. He

VOLUME III.—No 22.

had been compared to Bolingbroke, who it was well known by the profoundness of his philosophy and the elegance of his manners, could grace and give a charm to the drawing room, or teach lessons of wisdom in the Academy or Lyceum. At an early age he had married a beautiful and charming woman, and from the union of the two persons so well adapted to each other, it might readily be supposed that the stream of happiness would continue uninterruptedly to flow. But alas! it was soon discovered that the possession of the highest attainments, and the most exalted genius afforded no security against the encroachment of a vice whose course is marked by misery, and whose end is death. For years he was a complete victim to this degraded and unhappy vice, and from a considerable loftiness of reputation, had sunk into the character of a common drunkard. Poverty had entered his domicile, and he was frequently the subject of the most pressing want. His wife's jewelry had disappeared at the pawnbroker's, and his own extensive and valuable library had met with the same fate. Article after article of furniture had disappeared, and nothing now remained but that which was secured by the law. His wife, who in her person had presented all that ennobles of appearance which marks health, had wasted away to a mere shadow. Her disposition which had formerly been lively and vivacious, was now sorrowful and melancholy, and the children exhibited that raggedness of dress, which distinguished the offsprings of those who are intemperate.

A more affecting scene can hardly be imagined than that which occurred on a cold and bleak day in December, when the mother was seen pressing an infant to her breast crowding to a few embers that still remained on the hearth. Several small children surrounded her, crying with the cold and begging their mother to give them some bread, but alas! she had none to give them. Along side in one corner, covered with a worn out rug, lay the husband in a beastly state of intoxication, with a jug of the fatal poison at his head—a more distressing and heart-rending scene cannot possibly be conceived—it was one calculated to draw tears from the most adamant soul. There lay the man whose lofty intellect and splendid talents were well suited to adorn a senate or rule a nation, a victim to the intoxicating draught that has destroyed thousands.

What has just been described is no fiction. It is truth without the aid of imagination or the colorings of fancy. Twelve months from the period at which our story commences, on a cold winter evening, might be seen in a beautiful and snug little parlor, sitting on a sofa, the same gentleman, dressed in a manner which indicated that he had not quite fallen a martyr to that poverty which is the invariable result of that habit to which he had been addicted. His brow was thoughtful, and an acute observer might perceive a shade of melancholy pass over his countenance. In the same room, seated at a centre table, was his wife, attired in neat and tasteful dress, reading one of those beautiful annuals of the season. Several beautiful children were playing in the room, and their cheerful looks and comfortable clothing indicated that poverty had no residence there. This little parlor displayed indeed no

tokens of wealth, but evidently showed signs of comfortable enjoyments. Two beautiful vases adorned the mantle piece, and underneath was seen the vivid light of an animating coal fire, before which, on a rug, lay a favorite dog, who seemed to participate in the happiness which appeared to pervade the apartment. The wife looked up, and casting a glance at her husband, observed a gloominess of countenance which at once riveted her attention. She closed the book which she had just been reading, and going to him, threw her arms around his neck, and tenderly inquired if any thing had disturbed him. It was some time before he made her any reply, and then said, my dear, I must have half a pint of brandy.

The wife became immediately agitated, and in solicitous accents besought him not to send for that poison which had formerly been nearly his ruin. She who but a few moments before had been realizing the feelings of perfect security, was now convulsed with sorrowful anticipations that a renewal of her husband's former pernicious habit was to take place. Her bosom heaved with alarm, and as the tears gushed from her eyes, she implored him whom she had loved and adhered to with a devoted fidelity, through good and evil report, in disgrace and in poverty, that he would not again tempt, by a single indulgence, a recurrence to habits which must destroy their present felicity, and forever annihilate their future hopes. The children partook of the sorrow of their mother; they left their innocent amusements, and with tears in their little eyes, begged their papa not to get any more of that stuff which made them poor and their mamma cry. But the husband seemed insensible to the affectionate remonstrances of his wife, and the artless persuasions of his children. His eldest daughter, who on former occasions had gone on this errand, was now compelled to go on this; the brandy was obtained, and his wife looked with a fearful and painful foreboding upon the decanter which contained the fatal poison. He looked upon the brandy, and approaching the table with a chair, he sat down and took the decanter in his hand; he held it up to the light, and observed how beautiful its color. He then apostrophized it thus: O how I have loved thee, thou enticing and misery-dispensing spirit; thou hast been my bosom companion from morn till night and from night till morning. I have loved thee with a love surpassing that of women, and I have grieved as a mother grieves over the dead body of her child when I found that the spirit of the bottle had departed; but I have found thee deceptious and ungrateful. Thou didst destroy my reputation, thou didst rob my pocket. You gave me disease instead of health, and made the heart of my wife pulsate with unhappiness. My children have wept at the ruin you entailed, and my house you made desolate and sorrowful. Twelve months have I parted from you, and now I renounce you forever, thou agent of destruction! thou demon of despair! thou accursed alluring poison! With that, he hoisted the window, threw the bottle into the street, and declared the victory was won. His wife rushed into his arms, joy beaming in her countenance. She could only utter, My husband! who tenderly embraced her, and sealed her forehead with a kiss. The children ran to their father, climbing his knees, and their cheerful prattling told how they partook of the emphatic joy. Even Neptune, on the hearth-rug raised his head, gave an encouraging look to his master, and wagged his tail with evident delight.

THE CIRCLE OF HUMAN WISHES.

BY J. K. PAULDING.

WHEN Horatio was a little boy at school he was always wishing himself a young man, "for then," thought he, "I shall not be obliged to be forever at my book, and live in constant fear of the schoolmaster."

When he became a young man, he left school with delightful anticipations of the freedom and pleasures he was about to enjoy. But from school he was placed in the office of a great lawyer, full of business, and from morning till night, was employed in copying the same thing over and over again.

"I wonder," he often said to himself, "I wonder what is the use of telling the same story so often. I wish to Heaven I was out of my time, and then I should be my own master."

At last his time was out. He passed examination, opened an office, and wrote esquire to his name. Here he would sit whole mornings, with his feet against the fender or jambs, waiting for clients—but no clients came.

"I wish to Heaven," would he sigh to himself, "I had something to do."

In process of years he distinguished himself as a speaker, and business flowed in upon him, till he had hardly time to sleep or eat his meals.

"Zounds!" cried he, "one might as well be a galley-slave. I wish I were a little boy at school, they are so happy, no business to trouble them, and no cares on their minds."

But, as it was impossible to become a schoolboy again, Horatio turned his thoughts toward the future, and began to wish he was rich enough to retire from business, and be a gentleman.

Years passed on, and at length he became rich; so rich that he thought he might leave off practice, and enjoy himself. Accordingly he did leave off practice, and for a little while, it was delightful to have nothing to do, and go where he pleased. But doing nothing tires a man at last. It is the hardest work imaginable.

"I wish," said Horatio one day, as he was perplexing himself to death to know what he should do, "I wish I had something to employ me."

All at once he was seized with a desire to be a great man. As we advance in years the love of wealth often changes to the desire of power. He entered on the arena of politics, and his eloquence soon elevated him to distinction. He rose to the highest offices in the state, and at length saw nobody above him.

"Well thought he, "I have it at last, I am the greatest among the great, and now I shall be able to enjoy myself. In the first place, I shall do just as I please."

At that moment his secretary came to announce a person on business.

"I am not inclined to see anybody just now; tell him to call again."

"But, sir, it is a man of great consequence, and one of your best friends; he may be offended."

"Very well, let him come in."

The man of consequence entered, talked three whole hours about the politics of his district, and ended by soliciting an insignificant appointment, either for himself or somebody else.

"Well," said Horatio, "thank Heaven he's gone. I'll go take a ride into the country before dinner."

Just as he had ordered his horse, the secretary came in to announce another person of consequence, who had very particular business, and whom it would be

bad policy to offend. After a few wry faces from Horatio, he was let in.

The visitor being a knowing character, sat a long time, became very facetious, cracked jokes, told excellent stories, and when he had tired Horatio to death, thought he had brought him into a humor to do anything he desired. Accordingly he begged his interest in behalf of the people he represented, in favor of a great public improvement. Horatio had been specially instructed by divers old statesmen, to give good words if he could give nothing else. So he flattered him with good words, and the knowing gentleman went his way, chuckling at his happy knack of bringing great men into the humor of granting favors.

"I never met such a tiresome blockhead," quoth Horatio. "I'll make it a point to oppose his application."

It was too late to ride out before dinner, and he sat down to his meal without appetite, thinking he would have the afternoon to himself, at all events. By the time he had dined, there were six people waiting to see him on particular business. It would not do to offend them, and besides he was the servant of the people. The particular business of each was to beg some particular favor. Horatio felt in an excellent humor for denying them all. But this would be impolitic: so he promised them all.

"What a tedious business! said he." "But I shall have a comfortable evening, at all events."

In the evening visitors dropped in, one after another, until he had quite a levee. Every one tried to make himself particularly agreeable for each had a favor to ask; and they talked so much that Horatio thought he had a swarm of bees in his ears. After he had yawned three times in the face of each of his visitors, and promised all they asked, they went away.

"I wish to heaven somebody would call one of these times to give me something; instead of begging favors, as they all do; there would be some variety in that."

He rung for his slippers, but the sound of his bell was drowned by a violent ring at the outer door. The porter announced a stranger.

"Tell him to call to-morrow—I'm just going to bed."

"He says he has most urgent business, and must see you to-night, sir."

"Despatches from abroad, I suppose; show him in."

The bearer of despatches entered, and after looking cautiously around, seeing that all the doors were shut, and that nobody was under the sofa, hemmed three times, and began.

"I beg pardon, sir, for this untimely visit, but I trust you will excuse me when you know the urgency of the occasion; I came, sir, to give you—"

"Heaven be praised," thought Horatio, "here is a man that has got something to give me at last."

"I took the liberty, sir, as a devoted friend to your administration, to call and give you some advice about the course proper to be pursued in order to defeat a plot of the opposition, of which I have just been confidentially apprized."

"Sir," said Horatio, "I feel under infinite obligations; may I ask what it is?"

The adviser took till three in the morning to finish his communication and advice. Before he had ended, Horatio was two thirds asleep, but he waked in time

to express his gratitude, and promised to bear in mind this signal proof of regard, in calling so late at night out of pure good will.

Day after day passed in these perpetual interruptions. Horatio had not a moment to spare either for ease or exercise, and was tired to death.

"I wish to heaven," said he, "I was a private man with nothing to do but just what I pleased. Ah! Mr. Mirvan, I am glad to see you. It is a delightful thing to receive a visit from one who wants nothing."

Mirvan was an old friend of Horatio, a rather eccentric person. Some people thought him wise, others a fool, for he seemed content with what he had; and what he was, though he was neither rich nor in power. He was a kind-hearted man, though he had not the reputation of it; for he was apt to make a jest of what other people thought very serious misfortunes, and seemed to take little interest in what we call the ups and downs of life.

After the first friendly salutations, Mirvan assumed the privilege of age and intimacy, and inquired how he liked his new situation.

"You neither look so well nor seem in such good spirits as when I used to see you in your office drawing pleas and declarations."

Horatio unbosomed himself to his old friend. He detailed to him the progress of his wishes from boyhood upward—from the time he wished he was free from the labors and confinement of school, till he realized them all, step by step, and became a great man, since when he had done little else than wish himself a school-boy again.

"It is the history of mankind," said Mirvan, after listening attentively; "and of all living things I believe if there be any truth in the fable—"

"What fable?" asked Horatio.

"I will tell you," replied the old man, his eye lighting up with arch intelligence: "will you promise to listen?"

"Provided you neither ask a favor nor give advice," said the other. "I have had enough of both lately."

"Agreed. Once upon a time a certain atom which shared a portion of that spirit of intelligence which animates, or at least in those days did animate all nature, being trod upon by a little insect that has never been of sufficient consequence to be christened in English or Latin, exclaimed against his hard fate in being thus at the mercy of every creeping thing.

"If I were but an insect!" cried he, and the spirit of discontent possessed him from that moment. "O, Jupiter Ammon, Jupiter Ammon," he repeated, "wouldst thou but change me into an insect, if it were but as big as that which just now insulted me, I could then get out of the way of danger."

Jupiter, whom nothing escaped, laughed ready to die at hearing this request, which he granted in a fit of good humor. The little atom was as proud as a peacock and strutted about with great dignity until it chanced that he encountered an ant, which walked over him without ceremony, either accidentally or by design.

"O, Jupiter Ammon!" exclaimed the little insect without a name, "what a thing it is to be so small that nobody can see you! Would I were an ant, and then nobody would dare to insult me."

"Again Jupiter laughed and granted his request. The little ant strutted about, who but he! prouder than ever, and flattered himself he was somebody."

"It is worth while to live thus with the eyes of the universe upon us," cried he, when just at that instant a great wasp darted at him, and he narrowly escaped by running into his hole.

"Body o' me," exclaimed he, panting with rage and fear; "body o' me! what a misery it is to be nothing but an ant. If I were only a wasp now I should be somebody. O, Jupiter Ammon, would I were a wasp!"

"Jupiter, as usual, granted his prayer, for he began to be highly amused with his little atom.

"The wasp frisked with his great tail and admired his little waist, just like a fashionable fine lady, until one day, not minding what he was about, he got entangled in a large spider-web, where he remained struggling while the spider sat trembling with eagerness, waiting till he should exhaust himself by his efforts, to pounce upon him. At length supposing the moment arrived, he darted toward him, just as he made a last desperate effort and escaped the toils.

"Truly a pleasant sort of life this," quoth the wasp, "to be forever in danger of being caught and eaten up by spiders. O, Jupiter Ammon, if I could only be a beautiful speckled spider!" and a spider he became from that moment.

"Mercy upon us what a big creature was he, and what a havoc he made among the wasps and flies, till a great moth, blundering his way in the twilight, bolted right through his fine web, as big round as a cart-wheel, dotted with imprisoned flies, and not only carried all away, but put the spider's life in jeopardy.

"Fire and fury!" exclaimed he, "here is a month's provisions and an age's toil all swept away in a moment. O, Jupiter Ammon! make me a great moth, I beseech thee." No sooner said than done, and a moth was he.

"Nothing was ever so happy as our new made moth. He flew from flower to flower, tasted their sweets, gambolled whithersoever he pleased, till one night seeing a candle in an open window, he became enamored of its splendor, and rushing toward it so singed his wings and burned his body that he lay in the greatest agony.

"I am dying—O, Jupiter Ammon! make me an atom again," and he perished with this humble request on his lips.

"And now for the moral of my story," said Mirvan.

"I comprehend," said Horatio; "my own experience furnishes it. From an atom I have become a moth, flitting about the candle, and every moment in danger of scorching my wings and falling to the ground. But suppose the moth had become an eagle, and king of all birds?"

"He would have only the more bitterly experienced the folly of being discontented with his former state, and sighed for the ease and insignificance of an atom."

"But suppose he had become an atom again?"

"Then he would have longed to become an eagle once more. Thus ends the circle of human wishes."

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**LA FAYETTE IN THE LAST CENTURY.**—Gibbon, the author of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" writes as follows in one of his letters. "We talk chiefly of the Marquis de la Fayette, who was here a few weeks ago. He is about twenty, with 130,000 livres a year, the nephew of Noailles, who is ambassador here. He has bought the Duke of Kingston's yacht, and is gone to join the Americans. The Court appears to be angry with him."

## INSECTS.

INSECTS are now a formidable body, and were much more so in former times, when their habits and persons were less familiarly known. Men had not begun to ask from whence they came or whither they were going; but they found them when they least desired their company, and there was a sort of mystery in their movements, which more than anything else tends to inspire the feelings of dread. It was on this account that they were first distinguished by the name of *bug*, which however, it may have degenerated into a watchword of contempt at the present day, was formerly synonymous with ghost, and equally alarming. The scripture from the Psalms, "Thou shalt not need to be afraid of any bug by night," as it stood in Matthew's old English Bible, is probably known to our readers. Later translators have judiciously substituted a more general word in its stead. But even now, considering their power to destroy our peace, there is some reason to fear them, and were there nothing else formidable about them, their numbers are sufficiently alarming. When we hear their concert on a summer evening, it sounds as if every leaf and every blade of grass had found a voice; though in fact there is no voice in the matter. They deal wholly in instrumental music; some have heard a voice like sound proceeding from a mouth occasionally, but their concert—great nature's hum—is produced by rubbing the hard shells of the wings against the trunk or together, which makes a sharp shrill sound, that can be heard at a considerable distance. The hum of insects on the wing can be heard when the performer is invisible. We remember that once standing in a summer day on the top of a high hill, we heard a sound as of a million of bees directly over our head, when not an insect which could be held responsible for any noise, was within our view. Such cases are not uncommon, and the only explanation is, that the authors of the sound are distant, and its loudness deceives us into the impression that it is nigh.

We will suggest some advantages of an acquaintance with this subject; we mean a general acquaintance, such as popular works are calculated to give. For example, the insect called the death-watch, was formerly thought to sound an alarm of death to some inmate of the mansion where it was heard, though it would have required a perpetual cholera to have fulfilled the number of his predictions. Now it is known to proceed from a little wood-boring insect, whose skull is somewhat hard, and who uses it for the purpose of a signal to others. Standing on its hind legs, it beats regularly on the board a number of times—a process, which, comparing its force with the size of the insect, one would think more likely to be fatal to itself than to those who hear it. The bug so well known in connection with "rosy dreams and slumbers light," when it was past occasioned equal dismay—an alarm not wholly superstitious and unreasonable, when we remember how often it has "murdered the sleep" of the innocent as well as the guilty. If we believe David Deans, the Scotch bewail its introduction among them as one of the evils of the Union, and for that reason distinguish it by the name of the English bug. The history of the Hessian fly, which made its appearance at the close of the American war, and which certain aged people, believing it to be a consequence of our separation, from the British Government, named the revolution fly, shows how much alarm and

trouble, ignorance of a little insect may occasion. They first appeared in Staten Island, and spread rapidly destroying the wheat upon their way. They passed the Delaware in clouds, and swarmed like the flies of Egypt in every place where their presence was unwelcome. The British naturally disliking everything that savored of revolution, were in great fear lest they should reach their Island, and resolved to prevent it, if necessary, with all the power of their fleet. The privy council sat day after day: dispatches were sent to all the foreign ministers; expresses were sent to the custom-houses to close the ports; Sir Joseph Banks, who held such matters in special charge—as Swift said Mr. Flamstead was once appointed by government to look after the stars—was called upon to exert himself with such importunity, that if such a thing were possible, he grew almost profane upon the occasion. He shouted across the ocean to Dr. Mitchell, while the Dr. stood wringing his hands on the western shore. When he had collected all the information which could be furnished by scientific and practical men concerning the bug in question, amounting to more than two hundred octavo pages, he enlightened the government with the information that he did not know what the creature was; a report satisfactory as far as it went, no doubt, but which might, for aught that appears, have been reduced to somewhat smaller dimensions. If any one could have furnished a scientific description of the insect, it might have been probably arrested in its depredations, and if not, there would have been some consolation to men, could they have pointed it out to the indignation and scorn of the world.

We certainly receive many serious injuries at the hands of the insect race. But they are not wholly unprovoked; nor can it be denied, that if they torment us, we also torment them. It is to be hoped that the time will come when we shall be able to deal with them as with larger animals, exterminating those which cannot be employed in the service of man. At present, however, their ingenuity, their perseverance, and their numbers render it hopeless for man to make any general crusade against them. But we have little to complain of, compared with the inhabitants of warmer climates. Dr. Clark tells us that in the Crimea he found the moschetoos so venomous that in spite of gloves, and every other defence, he was one entire wound. In a sultry night he sought shelter in his carriage; they found him there, and when he attempted to light a candle, they extinguished it by their numbers.

In South America there are countless varieties; some pursue their labors by day, and others by night; they form different strata in the air, and new detachments relieve guard as fast as the former are exhausted. Humboldt tells us that near Rio Unare, the wretched inhabitants bury themselves in the sand, all excepting the head, in order to sleep; we should think that in such a condition they would be sorely tempted to make no exception. Even this is not so great an evil as the destruction made by the white ants among papers of all descriptions. The same authority mentions that there are no documents of any antiquity spared by this destroyer; it invades the tenure of property, the duration of literature, the record of history, and all the means of existence and improvement by which civil society is held together. It is melancholy enough to see gardens, fields and forests sinking into

dust; but we must confess that this last calamity quite exceeds all others.

The animals in our service suffer more from the insects than ourselves, and nothing effectual can be done to prevent it. After the horse has been irritated almost to madness by the fly, the (*tabanus*) horse-fly comes to bleed him, as if to prevent the effects of his poison. This service is rendered the horse solely against his will; but he fears nothing so much as the horse-bee; the animal is violently agitated, when one of these is near him: if he be in the pasture, he gallops away to the water, where his persecutor dare not follow him; every rider knows what a desperate enemy he has in the forest-fly, a creature difficult to kill, though it holds life in so light an esteem, that it prefers death to quitting his hold. An insect similar to the horse-bee takes the ox under his special keeping, piercing with an augur of very curious construction.

But it is needless to mention particulars of this kind; it is enough to say that there is no domestic beast or fowl which is not tormented by some kind of insect, and generally more than one. The abode of pigeons is always haunted by that ominous bug, which is such an enemy to the rest of man. But among those various injuries offered to man, and the animals under his protection—to whom his protection in this instance does but little good—there are some examples on the part of insects which deserve to be mentioned, as equally gratifying and unexpected. The insect which lays its eggs in peas, deposits them so that the grub may feed upon them after it ripens; the grub feeds accordingly, but show so much discretion in its operation as not to injure the germ, even when it eats the pea to a shell. The caterpillars also, which eat the leaves of the trees, spare the bud, so that its growth is not seriously injured. It may be well to mention, with respect to the former insect, that its presence is not always seen in the peas which it inhabits, so that those who eat dried peas, which are not split, may be gratified to learn that they secure a large portion of animal, when they paid only for vegetable food.

There are some valetudinarian bugs, which consume large quantities of drugs and medicines, though so far as we can learn, their custom is little in request by the apothecaries. The *sinodendrum pussillum* takes rhubarb; there is a kind of beetle which eats musk, and the white ants are well known to be in the bad habit of chewing opium. Some are fond of dress. The clothes-moth is so retired in its habits, that we know little concerning it, except that it eats our clothes in summer. The *tapetzelu* feeds on the linings of carriages; the *pellionella* chooses furs, and shaves them clean; the *mellonella* eats wax, and in seasons of scarcity submits to eat leather or paper. There are hundreds which live on wood; one of which a *cerambyx*, after eating through the wooden roof, forced his way through the lead. Some have a literary turn. The *crambus pinguinalis*, like some literary gentlemen, regards books only with an eye to the binding. Another called the learned mite, *acarus eruditus* eats the paste that fastens the paper over the edges of the binding. Another, whose name we have never learned, gets between the leaves and devours them; while the *anobium*, an industrious little beetle determined to make himself thoroughly acquainted with the contents of the work, goes quietly from the beginning to the end. We are told that one of them in a public library in France, went through twenty-seven volumes in a straight line,

so that on passing a cord through the whole were lifted at once. The beetle deserved credit for this remarkable exploit, being probably the only living creature who had ever gone through the book.—*From the North American Review.*

#### LOVE.

AND what is love? Is it the consciousness  
That one among the selfish multitude  
Has centered all her hope and pride in thee:  
A hope, that thou wilt mount the peak of fame  
With Glory's sunlight on thy manly brow,  
And pride, that thy high blood has some time flowed  
In veins of kings, and filled the warrior's heart  
Whose stalwart arm cut through the hostile rank  
As through the forest sweeps the hurricane?  
Ah no! such love is like the reverence  
Of servile crowds who bow when great men pass,  
And shout as if they overflowed with joy,  
Yet love not—nay! perchance despise the heart  
Of him whose dignities so dazzle them.  
Such love, when thou art deck'd with laurel wreath,  
And many tongues are sounding forth thy praise,  
Will smile upon thee with its soulful eyes,  
And cling with admiration to thy side,  
And worship thee, and flatter, and adore;  
But when the laurel withers, and its leaves  
Hang dead and sapless on thy fallow brow,  
And men no longer welcome thee with shouts,  
But scorn and falsehood from their slimy holes  
Creep forth to hiss at thee; and when thy heart  
In the dark charnel of thy breast doth lie,  
Cheerless and cold, but conscious still of life,  
Oh! then how poor and mean this pride-born love!  
How powerless to heal thy wounded heart, and fill  
The great void in thy soul! for 'tis not born  
Of sympathy! Around thy strength it clings  
Like vines aspiring 'round the sturdy oak.  
They glow in the same sun, in the same rain  
Are watered, are swayed by the same blast,  
And like sad dreamers 'neath the quiet moon,  
Shed dewy tears together. But the oak  
Is rent by fire, and its great heart is pierced;  
The vine still clings around it, and doth grow  
All fresh and green above the ruined trunk,  
*But gives no sap nor life to it again.*  
The very freshness of the creeping thing  
That seemed a beauty and an ornament  
When the firm oak stood rocking in the breeze,  
But serves to make the ruin still more sad,  
And cannot heal the thunder-riven tree.

L—I.

*For the Rover—Cambridge, Mass., Aug., 1844.*

Our correspondent above has told us what love is not. Why not tell us now what love is?—ED.

**MORE STEAMERS ON THE HUDSON.**—The Albany Microscope says, "Old Rip Van Winkle" has waked up at last, and brushed the cob-webs of lethargy, stupidity, and tardiness from his garments. There is no mistake about a company being organized in this city, with a capital of THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS, to establish a regular line of steamboats on the Hudson. They have already contracted for the construction of two boats of the largest class, to be ready for the opening of navigation next season. So, brother Trojans, old Rip is "is after you," you see.

#### WASHINGTON.

THE character of "the man who scarcely conferred greater benefits on his country by his actions than posterity will derive from his example," cannot be too familiar to my young countrymen, as it still presents, and will through all time present, the true model and ideal of "a Native American." We are no cosmopolites. We have no part nor lot in that sentimental-philosophizing spirit which preaches the doing away with national distinctions, and merging the genial feeling of kindred, home and country in a cool and speculative regard for the human family at large. We believe that with all the prejudices and disagreeableness of character and manners which it has entailed upon the peculiar people from whom we derive our origin, their strong and exclusive nationality is at once the parent and the guardian of so much that is great and good in the English—the ever salient source of their national energy, the shield and muniment of their national integrity; in a word, the agent that has carried their proud island to her present pitch of glory. And when they tell us it displays only a narrow and vindictive spirit to recall the horrors of the Revolution, the burnings and massacres among the inoffensive American yeomanry, or the loathsome trials to which their prison-ships condemned those who were taken in arms against them; they are striking at the very root of our national feelings by bidding us forget the price of our freedom—the sacrifices to which we owe our existence as a people. To value that freedom, we must be ever mindful what it cost; and harsh feelings must mingle with nobler ones when reading of those from whom it was wrung. The weak glossing over of their crimes is a manifold injustice to the dead. But in reviewing the times when those crimes were perpetrated, and according the full measure of indignation which they should call forth in every patriotic bosom, it by no means follows that a feeling of hereditary hostility must exist to their descendants. An inheritance of hatred was never bequeathed to us by our fathers; and if it had been, there is no reflecting person who, in the present condition of the world, would claim the heritage. The living generation is no longer bound to espouse the animosities of that which preceded it. Men stand and fall in our day by their own deeds; but no revolution of feeling and taste can alter the relative position of parties whose acts, whether of good or evil, have now passed to the page of history.

To estimate the value of our liberties must be the first lesson in every book, however, which treats of the men of those trying times. The second is hardly less important, and can be taught in no work so effectually as in one which commemorates the character and services of *Washington*. It is the example of high purpose, disinterested patriotism—honor—bright honor—such as the poet and novelist have ascribed to the dazzling heroes, the chivalric hosts of fictitious story, and self-sustainment such as bard and romancer never dreamt of till the annals of republican America showed that devotion to a principle was as ennobling a motive of action as loyalty to a prince. It is this last quality, this all-glorious self-sustainment which gives its godlike halo to the character of *Washington*. The successful leader of party may kindle our enthusiasm in classic literature—the upholder of ancestral aristocracy stir our blood in feudal story—we are dazzled by the Roman devotion of the one to the tenets of his po-



litical school, and fired by the knightly loyalty of the other to the prescriptive rights of his order; but each is, after all, nothing but the creature of circumstance—a being that takes his form and pressure from the opinions or the prejudices around him—a man, the breath of whose nostrils is the atmosphere that upholds him. Washington, however, lived in an atmosphere of his own; his free thoughts were generated in his own bosom, and the elements which sustained his soul were born and nursed into power within itself. Napoleon even, as compared to him, was but a skillful mechanic that works with the tools provided to his hand; a builder that carried his art perhaps beyond his age, but was, in the end, compelled to strengthen the fabric he had reared by materials drawn from the ruins around him; a patcher up of greatness, who, when he had reared the edifice of empire upon the popular will, had the meanness to resort to the trumpery of past ages to furnish the frieze and capitals of his mongrel structure; a climber that raised himself nobly indeed above the heads of others, but stooped to lean upon their shoulders the moment he had attained the highest rung of the ladder. But Washington stood alone; not only among men, but among the nations. He grafted himself upon no nurturing stock, but flourished from his own inherent vigor. He did not attempt to "make might right," but right itself was the vivifying principle which gave him might; and the moral grandeur of his character places him so far above earth's proudest conquerors, that in their loftiest visions of greatness they probably never conceived of glory like his. And yet the humble and the lowly-hearted are not the less able to appreciate it on that account. Unlike its vulgar counterfeit, the greatness that springs from virtue shines like Religion herself upon the soul, and sheds its cheering rays like hers, as benignantly and as fully into the most simple mind as into the understanding that is most richly cultivated. We eschew all man-worship, even of the mighty dead; but we think it well for our race that there have been some great characters, who were as good as they were great, whose souls were moulded with every lineament in just proportion; the perfect fabric of whose fame stands like some Doric temple, in severe and simple majesty, amid the more dazzling structures which Time may rear around them—monuments of what great minds have been, models of what aspiring minds may yet become. Their memory is a watch-tower on the Sea of Change, to guide the bark of human hope, and bid it never despair of the best interests of mankind.—*C. F. Hoffman.*

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.—OPINION IN FRANCE.—The Geographical Society of Paris includes among its members many of the *savans* of France, as well as all the most distinguished travelers and voyagers. It holds two public meetings annually, at which very interesting reports and narratives are read by members and travelers, and speeches are delivered by distinguished men previously invited. Some time since, at a semi-annual meeting of this society at the Hotel de Ville, M. Guizot, Prime Minister of the King, on taking the chair, in the course of an eloquent address of half an hour, took occasion to utter the warmest sentiments of gratitude and respect for the labors of modern Missionaries of the Gospel; and expressed the conviction that if ever the world should be tho-

roughly explored, more of the work would be done through the enterprize of these learned, devoted, self-denying pioneers, of Heaven's sending, than by all others. On this ground, as well as for reasons more immediately bearing on the high interests of man, he maintained that Christian Missions ought to find a friend and advocate in every lover of science. These incidents may interest some, even, who can see no grandeur in an enterprize of the age, which, in its results, looks infinitely beyond the bounds of earth. It is a striking historical fact, that such sentiments should now be uttered by a Prime Minister, in that same Hotel de Ville, which, fifty years ago, was the rallying point of the Robespierres and the Jacobins who labored so zealously for the subversion of Christianity in France, and who blasphemously exulted in the anticipation of shortly blotting the name and records of its Founder, the despised Nazarine, from the earth!

## A WEDDING IN TEXAS.

AN amusing writer in a late number of Chamber's Edinburgh Journal, has given some interesting backwood sketches, as reminiscences of a residence in America, and of recollections of the Irish emigrants in the young Republic of Texas. Among other narratives, is the following account of a wedding, at which the writer was present in the year 1842, the family of which he writes being resident on one of the tributaries which pour their waters into Galveston Bay. The bride was a wild Irish girl originally, and the bridegroom a thriving Yankee.—*Sat. Emporium.*

After sixteen miles' journey down a river by moonlight, and as many more across the rough and sea-like bay of Galveston, enlivened by merry, jocund talk all the way, we arrived about dawn at the new settlement of the Rock family. It was a large deserted barn or warehouse near Clare Creek. The family were already up and stirring, and engaged in active preparation for the important ceremony; and, to my surprise, the supply of eatable and drinkables was both varied and great; all, however, being presents from the bridegroom, one Luke, a wealthy land owner, for Texas, in possession of much cleared ground, and many hundred head of cattle. It may be matter of surprise that a man well to do in the world should have chosen a bride so every way rude and uneducated; but in Texas women are scarce, and then the lover might have looked far before he could have found a more cheerful and good natured companion, more willing to learn, more likely to be loving, faithful, and true, than Betsy Rock. The blushing bride received me in a cotton gown, shoes and stockings, and other articles of civilized clothing previously unknown to her, and in which she felt sufficiently awkward. But Luke had sent them, and Betsy wished to appear somebody on her wedding day.

About eight o'clock the visitors began to arrive. First came a boat full of men and women from Galveston, bringing with them a negro fiddler, without whom little could have been done. Then came Dr. Worcester and his lady, from St. Leon, in a canoe; after them Col. Brown, from Anahuac, in his *dug-out*; and, about nine, the bridegroom and four male and an equal number of female companions on horseback, the ladies riding either before or behind the gentlemen on pillions. Ere ten, there were thirty odd persons assembled, when a most substantial breakfast was set

down to, chiefly consisting of game, though pork, beef, coffee, and, rarer still, bread, proved that Luke had had a hand in it. This meal over, the boat in which the party from Galveston had come up, and which was an open craft for sailing or pulling, was put in requisition to convey the bride and bridegroom to the nearest magistrate, there to plight their troth. The distance to be run was six miles with a fair wind going, but dead against us on our return. The party consisted of Luke, who was a young man of powerful frame, but rather unpleasant features; the bride and bride's maid, (Mary Rock officiating in that capacity) papa of course, myself as captain, and eight men to pull us back. The breeze was fresh, the craft a smart sailer, the canvas was rap full, and all therefore being in our favor, we reached West Point, the residence of Mr. Parr, the magistrate, in less than an hour. We found our Texan Solon about to start in chase of a herd of deer, just reported by his son as visible, and being in a hurry, the necessary formalities were gone through, the fee paid, and the usual document in the possession of the husband in ten minutes. The eye of the old squatter was moistened as he gave his child away; some natural tears *she* shed, but dried them soon; and presently everybody was as merry as ever.

No sooner were the formalities concluded than we returned to the boat, and to our great delight found that, close-hauled, we could almost make the desired spot. The wind had shifted a point, and ere ten minutes we were again clean full, the tide with us, and the boat walking the waters at a noble rate. All looked upon this as a good omen, and were proportionably merrier. About one o'clock Mr. and Mrs. Charles Luke were presented by old Rock, to the assembled company at the barn; and, after an embrace from her mother, the bride led the way, accompanied by her lord and master, to the dinner table. The woods, prairies, and waters, as well as the Galveston market, had all liberally contributed their share of provender. Wild turkeys, ducks, geese, haunches of venison, were displayed, besides roast beef, pork, red-fish, Irish and sweet potatoes, pumpkins and apple pie, and an abundant supply of whiskey, brandy, and hollands, without which a *fete* in Texas is nothing thought of. An hour was consumed in eating and drinking, when Sambo was summoned to take his share in the day's proceedings. Tables, such as they were, were cleared away, the floor swept, and partners chosen, and, despite the remonstrance of one of the faculty present, Dr. Worcester, against dancing so shortly after a heavy meal, all present, the dissentient included, began to foot it most nimbly. Never was there seen such dancing since the world began, never such laughing, such screaming, such fiddling. Every one took off shoes and stockings. I was compelled to do so, to save the toes of my especial partner, and to the rapid music of the old negro, reels and country dances were rattled off at a most surprising rate. All talked, and joked, and laughed; such couples as were tired retired retreating to seek refreshment; but the dancing never ceased, except at rare intervals, when Sambo gave in from sheer fatigue and thirst. Such was the state of things until about nine o'clock, when a sudden diminution in our number was noticed by all present. The bride and bridegroom were missed, as well as the four couples who accompanied Luke. Rushing into the open air, we descried the husband and wife on their fine black horse, galloping beneath the pale moon across the prai-

rie, escorted by their friends. A loud shout was given them, and those who remained, returned to the house to renew the dancing, which was kept up until a late hour. It was four days after my departure ere I regained my companions at Todville.

Such was the wedding of one of those hardy pioneers, of civilization, whose descendants may yet be members of a great and powerful nation.

#### A FREE COUNTRY.

"Thy spirit, Independence, let me share."

AN odd scene, or rather a series of scenes took place, not long since, on board of one of our Mississippi boats. A son of Erin, intoxicated by the draughts of freedom, or something even more exhilarating, was disturbing the lower deck by the most outrageous cries and extravagancies—in fact, the poor wretch was in the full delirium of *mania a potu*, and his one, intense, absorbing thought was the phrenzied triumph of being in a free country.

"A free country! I'm in a free country!" and off he ran forward, clearing the shaft at a jump upsetting an engineer, and nearly knocking a deck-hand overboard, until the mate and a stick of wood brought him down, just forward of the boilers. Half a dozen of the hands immediately pinned him where he lay, from under the mass of whom he still bawled out his satisfaction at being in a free country.

Apparently pacified he was soon released, when off he went, again, along the other side of the engine, and again clearing the shaft, he sprang into one of the top-most "bunks" of the deck passengers, at the stern. Here his ecstasies became, if possible, more violent than ever.

"Hurrah for the free country! Oh, Dan O'Connell, I'll be a President yet! hurrah! whoop!"

With this he began to discharge, at the heads of the crowd beneath him, sundry articles of kitchen furniture, which some poor emigrant had stowed away in the spot now occupied by the madman.

"Bad scran! ye's! aint it a free country you're in? Whoop!—dance, ye devils! Hurrah for ould Uncle Sam!"

He was dislodged with much difficulty, when, again escaping, he made a dive into one end of the case of *pit* in which the fly wheel revolves. There was barely room for him to get in; the wheel was whirling with rapidity of lightning, and now a general shudder pervaded the crowd. It was evident, however, that the poor wretch had not injured himself vitally, as he was rejoicing below in his freedom as loudly as ever. The engine was stopped, and after incredible exertion, the fellow was dragged out, taken forward and tied securely to the windlass—a most pitiable object, his clothes rent to tatters and his skin begrimed with mud and filth; still his exultation continued, and, in spite of his wretched state, it was impossible to restrain a laugh.

"Isn't it free I am, ye blackguards! Look at me here, like a bird in the tree! Hurrah for the land of freedom! Whoop!"

His exclamations were suddenly checked by successive buckets of water; but only for a moment—all was in vain; his strength and his lungs seemed to be inexhaustible. The boat was just hauling into her ports, and the poor creature was absolutely, after being secured by a rope, coused overboard, and drawn along by the side of the vessel; but he swam like a fish and

hang out like a river god—nothing for a moment dampening satisfaction at the freedom of his condition.

The last we saw of him was on our return to the boat, after a short run on shore; he was going up the street, in custody of two constable, as ardent in his enthusiasm as ever, shouting "Hurrah to the free country!"—*St. Louis Reveille*.

THE OSSIFIED MAN OF DUBLIN.—A writer in the Christian Advocate, under the head of "Transatlantic Recollections," speaking of the Museum at Dublin, remarks:—"What calls and rivets the attention of every visitor, whether scientific or otherwise, is the celebrated skeleton of an ossified man. It is said to be the only instance of entire ossification ever known. It is the skeleton of a young man, named Clark, who was of large frame and strong and healthy constitution. Falling asleep in the open air, during a state of perspiration, he caught a severe cold, at which time, it is supposed, ossification commenced, and continued to progress for many years by slow degrees, till finally he was bone, except the skin, eyes, and entrails. For a length of time before death, his joints grew together so that he could not move; and thus did death in this horrible and terrific form creep over him by slow degrees, until at length his sight departed, his tongue became stiff and useless, his teeth grew together in one solid mass of bone, so that to prolong his miserable existence, an aperture had been broken, through which to pour nutriment."

#### THE WESTERN FLOODS.

NEVER, since the commencement of the settlements in the great valley of the Mississippi, have the floods been so high and the destruction of life and property through that section of the country so great, as they have been the present season. The immediate loss of property, according to estimates we have seen, cannot fall short of twenty millions of dollars; and the ultimate loss, by damage to the lands, &c., probably will be more than double that amount. The number of lives already lost cannot be known, and probably never will be correctly ascertained. It is hoped the number, however, is not great; but fearful apprehensions are entertained that the extensive overflows of the lands will be followed by a very sickly season. The following very interesting article on this subject is furnished by a correspondent of the New World newspaper, writing from Missouri.

LIFE IN THE WEST.—THE MISSISSIPPI FLOOD.

BENTON, Mo., July 11.

MR. EDITOR—You who live in a land where winter wears its direst investiture, have hardly any conception of the winter and summer we have had here in South Missouri. Though the difference in latitude is so small, yet the difference of climate is extraordinary. Little frost, little cold, little snow, and a great superabundance of sunshine, may be chronicled in the meteorology of January and February. Such a Christmas day as we have had here would gladden the hearts of the New Yorkers in May. March was a medium month, in which rain and sunshine combated for rivalry. But since that time, we have had nothing but deluges of rain, more like cataracts than anything else, and whose effects on the soil have been awfully startling to the farmer. In a few minutes, gullies of remarkable depth were channeled out in the corn-fields,

and new water courses were formed in rapid succession. The labor of replanting corn commenced, and all hands, young and old, were occupied in remedying the ravages of the torrent. But the rains continued in an unprecedented manner, and replanting has been, we may fairly say, often resorted to.

The consequence of these heavy rains, which have extended far to the west, has been an awful and unprecedented rise in the Missouri and Mississippi—a rise unequalled in the memory of the oldest settler—a rise which has exceeded, by three feet at St. Louis, the great rise of 1785.

There have, in fact, been two rises. The first toward the end of May, which was attended with a sufficient amount of calamity. A fall succeeded this first rise, and though the river was still at a remarkable height, yet the people imagined that it was only retreating to its bed. But reports from above, always exaggerated, announced a general rise in the tributaries of the Missouri, and that the Kansas was coming out twenty feet head water. There was, indeed, a fearful rush from that river into the Missouri, and the latter was partially driven out of its regular channel. The bottom lands were suddenly inundated, and furniture was taken out of the garret windows of Madame Chouteau's house, about the best on the river above St. Louis. The mail-boat was halted to the rescue from both sides, and spent a whole day in relieving the sufferers below the mouth of the Kansas. Corn, which flourishes so much on the river bottoms, has been destroyed to an immense amount. The Missouri rose rapidly at St. Louis, and there and below found expanse for its enlargement. The great national road crosses here from Illinois, and the eastern mail travels that route, by which mail almost the whole state is supplied with letters and news. This mail has been much disordered: in fact, were it not for the timber, many parts of the Missouri would look like an immense lake. The ferry boats at St. Louis have landed their passengers at the bluffs, nine or ten miles from the city. Illinoistown has suffered fearfully, and so has Brooklyn. The inhabitants were loth to believe that the river would go beyond the usual mark, and were rescued from their upper and garret windows by the steamboat sent from St. Louis for that purpose. The river below St. Louis has been awfully prolific in devastation; but perhaps the inhabitants have not suffered so much as above. It is supposed that many lives have been lost in that quarter; and this country is not like the east, where every broken limb is chronicled in the papers: here, many awful accidents happen—murders, fires, robberies—but they never find their way to the newspapers. The chief, we may say the only, fuel used by the steamers is wood. On the Ohio there is coal in any quantity. Therefore it is a great business here, that of the wood-chopper, and five or six thousand cords of wood may be seen at one landing; and as these landings are, for convenience sake, close to the river, the floods have taken away almost every stick for many miles. In some places, cord-wood, drift-wood, and an immense amount of floating rubbish, darkening the surface of the water, has been laid down over the corn-bottoms, ruining the crop entirely, and in some measure ruining the soil; for the Missouri brings down such an incredible amount of floating mud, which, in still or more quiet water, will soon settle, that the drift-wood, cord-wood, and other rubbish, is bedded and "mortared" down in such a manner that the land is hardly worth the cost of clean-

ing up, and the cord-wood recovered from it is unsaleable in the market.

It is an extraordinary sight to witness the devastation making around you. The breaking away of the banks—the perpetually falling timber—its crashing, groaning, and even howling, are remarkable. At night, the sounds seem redoubled. The upper ends of the islands suffer much, and one hundred yards are cut away in an incredible short space of time. Some hundreds of houses must have come down from above; many of them not wanting furniture, bedding, kitchen utensils, &c. The owners, not anticipating such a rise, did not quit them till too late. Thirty or forty miles above the mouth of the Ohio, the long swamp takes off a vast amount of water, which in some measure relieves the settlers below. This swamp, three or four miles broad, and increasing in its breadth, has evidently, from its water-worn rock, been the bed of a mighty torrent in olden time. It also forms the boundary between Cape Guardien county and Scott county, between which counties, at present, the only communication is by means of a boat through the dark vistas of cypress and other swamp timber. The deer are driven to the ridges, and now become an easy prey to the huntsman; the bears also are hurrying from their haunts, and wild-cats in abundance are stalking abroad. There is no lack of wolves here in the Spring, but they do not show themselves now in any great force. This extraordinary swamp stretches far away south, parallel with the Hudson, and joins the Mississippi again at the mouth of the St Francis. It is an immense and gloomy expanse of invaluable land, thick set with timber, but not so large a growth as that on the hills; it has its rocky islands, and its oases, which are comparatively dry and habitable. It is a great range for the cattle, before the river rises and before musquitoes make their appearance. The latter reign undivided in their sovereignty, and cloud about without any compunction. The swamp soil, in a land of high prices and crowded population as England, would be invaluable, and capital would be largely embarked in rescuing it from its periodical floodings.

You will be glad to hear that Cairo is secure so far. A levee has been constructed within the last fourteen months, and it is well that it has been done, for this rise would have driven away the few remaining settlers, and the place would have got a worse name than ever. Had this remarkable point of low land been but a natural elevation of table land, like Penducuh, flanked (not like Penducuh) with indestructible rock, such as has resisted and turned the torrent at West Point for so many centuries, the city, which would necessarily rise on the spot, would, at some future time, be second to none in the United States. Standing at the confluence of the Mississippi and the Ohio, it would become a point of union between the East and the West. As it is, with its natural disadvantages, it will force its way in spite of every obstacle, and, like New Orleans, become a city in spite of itself, after having ruined multitudinous speculators, who are sanguine enough (we should say blind) to construct public works before there is a public. However, this the west is rapidly settling up, and Missouri is doubling its population in about seven and a half years. In 1830 it had 140,000 inhabitants, and in 1840, 393,000. It will probably amount to about one million in 1850. The only states above a million at the last census, were New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Virginia. The Old Do-

minion, though the first settled, is evidently falling in the rear, and an immense amount of her children are finding new homes in Missouri and the west. Our neighbor Arkansas does not seem to thrive, for while Missouri has (1840) six, Arkansas has only one and a half individuals to the square mile. Yours, Nevo.

P. S.—We have just heard, though the Mississippi has been falling a week, that a rise of seven feet is coming on again. No mail has crossed the swamp from the north to Benton and New Madrid for three weeks.

#### NATIVE AMERICAN PRINCIPLES.

THAT our friends here may see how Native Americans in other states agree with them in principle, we copy the following from the American Republican, at Lancaster, Pa.

##### OUR PRINCIPLES.

That our principles may be fully known and understood, we declare and hold:

1. That the elective franchise should be preserved pure and uncorrupted.

2. That the term of probation, for the naturalization of all foreigners who may hereafter emigrate to this country, after they have filed their declarations of intention to become citizens, be extended to twenty-one years; and that the proceedings necessary to obtain certificates of naturalization ought to be so checked and ordered by law, as to prevent frauds and corruption therein.

3. That the Press is of right free; and that no person ought to be restrained in the liberty of speech.

4. That the Liberty of our common country was established by her free institutions, devised and perfected by the valor, patriotism and wisdom of our own American ancestors.

5. That Native Americans are competent to make their laws, unassisted by foreigners.

6. That Native Americans only, should be appointed and elected to office, to administer and execute the laws of their own country.

7. That the Constitution of the United States abhors a union of church and state, and hence the encroachments of foreign spiritual as well as temporal power over the institutions of our country must be resisted.

8. That all men have a natural and indefeasible right to worship Almighty God, according to the dictates of their own consciences.

9. That the continual use and reading of the Bible in the public schools without sectarian or political dictation is right, and ought to be insisted upon.

10. That the people have the undoubted right peaceably to assemble and discuss all questions of general and particular interest, and when so assembled, are entitled to protection.

11. That the American Flag when used by the people thus peaceably assembled, shall not be desecrated with impunity by those who differ in opinion from the citizens who have gathered beneath its folds.

12. That the National and State Governments should be honestly and economically administered; and that the American laborer ought to be properly rewarded.

13. That as a party we have nothing to do with the Gubernatorial or Presidential questions of the year 1844, but leave every freeman to vote for the man of his choice.



THE AMERICAN FLAG.

BY J. R. DRAKE.

When Freedom from her mountain height  
Unfurled her standard to the air,  
She tore the azure robe of night,  
And set the stars of glory there.  
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes  
The milky baldric of the skies,  
And striped its pure celestial white  
With streakings of the morning light;  
Then from his mansion in the sun  
She called her eagle bearer down,  
And gave into his mighty hand  
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud,  
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,  
To hear the tempest trummings loud,  
And see the lightning lances driven  
When strive the warriors of the storm,  
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven,  
Child of the sun! to thee is given  
To guard the banner of the free—  
To hover in the sulphur smoke—  
To ward away the battle stroke,  
And bid its blendings shine afar,  
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,  
The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,  
The sign of hope and triumph high,  
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,  
And the long line comes gleaming on.  
Ere yet the life-blood warm and wet,  
Has dimm'd the glistening bayonet,  
Each soldier eye shall brightly turn  
To where thy sky-born glories burn;  
And as his springing steps advance,  
Catch war and vengeance from the glance;  
And when the cannon-mouthings loud  
Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud,  
And gory sabres rise and fall  
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall;  
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,  
And cowering foes shall sink beneath  
Each gallant arm that strikes below  
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave  
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;  
When death, careering on the gale,  
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,  
And frightened waves rush wildly back  
Before the broadside's reeling rack,  
Each dying wanderer of the sea  
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,  
And smile to see thy splendors fly  
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home!  
By angel hands to valor given;  
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,  
And all thy hues were born in heaven.  
Forever float that standard sheet!  
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,  
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,  
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?

From the Bunker Hill.

REPRESENTATIVES TO CONGRESS.

SHALL the native American party run a congressional ticket at the coming election, or shall they not? That is the question. Most decidedly and assuredly, yes. If they have good reasons for doing any thing as a party, they have good reasons for electing representatives to Congress. What is the great work which this party has laid out for itself to do? Among the prominent objects it proposes to accomplish, is an alteration of the naturalization laws, so that foreigners shall be required to serve as long a probation in our country before voting at elections, as we ourselves and our children are required to serve; and also an alteration in the laws, or in the constitution of the United States if need be, so that foreigners shall not be eligible to office under our government. The justice and expediency of these measures we are not in this article going to discuss; but take it for granted that they are measures which every native American, who looks into the subject understandingly, believes ought to be carried out, and has determined shall be carried out.

The main question can then be approached at once—how is it to be done? How are these objects to be attained? The country is divided into two great political parties, styling themselves Whigs and Democrats, directly opposed to each other on various questions of state policy, and now on the eve of an important election. Neither of these parties has given any indication of action, as a party, upon these great questions, which the native American party regard as of vital importance to the country and its institutions. The native Americans must therefore go to work as a distinct party, and fight on their own hook. They have set the ball in motion and they must keep it rolling till it is seen and felt through the whole length and breadth of the land—till they find themselves in the majority, not only in cities and towns, but in the state and national legislatures. Their votes of course are to come from the Whigs and Democrats, for they comprize almost the entire community. Hence the importance of observing a strict neutrality with regard to the measures and men of those two great parties, and hence the necessity in selecting candidates for office and for carrying out our measures, that they be taken equally from these two great parties.

That is the way we succeeded in carrying the city, and that is the way we shall succeed in obtaining majorities in state legislatures and in Congress. But why should there be any division of opinion among native Americans about running a Congressional ticket at the coming election? Is it because it will interfere with the other political parties? So did the city election interfere with those parties; so will electing members to the state legislature interfere with these parties, just as much as electing members to Congress. But it is said there is no use in our electing members of Congress, inasmuch as Congress cannot pass a law prohibiting foreigners from holding office, till the constitution of the United States is altered. Very well, how is the constitution of the United States to be altered or amended? It must be proposed by two-thirds of both houses of Congress, or by two thirds of the state legislatures. Now we might perhaps get two thirds of Congress long before we might get two thirds of the state legislatures. And by showing a bold front, waking up, and running for both at once,

we should be likely to obtain both much sooner than we should one by running for one alone.

If the native Americans are in earnest, and determined to carry out the great measures of reform which they have proposed, they must go straight ahead, and turn neither to the right nor to the left. The harbor is before them, and they have a fair wind. Let them not dally away their time, creeping along under foresail and jib, but up with the main-sail, top-sail, and top-gallant-sail, and go in under flying colors.

#### SPREAD OF NATIVE AMERICANISM.

PEOPLE are fast waking up to the importance of this subject in every direction. We have just received the fifth number of a Native American paper published at Lancaster, Penn., which advocates the leading measures of the party with force and clearness. We copy from this paper a portion of an address and resolutions adopted at a public meeting in Conestoga township, on the 27th of July. They are plain, strong, and straight-forward, showing that the true American spirit is up in the key-stone state, and will not be allayed till the great object is accomplished.

FELLOW CITIZENS:—Public attention has recently been directed to the consideration of a great evil, existing in our midst. A system of policy, in regard to the naturalization of foreigners, supposed to be proper at the time it was adopted, has not only wrought those changes in our national circumstances which it was intended to effect, but it has brought in its train dangers of the most startling character, which threaten, unless promptly met and exposed, to overthrow our republican form of government, and establish in its place a corrupt union of Church and State, under the control of a foreign spiritual and temporal potentate.

It is a fact, known and admitted by all, except those interested in continuing the abuse, that our naturalization Laws, as they now stand, and as they have been for many years past administered, tend in a great measure to place the control of the government in the hands of men, who, from their previous education and mode of life, are altogether unfit to appreciate the advantages derived from free institutions. Born where the power of the King and the Priest is almost universally recognized, they land upon our shores altogether ignorant of our system, and well prepared to follow with implicit obedience the commands of their Priest, who, with the thirst for power which has characterized the order in all ages and in all countries, is not slow in wielding his influences in behalf of "the highest and best bidder." Of these facts political demagogues and party hacks are well informed, and the consequence has been, and still is, that the leaders of the two great political parties have vied with each other in offering the greatest inducements to persuade foreigners to enter their ranks. Both parties have been equally ready to violate the laws to obtain their votes, and it is a fact too well known to be disputed, that the last three gubernatorial elections in a neighboring state have been decided by foreign votes, given to the respective candidates at the command of a foreign Priest, in consideration of peculiar privileges to be conferred upon the sect over which he is appointed by a foreign potentate to preside. In our own state the same system has been so vigorously pursued, that throughout the whole extent of our public improve-

ments, with but few exceptions, every man who holds an office or who has got a lucrative contract is a foreigner. Our present rulers appear to think it "glory enough" for Native Americans to pay the taxes, while they and their foreign supporters grow rich on the spoils.

One of the purest and most enlightened patriots of our land has told us, that "Eternal vigilance is the price of Liberty," and never was the truth of the maxim so fully revealed as at the present moment. If we look around us we see foreign influence every where predominant, and every grade of politicians ready to barter away the rights of their countrymen to secure an exertion of its power in their behalf. The Chief Magistrate of the Nation courts it by sending O'Connell repeal contributions, the Governor of Pennsylvania aims to secure its good offices by furnishing muskets and military commissions to unnaturalized aliens; the Canal Commissioners try to propitiate it by making such appointments as the priests may dictate, and the laborer on the public works bows down before it in abject submission, fearful lest his place may be supplied by some fresh importation from Europe. Surely the consideration of these facts is enough to arouse every American to a sense of the duty he owes to himself and his posterity. Who, of common intelligence, can fail to perceive, that if this state of things be suffered to go on unchecked, for another quarter of a century, every distinctive mark of national character must be entirely obliterated, and the country reduced from the high elevation on which it yet stands to the miserable condition of a Botany Bay for the world.

A great national question is now submitted to the decision of freemen. It is nothing less than shall Americans govern America?—shall the sons of those who fought the battles of the Revolution be their own masters, or submit to be ruled by the descendants of them who put forth all their energies to rivet the chains of British tyranny upon our forefathers? This is the issue, and we as American Republicans are ready to meet it. Therefore,

Resolved, That we cordially approve of the principles of the American Republican party, as set forth in the Address and Resolutions adopted by the County meeting held at Lancaster, on the fourth day of July last, and that we will spare no labor, but use all fair and honorable means to render them triumphant at the ensuing election.

Resolved, That we now are, and always have been, opposed to any union of Church and State. Believing that such union is in the highest degree dangerous to Liberty, we view with alarm the tremendous influence, which a body of men, known to be directly under the control of a foreign temporal, as well as spiritual leader, have acquired in the councils of the State. This pernicious influence must be checked, and we see no method to accomplish this desirable end, but by depriving foreigners, who may hereafter come among us, of the power of controlling our elections, till they shall have been long enough in the country to understand the nature of our government and to appreciate the blessings of freedom.

Resolved, That foreigners have no just cause to complain, should they be required to reside here for twenty-one years, before being admitted to enjoy the privilege of voting. Their emigration hither is an act of their own free choice, and we suppose it cannot be denied, that Americans have a perfect right to fix the terms on which they shall be received. When they

are protected in the full enjoyment of all their natural rights, allowed to acquire property and transmit it to their children, they have all which the most unbounded philanthropy, consistent with a due regard to the preservation of our own rights, requires us to bestow. When other nations equal us in this respect, it will be soon enough to accuse us of a want of liberality to foreigners.

**A DESERVED STREAK OF FORTUNE.**—A few days since Mr. James Latham, a well known Washingtonian of this city, received intelligence from England of the death of his grandfather, and with that intelligence, the news that he was the legal heir to a very pretty little sum, varying not far from one hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars! Mr. L. has gone to England to take possession. We understand he will return and dwell among us. He was the first signer of the Washingtonian pledge in this city. He had stationed himself in the gallery of the Green street Methodist church, on the evening when Mr. Hawkins and several Baltimore gentlemen held the first Washingtonian meeting here, and at the close of Mr. H.'s address he cried out, with much emotion, "Is there any hope for me?" "Oh yes," said Mr. Hawkins, "you're just the man we want—come down here!" Mr. L. did "come down," and placed his name on the pledge, amid great cheering. He has adhered faithfully to it ever since, and contributed to the interest of the meetings by speaking upon the subject whenever called upon. We are glad to hear of his good luck, and presume he will use his fortune to much better advantage than if it had fallen to him before "this great reformation."—*N. Y. Sun.*

#### THE PHILADELPHIA TROUBLES.

The Grand Jury who have been for some time laboriously examining into the affairs of the late riots and bloodshed in Philadelphia, have at last made their presentment in the Court of Quarter Sessions before Judges Jones, Campbell, and Parsons. The following extracts contain the principal portion of their facts and reasoning in the matter.

"The cause of the late outbreak in the District of Southwark may be attributed to an attack made upon a meeting of citizens in the District of Kensington in the early part of the month of May last. The feelings engendered in the minds of a portion of the people by the events of that murderous outrage upon the constitutional rights of citizens was of such a character as not to be soon forgotten, and the first plausible pretext was seized upon for the perpetration of new scenes of violence and disorder. The arming of the church of St. Philip de Nerl presented that pretext, and a mob more formidable and systematic in their movements than any which ever occurred in this country, was not overcome and dispersed until they were fired upon by the military and several of the number killed. The services of the military to sustain and enforce the laws can only be justified when the civil power is found to be unavailable for that purpose, and the Grand Jury are satisfied, from the evidence before them that the services of the military on the occasion of the late riots was absolutely required, as the civil power had proved insufficient.

"The authority of the sheriff to fire upon a mob ought to be fixed by Statute Law. There should be a

Riot Act passed by the Legislature, and the time fixed when the order to fire shall be given. The law should fix the time, and not the sheriff. When this shall be done, there will be an end to mobs in Pennsylvania.

"The Grand Inquest, under instruction from the Court regarding the arming of churches and other public buildings, have summoned evidence and examined fully into the particulars, from which it has been shown that several churches have been armed for defence, under what was deemed by those in whose charge they were placed, to be legal authority—and that so soon as it was apparent that the properly constituted authorities were prepared to protect them from threatened destruction, the arms were immediately given up or removed. The law guarantees to every one the right to protect his domicile, and whatever difference of opinion may exist, real or supposed, among the administrators of justice on this subject, the citizens at large have firmly believed and have always acted on the belief, that self-protection is an absolute right which belongs to all men, and that in extremity or when the process of law is too tardy to afford an adequate protection, then means for self-defence may justly and properly be resorted to. It is indeed lamentable to know that it was even deemed necessary to place arms inside of a church for its protection—but that it was necessary events have painfully shown in the outbreaks in Southwark. The Magistrates were unable to allay the tumult or to arrest the rioters. The peace should be preserved by them without regard to sectional feeling—the laws guarantee to all liberty of worship in any faith or creed—and all should be alike respected and protected. The sheriff did all that could be done after receiving notice of the riots. To the police and military the citizens owe much for their fearless exertions in suppressing a riot of such a serious character, in which they perilled and lost life in the protection of their property. We condole with the relatives of the killed—we rejoice with the peaceable portion of our fellow citizens, that we are now safe from any further tumult, since the rioters know that the forfeit of life must be the penalty of such offences in future. We are of opinion that the arming of churches and engine houses will be hereafter wholly abandoned, and that those persons or companies who have heretofore deemed this course necessary for their safety, will now rely on the protection of the properly constituted authorities, seeing that it tends to engender mistrust and riot, and is a fruitful source of misrule and disorder.

"On an examination in relation to the Fire Companies, it has been fully shown that the Fairmount Fire Company, (Engine,) and the Good Will Hose Company, both of the District of Spring Garden, have been heavily armed, and the peace of the neighborhood disturbed by them and other Fire Companies. The conduct of the above companies has been characterized by such lawless brutality, that citizens have been prevented for days from attending to their business. The local police being inadequate to the maintenance of order, or to arrest any of the open violators of the law, Fire-arms have been used by both companies, inside and out of their houses, and the lives of valuable citizens jeopardized thereby, who reside in the neighborhood. The Grand Inquest would further present the Weccacoe Engine Company, the Southwark Engine Company, and Weccacoe Hose Company as creating a most disgraceful riot in the District of Southwark—the Weccacoe Engine Company having their house

armed with muskets and shot guns, which were fired from their house and wounding a Mr. Lucas, a citizen of the district. The Sheriff immediately disarmed the house on being called on, and had the arms deposited in the Sheriff's office. Such scenes are disgraceful to the age we live in, and we are at a loss for language to describe them. The Grand Inquest would therefore present the above named Companies and houses to the consideration of the Court and the Attorney General as nuisances which require immediate abatement.

"While reflecting on the disasters produced by the action of the rioters, the attention of the Jury is naturally drawn to consider the primary and radical cause of these outbreaks on law and order. A disposition to resist oppression, usurpation, or violence, is common to all men, and with the majority it is regulated under the control of a moral accountability; but in others it assumes the right, and exerts its own powers to redress aggression: but even in these it would sleep harmless, if left undisturbed by a class, whose depravity seeks every opportunity to violate the rights of others. This latter class are the pests of society, disturbers of the peace, the cause of riots, tumults, and murder. Belonging to this class were they who assailed the citizens of the Third Ward, Kensington, when they first assembled peaceably with the expectation of being protected in the enjoyment of their legal rights. They may be considered the first cause of all the mischiefs and wo, that marked the character of the riot. If these first assailants had been promptly arrested, the subsequent meeting would not have been disturbed, no riots would have occurred, and citizens would not have been brought in array against each other before the cannon's mouth. To check violence, and tumult, and preserve the peace, the Grand Jury lay before the court the following plan for the formation of what they think would be a sufficient police establishment."

*The plan proposed by the Grand Jury* is briefly this. That there be organized a permanent body of paid police, to consist of four hundred and fifty men, in two divisions, one for day and the other for night service; one division to be constantly on duty, and the other liable to be called out at any moment when required. These men to be raised and paid in their proper proportions, by the city proper, the Northern Liberties, and the other districts, but to act under a special law in one body for the city and the several districts indiscriminately. The Jury recommended that the pay should be one dollar a day each, or three hundred and sixty-five dollars a year. And they add, "The expense of such a force, in addition to that already paid by the city and districts for police purposes, will be of little consequence. The increased value of property consequent upon the establishment of permanent peace and security, will fully compensate for the increase in taxation. Besides, if this system is adopted, it will probably dispense with the use of the military in future for the suppression of riots, a result to be desired, not only on account of the great expense, but because the interposition of the military, however urgent and unavoidable the necessity may be, always tends, in a greater or less degree to draw a line of distinction between the citizen and the soldier, and to build up in the community an order of men distinct from the great body of the people.

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Your white hairs are the avant-couriers of your death.

From Major Downaig's Bunker Hill.

MY CIRCULAR.

To Mr. Clay, and Mr. Polk, and Mr. Dallas, and Mr. Freelinghuysen.

RESPECTED GENTLEMEN—I s'pose you got that letter tother day from some of our folks here at New York, signed by Mr. McMurray, Mr. McLaughlin, Mr. O'Sullivan, Mr. O'Donnell, Mr. O'Neil, and a half a dozen more of 'em. It is something of a long yarn, but I'm shure it is one of the most kindest and most benivolt letters I've seen for a long time. I cant never see any body do a kind and benivolt thing without feeling all over as if I wanted to do jest so too. And that are letter has got me in sich a fidget, that I cant be easy till I've writ you a letter to show you that I'm as kind as they are. I say it is one of the most kindest letters that I ever see. If a man asked you for a penny, and then turned round and give you a dollar, would n't you say the kindness was pretty much all on his side? Mr. McMurray and the rest ask you for a leetle streak of light as big as the new moon before its a day old, and then they go on and pour out the light to you enough to darken the sun at noonday. They jest ask you for a little bit of your notions about Native Americans, and naturalization, and so on, and then they go on of their own free will and accord, through three or four columes, and tell you all about the Native American faction, and Roman Catholics, and Protestants, and riots, and murders, and Washington, and Jefferson, and Major Noah, and a hundred more things which will give you more light about these matters than ever you had before; for a great deal of it is what nobody ever knew till they writ it, and therefore it must be new to you. Now I say, Mr. Clay, and Mr. Polk, and Mr. Dallas, and Mr. Freelinghuysen, I'm as benivolt as these ere gentlemen that have writ you this long letter. And as I'm very anxious that you should see their light in the clearest light possible, I want to jest hold up a few little spots in their letter for you to look at again. They say,

"A faction or class have arisen in our city, assuming the name of 'Native Americans,' pledged to oppose the naturalization of our brethren from other lands, or, which is nearly the same thing, to exclude all foreigners from naturalization until they have been resident among us twenty-one years.

When you see these gentlemen I wish you would jest ask them how long it is since they "come over." I'm sure it cant be long, from the warm feelins they still have for their "brethren in other lands."

As to this "Native American faction," that's as plain as the nose on a man's face. There is such a faction here, and a most outrageous great one too. I guess you'd a thought so if you'd a seen 'em paradin through the streets jest before the spring election. And they are getting up such a faction all over the country. But I dont think there's much danger of its doing any hurt, because these gentlemen that writ you this letter have undertook in their kind benevolence to put it down. Sich factions will spring up sometimes; I've hearn old folks tell about one, a kind of a Native American faction, that broke out somewhere about the year 1775, at Lexington and Bunker Hill, and made considerable of a fuss in them days. But it worked itself out, and 'twas thought it did more good than hurt after all.

"This party [the faction] has possession of the city government, and its leaders and preesses, aided by the

vast patronage of the corporation, advocate the principle of a national or favored religion."

That's news; that's one of the streaks of light that nobody ever see before these gentlemen writ it.

"The body of persons thus banded together upon persecuting, intolerant principles, have disturbed the peace of society throughout the Union, while their adherents in the sister city of Philadelphia have, oftener than once, within the last few months, risen in open rebellion against the laws, inciting a portion of the people to deeds of treason, blood, and arson."

The truth of the case is, as near as I can come at it from the Grand Jury and all concerned, the faction was peaceable and quiet as lambs in Philadelphia till their "brethren from other lands" begun to shoot them down: and in that case, most any faction would be for kicking up a row.

"At the civic election here last spring, a majority of the voters of the party called whig, abandoned their party organization and candidates, and united with the 'Native Americans,' as did a lesser number of those called democrats, thus enabling the most intolerant faction ever known among us to obtain the control of the city government."

Now that's a bad business. When such respectable folks as whigs and democrats take sides with a native American faction, and cut up such shines, it is high time they were looked after, and these gentlemen letter-writers can't be too quick in getting every one of 'em indicted.

"Washington deliberately approved a naturalization law, which only required a probation of two years, without any previous notice whatever."

Washington was a very clever man, and had as much gumption as a most any body, and generally did what was the best for the time; and I take it the light the gentlemen have thrown out here goes to show, that if we come into the house with an empty stomach, and take a cup of tea, and feel refreshed by it, in about fifty years afterward we ought to swallow the tea-kettle, and it'll do us good.

These gentlemen letter-writers seem to insist that the native American faction are going to establish the protestant religion as the law of the land, and proscribe all other sorts of religion. And they say Major Noah, a Jew, is leading the faction on with all his might. This is quite a bright streak of light, and shows a good ways. But they ought to write another letter to the worthy Major and praise him for his disinterestedness in trying to bite his own nose off.

Again these gentlemen say, "Exclude foreign-born friends, as the Native party, so called, are pledged to do, and men like Alexander Hamilton, Albert Gallatin, Charles Thompson, Robert Morris, Thomas Addis Emmet, Gates, Barry, De Kalb, Montgomery, Steuben, Kosciuszko, Mercer, and Lawrence, will be lost to us in future. They were all of them born foreigners."

Yes, that's a fact, that's well thought of. And we should loose more than that too; we should loose Capt. John Smith of Virginny, and William Penn of Philadelphia, and Governor Stuyvesant of New York, and all that little band of stragglers that come over to Plymouth in the May Flower. Yes, we should loose the whole of 'em.

These gentlemen letter-writers quote Mr. Jefferson and seem to think if he was here he would kick this Native American faction all to flinders. But they are mistaken there; Mr. Jefferson was a bad man; he was

nothing but a Native American; and if he was here now he'd belong to this faction, and likely as not, be a ring-leader of it.

Here's what Mr. Jefferson once said about this business, which I think shows pretty clear where he stood, or where he would stand if he was here now. "To the principles of our government, nothing can be more opposed than the maxims of absolute monarchies. Yet from such we are to expect the greatest number of emigrants. They will bring with them the principles of the governments they leave, imbibed in their early youth; * * * In proportion to their numbers they will share with us the legislation. They will infuse into it their spirit, warp and bias its directions, and render it a heterogeneous, incoherent, distracted mass"

Now, Mr. Clay, and Mr. Polk, and Mr. Dallas, and Mr. Freelinghuysen, them's my sentiments; what's yours? I shall be very happy to hear from you at your earliest convenience. Uncle Joshua was well, and so was Aunt Keziah, the last time I heard from Downingville; and I remain one of the faction, and your old friend, and the General's friend,

MAJOR JACK DOWNING,

Editor of the Bunker Hill.

CITY REFORM—THE NEW CORPORATION.

We sometimes hear captious persons flouting the new city government, and saying the reforms which were promised and expected have not been carried out. Reasonable expectations have not been met. But we apprehend these complaints do not come from candid observers, but from those who, from some cause or other, are disposed to take one-sided views of the matter. The following is the testimony which the Journal of Commerce gave on the subject a few days ago.

THE American Republican Corporation have now been in office for three months. The members were elected in and disgust of old parties, and simply because they were supposed to be "honest and capable." Elected not by a grand interest, nor sectional interest of any sort, but by a common interest for the common good, with a commission to be "just and fear not." See, now, what this revolution has accomplished of practical good, in so short a period:

The streets are clean.

The Sabbath is quiet.

The steamboat landings are orderly.

The booths are no more.

Here are four great benefits, either of which would have rewarded a peaceful revolution.

Several other reforms, of great importance, have been made, and others still are in progress. In addition to all these things, several principles have been established, which will be of great value hereafter. One of these is, that the evils of past administrations have not had their origin in the *law*, but in the *men* who administer the law. They have not adopted the new police bill, nor have they possessed the aid of any laws but those which have been long existing, through the worst condition of our affairs. We know now, and shall remember it, that the fault was in the *men*, not in the *law*. Future corporations, therefore, will not be able to screen their mal-administrations under the old pretence of the insufficiency of the law. The benefit has also been exhibited, of having a city government independent of national politics, in so strong a light that it will be adhered to hereafter. This is the

great desideratum: A CITY CORPORATION INDEPENDENT OF NATIONAL PARTIES. There is a firmer regard for law, a stronger assurance of order, than ever existed before; and without going farther into details, we may safely affirm, that more good has been done by the present corporation, in the short space of three months, than has been accomplished by all the previous corporations for the past ten years, with the single exception of Croton water.

One thing, however, is not yet thoroughly accomplished, and that is—killing the dogs. In the upper part of the city they are quite numerous. One of our friends says that he counted seven one morning, in sight from his house at one time. They spend the pleasant moonlight nights in

Barking, growling,
Fighting, howling,

to the great annoyance of all other animals. They ought to be killed or sent to Philadelphia forthwith.

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A NOON SCENE.

BY W. C. BRYANT.

The quiet August noon is come,  
A slumberous silence fills the sky,  
The fields are still, the woods are dumb,  
In glassy sleep the waters lie.

And mark yon soft white clouds, at rest  
Above our vale, a moveless throng;  
The cattle, on the mountain's breast,  
Enjoy the grateful shadow long.

Oh, how unlike those merry hours  
In sunny June, when earth laughs out,  
When the fresh winds make love to flowers,  
And woodlands sing and waters shout.

When in the grass sweet voices talk,  
And strains of tiny music swell  
From every moss-cup of the rock,  
From every nameless blossom's bell.

But now a joy too deep for sound,  
A peace no other season knows,  
Hushes the heavens and wraps the ground—  
The blessings of supreme repose.

Away! I will not be to-day  
The only slave of toil and care!  
Away from desk and dust!—away!  
I'll be as idle as the air.

Beneath the open sky abroad,  
Among the plants and breathing things,  
The sinless, peaceful works of God,  
I'll share the calm the season brings.

Come, thou, in whose soft eyes I see  
The gentle meanings of thy heart;  
One day amid the woods with me—  
From men and all their cares apart.

And where, upon the meadow's breast,  
The shadow of the thicket lies,  
The blue wild flowers thou gatherest,  
Shall glow yet deeper near thine eyes.

Come, and when mid the calm profound  
I turn those gentle eyes to seek,

They, like the lovely landscape round,  
Of innocence and peace shall speak.

Rest here—beneath the unmoving shade—  
And on the silent valleys gaze,  
Winding and widening till they fade  
In yon soft ring of summer haze.

The village trees their summits rear  
Still as its spire; and yonder flock,  
At rest in those calm fields, appear  
As chiseled from the lifeless rock.

One tranquil mount the scene o'erlooks—  
There the hushed winds their Sabbath keep;  
While a near hum from bees and brooks,  
Comes faintly like the breath of sleep.

Well might the gazer deem that when,  
Worn with the struggle and the strife,  
And heart-sick at the wrongs of men,  
The good forsake the scenes of life.

Like this deep quiet that, awhile,  
Lingers the lovely landscape o'er,  
Shall be the peace whose holy smile  
Welcomes him to a happier shore.

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NEW INVISIBLE FLUID.—The scientific gentlemen of Paris have had much talk recently in regard to a new fluid which Mr. Thiloiper and M. Lafontaine aver they have discovered in the human system. At a recent sitting of the Academy of Sciences, a paper was read on this subject, the purport of which was, that the existence of the invisible fluid had been surely ascertained, and that it is neither magnetic nor electric, but intermediate, operating upon the nerves. They speak of having ascertained the existence of this nervous fluid by the ordinary galvanometer. And in regard to curative purposes, they think they have made an important discovery. Half of the maladies with which mankind are affected, are in some way or other connected with the nervous system, and nervous diseases, although frequently treated with indifference and even ridicule, when witnessed in others, are, of all the ills of life, perhaps the most deplorable.—*Phil. Sat. Cour*

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THE NEW PROPELLERS.—The new propeller, alleged by Mr. Ericson to be based upon his hitherto celebrated invention, is destined to make quit a revolution in machinery. From all we see, its superiority over the Ericson wheel is very evident, as well for its simplicity, cheapness, durability, and above all, for speed or power. In reply to the charge of copying or imitation made by Mr. Ericson or his friends, Captain Loper has made drafts of the two inventions, which, as far as we are able to judge, show them to be singularly dissimilar; in addition to which a writer in the United States Gazette of Saturday, charges Mr. Ericson indirectly with having revamped an old wheel used by Colonel Stevens, forty years ago, on the North River, and then abandoned as impracticable. Mr. Ericson is a foreigner, and must look to his laurels, or our Yankee boys will invent him out of sight in a short time.—*Philadelphia Saturday Courier*.

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TRUE prudence is to see from the commencement of an affair what will be the end of it.

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The Mother's Book

THE ROVER.

THE MOTHER'S JEWEL.

BY WILLIAM CUTTER.

WITH AN ENGRAVING.

THE crown let diamonds grace,
And gems the signet-ring;
Where pride and power would find a place
For every costly thing.

Give pearls to deck the fair,
Give gold to heartless men,
Who aim with sleepless toil and care
Such poor rewards to gain.

They cannot fill the heart,
They cannot reach the soul;
Nor one poor ray of hope impart,
To light it to its goal.

Let Alps on Alps be reared,
Of purest gems combined,
'Twere less than nothingness, compared
With one immortal mind.

"These are my jewels—these!"
The Roman matron cried,
As on her noble boys she gazed
With all a mother's pride.

Lives there a mother still,
Whose yearning love accords
No echo to the holy thrill
Of those ennobling words?

Mothers in Christ, behold
The jewels Christ has given!
Not for a crown of worthless gold,
But for the Lord of Heaven.

Oh! keep them pure from sin,
Polished with grace and prayer;
So shall they deck his crown, and win
A radiant glory there.

THE PIRATE OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE MUTINY," "MY FIRST AND
LAST FLOGGING," ETC.

One warm afternoon in January, 18—, I lay caulking away on the stowed fore-topmast staysail of the sloop of war F—, then lying at anchor in the port of Valparaiso. The said stowed staysail is a glorious place to "soger" at any time, for the netting keeps one from rolling overboard, and No. three canvas is as soft as (some kinds of) down; and it is well out of the way, and free from those bothersome interruptions, so common on the decks of men of war. I cannot, it is true, recommend said staysail as a caulking place at sea, for while a fellow is dreaming away about "sweet-hearts and wives," the officer of the deck may rub his coes suddenly, and the following dialogue ensue:

Lieut.—Forecastle, there!

Master's Mate.—Sir!

Lieut.—Man the fo'-topmast staysail halyards.

Master's Mate.—All manned for'ard, Sir.

Lieut. Hoist away the staysail.

And then up goes our downy couch, and overboard

VOLUME III.—No 23.

goes the dreamer; and a cold bath is not always pleasant, even in warm climates, especially when so applied.

These are the pull-backs at sea; but in port there is nothing of the kind to fear; so I, Jack Garnet, snored away in in most magnificent style.

Alas! however, no man can safely count upon anything in a man of war, save a flogging, which he is pretty sure to get, from one cause or another. While dreaming about "Mary & Co.," as above, my slumber was dispelled by a tick from a good natured foretopman, who rode rode down the stay to inform me that the first cutter was called away; and turning out, I heard the boatswain's mate "making my number," that is, roaring out "Jack Garnet."

"Here you are," said I to the boatswain's mate, as I jumped from the forecabin into the waist.

"Get into the boat you, Sir," said the lieutenant of the watch, who was standing at the gangway, "and look out for half a dozen when you return."

"Ay, ay, Sir," I promptly replied. I took my oar; we shoved off, let fall and gave way.

We had no officer on board save a mid., and I was at first at a loss to know where we could be going; but after pulling half an hour, we boarded a merchantman which lay at anchor, far out in the harbor, beyond Little Cape Horn, nearer Point Angels than Valparaiso. She was in some trouble, having suddenly and by accident come to anchor, while sailing out of the harbor—the cat and fish of the starboard bower having parted—and there she lay with seventy fathom of cable out ahead, and her sails whipping the masts in fine style, everything having been let go by the run.

"You Garnet," said the mid., as he went up the ship's side, "stay in the boat, and have your nap out, for you remember Mr. Harrison promised you half a dozen; so get ready for it."

"Ay, ay, Sir," I replied, and sitting down in the stern sheets, the painter being made fast on board the ship, I proceeded to obey orders, while the rest of the boat's crew began to heave up our friend's anchor, and so forth.

It is one of my rules never to borrow trouble, and so I napped away, my dream beginning where I had left it off on board the sloop of war; and I enjoyed myself in the true man of war style.

How long my slumbers may have lasted, I know not—but I was at length awakened by the rolling and pitching of the boat, she having shipped a heavy sea, which thoroughly ducked Jack Garnet, anyhow. I bolted up, and found myself in a peck of troubles.

Some one, in the hurry of duty on board the merchantman, had accidentally cast off the painter of my boat, and the south wind having suddenly freshened into a snorter, I had quietly drifted out to sea, and now found myself outside Point Angels, in a stiff breeze, rolling about on the mountain surges of the Pacific. The thing was done so quietly, that no one on board had observed it, (the aforesaid squall having taken them unawares,) they did not perceive my departure, until after I made that discovery. Here, then, I was, far enough from any possible aid, captain, cook, and all hands, of the first cutter of the F— sloop of war

—all alone by myself, and nobody with me—outward bound.

Taking the tiller, I endeavored to keep her head to the wind, to diminish her way out to sea; but finding that she broached to, rather too often, I took one of the oars and pulled her round, stern to the wind. I then resumed the tiller, and began to make a straight wake before the wind to Coquilmo, Callao, or Davy Jones. I now made fine headway, so fine, indeed, that I had seen the satisfaction to see that all the shipping in Valparaiso were out of sight, and Point Angels was drifting rapidly astern. To add to the uncomfortable romance of my situation, the sun was now setting, and never to my view did he sink so hurriedly to repose.

My boat luckily needed not my guidance, for the swell was long and regular, and the wind blew steadily from the south, and she kept straight upon her course, mounting the waves gallantly, as if sensible that her voyages were not ended, and that she should again float under the stars and stripes of the Land of the Free.

The sun next day was high in heaven, when my slumbers were dispelled by the report of a musket, and a voice hailed:

"Boat 'hoy."

I rose and looked wildly around. I was in the open sea now smooth and tranquil—no land in sight—while off a hundred yards, a large brig was lying to. The hail was repeated:

"Boat 'hoy."

"Fleet," I replied, mechanically, for the Captain of the F— was the senior officer on the station, and I have not yet forgotten the usages of the first cutter.

"Ha! ha!" roared the spokesman: "Fleet, indeed! Where are you bound, Mr. Commodore?"

By this time I had collected my scattered wits, and perceiving that they were lowering a boat, I made no reply.

I was speedily picked up, and put on board the brig, and a glass of half-and-half being given me, I found both my eyes and tongue, and while telling my story, I saw that the brig was large and heavy, mounting ten guns over her bulwarks, having no ports and full of men. These were rather suspicious particulars, and I was glad to find that the person commanding was in the best of humor, being greatly amused by my narration.

"Well, well," said he, after a long fit of laughter, "since you are Commodore of the American fleet, I must treat you civilly: for'ard there! Cook, give this man some breakfast."

While discussing said breakfast, and racking my brains to discover whereaway I was, the truth suddenly flashed into my mind that I had heard something said in Valparaiso about a piratical vessel which had been off the coast of Peru. The story was that many merchantmen had been plundered by her, but that no violence was ever offered to the officers or crew, by the pirate's crew, unless they resisted, nor even then anything more than was necessary to subdue them. Cargo never was touched; all they wanted was gold and silver, and that being surrendered, they always went off peaceably. They were spoken of as a horrid looking set of fellows, commanded by a remarkably handsome young man—all speaking a strange language, and unable to understand English, Spanish, or French. It was also said that they were usually seen

near evening, and that at night, though frequently in plain sight, they would always suddenly disappear—and though frequently seen and chased by men of war, they always disappeared entirely at night—while in the day, they sailed like the wind, laughing at pursuit. My informant also said, that the piratical vessel was a brig, with painted ports carrying ten guns, and a long twenty-four pounder on a pivot. All this was true of the brig I was now on board of. She was heavily sparred, her canvas white, raked masts, while her sharp bows, beautiful shear, and clean run up, at once convinced me, though manned by imps and commanded by Satan, she was as sweet a craft as ever ploughed the sea.

When I had finished my breakfast, and related my yarn to the hands forward, who, though hideous looking rascals, spoke English as well as I, I was ordered aft again to meet the scrutiny of the captain, whom I had not yet seen. He was a small man, below the middle size, slender form, delicate limbs, and a face so smooth and round that he did not seem to be over eighteen, while his voice was melody itself, being low and exquisitely modulated.

Having heard my story, and assured me of kind treatment, he demanded to know of me what ships were in Valparaiso Bay, inward or outward bound, and what men of war were there—the state of things ashore—what vessels were expected, and where from—and lastly, whether I had heard anything about a pirate off Peru. I answered these manifold questions as fully as possible, and in reply to the latter, said what I had heard—adding, truly, that the English sloop of war T— was despatched a week before to protect the merchant service from him.

This last item afforded him much amusement.

"Well, my lad," he said, "it will be a long time before they catch us—for we are, as you see, that same pirate—friends to the sea, and enemies to all who sail upon it. We are short of wood and water, and must go into Valparaiso to fill up—not, however, till your sloop of war comes out; but since you say she is about to remain there, I will entice her out. You can now take care of yourself. I shall not ask of you any duty, and as soon as I can, will set you ashore."

It was now about noon, and the brig—which had been lying to since I was picked up—filled her main-top-sail, made all sail, and boarding her starboard tacks, was off with the speed of light, south by east, to make Point Angels, leaving my boat adrift. The Andes were yet in sight, and Valparaiso not far distant, so that in an hour Point Angels was in plain view, and at 4 P. M. we entered the bay, steering straight for the F—.

All hands were now upon deck, and to do them justice the brig was worked admirably. The long twenty-four was hauled aft, and pointed over the taffrail, while the rest of the guns were cleared away and double shot. All this preparation for action rather puzzled me, for I could not think that the pirate captain intended to fight the F—, inasmuch as her battery of twenty-four pounders would have blown us out of water in five minutes. However, I took my stand on the fore-castle, determined to see the fun, whatever it might be.

When we were within about a mile of the F—, I began to perceive some motion on board of her, and the boat of the captain of the port, which chanced to be along side of her, suddenly cast off and made sail toward us.

"What is the battery of the F—?" coolly inquired the captain, who was standing near me at this moment.

"Medium twenty-fours, sir," said I.

"Very good," he replied, calmly, and then sung out, as he walked aft. "Man the starboard battery! stand by! Hands by the weather braces! Slack the lee ones! Hard up the helm!"

We were now not more than half a mile from the F—, (which as yet lay quiet with her sails loose to dry,) and wearing round, each gun of the starboard battery, (long twelvees,) was fired at her as it came to bear, until we were round on the larboard tack, when, giving her the long twenty-four, we were off, two points free, standing out to sea.

Our first shot, which struck the hull of the F—, was followed, quick as thought, by the notes of her drum beating to quarters, while her jib run up as if by magic, and her cables slipped, topsails were hoisted and sheeted home. She fell off directly before the wind, and hauled up on the larboard tack—her battery speaking in thunder as it came to bear; then crowding everything she gave chase.

Here, however, she was at disadvantage; for we had the start of a mile—and, moreover, were under fine headway. Her true game was to keep away a little, and if possible carry away some of our spars with round shot; but that part she determined to put off until it could be given with effect—nothing doubting but she should speedily overtake us.

But in this the commodore reckoned without his host, for we rapidly slipped away from him working to windward of him in spite of his teeth. He carried on, however, with undaunted zeal, though we gradually increased our distance from one mile to six or seven, and darkness found him still driving ahead, with every rag of canvas spread to the breeze, which was now a ten-knotter, from west-north-west.

When daylight was fully gone, our captain had ordered signal lanterns to the main-sky sail mast head, and at each yard arm, in order to challenge the F. to continue her chase, and now (eleven o'clock) the F. being at least ten miles astern, he ordered mast and yard ropes to be rove, and all hands to "stand by to rig ship."

This order brought me up all standing, for I could not imagine what was to follow; but his crew understood the thing perfectly. Some large spars were brought aft, double purchase tackles were rigged on the stay. Some hogsheds containing fireworks were tossed overboard, but kept in tow, and numberless other preparations made in less time than I can write them.

"All ready?" hailed the captain.

"All ready, sir," was the answer from all parts of the vessel.

"Then fire!" he continued.

Every gun was discharged at once, and at the instant, the hogsheds astern blew up with a tremendous report, and the firmament was illuminated with a ghastly blue glare, and all the lights were extinguished, so that the next instant we were in darkness. The main and fore-royal and sky sail masts and yards were then sent down—the mizzen mast stepped—a top-mast and top-gallant mast rigged and yards crossed, while the guns were all lowered into the hold. Davits were then made fast at the slides, and whale boats run up at them, while others were placed keel up on the

booms, and in fifteen minutes we tacked and stood toward the F., as complete a whaling ship as ever doubled the Horn. The tackles, etc., were then unrove—all hands but sixteen sent below, the hatches put on, and away we bowled for the F. The captain then left the deck, the first mate taking command; but shortly after returned from below, dressed as a woman, and directed our motion, though all orders were given by the mate.

In half an hour we were near the F., on her water bow, standing as if to cross her wake. When within three hundred yards, she sent a light up in her mizen rigging, and fired a gun, which in nautical parlance means, "Heave to, I speak you."

We hove to, accordingly, in true merchantman style, while the F. backed her main-to-sail, as became a crack sloop of war.

"What ship is that?" hailed the first lieutenant in the short peremptory manner proper for a man of dignity.

"The Three Sisters, of New Bedford," replied our first mate, taking the Yankee twang in a most admirable manner.

"Where are you from—and where bound—and what's your master's name?"—continued the first luff.

"I expect we'm from a cruise," drawled the mate again, "bound to Valparaiso for wood and water, and our old man's name is Andrew Maxwell, at your service."

"Have you seen a stranger sail hereaway?" interrupted the commodore.

"Guess I see a clipper of a brig pretend to blow up, about half an hour ago, but she only made b'lieve, for I see her ag'in cuttin' away to the nor'ard and east'ard, pretty considerable fast, I expect," drawled the mate; "howsomover, that was in the old man's watch, and he's turned in now, snorin' like a lobster, and I'll be darned if I want to call him, for he's cross as the devil if you break him of his sleep—and his wife would'n't like it neither, I guess; so I'd a leetle rather not—if it's all the same to you."

"Clap a stopper over all, you infernal Yankee," hailed our first luff; and she braced up again, and was off like a shot in chase, of said brig, while we up stick and bore away for Valparaiso. Here, then, was the secret of the pirate's constant escape from all pursuers, this change of form—and of course, he would deceive any one—e. g. the Yankee commander of the F.

The next day, with only thirty hands to be seen, and with our whaling appearance, we entered the port of Valparaiso—not a brig, nor commanded by a handsome young man; as our acting captain had a face like a dead eye, and our real commander played wife to him, for the time being, as young and handsome as ever. Some waggish persons, indeed, little thinking how truly they spoke, insisted that the said wife was to all intents and purposes, commander of the ship—since the captain had a way of saying, "I'll ask my wife," on all important occasions.

At the end of four days—the said whaler having wooded and watered, etc. I was brought upon deck, (for I had been kept under hatches, too, since our arrival, that I need not be seen by any lookers) and having been sworn to secrecy, (which said oath, N. B., I kept,) I was set ashore, and then the Three Sisters weighed anchor, and, under a cloud of canvas, stood out to sea, to recommence her fair trading operations.

What became of her thereafter is none of my busi-

ness, though I am told, her tricks were at last found out; and a bright-sided brig, which she industriously chased for a whole day, and finally overtook, proved to be the F. sloop of war, her commander thus paying the devil in his own coin; and in the interchange of "warm expressions" which followed, the F. sent her so effectually to the bottom, that it was generally supposed she would stay there a time, unless Jimmy Flatfoot actually took her under his wing. However, friend Greenhorn, all this is none of your business.

JACK GARNET.

THRILLING AND BEAUTIFUL BALLAD.—We know not the author of the following effective and highly finished ballad, but it is certainly one of the best pieces of historical verse the country has produced. The historical notes attached are also exceedingly interesting. Vermont is, and always has been, all Native American, to the back bone.

THE SONG OF THE VERMONTERS—1779. *

Ho—all to the borders! Vermonters, come down,
With your breeches of deer-skin and jackets of brown;
With your red woolen caps and your moccasins, come
To the gathering summons of trumpet and drum.

Come down with your rifles!—let gray wolf and fox
Howl on in the shade of their primitive rocks;
Let the bear feed securely from pig pen and stall,
Here's a two-legged game for your powder and ball.

On our south come the Dutchmen, enveloped in grease,
And arming for battle while canting of peace;
On our east crafty Meshech† has gathered his band

* The political history of Vermont is full of interest. In 1762, New York, by reason of an extraordinary grant of Charles II. to the Duke of York, claimed a jurisdiction over about sixty townships of which grants had been given by the Governor of New Hampshire, declaring those grants illegal. An attempt was made to dispossess the settlers, but it was promptly resisted. In 1774, New York passed a most despotic law against the resisting Vermonters, and the Governor offered a large reward for the apprehension of the celebrated Ethan Allen and seven of his associates. The proscribed persons in turn threatened to "kill and destroy any person or persons whomsoever that should be accessory, aiding or assisting in taking any of them."—See *Allen's Vindication*, p. 45. Blood was shed at Westminster Court House, in 1775.—*Vide R. Jones's Narrative*. In 1777, Vermont declared its independence. New York still urged her claims and attempted to enforce them with her militia. In 1779, New Hampshire also laid claim to the whole state of Vermont. Massachusetts speedily followed by putting in her claim to about two-thirds of it. Congress, powerless under the old Confederation, endeavored to keep on good terms with all the parties, but ardently favored New York. Vermont remonstrated warmly. Congress threatened. Vermont published "an appeal to the candid and impartial world"—denounced Congress, and asserted its own absolute independence. Notwithstanding the threats offered on all sides, the contest terminated without much bloodshed, and Vermont was admitted into the Union in 1791, after existing as an independent sovereignty for nearly fifteen years. *Williams's History of Vermont*, 4-c.

† Hon. Meshech Weare, Governor of New Hampshire.

To hang up our leaders and eat out our land.

Ho—all to the rescue! for Satan shall work
No gain for the legions of Hampshire and York!
They claim our possessions—the pitiful knaves—
The trioute we pay shall be prisons and graves!

Let Clinton and Ten Broek; with bribes in their hands,
Still seek to divide us and parcel our lands,
We've coats for our traitors, whoever they are—
The warp is of feathers, the filling of tar!‡

Does the "old bay state" threaten? Does Congress complain?

Swarms Hampshire in arms on our borders again?
Bark the war-dogs of Britain aloud on the lake?
Let 'em come—what they can they are welcome to take.

What seek they among us? The pride of our wealth
Is comfort, contentment, and labor and health,
And lands which, as freemen, we only have trod,
Independent of all, save the mercies of God.

Yet we owe no allegiance; we bow to no throne;
Our ruler is law, and the law is our own;
Our leaders themselves are our own fellow-men,
Who can handle the sword, or the scythe or the pen.

Our wives are all true, and our daughters are fair,
With their blue eyes of smiles and their light flowing hair;

All brisk at their wheels till the dark even-fall,
Then blithe at the sleigh-ride, the husking and ball!

We've sheep on the hill-sides, we've cows on the plain,
And gay-tasseled corn-fields, and rank-growing grain;
There are deer on the mountains, and wood-pigeons fly
From the crack of our muskets, like clouds on the sky.

And there's fish in our streamlets and rivers which take
Their course from our hills to our broad-bosom'd lake;
Through rock-arch'd Winooski the salmon leaps free,
And the portly shad follows all fresh from the sea.

Like a sun-beam the pickerel glides through his pool;
And the spotted trout leaps where the waters are cool,
Or darts from his shelter of rock and of root
At the beaver's quick plunge or the angler's pursuit.

And ours are the mountains which awfully rise
Till they rest their green heads on the blue of the skies;
And ours are the forests unwasted, unshorn,
Save where the wild path of the tempest is torn.

And though savage and wild be this climate of ours,
And brief be our season of fruits and of flowers,

: Governor Clinton of New York, and Hon. A. Ten Broek, President of the New York Convention.

§ The New York sheriffs and those who submitted to the authority of New York were often roughly handled by the Green Mountain boys. The following is from the journal of the proceedings of the Vermont Council of public safety: "*Council of Safety*, 3d Sept. 1777. ——— is permitted to return home, and remain on his father's farm (and if found off to expect thirty-nine lashes of the *beach seal*) until further orders from this Council." The instrument of punishment was termed the "*beach seal*" in allusion to the great seal of New Hampshire affixed to the grants, of which the beach rod well laid upon the naked backs of the "Yorkers" and their adherents was considered a confirmation.

Far dearer the blast round our mountains which raves,
Than the sweet summer zephyr which breathes over
slaves.

Hurrah for Vermont! for the land which we till
Must have sons to defend her from valley and hill;
Leave the harvest to rot on the field where it grows,
And the reaping of wheat for the reaping of foes.

From far Michiscou's wild valley, to where
Poosoomuck steals down from his wood-circled lair,
From Shoticook river to Lutterlock town—
Ho—all to the rescue! Vermonters come down!

Come York or come Hampshire—come traitors and
knaves,

If ye rule o'er our land, ye shall rule o'er our graves;
Our vow is recorded—our banner unfurled—
In the name of Vermont we defy all the world! *

* "Rather than fail, I will retire with my hardy
Green Mountain boys to the desolate caverns of the
mountains, and wage war with human nature at large."
—Ethan Allen's Letter to Congress, March 9, 1781.

THE FAIR ARTIST.

BY MRS. SARAH J. HALE.

"I CAN never finish this picture, Sir Anthony; it
does not please me at all," said the fair artist, as she
rested her palette on her lap, while the hand which
held her pencil fell listlessly at her side. "I will try
no more," she continued, fixing her gaze half sadly,
half disdainfully on the easel where stood the unfin-
ished portrait of Edmund Waller.

This youth, for he had not yet attained his twentieth
year, was already a great favorite with the ladies of the
court of Charles the First. His sweet songs that he
sung sweetly to the accompaniment of his Spanish
guitar, which he touched with exquisite skill, had al-
ready won him the coveted smiles of Lady Dorothea
Sydney, (so well known as "Sacharissa,") and even
Queen Henrietta herself, had deigned to bestow praises
on the handsome minstrel poet. But there was
among the ladies who attended the queen, one whom
the young favorite had never been able to charm either
by his poetry or music. This was the lovely and ac-
complished Mary Gowry, usually designated by the
king, and, of course, by all others, as the "fair artist."

Mary Gowry was the orphan daughter of the unfor-
tunate Lord Gowry—and after his death, she had been
brought up by her aunt, the old lady Morton, in her
secluded country residence. There the young girl be-
came an enthusiastic admirer of the beauties of nature,
and after the favor of Queen Henrietta toward her Cath-
olic subjects and their descendants, had sought out
Mary, and established her as maid of honor in the ele-
gant and refined court over which she presided, this
taste it probably was, which led the new favorite to
cultivate her talents for painting. She loved quiet and
retirement, and her devotion to her pencil was permit-
ted by the queen to apologize for the little interest
which Mary seemed to take in the amusements of the
court.

The revelations of Miss Burney, in her lately pub-
lished "Memoirs," must have dissipated all the pleas-
ant illusions with which the fancies of young ladies or
gentlemen may have invested life in a palace. A more
uncomfortable place of residence for rational beings
can scarcely be imagined. The slavery of royal eti-

quette which never relaxes, never even sleeps without
its fetters, which subdues the mind while it controls
the every movement of the body, is a burden so revolting
to the spirit, that, when reading descriptions of the
routine, it seems impossible that men, or even women
who have constitutionally more patience, can submit
to it.

Pope, in one of his letters, describing a dinner given
him by some of the ladies at the court of George the
Second, says: "We all agreed that the life of a maid
of honor was of all things the most miserable; and
wished that every woman who envied it had a spec-
imen of it." And from this life it was that Mary Gow-
ry sought to find some relief in cultivating her talents
for painting, which the indulgence of her royal mis-
tress was graciously pleased to sanction.

Sir Anthony Vandyke—for it was this celebrated
painter whom the fair artist addressed—had been her
instructor in this divine art, and it had been remarked
by many a watchful eye in the royal household, that
the lovely pupil engrossed a wonderful share of atten-
tion from her noble looking master. And the favor of
Sir Anthony Vandyke was not of slight moment.
Those who cared nothing for his genius or his worth
of character while he was only an artist, now that the
king had knighted him, and heaped fortune and hon-
ors upon him, were his most obsequious flatterers.
Still, the friendship of courtiers is, proverbially, hollow-
hearted, and many who fawned on Sir Anthony, were
eagerly watching for an opportunity to bring him into
disgrace with the king.

Among this number was Edmund Waller. He had
taken mortal offence at a rebuke which Vandyke had
given him, for alluding—as the painter thought lightly
and presumptuously—to the fair artist in one of his
songs. In his heart, therefore, Waller vowed ven-
geance against Vandyke; and having discovered, as
he thought, (and truly enough,) that this distinguished
artist was deeply in love with his fair pupil, the envi-
ous poet determined to profit by the circumstance.

Mary Gowry had succeeded to a miracle, as it was
said, in painting the portraits of the queen and her
young daughter, the princess Elizabeth, and one or
two of the ladies of the court. She had also succeed-
ed in taking an excellent likeness of Vandyke himself,
which she executed by command of the king, who
wished to test her ability to paint a masculine head,
and then, he said, he should sit to her for his own por-
trait.

It was while Miss Gowry was painting the likeness
of Vandyke, that Waller contrived by various artful
manœuvres, to obtain from Queen Henrietta the ex-
pression of a wish, (which from royal lips is the same
as a command,) that the fair artist would paint the por-
trait of Waller. Accordingly she began it, though with
no good will, for she disliked his trifling manners, and
the vanity and egotism which she had discovered to be
his governing characteristics.

What was Waller's motive may be easily understood.
He intended to charm Mary, to torture the noble-
minded Vandyke with jealousy, and, if possible, to
provoke from him a declaration, which Waller thought
would be both rejected by the lady and disapproved of
by the king and queen.

"I will try no more," repeated Mary in a low but
decided tone.

Waller bent down his head with a non-chalante air,
while with a furtive glance he watched the master and

pupil. "I will at least have a story to tell," thought he.

Vandyke was not, in heart, sorry that the fair artist had failed in this instance; still for the credit of his eleve he must strive to encourage her; so he said, as he placed his right hand on the back of her chair and bent his regards on her fair face in a manner rather too tender for that expression of reproof, which a master conveys to a refractory pupil:

"I think you may succeed yet; that shade by the corner of the left eye, and that near the mouth also," pointing with the forefinger of his left hand, while he spoke, to the portrait, "are a little too dark. There is a sinister, unpleasant expression too in the face. Can you not see these faults?"

"I see faults, many faults, Sir Anthony, which I cannot remedy. I am weary of the subject. It is vain for me to try longer."

"Yet you succeeded admirably with the queen's—with all that you have attempted."

"That was because I painted from the image in my heart, and not from the form before me. I loved the queen and"—she stopped suddenly as the thought flashed on her, that he must think that she loved the others also whom she had painted so admirably. The deep blush, the succeeding pallor, the effort she evidently made to conceal and overcome her emotions, these which, to an indifferent spectator, would have seemed of trifling import, were all harbingers of a blessed hope to Sir Anthony Vandyke. For the first time, the thought that Mary Gowry, young, beautiful, high-born and accomplished as she was, would permit him to love her, would return his affection, came to light up his soul with such brightness as the morning star sheds when we are weary with watching for the day. It was the crisis of their fate; the moment when when the beatings of each heart seemed, as it were, to be heard and echoed by the other.

The denouement is known to all who are conversant with the history of those times. We need not go into the particulars of this love passage, which enlivened in a most unwonted manner, the dull monotony of the court of Charles the First. That monarch had shown his good taste in appreciating the fine genius of Vandyke. He now showed himself capable of a wise and disinterested friendship toward those whom he had patronized. He gave Mary Gowry with a handsome marriage portion, to Sir. Anthony Vandyke, though he felt that in thus making the artist happy at home, he was lessening his dependence on his royal master. This species of self-remuneration Queen Elizabeth never would make.

"ANOTHER ENGINEER."—THE SHERIFF ON A LOCOMOTIVE.—A most amusing scene occurred one day last week on one of the rail-roads between Buffalo and Albany. Mr. Welles, the people's letter carrier, finding the rail-road would not give him a passage in consequence of Postmaster Wickliffe's order to turn out all persons suspected of carrying letters, had a Sheriff waiting at every station with an injunction to prohibit the departure of the cars without him under a penalty of \$10,000.

The train was ready. Welles said nothing, but stood by, carpet bag in hand.

Dling, Dling, ding, ding, went the signal bell for the train to start.

"All aboard," shouted the conductor, giving the signal to the engineer.

Engineer.—I can't go.

Conductor.—What's the matter.

Engineer.—There is another Engineer here. He won't let me start her.

Conductor.—Kick him overboard.

[Passengers putting their heads out of the cars, and bawling at the top of their voice, "Conductor," "Conductor," "what's the matter." "The biler ain't going to burst, is it?"]

Engineer.—You had better come here and kick him overboard yourself.

[Conductor approaches and addresses the Sheriff]

What business have you here, Sir.

Sheriff.—I forbid the departure of this train without Mr. Welles under a penalty of ten thousand dollars. Here's my authority.

[Passengers getting out—a terrible alarm in the cars—&c., &c.]

Conductor.—All right sir. Come, Mr. Welles, jump aboard. Passengers will please to take their seats immediately.

Dling, Dling, Whist, phiz, ziz, and the cars are off, with Mr. Welles aboard. An injunction awaited the train at the commencement of each corporate jurisdiction, as it passed on to Buffalo. Mr. Wickliffe has been defeated by "another Engineer."—N. Y. Sun.

JOSEPHINE.

From the memoirs of the former Empress of France, published in Constable's Miscellany, we derive the interesting notices which are subjoined.

HER BIRTH AND PARENTAGE.

The name of this celebrated lady has been variously given; the only decisive authority—her own signature to a public document—is *M. J. R. Tascher*, or *Marie-Joseph-Rose-Tascher*. There are jointly the baptismal appellations of both parents. Her father was *Joseph-Gaspard-Tascher*, frequently, but improperly written *Detascher*, and her mother, *Rose-Claira-Da-vergers de Sanois*, both natives of France, though married in St. Domingo about 1771. Of these individuals, now become historical personages, little interesting information has been preserved. Occurrences in private life are seldom retained, and can rarely be recovered, when they derive their sole importance from unexpected and long subsequent events. M. Tascher had early embraced a military career, and attained the rank of captain in a regiment of horse. This station necessarily implies honorable descent, even were there not other means of ascertaining the condition of his family: for certain quarterings of nobility, as the term goes on the continent, constituted a qualification indispensably necessary to an officer, especially of cavalry in the armies of old France. He appears to have proceeded to the West Indies on professional duty sometime in 1758, but at the period of his daughter's birth, had retired from the service, and then resided upon an estate in St. Domingo, called *La Fegerie*. Of his wife Mademoiselle de Sanois, almost no particular is recorded beyond the fact of her having been the daughter of an ancient and respectable family in one of the southern provinces, which some years prior to her union with Captain Tascher, falling into straitened, or, at least, less opulent circumstances, from the unsuccessful issue of a lawsuit, had retired to possessions in the new world.

Of this parentage, the only child, the subject of these memoirs, was born at St. Pierre, the capital of Martinico, on the 23d June, 1763. By some authorities, and among others, the act of her civil marriage with Bonaparte, still extant on the Revolutionary registers of Paris, Josephine's birth is placed in 1767. The four years, however, thus deducted from her real age must be assigned either to mistake, or not improbably in the instance quoted, to voluntary forgetfulness. It is deserving of notice, also, as something like a mutual abnegation of curious inquiry on this head, that in the same instrument, one year is added to the General's age. The birth of her children of her first marriage are likewise decisive on the point: and, in truth, so little attention has been paid to consistency here, that we have read biographies of Josephine, whose authors with an innocent inadvertence to the fact, make her a mother at the age of little more than ten years.

The infancy and youth of Josephine were passed, not under the paternal roof, but with an aunt. Instead therefore, of returning to St. Domingo with her parents, the infant remained in the island of Martinico. We can discover no cause for this, save a family arrangement in the first instance, and the premature death of her mother. Without being aware of these circumstances, however, and perhaps not recollecting that her father died before she had become known, the reader might deem it remarkable, and even ungrateful, that Josephine so seldom mentioned, and consequently has left such slight and imperfect memorials of her parents. But opportunities will hereafter occur of proving, from her affectionate attention to every surviving member of her father's family, and unshaken friendship for the relatives of her first husband, that her's was a heart incapable alike of ingratitude, as of feeling ashamed of an humble origin. She appears in truth, to have remembered nothing of her mother, and extremely little of her father; for, while writing and speaking in the most endearing terms of her aunt—"that excellent woman," to use her own expression, "that tender mother, that perfect being whose virtues you my children, have so often heard me extol,"—she makes no mention, in a letter which there was every reason to suppose would be her last, of either father or mother, even so distantly as to induce the belief that she had ever known them.

HER LAST ILLNESS AND DEATH.

"The unhappy Josephine had now been so long exposed to agitating changes, that, though immediately after the divorce, she had improved in personal appearance, her health had become extremely precarious. New anxieties, in addition to the distressing events which had just occurred, began to alarm her. It was now the commencement of May, and the appointments fixed by the Treaty of Fountainebleau had not been paid, the distress occasioned by this very unwarrantable neglect of an obligation which ought to have been especially held sacred by the French government, will be readily conceived by the reader acquainted with Josephine's tastes and benevolent disposition. Sometimes she would allow an expression of censure to escape against Napoleon, but would instantly retract—"No no! he is unhappy—he must be in want himself—I will sell my jewels, and send him money." About the same time she resolved to make her will—a subject on which she had previously wished to consult Napoleon, and now the faithful creature sent a draft to Elba, "Make your remarks, Sir; you cannot doubt

they will be held sacred by me, or that I rejoice in this opportunity of showing my devotion at a time when others fall away from their obedience." This instrument was never completed, which afterward proved a source of great misfortune to Josephine's most loved retainers, none of whom were rewarded as she intended, or as their fidelity merited.

All these grievances preyed upon Josephine's spirits, but without producing any appearance of disease, till the fourth of May, when she dined at St. Leu, with Hortense, Eugene, and the Emperor of Russia. On returning to Malmaison she felt a general uneasiness, which, however, yielded to some gentle medicine, and the Empress resumed her ordinary occupations, though evidently without the usual enjoyment. Some days after, Lord Beverly, with his two sons, breakfasted at Malmaison, and to this nobleman Josephine expressed herself warmly on the generosity of the English, who at that time, she said, alone spoke of Napoleon in a becoming manner. She complained bitterly of the ingratitude of those who, not satisfied with abandoning his falling fortunes, overwhelmed his memory with calumny. On the 10th, Alexander, with several distinguished foreigners, dined at Malmaison. Josephine, despite a headache and cold shiverings, which she labored to conceal, did the honors of the table, and in the evening attempted even to take part in a game of "prisoners," on the beautiful lawn in front of her residence. How many painful associations must have connected themselves with this amusement! Both mind and body unfitted her for such an exercise, and she was constrained to become a spectator, but with such an altered appearance as to excite the alarm of her guests. To their anxious inquiries, however she continued to reply with a faint smile, which belied the assurance, "that she was only fatigued, and would be well to-morrow." To-morrow came, but Josephine was evidently worse; and for fourteen days her complaint, without assuming any definite form, or rendering absolute confinement necessary, was frequently attended at night with fainting and sometimes a wandering of the mind, more from anxiety than delirium. On the 24th, the Empress had a slight attack of sore throat, but otherwise rallied so much as to insist on seeing the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia, who were engaged to dine with her on that day. She did accordingly appear but was forced to retire, and Hortense, who never left Malmaison during her mother's illness, took her place at table. Thenceforward the disease assumed a most alarming character of gangrenous quincy, and its progress became fearfully rapid.

On the morning of the 25th, Alexander returned, and, filled with anxiety at the alteration in Josephine's appearance, requested permission to send his own physician. This the Empress declined; but from that day she was attended by her own, and the two physicians attached to the household of her son and daughter. On the night of the 26th-27th, a blister was applied between the shoulders, and sinapisms to the feet; but though these gave some relief from pain, they effected no impression on the disease. Still Josephine, with the same angelic sweetness which had marked her whole life, endeavored by concealing her suffering, to soothe the anxiety of her surrounding friends. From the morning of the 26th, she appears to have been perfectly sensible of her danger; for looking then steadily upon the physician and perceiving his alarm, she al-

lently pressed his hand in token of consciousness and acquiescence. She even took an interest in her former occupations, and on the 27th, when informed that the celebrated flower painter, Redoubt, had come to draw two favorite plants in flower, she sent for him extended her hand, then pushed him gently away, saying, "You must not catch my sore throat, for next week," (this was on Monday,) "I hope to see you advanced with a fresh masterpiece." The preceding night had passed in a legarthic sleep, and at ten in the morning of the 28th, the physicians after consulting, deemed it proper to prepare Eugene and Hortense for the final change. From those two cherished beings, whom she had loved so truly, Josephine heard a communication which thus lost all its bitterness. With pious resignation, she received the last rites of the Romish faith from the ministrations of her grandchildren's preceptor, for the parish clergyman of Ruel happened to be absent. Late on the same day the Emperor Alexander arrived, and was shown into the chamber of the sufferer, now evidently approaching the goal of all her sorrows. By the bed of their mother knelt Eugene and Hortense, too deeply moved to address the Emperor; but at sight of the monarch whom she regarded with gratitude, Josephine seemed to acquire renewed strength, made a sign for all to approach, and said—"At least I shall die regretted; I have always desired the happiness of France; I did all in my power to contribute to it; and I can say with truth to all of you now present at my last moments, that the first wife of Napoleon never caused a single tear to flow." These were her last words, for she fell immediately after into a slumber, which continued, interrupted by a scarcely audible sigh, till half past eleven on the morning of the 29th of May, when her gentle spirit calmly passed to a world of love and peace.

At mid-day, on the 2d of June, 1814, the funeral moved forward from Malmaison, and, at five in the evening, the body of the Empress of France was consigned to a humble tomb in the village church of Ruel. To obtain even this privilege of being laid in the interior of the consecrated place, required no small exertion on the part of her son. Those who then rightfully occupied a throne, which she had filled in meekness, and not willingly, ought to have offered no opposition to any respect that could be paid to one whose dying words we have just quoted, whose remains, while they lay in state, were visited by twenty thousand of the people of France, and whose funeral procession was voluntarily closed by a thousand *poor*, who had tasted of her bounty and cherished her memory. The body had been first embalmed, and finally deposited in a double coffin of lead and sycamore; but a spirit of jealousy or of mean adulation, prevented the engraving of any inscription on the plate of gilt silver, which occupied the centre panel of the latter. The funeral was otherwise conducted with proper magnificence; commissioners from the sovereigns of Russia and Prussia headed the procession, which was composed of many foreign princes, marshals, generals, and officers of the French and Allied armies. The military formed in two lines from Malmaison to Ruel, consisted of Russian Hussars, and the National Guards of France. The chief mourners were Prince Eugene, the Grand Duke of Baden, Marquis de Beauharnois, brother-in-law, Count de Tascher, nephew, Count de Beauharnois, cousin, and the grandchildren of the deceased Empress. The funeral oration was pronounced

by the Archbishop of Tours, while the Bishops of Evreux and Versailles read prayers. Queen Hortense, who had previously been conveyed thither, continued at her devotions in one of the chapels during the whole of the ceremony; but when all but her brother had left the church, they knelt long together beside the grave. The spot is now marked by a monument of white marble, representing the Empress in imperial robes, kneeling, and bears the simple, yet touching inscription—

'Eugene and Hortense to Josephine.'

Few women ever passed through such extraordinary changes of fortune, and none have displayed more patient endurance under trials and reverses, or more affecting self-distrust, and singleness of heart, when surrounded by greatness. To those who have contemplated Josephine in private life, the recollection will often arise of that one being whose mild virtues, and gentle kindness, are the subject of their deepest regret, and sweetest gratitude."

HOPE AND DESPONDENCY.

BY A. J. H. DUGANNE.

WHEN the heart with anguish bursteth,
And the saddened spirit faints,
Then for sympathy it thirsteth,
And it poureth forth its plaints;
But the world's cold-hearted malice
Points the finger of disdain—
And the bitter, poisoned chalice
The forgotten soul must drain.

Then the dove of Hope returneth,
For she findeth not a rest,
And the broken spirit mourneth,
In the sad and silent breast!
Oh, the bitter, bitter anguish
Of the lonely, bursting heart,—
For a little while to languish,
Then in dark despair depart!

For the Rover—Aug., 1844.

THE BROKEN VOW.

BY ELIZA A. DUFUY.

TWILIGHT was darkening into night, the first faint star of evening gleamed through the far blue Heavens, and the hush and repose of nature seemed too holy to be broken by the strife of human passions; yet how painfully did the quiet of that evening scene contrast with the passionate grief of a young heart, mourning over its first sorrow.

Ellen Sinclair was a newly wedded bride. She was but seventeen; the youngest daughter of her father's house, and the spoiled pet of the whole family, her life had passed as one long bright day of sunshine and flowers. She had been wooed by one she had known from childhood, and with the consent of their mutual friends they were united.

The day after their marriage, the bridal pair left their father's house for the residence of Mr Sinclair, in one of the interior counties in Virginia. A few happy weeks passed, when Sinclair proposed to his bride to visit a gorge in the neighboring mountains, from which the rising sun frequently presents the singular spectacle of the looming of the mountain—the same phenomenon which is witnessed in the straits of Messina, and known by the more poetic name of *Fata Morgana*.

Ellen was delighted with the proposed excursion, and searched every book in the house which afforded any information on the subject.

This excursion, which promised so much pleasure, ended in despair and death. They reached the desired spot in safety. The morning was favorable to their wishes; the ascending vapors caught the rays of the rising sun and formed themselves into the most gorgeous and fantastic scenes. Ellen was so much absorbed in this wonderful and magnificent spectacle, that she had forgot the caution Sinclair had given her at the moment of mounting her splittled steed. He turned from her side a moment to speak to the servant who followed them; the movement startled her horse; the rein was lying loose on his neck, and feeling himself free from a guiding hand, he dashed off at full speed. Sinclair and the servant both followed, but were unable to overtake her. Fortunately she met a gentleman who succeeded in stopping her perilous career. Sinclair checked his horse too suddenly, that he might express his thanks to her preserver. The animal reared and threw him with great violence. He was conveyed home in a senseless state, and surgical assistance immediately summoned, but the force of the fall had inflicted some internal injury which baffled the skill of the physician.

It was beside his bed in that calm twilight that the young wife knelt with scarce a hue of life on her features.

"Oh, Ellen, my beloved, calm yourself—this sorrow unmans me," murmured the dying man, passing his hands carelessly over the head which was bowed upon his pillow.

A deep suffocated sob was the only reply to his words.

"It is hard to die," he continued, "when I was looking forward to years of such tranquil happiness, with you, my sweet Ellen; but 'tis the will of Heaven my best beloved, and we must submit."

"Oh Henry, my own Henry, you must go down to the cold, cold grave, where I can see you no more—never more hear the tones of your dear voice. Oh it will break my heart!" was the almost inarticulate reply.

"My poor Ellen, this is a hard trial for you, but you are too young to grieve always. The thought is torture to me, but—even you may love again—may wed another!" and his voice was nearly stifled with painful emotions.

"Never, never! Oh, Henry, how can you harrow my soul at this awful moment with such supposition! Wed another! Give the wreck of my buried affections to another! Oh no, no! the thought would kill me."

"I doubt not you think so now, love: but time works strange changes in this world of ours. We know not what we may do. I wish to exact no promise from you. The thought is bitterly painful to me, but should your present views change, I do not wish that the reproach of a broken promise should mar your peace of mind."

"Henry, hear me," said Ellen, in a solemn tone. "Should I ever so far forget my faith to your ashes as to lend my ear to the language of love, my heart to the voice of affection from another, may your form on my bridal evening come to me and reproach me for my faithlessness."

A bright smile passed over the face of the dying man. He murmured—

"Repeat those words again, my Ellen; they take from death its sting, in Heaven you will be all my own. Forgive my selfishness, dearest; but I have so loved you, I cannot think that another shall win."

His voice ceased to articulate, and again the deep tones of the young mourner thrilled the air with the repetition of those awful words. As they passed her lips, she felt the hand that clasped hers relax its grasp—a faint fluttering consciousness seemed to hover a moment on his features, and in another instant they wore the calm and passionless repose of death.

Ellen Sinclair buried herself in the seclusion of her own abode. A calm and gentle melancholy succeeded the first violence of her grief but she betrayed no desire to mingle with the world. Clad in the deepest mourning, she was seen nowhere but at church; and those who looked on her felt deep sympathy for one so young and so bitterly bereaved. Vainly had her own parents sought to draw her from her solitude. Two years passed, and after my fruitless efforts they at length succeeded in obtaining a promise of a visit from her at the annual reunion of their family at Christmas, for that season is still held as a festival in many parts of Virginia.

Ellen was once more beneath the roof of her father, and many and painful were the emotions which struggled in her bosom when she looked around and remembered that the last time she stood beside her native hearth, she was a gay and happy bride.

Those who looked on her could not avoid remarking the change which two years had wrought in her appearance. The girl just budding into maturity had expanded into the beautiful and self possessed woman, with a quiet grace of manner, and an air of pensive reserve which was extremely captivating.

Her parents were worldly minded people, who could not bear that their fair daughter should pass her life in the solitude to which she had doomed herself. They surrounded her with agreeable company, sought to amuse her mind and draw it from the contemplation of the terrible calamity which had destroyed her dawning hopes of happiness, and they succeeded sufficiently to implant in her mind a distaste to the idea of returning to her late abode.

Week after week passed, until months were numbered, and she began to think it was her duty to remain with her parents. She was their youngest child, and the only one without ties which severed them in a measure from the parental roof.

"Ellen, my darling," said her father, when she spoke of returning home, "you will not again forsake us? We are old, and you are the only child who is free to remain with us. You must live here—I cannot think of permitting you to return to that lonely home of yours."

"It is lonely," replied Ellen; "and I fear that after breaking through my usual habits, I shall find it difficult and wearisome to resume them. Yet, my dear father, if I consent to remain, there is one request which I must make."

"What is it, my daughter? Are we not ever mindful of your wishes?"

"Ah, yes, my dear father, more mindful than I deserve. But"—and her voice sank to a low agitated whisper—"there must be no looking forward to a second marriage for me—no attempt to alter my views

on that subject. I have made a vow to the dead and it must be kept sacred."

"What!" exclaimed her father, "was Sinclair ungenerous enough to exact from you a promise not to marry again?—young and inexperienced as you were, too!"

"Ah! no, father—wrong him not. He was too noble. He asked no promise—I made it voluntarily; and as the words left my lips his spirit departed. Oh no my father, never ask me to break that vow—it is a hallowed one."

"Well my darling, let it be as you wish. I shall prefer keeping you with us; but at the same time, if you should ever meet with one you can love, and who is worthy of you, it will be very silly to suffer a few words uttered when you were scarcely conscious of their meaning to prevent you from making the home of an honorable man happy. Why, child, you are only now nineteen. Do you suppose that the death of one person, however dear, can chill all your feelings into ice at that age?"

"I must then in sincerity of soul pray to be delivered from temptation," said the young widow, with a faint smile, "for I shall never marry again."

As time passed on, Mrs. Sinclair could not help acknowledging that she was far happier than in her mountain solitude. Her spirits were no longer wearied; she no longer felt that life was a burden she would gladly lay down. She needed the excitement of society, and the social and highly cultivated neighborhood in which her father's residence was situated, afforded every facility for its enjoyment.

The third year of her widowhood was drawing to a close, when she received an invitation to the marriage of a favorite cousin, who would take no refusal. Ellen replied that if the bride would excuse her sombre dress and pensive face she would attend, and the concession was hailed as an omen of future success in drawing her into that world she was so peculiarly fitted to adorn.

There was a motive for these efforts of which Ellen little dreamed. She regularly attended the church near her father's residence, and her mother had several times called her attention to a remarkably handsome man who sat in a pew nearly opposite to them; but she had not remarked that his eyes frequently wandered from his prayer book to her own fair face. His height, and the turn of his head had reminded her of Sinclair, but there the resemblance ceased. The broad brow, finely chiseled features, and clear dark eye of the stranger, were all unlike the youthful bloom of him who had won her young affections. She frequently heard Mr. Peyton spoken of as a man of distinguished endowments, who had spent several years in the south of Europe with an only and beloved sister, for the benefit of whose health the journey had been vainly undertaken. These circumstances had nearly passed from her mind when she was introduced to him at the wedding as the intimate friend of the groom.

Peyton had fallen in love with her from his casual view of her at church, and the eulogium of his friend's affianced bride, who looked on Mrs. Sinclair as a "bright particular star," had deepened the impression. The circumstances of her marriage threw a romantic interest around her history, and when he looked on the youthful brow with a shade of placid pensiveness that seemed to breathe a hallowed charm over her

beauty, he felt that she was the only woman he had ever known, before whom his heart could bow with the homage of affection.

Yet how to speak of love to one who still wore the deepest mourning—who never joined in the mirth of the light-hearted? It would seem almost like sacrilege to breathe into her ear the wild passions that filled his heart, yet its very hopelessness appeared to add to its fervor.

But ere long a new hope dawned on him. Ellen was surrounded by the gay and the joyous of her own age. Her disposition was naturally buoyant; her spirits rose; the chord she had believed forever snapped, again thrilled to the touch of joy. When the bonds of grief were once severed the reaction was complete. She still revered the memory of her first love, and if her heart had whispered that she could ever be faithless to his ashes, she would have shuddered with superstitious horror at the thought. The possibility of breaking that solemn promise had never occurred to her—but time teaches many strange lessons.

Peyton lingered in the neighborhood a constant visitor at Wycombe, but his attentions were not sufficiently marked to attract the observation of others. Her own family were too desirous of the match to hazard the final success of the lover by alluding in any manner to his passion for her.

Peyton won his own way slowly but surely. The fair widow began unconsciously to regret the vow which had ascended to Heaven with the spirit of her dead husband. At length he spoke of love, and she listened with trembling awe to the out-pouring of a spirit which was too noble to be trifled with, and too highly appreciated to be given up without a pang.

He drew from her quivering lips the history of her vow, and divested of every feeling of superstition himself, he could not conceive that a few words uttered in a moment of excited and agonized feeling should stand between him and his hopes of happiness. He did not understand the impressible and imaginative temperament of the being who listened to his reasoning, willing, nay, anxious to be convinced against the evidence of her own feelings.

Her parents agreed with her lover in his views of the case—and urged on all sides, her own heart a traitor, Ellen yielded to their wishes and betrothed herself to Peyton.

As the day appointed for her marriage drew near, the words of her vow appeared to be ever ringing in her ears. With a restless and fearful spirit she saw the hour approach which was to witness her second espousals.

Preparations were made for a splendid bridal. All the members of her family assembled beneath the paternal roof, and every effort was made to divert her mind from dwelling on the fantasy that possessed it.

The appointed evening arrived, and the ceremony which made her the bride of another was performed. Several hours passed in dance and song. It was near midnight when Ellen found herself standing on the portico in the bright moonlight with Peyton beside her. The gay throng within were still dancing, and the sound of merry voices mingled with the bursts of music that swept by on the dewy and fragrant air. Ellen started as Peyton spoke beside her, and for the first time for several hours the recollection of her fatal vow intruded on her mind.

"What a glorious night," she remarked. "I never saw the moon shine with greater splendor."

"May it be a happy omen to us, my dear Ellen," replied Peyton—and as he spoke he turned to a white rose bush which had wreathed itself around one of the pillars of the portico, and culled several of its half-blown flowers.

While he was thus employed Ellen was gazing abstractedly on the fantastic shadows made by the trees in the yard. Suddenly she grasped the railing for support, and looked with eyes fascinated with terror on a white shade, which seemed to rise from an open space on which the moon's radiance was poured without obstruction from the surrounding shrubbery. The shadow arose slowly, and gradually assumed the waving outline of a human form wrapped in the garments of the tomb. It approached the spot on which she stood, and the features of Henry Sinclair, wearing a look of sad reproach, were distinctly visible to her as the shade glided between herself and her newly wedded lord.

With a faint cry she would have fallen had not Peyton turned and sprang forward in time to receive her senseless form in his arms.

Long, long was it before she recovered from her deathlike swoon. She then related what she had seen, and clung to the belief in the reality of the spectral visitation with such tenacity, that reasoning and soothing failed to calm her mind. Before another day had dawned she was raving in the delirium of a brain fever, and in one week from her ill-omened marriage she was laid beside him whose spirit she believed had summoned her to join him.

The incidents on which the foregoing tale is founded are literally true. That the supernatural visitation was the offspring of an overwrought imagination and superstitious mind, a real case of monomania, there can be but little doubt. The vagaries of an excited imagination are producing results on Mormons and Millerites quite as inexplicable to sober reason as the catastrophe of The Broken Vow.

BALLAD.

BY TOM HOOD, JR.

THERE lived an honest fisherman,
I knew him passing well—
Who dwelt hard by a little pond,
Within a little dell.

A grave and quiet man was he,
Who loved his hook and rod,
So even ran his line of life,
His neighbors thought it odd.

For science and for books he said
He never had a wish—
No school to him was worth a fig,
Except a school of fish.

This single-minded fisherman
A double calling had—
To tend his flocks in winter time,
In summer, fish for shad.

In short, this honest fisherman
All other toils forsook,
And though no vagrant man was he,
He lived by "hook and crook."

All day that fisherman would sit
Upon an ancient log,
And gaze into the water like
Some sedentary frog.

A cunning fisherman was he,
His angles all were right—
And when he scratch'd his ancient poll
You'd know he'd got a bite.

To charm the fish he never spoke,
Although his voice was fine—
He found the most convenient way
Was just to drop a line.

And many a "gudgeon" of the pond,
If made to speak to-day,
Would own with grief this angler had
A very taking way.

One day, while fishing on the log,
He mourn'd his want of luck—
When suddenly he felt a bite,
And jerking, caught a duck.

Alas! that day the fisherman
Had taken too much grog,
And being but a landsman, too,
He couldn't keep the log.

In vain he strove with all his might,
And tried to gain the shore;
Down, down he went, to feed the fish,
He'd baited oft before!

The moral of this mournful tale
To all is plain and clear:
A single "drop too much" of rum
May make a watery bier.

And he who will not "sign the pledge,"
And keep the promise fast,
May be, in spite of fate, a stiff
Cold water man at last!

WASHINGTON WAS ONE OF OUR FACTION.

WITH most unparalleled impudence, the circular to the presidential candidates published a few days since by a squad of wreckless foreigners, styled the great Native American party a *faction*, an outrageous, intolerant, unprincipled *faction*. This is pretty cool, we must confess. We cannot well conceive how impudence could go further. Whatever may be said of this "faction" by foreign loafers and demagogues, it is certainly venerable for its age, invincible in its numbers, and with Washington at its head it hardly need to blush for its character.

Long before the revolution, our fathers, who had borne the heat and burden of the day in planting the American colonies and building up a goodly heritage for their children, complained that foreigners crowded in among them, disturbing their peace and enjoying their possessions, "coming as it were to a bridal feast where all things were prepared for them." The same trouble occurred in the revolutionary times, and was distinctly and emphatically complained of by Washington.

He even regretted the presence of all foreigners in the army with the exception of Lafayette.

If the immigration of foreigners was an evil then, which could draw such complaints from Washington,

what must it be now when it has increased more than a hundred fold?

In a former number we quoted the language of Jefferson on this subject. In his day, he feared the effect of the great increase of foreigners among us. He says, "they will bring with them the principles of the governments they leave, imbibed in their early youth; or if able to throw them off, it will be in exchange for an unbounded licentiousness. In proportion to their numbers they will share with us the legislation. They will infuse into it their spirit, warp and bias its directions, and render it a heterogeneous, incoherent, distracted mass."

We give below, a document proving what we have said about Washington—that he in fact belonged to the Native American faction, and deprecated the presence and the influence of so many foreigners in the country.

Letter of George Washington to Gouverneur Morris.

WHITE PLAINS, 24th July, 1778.

Dear Sir:—Whether you are indebted to me, or I to you, for a letter, I know not, nor is it a matter of much moment. The design of this is to touch cursorily upon a subject of very great importance to the well being of the United States; much more so than will appear at first view. I mean the appointment of so many foreigners to office of high rank and trust in our service. The lavish manner in which rank has hitherto been bestowed on these gentlemen, will certainly be productive of one or the other of these evils—either to make us despicable in the eyes of Europe, or to become the means of pouring them in upon us like a torrent, and adding to our present burden.

But it is neither the expense nor trouble of them, that I most dread. There is an evil more extensive in its nature, and fatal in its consequences, to be apprehended, and that is, the driving of our own officers out of the service, and throwing not only our army, but our military councils, entirely into the hands of foreigners. The officers, my dear sir, on whom you must depend for the defence of this cause, distinguished by length of service, their connections, property, and in behalf of many, I may add, military merit, will not submit much, if any longer to the unnatural promotion of men over them, who have nothing more than a little plausibility, unbounded pride and ambition, and a perseverance in application not to be resisted but by uncommon firmness, to support their pretensions; men, who in the first instance, tell you they wish for nothing more than the honor of serving in so glorious a cause as volunteers, the next day solicit rank without pay, the day following want money advanced to them, and in the course of a week want further promotion, and are not satisfied with anything you can do for them. When I speak of officers not submitting to these appointments, let me be understood to mean, that they have no more doubt of their right to resign, when they think themselves aggrieved than they have of a power in congress to appoint.

Both being granted, then, the expediency and the policy of the measure remain to be considered, and whether it is consistent with justice or prudence to promote these military fortune-hunters, at the hazard of your army. They may be divided into three classes, namely, mere adventurers without recommendation, or recommended by persons who do not know how else to dispose of or provide for them; men of great ambition, who would sacrifice everything to promote

their own personal glory; or mere spies, who are sent here to obtain a thorough knowledge of our situation and circumstances, in the execution of which, I am persuaded, some of them are faithful emissaries, as I do not believe a single matter escapes unnoticed, or unadvised at a foreign court. I could say a great deal on this subject, but will add no more at present.

I am led to give you this trouble at this time by a very handsome certificate shown to me yesterday in favor of M. Newville, written, (I believe) by himself, and subscribed by Gen. Parsons, designed as I am informed, for a foundation of the superstructure of a brigadiership.

Baron Steuben, I now find, is also wanting to quit his inspectorship for a command in the line. This will be productive of much discontent to the brigadiers. In a word, although I think the baron an excellent officer, I do most devoutly wish that we had not a single foreigner among us, except the Marquis Lafayette, who acts upon very different principles from those which govern the rest. Adieu.

I am most sincerely yours, &c.

Signed,

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

THE COW-KEEPING ANT.

The following very curious account was published in a Boston paper several years ago.

We have before us a highly interesting little volume just published in London, entitled the "History of Insects," giving the best summary account of the recent discoveries in the science. It amply deserves republication in this country. We propose to abridge from it to-day an account of a tribe of ants *which keep cows!* It appeared at first so like a romance, however, that we have turned to several standard authors on the subject, and find it fully confirmed.

They keep and feed certain insects from which they extract a sweet and nutritious liquid, in the same manner as we obtain milk from cows! There are two species of insects from which the ant tribe extract this juice, the aphides or plant lice, and gall insects. Linnaeus, and, after him, other naturalists, have called these insects the milch cattle of ants, and the term is not inapplicable. An attentive observer may see them ascending trees to milk their cows, the aphides. The substance here called milk is a sweetish fluid which these plant lice secrete, resembling honey in taste, and which issues from very small tubes or teats; after they have sucked the sap of the tree or plant on which they reside, the ants milk them with their antennae with much the same motion as is employed by a milk maid, making them yield the liquid at pleasure. Thus it proceeds from one of its *cows* to another till satiated. These cows are the property of tribes, and kept after the fashion of the animal so extremely useful to man. Sometimes they remove them from their native place and domesticate them in their own habitations, affording, as Huber justly observes, an example of almost human industry and sagacity; other species which do not gather the plant lice together in their own nest still seem to consider them as private property; they set sentinels to protect their places of resort, and drive away other ants; and what is still more extraordinary, they enclose them as a farmer does his sheep, to preserve them not only from the rival ants, but also from the natural enemies of the aphids. They construct round the branch on which their cattle are feeding, an enclosure of earth or some

other material, thus securing them from wandering and from interlopers.

The brown ant has been observed by Huber to build a chamber round the stem of a thistle in such a way that the stalk passed through the centre, so that from their ant hill they had only to climb a thistle stalk in order to enter their cattle fold. The interior, smooth and compact, was entirely formed of earth; it contained an extensive family of insect cows, but he remarks that such exhibitions are not common.

In the winter the ants would be exposed to all the horrors of famine, did they not rely for food on their cattle. Their milch cows are then kept on the roots of the trees which penetrate the interior of the nest, and furnish an abundant supply of the liquid in which their keepers delight. And not only is the full grown animal kept, but its eggs are watched and guarded with that care which warrants us in supposing that the ant knows their full value. In order to have an early spring supply of milk, the eggs are deposited in the warmest part of the dwelling.

To the naturalist we have probably related nothing new, but to the general reader we may have promulgated a new idea. At all events we shall be amply rewarded for our trouble of abridgement if we turn the attention of a single student of nature's laws to the highly interesting and now *fashionable* study of natural history.

In relation to this subject the Kennebec Journal adds the following.

A gentleman of this town has shown us a number of these ant cows, which he found attached to the trunk of a fir tree in his front yard. He had seen the ants milk them, and defend them from flies and other insects. The cows we examined were black, with a round body, legs like spiders, but shorter, the body of the insect somewhat larger than the head of a pin.

From Major Downing's Bunker Hill.

REPRESENTATIVES TO CONGRESS.

It is said, that when the Native American Whigs and Democrats of this city banded together last spring, and by a large majority took possession of the city government, there was an implied, if not an express understanding among them that they should not interfere with the great contest of the approaching presidential election. And some seem to think that to attempt to elect representatives to Congress would be such an interference, amounting almost to a breach of good faith. We confess we cannot see the matter exactly in such a light. If the Native Americans should call out the strength of their party and elect four Democrats or four Whigs to Congress, it would be such an interference, and, under present circumstances, an unjustifiable one. But this of course they do not propose to do. It is not the object of the party, if they move in this matter of representatives to Congress, to elect either Whigs or Democrats, but *Native Americans*—men who will go forward and help to establish the principles of the party throughout the country. The only way, therefore, that the Native Americans can do this, and maintain their neutrality between the Whigs and Democrats, and carry out their own peculiar principles in good faith toward each other, is to select their candidates equally from the two great political parties—two Democrats and two Whigs.

There seems to be a general desire among the Native American party of this city, as far as we can un-

derstand their views, to be represented in Congress. They consider it important that their principles should be promulgated and established throughout the country by every means and as fast as possible. Four representatives in Congress from the first city in the union to stand up for the Native American cause, and sow the seeds of the party broad-cast through the land, would be an important step toward the achievement of their object. Nor need they fear that the four would have to stand alone. From present appearances Pennsylvania will surely be there to stand by their side, and other states will undoubtedly soon follow.

If the Native Americans therefore determine to plant themselves at once in Congress, we cannot see that there is anything in their way. Let them be careful in the selection of their men; let them make their nominations *early*; let them take two moderate but decided Whigs, and two moderate but decided Democrats—men of sound practical good sense, of acknowledged integrity and fair character, and *they will elect them*.

THE TREADMILL SONG.

BY OLIVER W. HOLMES.

The stars are rolling in the sky,
The earth rolls on below,
And we can feel the rattling wheel
Revolving as we go.
Then tread away, my gallant boys,
And make the axle fly;
Why should not wheels go round about,
Like planets in the sky?

Wake up, wake up, my duck-legged man,
And stir your solid pegs;
Arouse, arouse, my gawky friend,
And shake your spider-legs;
What though you're awkward at the trade?
There's time enough to learn—
So lean upon the rail, my lad,
And take another turn.

They've built us up a noble wall,
To keep the vulgar out;
We've nothing in the world to do
But just to walk about:
So faster, now, you middle men,
And try to beat the ends:
It's pleasant work to ramble round
Among one's honest friends.

Here, tread upon the long man's toes,
He sha'n't be lazy here,
And punch that little fellow's ribs,
And tweak that lubber's ear;
He's lost them both; don't pull his hair,
Because he wears a scratch,
But poke him in the further eye,
That isn't in a patch.

Hark, fellows, there's the supper bell,
And so our work is done;
It's pretty sport—suppose we take
A round or two for fun!
If ever they should turn me out,
When I have better grown,
Now, hang me, but I mean to have
A treadmill of my own!

From the Bunker Hill.

DOWNINGVILLE, Aug. 12 1844.

Dear Cousin Jack,

WHEN I got your letter, tellin the folks you was goin to print a paper of your own I jumped right up and down. Thinks I to myself, now we shall have a paper sich as the folks in Downingville will know how to read. None o' your stupid papers made up of big, hard words, enuf to crack a body's jaw to get them out, and full of stuff such as no body ever heard on, or dreamed on, or thought on, afore; but about things that folks can understand. Now I just want to ask, Cousin Jack, which is most consequence, to know whether one kind of rock or another kind of rock was made first, or to know whether we've got an honest man or a rogue into office?

I don't know much about these things, but since you've rit so much about pollyticks, it's set me a thinkin, and when I've stood turnin the spinin wheel all day, I've thought of these things till my head would go round and round, jist like the wheel I'm turnin. And when you'd tell us how things were goin on in York, I felt jist as if I wanted to drop my spinin wheel and start rite off on foot and alone, as the gal went to be married, and help you to put things to rites. I think a few stout hands, with good stiff brooms, good mop rags, and a plenty of water, might get everything swept out, cleaned and washed, and cooled down again pretty comfortable. O, Jack I wish I could help you. Sometimes, as I was sayin, I was a good mind to start rite off, but then I'd remember that I'm nothin but a poor country gal, away down east in the State of Maine, that nobody hardly ever see or heard on, and I'd grow discouraged. Father says it must be an awful state of the country when women get to thinkin so much about pollyticks; and I believe him. O dear, I dont know what I've rit, I'm in such a takin about these pollyticks. I long to see you but I know the country needs you in York. Its been a great relief to us here in Downingville to think you was goin to edit a paper. There will be one Editor at least, who wont be afraid to speak rite out. O Jack; dont be afraid to tell the truth, no matter who it hits. I wish I could come and help you, but Mother grows old and stiff, and I ought to stay to home and take care of her. Everybody sends their love to you Sarah says she wouldn't mind patchin your clothes, and darnin your stockings for the sake of readin some of you nuse-papers. I must bid you good night, for my candle is burnt down and I'm almost a sleep.

your lovin Cousin,

NABBY DOWNING.

From the Bunker Hill.

AMONG the letters I got the other day from home, is the following from good old aunt Darkees Brown; and a cleverer body I dont think there is in all Downingville. She's a kind of quakerish sort of a woman, but she's always trying to do somebody some good. If she sees anybody poor and hungry, she'll go without her dinner any time to let 'em have it. She dont seem to be jest like other folks; she's readin and writin near about half the time. Sometimes she writes poetry, and tis a plaguy sight better, according to my way of thinking, than most of the stuff that they put into the newspapers and call it poetry. The following is her letter, with a little piece of poetry, that she sent me.

DOWNINGVILLE, 8th month, 1844.

DEAR JACK—Thee sees I call thee Jack, notwithstanding thee is about to become a publisher of a paper. I felt rejoiced when I heard thee was going to establish a new paper, for I believe thee will try to do good with it. I always knew thee had an honest heart, and if we can only get in the way of having honest editors, people wont quarrel half so much about politics as they do now. I send a few lines for thy new paper, and if thee will take the trouble to print the productions of my poor pen, perhaps thee may hear from me from time to time.

Thine truly.

For the Bunker Hill.

I SAW a tender flowret bend
Beneath the sweepin blast,
The frail stem like an aspen shook
As the wild wind o'er it pass'd.
But soon the storm had pass'd away,
And the air was warm and bright,
And the flowret raised its drooping head,
More lovely to the sight.
The soft wind dried the drops away,
That on its petals gleamed,
And round the flowret's hallowed spot
The air more balmy seemed.

Thus, though around the Christian's path
May gather many a storm,
He humbly bows to Him who said
"Be still," and all was calm.
And all that tries the spirit's faith,
But lifts it nearer Heaven,
Spreads radiant hues of love around,
More blest for having siven.

DORCAS BROWN.

MAJOR NOAH AND THE IRISH.

THE circular from Mr. McMurray and other foreigners to the presidential candidates, which we alluded to in our last, made rather a savage attack upon Major Noah. The following is an extract from the Major's reply in his last Messenger.

"I am stigmatized in this circular as a 'political Jew,' and an enemy to the Irish and the Catholics. Let us see how facts will bear out this allegation.

"In 1822, I was high Sheriff of this city. The yellow fever raged in the summer of that year; the jail limits were 150 acres, part in the infected district—the jail was filled with small debtors—many were poor Irish: women and children came to me in the deepest distress; their husbands and fathers were prisoners. Pestilence stalked around them, and I only could save them. I did so; opened their prison doors, and allowed them all to fly and preserve their lives; assumed by this act the responsibility of their debts, and actually paid a large sum in compromising them; the world said it was an act worthy of a christian; I only considered it one becoming a man. Well, let us see how grateful my Irish friends proved in the sequel. The old Democratic party nominated me again for Sheriff; not a single complaint had ever been made against my official conduct: yet these honest and grateful Irish could not find it in their conscience to vote for a Jew; they allowed me to save their lives and pay their debts, but told me with a besotted ignorance, which made me blush for them, that they 'could not allow a Jew to hang a christian,' which is an unpleasant part of the Sheriff's duty. In vain I assured

them, that if their fate should lay that way, they should be hanged by one of their own faith and one of their own countrymen, if they desired it, but they were unmoved, and selected an Irishman by the name of Shaw, scorning to nominate an American for the office, and those honest Democrats walked coolly into the federal party, and said 'help us to elect an Irishman against an American, and aid us to put down the Democrats;' and they did so. Tammany Hall never since has fully recovered from that shock."

"DOWN WITH THE NATIVES."

Down with the Natives! yes, that is the cry of the new swarms of low foreigners who throng our shores, the moment they are collected at any point in sufficient numbers to presume on their physical force. Such was their cry at Philadelphia when they shot down Native Americans, and such was their cry in New York as long ago as 1817. Is it not high time for native Americans to be up and doing, and put themselves and the government and the institutions of the country in a position *not to be put down*? The following is the testimony on this point, given by Major Noah in his last Weekly Messenger.

"There are many persons who remember the opposition made by the federal administration to the emigration of the Irish Patriots, Emmett, McNevin, Sampson, and others; yet they came to this country and received a cordial welcome from the Democracy, and all the Irish became members of that party. In March 1817, they determined to take the control of matters into their own hands, and they assembled at Tammany Hall, to insist upon the adoption of a ticket of their own making, and were on that occasion put down. In the midst of the riot they cried '*down with the natives*,' and when ejected from the wigwam, they went over in a body to St. John's Hall, made another ticket for assembly and county officers, and ran it against the regular ticket of their own party and were defeated. Men not a week in the country attended this meeting, and I then made up my mind, that unless some legal check was interposed to this foreign influence, Americans never would be able to select their own rulers—I believe so still."

From the Bunker Hill.

THE REV. JOKER.—Some publisher in this country, I don't know as I've a right to tell who, as he hasn't sent me a copy yet, has just published the works of the Rev. Sidney Smith, a queer sort of a man in England that folks have been in the habit of calling the Rev. Joker. I've heard tell of this Rev. Mr. Sidney Smith being in company with a friend of his some years ago, when Capt. Parry was gone on a voyage of discovery to find a north west passage, or the north pole, or some such sort of a thing: and this friend of Mr. Smith's was so taken up with the subject that he couldn't talk about anything else. He singled out a man in the company, who wasn't very remarkable for his patience, and began to talk to him about the wonders and dangers of the voyage; that it must be a great undertaking to go to the north pole, and he wondered if Capt. Parry had got to the north pole yet, and so on. At last the person got out of patience, and suddenly exclaimed 'damn the north pole!'

The friend turned round to Mr. Smith with horror,

and says he, "did you hear that? that man has dam'd the north pole."

"Has he, though?" said the Rev. Mr. Smith, with a face half a yard long—"well, its jest like him; he's a very strange inconsiderate man; I shouldn't be surprised to hear him speak disrespectfully of the equator."

"FASHION, little flippant thing!
What in fashion did thee bring?
That the gentle folks should make
Such a fuss for fashion's sake."

What a confounded heap of nonsense folks have to swallow, that undertake to swallow all the fashions. Nothing will answer their purpose but what is far-fetched and dear-bought, because they must have the highest top-knot of the fashion.

A lady customer of a shoe-dealer at Lynn, Mass., where they make more shoes and better shoes than any other place in the world, insisted upon his sending to New York to get her shoes, because she couldn't get exactly suited any nearer. The dealer accordingly sent to New York and got her supply, with which she was perfectly satisfied. After she had paid her bill, the dealer showed her by a private mark on the shoes that they had actually been made by a manufacturer in Lynn and sent to New York for sale.

Another case to the same point occurred in Portland, Maine. A gentleman had built him one of the finest houses in the city, and he was determined to have furniture to match. He accordingly sent to Philadelphia for his supply. When it arrived, a cabinet-maker came in and examined it, and convinced the gentleman that those very articles were manufactured in Portland, and sent to Philadelphia for sale.

AN AWFUL SITUATION.—A thrilling adventure lately happened to a bridal party visiting the Mammoth Cave, Ky. The party consisted of the bride and groom, the bridesmaid, the brother of the groom, and guide. After entering the cave and traversing that portion most frequented, which occupied many hours, a violent storm arose, accompanied by heavy showers of rain. There are several rivers in the cave, which rise rapidly and overflow, and they, unaware of this circumstance, got into a boat for the purpose of crossing one of the rivers. By some accident the boat was upset and they precipitated into the stream; and, as if to render their situation more terrifying, the torches were extinguished and the matches wet. Surely nothing but the interposition of Providence could have extricated them from a situation of such imminent peril. The groom in this trying situation proved a hero. The thought of parting with his wife, to whom he had been only that morning united, nerved him to exertion. Action and enterprize flag if there be no object dear to the heart to which they are directed. He succeeded in rescuing his bride and her bridesmaid from deep water, and then stood on a tottering rock, holding with one hand to a projection above to steady himself, and supporting his wife with his other arm. He had in the meanwhile consigned her company to the care of his brother. The groom remained in this painful position some time with the water rising upon them. The guide (a colored man) deserves much credit for his exertions. He reached the opposite bank, righted the boat, and rowed across to them, steered by their voices,

and thus landed them safely on dry ground. They had not yet, however, escaped all the dangers, but were cold, wet, and shivering, with the prospect of remaining in that situation. It was impossible they could find their way out of this intricate labyrinth without lights, and they had no reason to expect assistance from without, it being customary for parties to remain a day within the cave. Fortunately for them the people at the hotel situated at the mouth of the cave, seeing the danger, and fearful of imprudence on their part, sent additional guides with torches. This aid arrived most opportunely, for their sufferings and fear had induced them to persuade the guide to find the way out in the dark, by creeping slowly on the ground, while they followed in a line holding on to each other. When the lights reached them, they were discovered approaching a precipice, and but a few yards distant from it.

ALIENS.—The New Orleans Native American holds the following correct sentiments:—"Few persons are aware of the number of foreigners who daily arrive among us; hundreds on hundreds arrive and wander about without any certain object. With their ignorance of our manners and language, they are totally unfit to form any correct judgment of our institutions, and we have great doubts if a majority of them were to reside among us a century, they would not comprehend nor understand the principles of our government.

There is nothing more injurious to the free exercise of the human mind, than political servitude. We hold that individuals who have been degraded by slavery, become fashioned and literally moulded to their condition. Such men feel no responsibility—they possess no patriotism, and whatever may please those who employ them, so will their votes be cast in the ballot box.

How different the being who is born on the soil; in his first breath he inhales the air of freedom. It is his birth-right—he has an interest in maintaining it pure and unsullied. On his judgments the welfare of the commonwealth will be maintained—on his patriotism will it be upheld.

How different is such a being from the mass of those who overrun our country from Europe? Can such a being be compared or placed on an equal footing with the very lowest class of Europe, when called upon to place their votes in the ballot box, and is he not a fitter and worthier man on whose judgment shall depend the fate and destinies of our Republic?"

THE SUBTERRANEAN STREAM.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

DARKLY thou glidest onward,
Thou deep and hidden wave!
The laughing sunshine hath not look'd
Into thy secret cave.

Thy current makes no music—
A hollow sound we hear,
A muffled voice of mystery,
And know that thou art near.

No brighter lines of verdure
Follows thy lonely way!
No fairy moss or illy's cup
Is freshen'd by thy play.

The halcyon doth not seek thee,
Her glorious wings to lave;
Thou knowest no tint of the summer sky,
Thou dark and hidden wave!

Yet once will day behold thee,
When to the mighty sea,
Fresh bursting from their cavern'd veins,
Leap thy lone waters free.

There thou wilt greet the sunshine
For a moment, and be lost,
With all thy melancholy sounds,
In the ocean's billowy host.

Oh! art thou not, dark river,
Like the fearful thoughts untold,
Which haply in the hush of night
O'er many a soul have roll'd?

Those earth-born strange misgivings—
Who hath not felt their power?
Yet who hath breath'd them to his friend,
Even in his fondest hour?

They hold no heart-communion,
They find no voice in song,
They dimly follow far from earth
The grave's departed throng.

Wild is their course, and lonely,
And fruitless in man's breast;
They come and go, and leave no trace
Of their mysterious quest.

Yet surely must their wanderings
At length be like thy way;
Their shadows, as thy waters, lost
In one bright flood of day.

THE ROVER BOOK-TABLE.

MARTIN CHuzzlewit, complete.—The numbers of *Martin Chuzzlewit*, by Dickens, are at last brought to a close; and Mr. Winchester, of the New World Press, has published the whole work entire for twenty-five cents. It makes a hundred and fifty large octavo pages, in small type. It must undoubtedly, like all the works of Dickens, have a large sale. Its being well seasoned with abuse of this country will only make our people the more eager to read it.

The last accounts from Dickens say he has gone to Italy to spend a year, so we shall probably have a work from him next, of quite a different cast.

DYMOND'S ESSAYS.—Collins, Brother & Co., 254 Pearl street, have published a neat and cheap edition of "Essays on the Principles of Morality, and on the Private and Political Rights and Obligations of Mankind, by Jonathan Dymond." This is a valuable book, ably written, and replete with useful practical instruction. It is a volume of five hundred and seventy pages, and is sold for fifty cents.

THE PICTORIAL PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.—Rev. Daniel Newell, 126 Nassau street, is publishing in numbers a handsome illustrated edition of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*. The whole work is furnished to subscribers at one dollar. It will contain about a dozen fine steel engravings, and a large number well executed on wood. Mr. Newell also publishes the *Christian Family Magazine*, and the *Parlor Annual*.

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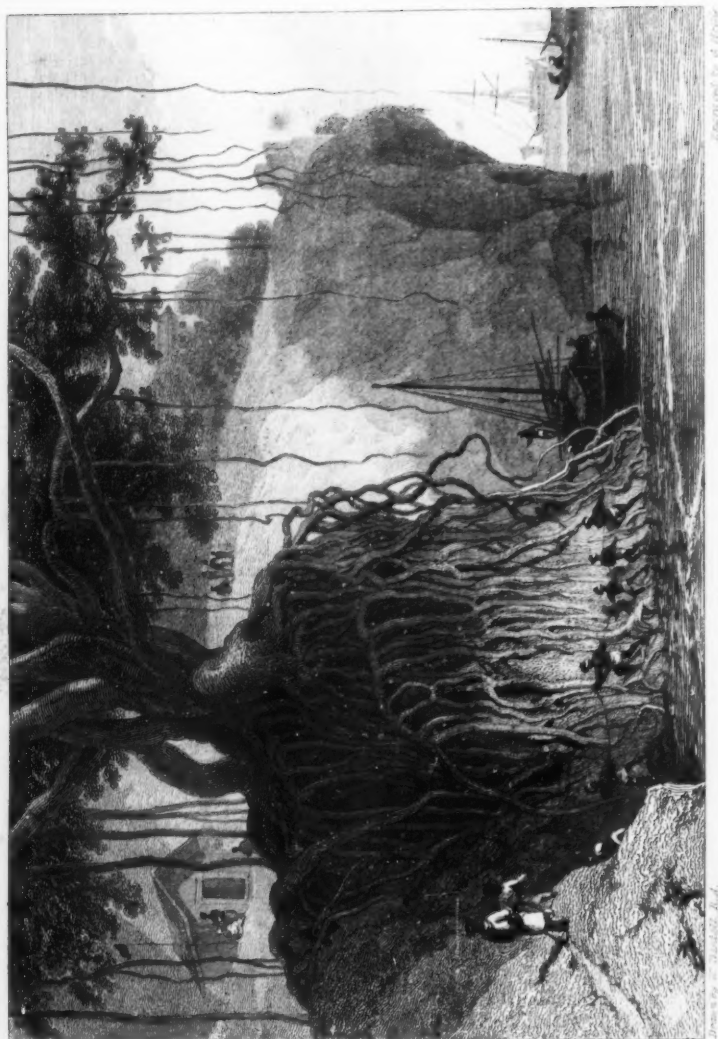
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Engraved by J. H. B. 1840

Bank of the Amazon

Drawn by J. H. B. 1840

THE RIVER.

THE RIVER GANGES.

WITH AN ENGRAVING.

Our fine engraving this week, from a drawing by the celebrated English artist, Daniell, presents a striking and picturesque view of one of the most interesting rivers in the world. The Ganges is the sacred river of the Hindoos, worshipped by them as a deity, and visited annually by countless numbers of pilgrims. It has almost become sacred, too, in the eyes of the christian world, in memory of the numerous missionaries who have devoutly taken their lives in their hand, and gone out to carry the light of christianity to those benighted sons of the human race, and have sunk in the midst of their journey on "India's coral strand."

The Ganges, like the Nile, annually overflows its banks, spreading over the plains to the width of more than a hundred miles, giving great fertility to the soil, which is one reason probably of the great veneration in which the river is held by the inhabitants. The whole course of this river is upward of two thousand miles, being one of the largest and most valuable rivers on the globe. After rising in the mountains of Tibet, it pursues a westerly course for three hundred miles, when it meets the range of the Himmaleh mountains and wanders along their base for four hundred miles when it forces a passage through, like our own Potomac through the Blue Ridge, and then runs in a smooth and navigable stream twelve hundred miles through beautiful plains to the Bay of Bengal. In its passage over these plains it receives eleven tributaries, each of which is said to be as large or larger than the Thames in England.

IRETTA,

The Fairy that would be Immortal.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

IRETTA was one of the most beautiful of the whole sisterhood of fairies; so diminutive, so light, and ethereal, that she could waft herself from place to place with the same freedom as do the emanations of the mysterious mist. She was familiar with all that is lovely, and to us hidden, in our beautiful earth. The secrets of the frozen north, and of the burning equinox, were all unfolded to her eye. She could at will fly from the delightful companionship of flowers, with whom she held a sweet familiar intercourse, and sink into the deep recesses of the mountain, where nature conceals her most magnificent creations, unseen by all eyes except those of the fairy sprites. Here they piled the diamond, the ruby, and the sapphire into columns, and domes, and spires, to raise a palace worthy of the Fairy Queen.

But Iretta delighted most, in her moments of pastime, to sport with her sisters amidst the caverns of the north, and behold the treasures collected by the fairies in these magnificent chambers for thousands and thousands of years. The merry elves would collect at the Giant's Causeway, and, sinking into the bosom of the ocean, they gaily threaded its labyrinths of basaltic columns, reared thousands of feet above their heads, and filled with all that is rare and beautiful

from the caverns of ocean. Here they would sport for hours; for here the fairies of earth, air, and ocean were wont to renew their companionship; and, when weary of pastime, they would emerge again at Staffa, and hie cheerfully to their various duties.

Tradition is wont to tell, how the King of Fire once loved the beautiful Queen of Ocean; but, rejected in his suit, he was still filled with admiration for one, who so gently denied his love. In a moment of tenderness and despair he abandoned his palace, begging her at least to grant him this one proof of her consideration, by accepting the splendid edifice for herself and court, while he retired in solitary state to the frozen regions of Iceland.

Iretta belonged to that class of little sprites, whose duty it is, as the shadows of evening creep over the earth, to fold up the delicate petals of the young and beautiful blossoms, lest the midnight air should rest too coldly upon them, or brush away the fragrant farina, and thus rob the bee of her breakfast. The young fairy moved noiselessly about, carefully folding the leaves together, or enclosing them in their delicate calyx. After each plant was disposed for the period of repose, she kissed the sealed-up altar of fragrance, and then retired to rest on the folds of the feathery mimosa, the favorite resort of fairies; and this is why it shrinks from the touch of mortals, as if endowed with sensation.

Sometimes the fairies became indolent, and neglected the sweet trust confided to them; they ceased to love the flowers, and these pined for some one to cherish them; and when they ceased altogether to kiss the young blossoms, just blushing to find their bosoms open to the light, they drooped their heads upon their green stems, and died; for it is love that makes the young flowers glow in freshness and beauty, and in the excess of their quiet happiness, breathe out fragrance upon the air. But Iretta was an affectionate, loving sprite, and when she folded the young blossoms, and kissed their perfumed lips, she did it with a fervent and blessed nature, that was full of tenderness for these beautiful creations, that grew so lovely under her cherishing care. So the flowers of Iretta were always the most flourishing and fragrant to be seen. They were never neglected, never forgotten; and, when they raised their meek eyes, and swung lightly in the air, Iretta could interpret their pretty language of gratitude. None drooped and withered upon the stalk; but each, when its destiny was accomplished, yielded up its particles cheerfully to the great laboratory of nature, knowing, that they should live again in some happy and beautiful combination.

The good angels, who superintend everything that relates to our earth, saw, and often commended, the tenderness and industry of Iretta; and He, who made the flowers, smiled upon her, and she was happy.

One bright, starry evening Iretta felt oppressed with a strange sadness; such as mortals sometimes feel, when they fear some duty, which they cannot define, may have been neglected. She had kissed and curtailed her sweet charge for the night; but she still lingered near them, listening to the happy twitter of unfledged birds, and the small pipe of the cricket, as he peeped from his grassy nook. She was at length at-

tracted by observing a great number of beautiful spirits poised about a rose tree in full blossom. She saw that they seemed to rest awhile, and then rose upward, and others took their place; so they formed a ladder as it were from earth to heaven, such as the Patriarch of old beheld in the repose at Bethel. Iretta approached, and found an infant, who had crept over the low sill, and had fallen asleep in the shadow of the queen of flowers. She bent over it, and again and again kissed the lips of the child, who grew every moment more beautiful under her caresses. She fanned its fair brow with her wings, and it smiled in its slumbers. Iretta thought she had never beheld anything half so lovely, and wished it would dwell perpetually among the flowers.

But new and strange thoughts were stirring in the breast of the little fairy as she looked upon the fair child. She remembered, that she belonged to that race of beings, whose existence is limited to the earth; and who must cease to exist when the particles that compose it are scattered on the fields of space. Unwonted shadows passed over the brow of Iretta, and she veiled her face in her wings, to crowd back the first emotion of discontent, the first longing for immortality.

"Happy, happy child!" she exclaimed, "to possess a soul! a soul worth more than all the wealth and beauty of earth. When this globe shall have passed away, and Iretta and all her sisters are lost and forgotten, thy existence will only, as it were, have commenced. No limits are assigned to thy advancement in knowledge, thy aspirations after holiness, and thy capabilities for enjoyment. Happy child, what would not Iretta suffer to become such as thou art!"

The light winds stirred the delicate blossoms, and they rocked upon their branches, and breathed out their incense to comfort her. Iretta, fearful of sinning, lifted her meek head, kissed the flowerets, and gently soothed them to repose.

But the natural tendency of all pure and exalted emotions is upward, and the very desire for immortality presupposes the certainty of its being realized; otherwise it would never have been implanted in any bosom.

A dazzling spirit stood beside the gentle and submissive fairy.

"Remember, Iretta, the child must die ere its spiritual life commences. I may not tell thee aught of death, but the purest soul, in its loftiest aspirations, shrinks from its hidden mysteries."

"True! but to live forever; to hold intercourse with such as thou; to visit other worlds; to understand the secrets of the Most High; I would suffer, ay, more even than mortals, and then die, could I partake of the blessedness of the Immortals."

The desire is granted. A company of ministering spirits softly raised the sleeping child, and, amid the hymning of far-off melody, bore it away upon their wings.

Iretta soon felt, that, in assuming the lot of mortals, she must become subject to many disquiet, and to many a pang of agony. But the certainty of her immortality filled her with inexpressible happiness, and nothing seemed too much for her to endure, in reference to such a gift. Still many, many were her sources of enjoyment. In her slumbers, her spirit beheld many a being of loveliness and purity, who taught her sweet and mysterious things of heaven, and its bless-

ed inhabitants. The sight of a flower, too, recalled all her former tenderness for these fair moments of our Creator's love, and she often wondered how her friends could so long debar her from the glorious sunshine, and the beautiful companionship of the flowers, when they contributed so largely to her enjoyment. She understood, too, the language of every bird and insect, as it lifted its voice in the summer air.

If her thoughts occasionally reverted to her sister fairies, sporting in perpetual youth and health, she did not repine, for she felt that their happiness must, at some day, cease altogether; while she, after a brief period of suffering, should enter a state of more exalted felicity than even a fairy could conceive. True, unwonted fears, and hunger, and pain, had now become her companions; hers were the simple garments, and helpless limbs of a babe; but what were perpetual beauty and health, power and happiness, if they must ever terminate? If their possessor must at some period, remote, infinitely remote though it might be, sink into the darkness and forgetfulness of annihilation. And what were the golden robes, and diamond coronal of the fairy, compared with the crown of immortality! The child closed her eyes at the contemplation, and felt she was more than happy.

Iretta had known, that sorrows dark and mysterious were the lot of mortals, but she shuddered to find that half were the result of their own unrestrained passions, and the consequence of turning away from the bright hopes and glorious rewards of futurity. Sad, sad were the reflections of the fairy child. Alas, the undying soul, to obtain which she was willing to endure so much, was of little value in the eyes of those whose inheritance it of right was. It was bartered for the glittering dust of the mine, the gems of the deep. It was hourly hazarded for the dangerous grasp of power, and the treacherous voice of popularity. Daily did she behold beings destined for eternity, absorbed in the pomp, the turmoil and cares of life; and the sunlight came, and the shadows gathered upon the earth, and scarcely one knelt to bless his Creator for the gift of reason and the hopes of immortality.

Iretta pressed her soft cheek to the breast of her mother; she nestled in her bosom, smiled in her face, and with her small fingers played about her mouth. Her mother scarcely heeded her caresses. Iretta was grieved, and looked earnestly in the beautiful face of the being who seemed so little heedful of her love. Alas! the child lay loosely in her arms; her thoughts were far away, reveling in the midst of pleasures and excitements, from which the helpless babe on her bosom debarred her. Iretta again pressed her little head to the bosom that so faintly responded to the emotions of maternity, and sought in slumber for the companionship of the gentle spirits, that for ever behold the face of our Father in Heaven, and who delight to minister to little children. Alas! none on earth felt as did the gentle fairies, that to be happy is to fulfil one's destiny cheerfully and sedulously, endeavoring always to add something to the great stock of universal happiness.

Again her celestial visitant stood beside her. Iretta eagerly stretched up her dimpled hand. "Blessed spirit, let me die; let me dwell forever with those who love to worship our beneficent Creator, who delight to promote his great system of felicity. Why should I tarry till age and weariness come upon me? let me

depart, ere my spirit shall be clouded with the shadow of a sin." * * * *

Beneath a snowy shroud lay a beautiful babe, its clear brow untouched by sorrow, and its young cheek unfaded by suffering. Pale cheeks and tearful eyes bent over its marble beauty, and fresh flowers are strewn over the early dead. A little hillock almost lost amid tangled blossoms, tells that the young and innocent sleep beneath. A babe has passed from earth, soon to be no more remembered; but an immortal spirit has gone to the eternal city. Weep not for the early dead!

THE CHURCHYARD.

BY A. J. H. DUGANNE.

Twelve o'clock! and the night-cock croweth—
Croweth long and loud,
And I do feel my spirit sink,
And my heart within me bowed.

Through the night have I been listening—
Wearily through the night—
To the sounds that come from the old churchyard
That sleepeth in my sight.

Shining down upon the tomb-stones,
Falleth the white moon-beam,
And silvereth all the darksome graves
With a bright and quiet gleam.

And I do think, as mine eyes behold it,
That Faith, like the moon-beam bright,
Doth clothe the dark and fiful grave
With a mantle of silver light.

Round about among the tomb-stones
Glide the dark shades afar,
Like evil thoughts that fly away
When shineth the pure love-star.

The lonely willow trees are bending
Sorrowful o'er the graves,
And the stars above in heaven shine
Through each one as it waves—

And thus, when Sorrow's willow bendeth
O'er us sad and dark,
If we but look through the leaves above,
The beautiful stars we mark!

It is well for me to gaze at midnight
Into the churchyard old,
Where the mounds of the long-departed
Sleep in the moon-beam cold;

For there cometh to my heart a lesson,
And when I have learn'd it well,
The weariness goes from off my soul
Like the gloom where the moonlight fell.
For the Rover—Aug., 1844.

THE SMUGGLER OF THE ISLE OF MAN.

A Passage in the life of Paul Jones.

In the year 1773, previous to the annexation of the Isle of Man to the English crown, the inducements for smuggling from that well known spot, were of the most seductive character, giving employment to a few hardy and daring spirits, whose large profits in their perilous trade, more than compensated them for con-

tinued risk they encountered in their nightly voyages from the Island to the shores of the Solway. This island of the Irish Sea once a rendezvous for freebooters and smugglers is now rendered a place of no small commercial importance as well as forming a military and naval depot for the crowded ranks and numerous fleets of the British army and navy. Its productive soil and highly cultivated lands, its neat cottages and admirable roads are a picture of modern improvements, while at all times it wears a lively and busy appearance. From the highest point of the Island in clear weather the visitor has a view of the three united kingdoms.

It was at the close of a fine day in the latter part of August 1772, that a three masted lugger was seen riding at a single anchor in a quiet cove on the west side of the island. The craft might have been of about an hundred and fifty tones burden, though her dark low hull gave her the appearance of being much smaller, while the symmetry of her spars and rigging, tapering beautifully at their various points as seen against the sky, showed her to be a craft upon whose rig time and care had been expended. Around her hull extended a line of red, broken at two points on each side by an open port, while the height of the waist showed that it was intended to serve as a breastwork to those who navigate the vessel in times of danger. Altogether, you would have pronounced the lugger at first sight a suspicious craft, and unless she carried the king's commission, one most likely bent upon mischief. At the hour of which I write, an individual rather below the usual height, yet commanding in appearance, in a seaman's garb, with a broad belt about his waist into which was thrust a couple of boarding pistols, was pacing the quarter deck; in his hand he held a speaking trumpet which at this moment he raised to his lips and issued the necessary orders for getting under weigh.

Fifty as fine fellows as ever handled a marlinspike, sprang cheerfully to execute his orders, enlivened by the shrill tones of the boatswain's whistle. While all was bustle and activity about him, the captain slowly promenaded the quarter deck presenting the picture of a young hero. Blended in his open countenance was the spirit of daring, but yet of noble purpose, his mild thoughtful eye belied his otherwise spirited appearance. His form, as we have said, was rather below the ordinary height, yet he was handsome in figure, his person evincing great power of endurance, with strength and agility; he might have been in age, about twenty-two years.

"We are brought to, sir," said the first lieutenant of the lugger to his captain.

"Heave round sir," was the prompt nautical reply.
"Heave and pull."

The anchor being raised and stowed, the wide breadth of canvas peculiar to the lugger rig, formerly so well known in the Bay of Biscay and the British Channel, was spread upon the life-like vessel and bending gracefully under the influence of the gentle west wind, she took her course under a cloud of canvas for the shores of the Solway.

"Mr. Merrick," said the captain to his first officer, "I think we are likely to have trouble on this night's trip. I learn from trusty agents that intelligence has been lodged relative to the character of our swift-footed craft, and I fear there has been treachery aboard the Dolphin." So was the lugger named.

"I hardly think that, captain," he replied "though the crew have had full freedom on shore and have lately visited Carlisle and Keswick."

"They know the rules of the ship, Mr. Merrick," said the commander sternly, "and how treachery will be rewarded. Let the crew sleep with one eye open, sir, we may have work for them."

The watch was set, while the remainder of the crew "turned in all standing" which signifies in sea parlance with their clothes on, ready for prompt and immediate service. The cargo on board the craft that now rounded the mouth of the sheltering cove, was contraband and valuable, and the object of the commander was to land it safely and return again from the main land to the island before morning.

The lugger held on her course 'till rounding the northern point of the island, when the captain who had not yet left the deck, discovered off his starboard bow, a vessel whose indistinct outlines, alone discernible in the darkness of the night, appeared to be those of a large craft; at the same moment the look out forward, discovered and announced the stranger as a sloop of war under easy sail.

The course of the Dolphin was changed two or three points more northerly, in the hope of passing the strange sail at such a distance as not to be noticed by her crew; the effort was successful, the commander of the sloop not expecting his prey at this hour, was not on the look out for the smuggler. On board the well regulated lugger all was silent as the night itself, while every sail expanded with the freshening breeze.

"Mr. Merrick," said the captain, when silence was no longer necessary, "pipe the crew to quarters, sir, I have a few words to say to them that may serve as a rough night cap for even these sea dogs."

The wakeful crew, most of whom were already upon deck, having heard of the proximity of the stranger, gathered quietly aft near the sacred precincts of the quarter deck, where they stood with their hats off and their hair waving wildly in the night air. A well disciplined ship's crew look upon their captain with much the same respect as does a courtier upon his king, save that if possible the former is most profound as is the authority of his superior more absolute.

"My lads," said the young commander, addressing his attentive crew, "most of you saw that strange sail we passed within the hour, do you know that nothing save treachery could have placed that vessel in the direct tract of the Dolphin's night course?"

"It does look mighty 'spicious, your honor" said an old seaman in the front ranks of the crew, "but shiver my timbers if I believe we've got anybody shipped aboard this ere craft but loves the saucy Dolphin and your honor too well to play them a scurvy trick."

"There has been treachery I have said, is there one of my crew that can tell me its penalty aboard this ship?"

"Death at the yard arm," sounded from the deep guttural voices of the crew, who shrunk beneath the piercing eye of their captain.

"It is my duty," said he, "to watch over your interests and my own with a jealous eye. I never deceive you, my men; the traitor shall receive his punishment though I pursue him to the foot of the throne. Enough, to your duty."

The hours passed on—the busy crew had landed the cargo and in the hands of confidential agents it was

soon hidden from the most careful search of the revenue officers.

The greatest danger was yet to be encountered. The cargo landed, the lugger must again sail for the sheltering protection of the island, but the rising moon now threw its mellow and unwelcome light—unwelcome at least to those on board the Dolphin—across the heaving swells of the Irish Sea.

Hardly had the lugger got under weigh before the cruiser was again discovered lying midway between the English coast and the island; the course the Dolphin steered, and in fact the only route she could take, would bring her in full view of the cruiser, and within range of her guns. The captain of the lugger viewed the dilemma with calm and quiet countenance giving his orders in a tone that inspired those about him with fresh courage. The two vessels were now fast approaching each other, when a coarse hail came down across the water from the sloop—"what vessel is that!"

The captain of the lugger knowing that every moment he could gain in delay was of the utmost importance in the furtherance of his purpose to run the gauntlet of the cruiser's broadside, made a mumbling and inaudible reply through his trumpet, so that the query from the sloop was put, "What answer do you make?"

The breeze still freshening drove the lugger, with her wide spread canvas swiftly through the water. She was already nearly abreast of the cruiser who having tacked, now stood on the same course as her adversary.

"What vessel is that?" was the question again put from the commander of the sloop, to which he added, "answer or I shall fire into you."

No reply being made to this hail, the captain of the York, for so the cruiser was called, ordered a shot fired into the lugger, "to wake her up" as he observed, the ball passing through the white field of the main-sail struck the water far to windward. The compliment was immediately returned from a heavy gun amidships of the lugger, the ball of which aimed by the hands of the captain himself, shot away the foretopmast of the York, which fell with all its hamper to the deck—a fierce broadside from the cruiser followed this discharge, making sad havoc among the symmetrical rig of the Dolphin.

The armament of the lugger consisted of four small pieces of ordnance and one gun amidships, revolving upon a pivot, which was of superior metal to that of any gun on board the York. From this instrument of death the missiles of destruction were so faithfully aimed that already had the foremast of the cruiser come lumbering upon the deck, confounding the crew and greatly retarding the means of defence. The York carried sixteen guns with a complement of about one hundred and fifty men: She was now unable for several moments to return the constant and destructive fire of the lugger, the wreck of the foremast having fallen along the larboard battery, being the side nearest the Dolphin. Both vessels were so cut up in their rigging as to make but little headway, and were now rising and falling on swells of the sea within a few yards of each other.

Several of the heavy shots from the lugger had penetrated the York's side at the water line, and a large number of the crew of the latter vessel were piped to the pumps as the craft was fast making large quanti-

dies of water. At this moment the eye of the smuggler captain rested upon the person of one of his own foremost men on board his enemy—the truth flashed in a moment across his mind, the *treachery* was accounted for and there stood the traitor. In an instant the grapnel irons were ordered to be thrown and the boarders piped to duty, a few hasty words from the commander of the *Dolphin*, sufficed to inform his followers that the traitor of the crew was on board the *York*, and headed by their brave and daring captain, the lugger's men leaped upon the cruiser's deck.

"Secure the traitor and back with you all," cried the captain, pointing with one hand to the trembling villain who had betrayed them, while with his other he kept a score of men at bay with his flashing sword.

After securing their treacherous comrade, the *Dolphin's* crew retreated swiftly to their own vessel, amid the astonishment of the crew of the *York*, who had been taken completely by surprise, the deed being accomplished in far less time than is required to relate the particulars.

Regaining his own deck the captain of the lugger now packed his topsails, while those that remained to the *York* continued full; thus the two vessels parted. The *Dolphin* as she fell astern of her antagonist gave her one raking shot which did fearful havoc upon her deck. The captain of the cruiser was forced to make all speed for the shore, when the *York* was run aground in a sinking condition. Thus ended the fight between the lugger and the man-of-war, showing what cool courage and skill can accomplish against superior force.

The *Dolphin* sailed for the cove on the eastern side of the island, sorely shattered in hull and rigging by the severe contest with the king's cruiser.

The lugger is again anchored in the quiet cove, and all hands are piped to witness punishment. The traitor who had betrayed the ship had confessed his guilt and the price of his treachery is found upon his person. The crew were at their stations, all save six seamen chosen by lot, who stood apart from their companions with downcast eyes and trembling forms, for they were the agents through whom a fellow creature was to be launched, in cool blood into eternity. Those hearts of oak that a few hours since stood fearlessly at their guns dealing death and destruction around, and with blood flowing like water at their feet, now trembled! A strange quiet reigned throughout the ship; even the wounded seamen below had suppressed their groans, and the tick of the captain's watch could be heard at any part of the quarter deck. The miserable man who was now to suffer stood upon a gun, his arms confined behind him and a rope around his neck—the cord was rove through a block at the extreme end of the yard-arm and reaching down again to the deck, the opposite extremity was placed in the hands of the six chosen by lot. Contemplating this arrangement for a moment the captain said:

"Why, men, next to mutiny, I know of no blacker or more accursed sin than treachery; that man has betrayed us—may Heaven forgive him as I do at this moment, he was seduced from his duty in an evil hour while under the effects of liquor—he is now penitent, and you see how bravely he will die—you have had related to you the peculiarities of his case which I think has many extenuating points—you are his jurors; shall he die? Shall we send your old messmate into eternity? Speak, my men."

"No! no! if the captain forgives him that's enough," said the generous-hearted crew.

"Blow me," said the old seaman who has before spoken in this story, "if I don't think a man who could betray such a commander and such a ship must find punishment enough in overhauling the log of his own conscience, without our sending him to soundings."

The feelings of the criminal, for he is a criminal who betrays those who have confided in him, may be better imagined than described, he left the gun an altered man. He was forgiven his sin.

Well knowing that the boldness of this last adventure with a cruiser of the Royal Navy would draw down certain destruction upon them, the captain and crew of the lugger ran her into a French port where she was sold, and the proceeds equally divided among the crew and officers, who were thenceforth disbanded.

Let us follow for a moment, gentle reader the life of this captain of the *Dolphin*, this smuggler of the Isle of Man.

Still actuated by a love of adventure and fondness for the sea, he proceeded to London, where he was soon entrusted with a large merchant vessel, in the West India trade, as captain, in which capacity he led a lucrative and adventurous life for several years, subsequent to which he visited and settled in America. On the breaking out of the war with the mother country, his ardent love for the principles for which our fathers contended, led him to offer his services in behalf of liberty. He was appointed captain of a noble vessel, the first of the American Navy, and *his was the hand that raised her flag first upon the blue water*. With this vessel and others with which he was subsequently entrusted, he gained some of the most brilliant naval victories ever won. Through his whole service there was one faithful follower, who never left him, and whose protecting arm twice saved his life in the memorable battle between the *Bon Homme Richard* and the *Serapis*, the former of which he commanded. Reader that follower was the pardoned criminal of the *Dolphin* Lugger!

Would you follow this commander still further? Congress passed a public vote of thanks to him for his gallant services endowing him with the highest rank in the American Navy, which to this day is embalmed in the grateful hearts of a free people.

COUSIN SALLY DILLIARD.

BY HAMILTON C. JONES.

SCENE—A Court of Justice in North Carolina.

A beardless disciple of Themis arises, and thus addresses the court:

"May it please your worships, and you, gentlemen of the jury, since it has been my fortune (good or bad I will not say) to exercise myself in legal disquisitions, it has never before befallen me to be obliged to prosecute so direful, marked and malicious an assault—a more wilful, violent, dangerous battery, and finally a more diabolical breach of the peace has seldom been your duty to pass upon, one so shocking to benevolent feelings, as this which took place over at Capt. Rice's in this county. But you will hear from the witnesses."

The witnesses being sworn, two or three were examined, and deposed—one said that he heard the noise and did not see the fight—another that he saw the

row, and didn't know who struck first—and a third, that he was very drunk and couldn't say much about the skrimmage.

Lawyer Chops.—I am very sorry, gentlemen, to have occupied your time with the stupidity of the witnesses examined. It arises, gentlemen, altogether from misapprehension on my part. Had I known, as I now do, that I had a witness in attendance, who was well acquainted with all the circumstances of the case, and who was able to make himself clearly understood by the court and jury, I should not so long have trespassed on your time and patience. Come forward, Mr. Harris, and be sworn.

So forward came the witness, a fat, chuffy looking man, a "leetle" corned, and took his corporal oath with an air.

Chops.—Harris, we wish you to tell about the riot that happened the other day at Captain Rice's, and as a good deal of time has already been wasted in circumlocution, we wish you to be compendious, and at the same time as explicit as possible.

Harris.—Egzactly—(giving the lawyer a knowing wink, and at the same time clearing his throat)—Cap'tin Rice, he gin a treat, and cousin Sally Dillard, she came over to our house and axed me if my wife she moutn't go. I told cousin Sally Dillard that my wife was poorly, being as how she had a touch of the rheumatics in the hip, and the big swamp was in the road, and the big swamp was up, for there had been a heap of rain lately, but howsomever, as it was she, cousin Sally Dillard, my wife she mout go—

Chops.—In the name of common sense, Mr. Harris, what do you mean by this rigmarole? Do say what you know about the riot.

Witness.—Cap'n Rice, he gin a treat, and cousin Sally Dillard, she come over to our house and axed me if my wife, she moutn't go. I told cousin Sally Dillard—

Chops.—Stop, sir, if you please; we don't want to hear anything about cousin Sally Dillard and your wife—tell us about the fight at Rice's.

Witness.—Well, I will, sir, if you will let me.

Chops.—Well, sir, go on.

Witness.—Well, Cap'n Rice he gin a treat, and cousin Sally Dillard she come over to our house and axed me if my wife she moutn't go—

Chops.—There it is again. Witness, witness, please to stop.

Witness.—Well, sir, what do you want?

Chops.—We want to know about the fight, and you must not proceed in this impertinent story. Do you know anything about the matter before the court?

Witness.—To be sure I do.

Chops.—Then you go on and tell it; and tell nothing else.

Witness.—Well, Cap'n Rice he gin a treat—

Chops.—This is intolerable. May it please the court, I move that this witness be committed for a contempt. He seems to be trifling with the court.

Court.—Witness, you are now before a court of justice, and unless you behave yourself in a more becoming manner, you will be sent to jail; so begin and tell what you know about the fight at Captain Rice's.

Witness.—(alarmed.)—Well, gentlemen, Cap'n Rice he gin a treat, and cousin Sally Dillard—

Chops.—I hope this witness may be ordered into custody.

Court.—(After deliberating.)—Mr. Attorney, the

Court is of opinion that we may save time by letting the witness go on in his own way. Proceed, Mr. Harris, with your story, but stick to the point.

Witness.—Yes, gentlemen: well, Cap'n Rice he gin a treat, and cousin Sally Dillard she come over to our house and axed me if my wife she moutn't go. I told cousin Sally Dillard that my wife she was poorly, being as how she had the rheumatics in the hip, and the big swamp was up; but howsomever, as it was she, cousin Sally Dillard, my wife mout go. Well, cousin Sally Dillard then asked me if Moses he moutn't go. I told cousin Sally Dillard as how Mose, he was foreman of the crop, and the crop was smartly in the grass, but howsomever, as it was she, cousin Sally Dillard, Mose he mout go. So they goes on together, Mose, my wife, and cousin Sally Dillard, and they come to the big swamp, and it was up, as I was telling you; but being as how as there was a log across the big swamp, cousin Sally Dillard and Mose, like gentle-folks, they walked the log, but my wife, like a dratted fool, tuck'd up her clothes, and—and *that's all I know about it.*

THE FATE OF THE HUMMING BIRD;

Or the Buffalo Hunt.

BY CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

WITH bow or gun 'tis the very deuce and all to shoot a running buffalo from the back of a horse that shies.

"Sheers—my good sir, write sheers."

"I'll do no such thing. Shear, which is the word you mean, is a sea-phrase. I am talking 'horse,' and the noble animal has a lingo of his own—why should n't he as well as a ship?" [*Vide 'shy,' neut. verb. Lex. Equ.*]

I repeat, 'tis the deucest hard thing in the world to make a good flying shot with anything but a pistol from the back of a horse that shies.

The best prairie men that were ever in garrison at Fort Gibson know this well. For some of these dashing officers, forgetful that their necks belonged to Uncle Sam, have periled them too often in the experiment. But that painful affair of young "Humming Bird," the famous Comanche rider, it is hoped, put an end forever to such fool-hardiness.

"The Humming Bird," if I mistake not, was one of the hostages taken by Col. Dodge when he swept the base of mountains with the first dragoons, in the sickly summer of '34. I have often wondered that CATLIN, who went out with that party, did not take a portrait of this gallant and pretty fellow. He it was, unless I am again in error, who succeeded at last in capturing that celebrated white horse which so long led the wild troops of the southwestern prairies, and for which, if taken uninjured, such large rewards were offered along that fronder. The Humming Bird has always been thought to have captured him finally by some device of Indian cunning, and not by the ordinary use of the lasso. Poor fellow, he himself, though naturally an amiable youth, showed his temper ungovernable enough at the one or two attempts which were made to restrain his own wild nature. Why had he not the thought to leave this untamable kindred spirit of the prairies as free as he himself would be?

Yet, had it been so, I should have had no story to tell here, nor would Darley's admirable picture of a disunited horseman have ever graced the classic pages of "Graham."

"Hummie," said Captain B—to the Indian when he first brought in the noble steed to the garrison, "tis a foolish talk, Hummie, to think of sending that mustang into the settlements for a purchaser. I will give you half that you ask for him and throw one of my double barrels into the bargain, if you will first kill a buffalo from his back without his throwing you."

The Indian smiled in derision at the idea of any horse unseating him; but at the same time his barbarian vanity was not proof against the implied doubt of his horsemanship. Captain B—only wished to ascertain the quality of the animal of which he proposed to become the purchaser. But "the Humming Bird," with that selfishness which is always pardonable in the untutored, construed the proposition only as referring to himself.

"Let the Long Knife," said he, "gallop this mustang but once past that buffalo hide that is drying yonder in the sun, and if he does not kiss his mother, I will try what I can do upon another skin with a running buffalo inside of it."

"Good, good," exclaimed a dozen voices, while Captain B—, laughing good-naturedly, prepared at once to take up the Indian's challenge.

"Hummie," said he, when his servant had brought out his saddle and bridle, "you handle horses so much better than a white man it will be no trouble for you to put these things upon that restive devil."

The Indians smiled grimly at the compliment, and, notwithstanding the furious plunging of the wild-horse, succeeded, by the aid of a soldier who held his head the while, in fairly saddling him.

"Good thing to save horse—bad thing to save rider," he muttered, striking his hand on the saddle when all was ready.

B—then, who was a capital horseman, after first examining the adjustments with a quick and practiced eye, leaped lightly into the saddle. The Indian, who stood at the bits the while, instantly gave him his head; and nothing could be more beautiful than the cool pliancy with which B— forthwith initiated the virgin mouth of the unbroken horse into the gentle mysteries of curb and snaffle. His object, however, was not to break him, but merely get the horse well in hand before attempting to put him to any work that might require the use of the spur. The Humming Bird look on with the most earnest expression of gratified admiration at this kindly but firm handling of his noble steed. And now, after making a considerable sweep in the prairie, B—, in galloping back toward the group of lookers on, turned the foaming horse suddenly toward the scantling where hung the raw bison hide of which the Indian had already spoken. A slight hillock intervened between the on-coming horse and the low frame-work against which the skin was stretched. The animal seemed to smell it, however, and, snorting, tossed his head, but whether in fear or anger it mattered not with such a horseman as B—, for a stroke of the spur sent him forward with a furious leap on the instant, and the third bound brought him immediately upon the object of his aversion. A cloud of dust shut both horse and rider from view at that very moment, but when it had subsided on the next moment, there sat Captain B— as much a part of the horse as ever.

"I have no idea of breaking the fellow's horse for him," said he, riding up to the group, "but it's odd that so intelligent an Indian can't see the difference between the skill of a mere stable-boy in keeping his

seat at a trial like this, and that of shooting game in one direction from the saddle when your horse is running another."

"How the deuce is that, B—?" said a young officer.

"Why, man, if your horse on the full jump shies to the off-side while you are busy with your fire-arms on the near-side, don't you see you must be *disunited* on the instant?"

"Disunited?" Explain the word, if you please, for the benefit of country members?"

"That I'll do, my dear fellow, whenever you can tell how you perform that feat of yours of placing a julep within the rim of a hoop and swing it around your head, not only without shivering the glass, but without turning a leaf of the mint, or spilling of the ice or liquor."

"The julep keeps its place from centripetal attraction."

"Well, the horseman leaves his from centrifugal repulsion."

"Not at all—not necessarily, I mean—not inevitably. The julep is inanimate and quiescent, but the horseman is a living and pliable body, and can change his position and form a new relation with his horse on the instant, and if what you say really were true, we should be able to trace the principle constantly in the battle-pieces of the old painters."

"I've never been much East," said B—, modestly, "and, except the engraving of the Battle of Bunker Hill which hangs up in my quarters, I have never seen much of pictures of any kind, except those that sporting Yorker gives in the *Spirit of the Times*; but I'd stop my subscription quick enough if, instead of his new portraits of horses, one wants to know about, he re-vamps things that lie against truth and nature from those old painters. Why, I saw one of those old paintings once in a travelling museum on the Mississippi, in which Indians were represented as having woolly heads, like negroes. How can you trust fellows to paint horses, who'd lie about men in that way?"

"An old painting in a floating museum on the Mississippi?" cried the young and accomplished West-Pointer, in perfect dismay at the simplicity of his superior.

"Yes—an old painting—old enough, too, I can tell you, for all the frame-gilding was as black as my hat, and the picture itself looked as if time had been staining it with tobacco juice ever since the first plant was raised in the James River Colony."

"A painting by an old master?" repeated the youth, not yet recovering himself.

"Faith, man, I didn't trouble myself to find out who it was by. It was old itself and it belonged to an old master, but it might have been painted by one of his grandfather's niggers, for aught I know."

A sudden exclamation from the Humming Bird cut short this important episodic discussion. The officers looked afar, and, after gazing intently a few moments, a faint streak of amber-colored cloud was seen edging the farthest bourn of the prairie.

"A band of buffalo!" was the general joyful cry.

"Impossible! It cannot be. Saddle my horse instantly," said Captain B—. "It cannot be, boys, for unusually near to the post as they have ranged this season, this is too good luck for us. Yet that dust is too heavy for a trading caravan. What says the Humming Bird?"

The young chief had already torn off the civilized

equipments from his white charger, upon whose back he now flung himself before replying, and cast his peering gaze far off into the prairie.

"Speak up, Indian," cried B—, with some impatience. "What sees the Humming Bird?"

"He sees Captain B—'s double-barrel gun in his own wigwam, and plenty of buffalo meat for the soldiers before sunset."

"Mount and follow, boy," shouted B—. "I want to keep as near this white stallion as he'll let me, to see how he does his work upon a first trial."

The Indian had already given his wild horse the rein, and with rival fleetness the well-mounted captain came bounding upon the track of the Humming Bird. The latter turned but once on his crupper to speak, or rather to motion to the captain. The Indian, it seemed, had first selected a remarkably fine heifer from the bison herd; and B— thought afterward, when he now struck off after a tough old bull who broke into view from a marshy spot of reeds in the prairie, that the Humming Bird wished to indicate to him that, while the meat of the heifer was best worth securing, a feeling of something like chivalry impelled him to make the proposed trial of his horse upon a leader of the herd.

The other white hunters had by this time began to take a part in the chase. The band of buffaloes was broken up by their different charges, and rushed wildly in every direction. But still amid all the confusion of the herd, the Humming Bird, though wheeling and turning incessantly, kept close in the track of the formidable bull he had selected for his quarry. Thrice and again he had bent his bow and drawn the arrow to its head to pierce him, but each time, with true Indian economy in the use of that missile, he had withheld the shaft, in the hope of a more surely vital aim. Again he came back to the same reedy ground from which he had first stirred his proposed victim, and his gallant horse, though as yet by no means wearied, seemed to have his fire somewhat tamed by pressing through the marshy soil. And now the square, close trot with which he has cloven the cane-brakes, brings him side by side with the clumsy-galloping bison, who, with a final bound, has just escaped from its entanglements. But he, too, seems to gather fresh vigor from touching the firm soil, and even in that last leap to extricate himself, he bends his head low as if now about to become in turn the assailant. That half-turning movement determined the shot of the Humming Bird. Never aim was better taken—never man more skillful twanged a bowstring—never limbs more supple pressed the flanks of rushing courser; and had but the horse still kept his direct and onward motion—had he but swerved from it only a moment sooner—a moment later—had an instant, a breath of time intervened ere he started so with terror—checked and swerved at a new and comparatively remote cause of alarm from the herd that he seemed for the first time to discover rushing toward him on the right—the young Humming Bird had never been hurled like a stone from a catapult upon the deadly horns of that bison. Yet his arrow must have done its work very thoroughly, if it be true, as Captain B—, in telling this story of the unfortunate "disunited horseman," always says, that he found both hunter and quarry mingling their gore, and lying dead on the prairie together.

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What is easily acquired does not long endure.

HERE we have another beautiful poem from friend T. B. Read, the young and promising artist in Boston, who is acquiring a reputation both with pen and pencil.

#### THE MOWER IN THE CHURCHYARD.

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

The fresh mown grass perfumed the air,  
As late the sexton swung the blade,  
That stript the old graves e'en as bare  
As those but newly made.

How fast he threw the flashing fire  
From steel and stone with grating sound;  
And, as it were a grave, still higher  
He piled the grassy mound.

That heartless prototype and slave  
Of gray-beard Time! I saw him hew  
The emblems from the maiden's grave—  
The fairest flowers that grew!

The dearest tokens cast, in grief,  
Upon the mound but lately built,  
Were gathered in, aye, bud and leaf,  
Ere they begin to wilt.

The flowers that bloom above the dead,  
The countless gems that mourners know,  
The long grass in the sunken bed—  
These God permits to grow.

The many sorrow-stricken breasts  
Know well the balms they can impart,  
To these, as sympathizing guests,  
They gather in the heart.

They are the ministers that hold  
The spirit with a sweet control;  
Their eloquence is only told  
In whispers to the soul.

Then leave the gentle flowers to bloom  
For Autumn's scythe and gleaming blast—  
When Winter on the naked tomb  
His snowy wreath shall cast.  
*For the Rover—Boston, Aug., 1844.*

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MARK MERIDEN.

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

"COME, Mark Meriden! don't settle down into an old grandfather before your time—a pretty wife's a pretty thing, Mark, and a pretty house is a pretty thing—but hang it!—one must have a little of life."

Mark Meriden stood at his desk, giving a last look at his books, while Ben Sandford—the roguish—the merry—the song-singing—the Ben of all Bens, was thus urging on him the claims of a projected frolic that evening. Now Ben was precisely the messenger for such an embassy—there was fun in the twinkle of his blue eye, and a world of waggery in the turn of his head, and in a pair of broad roguish dimples that went merrily dodging in and out of his cheeks every time he spoke, and he had laid hold of Mark's arm to drag him away. But Mark shook off his hand, and finished summing up a column of figures—put the blotting paper into the book, and the book into the place, wiped his pen—all with an air of great thoughtfulness—and, at last, turning to Ben, said—"I think I won't go this time."

"Now why not?" said Ben, eagerly.

"Because—because," said Mark, smiling; "because I have an odd fancy that I should like Mrs. Meriden's company better this evening."

"Hang Mrs. Meridan—beg pardon, Mark—hang myself for saying so—but one don't like to see a fine fellow buried alive!—come, take a real wake up with us."

"Thank you, Ben, but I hav'n't been asleep and don't need it. So I'll go home and see my wife"—and thereat Mark turned a resolute footstep homeward as a well-trained husband ought.

"Now," says one of our readers, "who was Mark Meriden?" You would not have asked, good reader, if you had lived in the town of —, when his name first appeared on the outside of one of its most fashionable shops "Mark Meriden," surrounded by those waving insignia of grace and fashion that young belles need to have their eyes turned off from beholding. Everything in the tasteful establishment told of well arranged business, and Mark himself, the mirror of fashion, faultless in every article of costume, quick, attentive, polite, was every day to be seen there winning "golden opinions from all sorts of people." Mark's shop became the resort of high ton—the fashionable exchange, the promenade of beauty and wealth, who came there to be enlightened as to the ways and means of disposing of their surplus revenue—to see and to be seen. So attentive, polite, and considerate was Mark, so profound his bows, so bright his eyes, so unexceptionable his whiskers, that it might have proved a dangerous resort for the ladies, had not a neat, tasteful house, going up in the neighborhood, been currently reported as the future residence of an already elected Mrs. Meriden; and in a few months, the house neatly finished, and tastefully furnished, received a very pretty lady who called herself to that effect. She was as truly refined and as lovely a woman as ever formed the centre flower in a domestic bouquet, and Mark might justly be pardoned for having as good again an opinion of himself for having been fortunate enough to secure her.

Mark had an extensive circle of business and pleasure acquaintances, for he had been one of the social, companionable sort, whose money generally found its way out of his pocket in very fair proportion to the rate it came in. In short, he was given to clubs, oyster suppers, and now and then a wine party, and various other social privileges for elevating one's spirits and depressing one's cash, that abound among enlightened communities.

But nevertheless, at the bottom of Mark's head, there was a very substantial stratum of a certain quality called common sense, a trait which, though it was never set down in any chart of phrenology, may very justly be called a faculty, and one too which makes a very striking difference among people as the world goes. In consequence of being thus constituted, Mark, when he found himself in love with, and engaged to a very pretty girl, began to reflect with more than ordinary seriousness on his habits, ways, and manners of life. He also took an accurate survey of his business, formed an average estimate of his future income on the soberest probabilities, and determined to live a little even within that. He also provided himself with a small account book, with which he intended to live in habits of very close acquaintance, and in this book he designed to note down all the sa-

ving consequent upon the retrenching of certain little extras, before alluded to, in which he had been in the habit of pretty freely indulging himself.

Upon the present occasion, it had cost him something of an effort to say "no," for Mark was one of your easy "clever fellows" to whom the enunciation of this little syllable causes as much trouble as all the gutturals of the German. However, when he came in sight of his parlor windows through which a bright fire was shining—when he entered and found the clean glowing health, the easy chair drawn up in front, and a pair of embroidered slippers waiting for him quite at their leisure, and above all, when he read the quick glance of welcome in a pair of very bright eyes, Mark forgot all about Ben Sandford, and all bachelor friends and allurements whatsoever, and thought himself the happiest fellow on earth.

The evening passed off rapidly by the help of music, reading, and the little small talk of which newly married people generally find a supply, and the next morning saw Mark at early business hours with as steady a hand and as cool a head as if there had been no such thing as bachelor frolics in existence.

Late in the forenoon Ben Sandford lounged in to ogle a few of the ladies, and above all, to rally Mark on losing the glorious fun of the evening before.

"Upon my word, Mark," he began, "we must have you put up for Selectman, you are becoming so extremely ancient and venerable in your ways—however, you are to be excused," he added, "circumstances considered—female influence!—ah!—well! it's a fine affair this marriage!"

"Better try it, Mr. Sandford," said a bright, saucy girl, who, with her laughing companions, was standing by while Ben was speaking.

"Ah, madam! the wherewithal!" said Ben, rolling up his eyes with a tragic expression. "If some clever old fellow would be so obliging as to die now, and leave me a few thousands—then, ladies! you should see!"

"But speaking of money," said Mark, when he saw the ladies busy over some laces he had just thrown on to the counter—"what did your 'glorious fun' cost you?"

"Pooh!—nothing!—only a ten dollar bill—nothing in my purse, you know."

"Nothing in your purse?—not an uncommon incident after these occasions," said Mark, laughing.

"Oh, hang it all!" said Ben—"too true!—I can get no remedy for this consumption of the purse, as old Falstaff says; however, the world owes me a living, and so good morning."

Ben Sandford was just one of that class of young men of whom common report goes, that they can do anything they please, and who consider this point as so well established, that they do not think it necessary to illustrate it by doing anything at all. He was a lawyer of talents, and would have had an extensive run of business, had he not been one of the class of people never to be found when wanted. His law books and law office saw far less of him than certain fashionable places of resort, where his handsome person and various social accomplishments, always secured to him a welcome reception. Ben had some little property left him by his father, just enough, as he used laughingly to quote, "to keep him in gloves and cologne water," and for the rest, he seemed vastly contented with his old maxim, "the world owes me a living," forgetting that the world can sometimes prove as poor

a paymaster as the most fashionable young gentleman going.

But to return to Mark. When he had settled his accounts at night, he took from a pigeon-hole in his desk, the little book aforementioned, and entered as follows: "To one real wake up, \$10," which being done, he locked his desk, and returned once more to Mrs. Meriden.

Days flew on, and the shop of Mark became increasingly popular, and still at times he was assailed by the kind of temptation we have described. Now it was, "Mark, my dear fellow, do join us in a trip to G—'s;"—and now, "Come, my old boy, let us have a spree at F—'s;"—now it was the club, now the oyster supper—but still Mark was invincible, and still as one or another gaily recounted the history of the scene, he silently committed the account of the expense to his little book. Yet was not Mark cynical or unsocial. His refusal, though so firm, were invariably good natured, and though he could not be drawn abroad, yet he was unquestionably open handed and free in his own home. No house had so warm a welcome—no dinner-table could be more bountiful or more freely open for the behoof of all gentlemen of the dining-out order—no tea-table presented more unexceptionable toast, and no evening lounge was more easy, homelike and cheerful, than on the warm sofas in the snug parlors of Mark Meriden. They also gave evening parties, where all was brilliant, tasteful, and well-ordered; and, in fine, notwithstanding his short comings, Mark was set down as a fine open-handed fellow after all.

At the end of the year, Mark cast up the account in his little book, and was mightily astonished at it, for with all his ideas of the power of numbers, he had no idea that the twos, and fives, and tens, and ones, which on greater or smaller occasions, had found their way into his columns, would mount up to a sum so considerable. Mark looked about him—the world was going well—his business machinery moving in exact touch and time—his house—where was there a prettier one?—where a place more replete with every home-drawing comfort? Had he lost anything in *pleasure* the year past? Mark thought not, and therefore as he walked homeward, he stepped into a bookseller's and ordered some books of superb engravings for Mrs. Meriden, and spoke to a gardener to send some elegant flowering exotics for which he had heard her express an admiration some evenings before.

That same evening came in Ben Sandford, as he expressed it, "*in the very depths of indigo*," for young gentlemen whose worldly matters invariably go on wrong end foremost, will sometimes be found in this condition, however exuberant may be their stock of animal spirits.

"Pray, Ben, what is the matter?" said Mark, kindly, as the latter stretched himself at length in an armchair, groaning audibly.

"Oh, a *billious* attack—Mark!—shoemaker's bills! tailor's bills!—boarding-house bills!—all sent in for new year's presents!—hang 'em all!"

Mark was silent for a few moments, and Ben continued; "Confound it, Mark! what's the sense of living, if a fellow is to be so cursedly poor? Here you, Mark, born in the same town with me, and younger than I by some two years—you have a house as snug, as cosy, and comfortable as man need ask—a wife like an angel—peace and plenty by the bushel,—and all comes of having a good run of luck in the money line!"

—and Ben kicked his slippers against the andiron most energetically.

"What has become of Emily P——?" asked Mark, after a pause.

"Poor soul!" said Ben, "there she is yet, with all sweetness and patience, waiting till such a luckless scapegrace as I can give her a home and a husband. I wish to my soul, for her sake, I could afford to be married, and have a home of my own; besides, to tell the truth, I am tired of this rambling, scrambling, out-at-elbow, ellp-shod life."

"Why don't you get married?" said Mark.

"Why don't I? to be sure—use my tailors' bills for fuel, and my board bill for house-rent, and my shoe bill for bread and butter—hey? Would you recommend a poor girl to try me, Mark—all things considered?" said Ben, bitterly.

Mark reflected awhile in silence, and then drew out his book—his little book, to which we have before alluded.

"Just look at this account, Ben," said he; "I know you hate figures, but just for once.

Ben glanced at it impatiently—laughed when he read over the two or three first items, but his face lengthened as he proceeded, and Mark detected a sort of whistle of astonishment as he read the sum total.

"Well, Mark!" he exclaimed, "what a very old gentlemanly, considerate trick is this of yours—to sit behind your curtain so coolly noting down the 'cost and come to' of all our little frolics—really it is most edifying! How much you must have enjoyed your superior discretion and forethought," and Ben laughed, but not with his usual glee.

"Nay, you mistake, said Mark. "I kept this account merely to see what I had been in the habit of spending myself, and as you and I have been always hand and glove in everything, it answers equally for you. It was only yesterday that I summed up the account, and I assure you the result surprized myself; and now, Ben, the sum here set down, and as much more as you please, is freely at your disposal, to clear off old scores for the year, provided you will accept with it this little book as a new year's gift, and use it one twelve-month as I have done; and if at the end of that time, you are not ready to introduce me to Mrs. Sandford, I am much mistaken.

Ben grasped his friend's hand—but just then the entrance of Mrs. Meriden prevented his reply—Mark, however, saw with satisfaction that he put the book carefully in his vest pocket, and buttoned up his coat with the air of a man who is buttoning up a new resolution.

When they parted for the night, Mark said with a smile: "In case of *billious attacks*, you know where to send for medicine." Ben answered only by a fervent grasp of the hand, for his throat felt too full for him to answer.

Mark Meriden's book answered the purpose admirably. In less than two years Ben Sandford was the most popular lawyer in —, and as steady a household as you might wish to see, and, in conclusion, as this is a lady's book, we will just ask our lady readers their opinion on one point, it is this:

If Mrs. Meriden had been a woman who understood what is called "catching a beau," better than securing a husband—if she had never curled her hair except for company, and thought it a degradation to know how to keep a house comfortable, would all these things have happened?

Here we have a fine poetic article from a new contributor. It is full of delicate pathos and tender sentiment, thrown around a series of incidents of a touching character, that find a response in all hearts. Will the writer let us hear from him again?

THRICE LOST, BUT NOT LOST.

BY DAVID DAVIS.

Now fifteen years have passed, Ellen,
With their summer suns and frost,
Since first thy father said to me,
"That dear, dear child is lost!"

That was a deep, deep wound, Ellen,
And my heart is bleeding yet,
Though others feel it not, Ellen,
I never can forget.

You wandered down the brook, Ellen,
And bewildered lost your way,
There, in the thick, dark woods, dear one,
You wandered all the day.

Then came the dismal night, Ellen,
And still thou wert not found,
Oh! then my heart it faster bled,
From that unhealing wound.

And there were many friends, Ellen,
Who wept and pitied you,
But I knew all you felt, dear one,
For my heart felt it too.

The wood was my home then, Ellen,
Where I watched, and prayed, and wept,
Until an angel guided me
To where my Ellen slept.

All pale I found thee then, Ellen,
With despair upon thy brow,
And oh! that look—that sad, sad look!
Dearest, I see it now.

And there these words you spoke, Ellen:
"I've no more tears to cry;
And there"—you pointed to the spot—
"I laid me down to die!"

But then I rescued thee, Ellen,
And all thy wants supplied—
Ay, my glad heart at that blest hour
Was beating at thy side.

Since then we've wandered much, Ellen,
And the deep blue sea have crossed;
Again I've heard thy father say,
"That dear, dear child is lost!"

Again I rescued thee, Ellen,
When no one else could save,
For thou wert swept away, dearest,
As by an angry wave.

I've watched thee all thy lifetime, Ellen,
From childhood's early bloom,
And now I'm sitting here, dear one,
Upon thy lonely tomb.

Now this is my house too, Ellen,
Beneath this weeping tree;
For earth contains no other place,
That could be home to me.

I've been here every day, Ellen,
I cannot bid adieu;
But a fervent prayer goes up to God
That I may lie here too.

For the Rover—Boston, Aug., 1844.

THE BRIDE.—A Sketch.

AMONG the crowds who were hastily promenading the streets on Christmas eve, was Charles West; and if his step degenerated into a stride, and then a run, he might be pardoned. Charles West was a new made bridegroom. The transition from the dirty, cold streets, to a warm parlor, was in itself pleasurable; and added to that, to be welcomed home by a bright eye girl—all smiles and blushes, (for the honey moon was barely passed) was absolutely something too paradisaical for earth. Emma had wheeled the sofa in front of the fire, and as Charles seated himself beside her, he was certainly a very happy fellow. Alas! he had as yet only drank the bubbles on the cup. Emma looked lovely, for the glow of the warm coal fire had given a bloom to her usually pale cheek, which heightened the lustre of her dark eyes. But there came a shade of thought over Emma's brow, and her husband instantly remarked it. It is strange how soon husbands see clouds on their liege lady's brow. It was the first Charles ever saw there, and it excited his tenderest inquiries. Was she unwell?—did she wish for anything? Emma hesitated, she blushed and look down. Charles pressed to know what had cast such a shadow over her spirits. "I fear you will think me very silly; but Mary French has been sitting with me this afternoon."

"Not for that certainly," said Charles smiling.

"Oh, I did not mean that; but you know that we began to keep house nearly the same time, only they sent by Brent to New York for carpeting. Mary would have me walk down to Brent's store this evening with her, and he has brought two—and they are such loves." Charles bit his lips. "Mary," she continued, "said you were doing a first rate business, and she was sure you would not let that odious Wilton lay on your parlor, if you saw that splendid Brussels, so rich and so cheap—only seventy dollars."

Now the "odious Wilton" had been selected by Charles' mother and presented to them, and the color deepened on his cheek, as his animated bride continued, "Suppose we walk down to Brent's and look at it, there are only two, and it seems a pity not to secure it."

"Emma, said Charles gravely, "you are mistaken if you suppose my business will justify extravagance. It will be useless to look at the carpet, as we have one that will answer very well, and it is perfectly new."

Emma's vivacity fled, and she sat awkwardly picking her nails. Charles felt embarrassed—he drew out his watch and put it back—whistled, and finally spying a periodical on Emma's table, began to read aloud some beautiful verses. His voice was well toned, and he soon entered into the spirit of the writer; when looking into Emma's eyes, how he was surprised, instead of the glow of sympathetic feeling he expected to meet, to see her head bent on her hand—evident displeasure on her brow, and a tear trickling down her cheeks. Charles was a sensible young man—I wish there was more of them—and he reflected a minute before he said, "Emma, my love, get your bonnet and cloak, and walk with me if you please."

Emma looked as if she would like to pout a little

longer, but Charles said "come," with such a serious air of gravity on his countenance, that Emma thought proper to accede, not doubting but that it was to purchase the carpet, took his arm with a smile of triumph. They crossed several streets in the direction of Brent's until they stood before the door of a tenement in a back street.

"Where in the world are you taking me?" inquired Emma, shrinking back.

Charles quietly led her forward, and lifting a latch, they stood in a little room, around the grate of which three small children were hovering, closer and closer as the cold wind swept through the crevices in the decayed wall. An emaciated being, whose shrunken features, sparkling eye, and flushed cheek, spoke of deadly consumption, lay on a wretched low bed, the slight covering of which barely sufficed to keep her from freezing, whose black eyes looked unnaturally large from its extreme thinness, was vainly endeavoring to draw sustenance from the dying mother.

"How are you, Mrs. Wright?" quietly inquired Charles.

The woman feebly raised herself on her bed.

"Is that you, Mr. West? Oh, how glad I am to see you."

"Your mother has not been at home for a month, and the lady who promised her to look after you in her absence, only informed me of your increased illness."

"I have been very ill," she faintly replied, sinking back on her straw bed.

Emma drew near, she had ranged the pillow and bed-clothes over the feeble sufferer, but her heart was too full to speak. Charles observed it, and felt satisfied.

"Is that beautiful girl your bride? I heard you were married."

"Yes, and in my mother's absence she will see you do not suffer."

"Bless you, Charles West—bless you for a good son of a good mother; may your young wife deserve you—and that is wishing a good deal for her. You are very good to think of me," said she, looking at Emma, "and you are just married."

Charles saw Emma could not speak, and he hurried her home, promising to send the poor woman coal that night. The moment they reached home, Emma burst into tears.

"My dear Emma," said Charles soothingly, "I hope I have not given you too severe a shock. It is sometimes salutary to look on the miseries of others, that we may properly appreciate our own happiness. Here is a purse containing seventy-five dollars. You may spend it as you please."

It is unnecessary to add that the "odious wilton" kept its place, but the shivering children of want were taught to bless the name of Emma West, and it formed the last articulate murmur on the lips of the dying sufferer.

BURYING ALIVE.

It is not to be supposed that people are very often buried or entombed before life is extinct, or before the immortal spirit has taken its final leave of the tenement of clay, and gone to that country "from whose bourne no traveler returns;" but that such cases sometimes occur, there is abundant evidence. Considerable excitement was occasioned some days since on

this subject in reference to a distinguished individual in Pennsylvania, Mr. Muhlenberg, the democratic candidate for Governor of the state, whose funeral was postponed beyond the appointed time, because the corpse still retained a life-like appearance, and people could not be satisfied that he was dead. The doctors cupped him and obtained blood, fresh-looking and warm. At last, however, the changes were such as to remove doubts and the funeral took place.

This is a fearful subject; but the well-known fact, that cases do sometimes occur where people are buried alive, renders it proper and important that public attention should occasionally be called to it, both for the purpose of inducing suitable caution in the case of interments, and for leading to inquiries for light and knowledge on the subject.

A writer in one of the Philadelphia papers recently gave a collection of very remarkable cases of premature burials, well authenticated, from which the following are extracted.

"One of very remarkable character, and of which the circumstances may be fresh in the memory of some of my readers, occurred, not very long ago, in the city of Baltimore, where it occasioned a painful, intense and widely extended excitement. The wife of one of the most respectable citizens—a lawyer of eminence and a member of Congress—was seized with a sudden and unaccountable illness, which completely baffled the skill of her physicians. After much suffering she died, or was supposed to die. No one suspected, indeed, nor had reason to suspect, she was not actually dead. The face assumed the usual pinched and sunken outline. The lips were of the usual marble pallor. The eyes were lustreless. There was no warmth. Pulsation had ceased. For three days the body was preserved unburied, during which it had acquired a strong rigidity. The funeral, in short, was hastened on account of the rapid advance of what was supposed to be decomposition.

The lady was deposited in the family vault, which, for three subsequent years was undisturbed. At the expiration of this term, it was opened for the reception of a sarcophagus: but alas! how fearful a shock awaited the husband who personally threw open the door. As its portals swung outwardly back, some white apparelled object fell rattling within his arms. It was the skeleton of his wife in her yet unmoistened shroud.

A careful investigation rendered it evident that she had revived within a few days after her entombment—that her struggles within the coffin had caused it to fall from a ledge or a shelf to the floor, where it was so broken as to permit her escape. A lamp which had been accidentally left, full of oil, within the tomb, was found empty; it might have been exhausted, however, by evaporation. On the uppermost part of the steps which led down to the dread chamber, was a large fragment of the coffin, with which it seemed she had endeavored to arrest attention by striking the iron door. While thus occupied, she probably swooned or possibly died, through sheer terror; and in falling, her shroud became entangled in some iron work which projected interiorly. Thus she remained, and thus she decayed, erect.

The mention of the galvanic battery, recalls to my memory a well known and very extraordinary case in point, where its action proved the means of restoring

to animation a young attorney of London, who had been interred for two days. This occurred in 1821, and created at the time a great sensation in the metropolis.

The patient, Mr. Edward Stapleton, had died apparently of typhus fever, accompanied with some anomalous symptoms which had excited the curiosity of his medical attendants. Upon his seeming decease, his friends were requested to permit a *post mortem* examination, but declined. As often happens when such refusals are made, the practitioners resolved to disinter the body and dissect it in private. Arrangements were easily effected with some of the numerous corps of body-snatchers with which London abounds; and, upon the third night after the funeral, the supposed corpse was unearthed from a grave seven feet deep, and deposited in the operating chamber of one of the private hospitals.

An incision of some extent had been actually made in the abdomen, when the fresh and undecayed appearance of the subject suggested an application of the battery. One experiment succeeded another, and the customary effects supervened, with nothing to characterize them in any respect, except upon one or two occasions, a more than ordinary degree of liveliness in the convulsive action.

It grew late. The day was about to dawn; and it was thought expedient, at length, to proceed at once to the dissection. A student, however, was specially desirous of testing a theory of his own, and insisted on applying the battery to one of the pectoral muscles. A rough gash was made, and a wire hastily brought in contact; when the patient, with a hurried but quite unconvulsive movement, arose from the table, stepped into the middle of the floor, gazed about him a few seconds and then spoke! What he said was unintelligible, but words were uttered; the syllabification was distinct. Having spoken, he fell heavily to the floor.

For some moments all were paralyzed with awe—but the urgency of the case soon restored them to their presence of mind. It was seen that Mr. Stapleton was alive, although in a swoon. Upon exhibition of ether he revived and was rapidly restored to health, and to his friends—from whom, however, all knowledge of his resuscitation was withheld, until a relapse was no longer to be apprehended. Their wonder—their rapturous astonishment—may be conceived.

The most thrilling peculiarity of this incident, nevertheless, is involved in what Mr. S. himself asserts. He declares that at no period was he altogether insensible—that dully and confusedly, he was aware of everything which happened to him, from the moment in which he was pronounced *dead* by his physicians, to that which he fell swooning to the floor of the Hospital. 'I am alive' were the uncomprehended words, which upon recognizing the locality of the dissecting-room, he had endeavored, in his extremity, to utter.

In the year 1810, a case of living inhumation happened in France, attended with circumstances which go far to warrant the assertion that truth is indeed stranger than fiction. The subject was a Mademoiselle Victorine Lafourcade, a young girl of illustrious family, of wealth, and of great personal beauty. Among her suitors was Julian Bossuet, a poor *literateur*, or journalist of Paris. His talents, and general amiability had recommended him to the notice of the heiress, by whom he seems to have been truly beloved; but her pride of birth decided her, finally, to reject him,

and to wed a Monsieur Renelle, a banker, and a diplomatist of some eminence. After marriage, however, this gentleman neglected, and, perhaps, even more positively ill-treated her. Having passed with him some wretched years, she died—at least her condition so closely resembled death as to deceive every one who saw her. She was buried—not in a vault, but in an ordinary grave in the village of her nativity. Filled with despair, and still inflamed by the memory of her fond attachment, the lover journeyed from the capital to the remote province in which the village lies, with the romantic purpose of disintering the corpse, and possessing himself of its luxuriant tresses. He reaches the grave. At midnight he unearths the coffin, opens it and is in the act of detaching the hair, when he is arrested by the unclosing of the beloved eyes. Vitality had not altogether departed; and she was aroused, by the caresses of her lover, from the lethargy which had been mistaken for death. He bore her frantically to his lodgings in the village. He employed powerful restoratives suggested by no little medical learning. In fine, she revived. She recognized her preserver. She remained with him until, by slow degrees, she recovered her original health. Her woman's heart was not adamant, and this last lesson of love sufficed to soften it. She bestowed it upon Bossuet. She returned no more to her husband, but concealing from him her resurrection, fled with her lover to America.

Twenty years afterward, the two returned to France, in the persuasion that time had so greatly altered the lady's appearance that her friends would be unable to recognize her. They were mistaken, however; for, at the first meeting, Monsieur Renelle did actually recognize and lay claim to his wife. The claim was resisted; and a judicial tribunal sustained her in her resistance; deciding that the peculiar circumstances, with the long lapse of years, had extinguished, not only equitable but legally, the authority of the husband."

THE WAR ON THE RENSSELAER ESTATE.

THE difficulty of collecting the rents on the large landed estates of "the Patroon," in the interior of this state, which has for years occasionally met with serious resistance, seems to be increasing to an alarming degree. Those estates extend through two or three counties, which are now filled with numerous and in some parts a dense population. The title to the large tract of land, originally granted to Van Rensselaer, has always remained in the family, the occupants paying yearly rents. On several occasions within a few years the tenants have resisted the collection of the rents, and the civil and military authorities have been called out to force the payment. But so strong has the anti-rent feeling now become among the tenants, and so numerous are they and so firmly banded together, that much anxiety is felt for the consequences.

It is unquestionably the duty of all good citizens to stand together shoulder to shoulder in support of government, law and order. The tenants having paid rents for the lands a hundred years cannot give them a title to the proprietorship, and what they lawfully owe they should not be allowed unlawfully to resist the payment of. All the tenants, who choose, should be allowed to purchase their lands at prices which under all the circumstances might be deemed fair and

equitable, and those who do not choose to purchase should not be permitted to set the public authorities at defiance, but be compelled to pay the rents or quit the premises.

It has been urged by some, that Governor Bouck has not acted with sufficient firmness in this matter, and instead of enforcing the authority of the law, has met the insurgent tenants in conference and endeavored to negotiate with them. In one portion of the infected district the tenants have formed a volunteer corps of about a hundred strong, who are disguised as Indians, and on all occasions when their services are required, appear armed, equipped and mounted. They were present in a body at the late conference of Gov. Bouck with the tenants. During the interview, one of this band, a journeyman shoemaker by the name of Corse, fell from his horse and was killed. The whole band attended the funeral, disguised in their Indian costume. It was a very singular and imposing ceremony. A correspondent of the Albany Atlas has given the following account of it.

FUNERAL OF CORSE, THE RENSSELAER TENANT.

"The time designated for the ceremony was less than twenty-four hours after the fatal termination of the accident, yet on arriving at the church a little before two, I found a very large number of men, women and children, who had come from all parts of the surrounding country. Conspicuous among them was the celebrated Indian force. They were on horseback, riding two and two, in costume and masked; and at a little distance, made a strange and somewhat formidable appearance. The chiefs, of whom there were four or five, rode in advance, and were distinguished from the simple warriors by a greater profusion of red, blue and black stripes and bits of cloth sewed upon their calico dresses. I counted them—ninety-six in number—rank and file; and as this was a day of parade, this is probably their whole number. They escorted the corpse, and between two of the chiefs rode one of the ministers who was to officiate. The musicians were in another wagon, with two bass drums, a bugle and other instruments. By this time, there were about two thousand five hundred people on the ground.

"The band rode up to the green where the services were to be performed. The war Chief gave the order to dismount—saying, 'Let some of the white men tie your horses.' Upon hearing this order many of the spectators seized the horses with great alacrity. The corpse was placed on a bier, in the center of the green. The Indians formed a circle around it, and the relatives of the deceased were admitted into the centre. The two official clergymen mounted a wagon, from which the horses had been detached, and the chief directed the spectators to keep silent, and requested the ministers to begin. Their remarks were in general appropriate. One of them called the Indians 'an association, contending for liberty and freemen'—but afterward seemed to think better of it, and toward the close addressed them particularly—saying, that it was not for a man in his station to express an opinion as to the correctness of their proceedings, but he hoped the death of their companion would teach them a lesson of caution—caution in all their deliberations and in all their actions.

"All that wished having gazed upon the deceased, the band formed into a procession, preceded by music as before, and took its way toward the burying ground.

"They formed a circle around the grave, and the deceased warrior being deposited, one of the chiefs designated as "the Prophet of the tribe," addressed the people. He entered into an explanation of the object of the association. They were contending for the freedom of which a usurper had deprived them. They were not contending against the usurper himself, but against the wrong, and resistance to that wrong had grown into a principle, and as long as that principle existed they would never lay down the steel and the gun. They were not contending for their own rights merely, but for the benefit of their neighbors also; that they were blood connexions of many who stood around them, and he assured their white brethren that although they were obliged to darken their faces, they had hearts like their white brethren.

"After giving way for a brother who attempted a speech and failed, he announced that a monument would be erected over the grave of the deceased, and that the chiefs would receive contributions for the purpose 'from the tribes.'

"This impression left on my mind, from what I saw and heard, is that nearly the whole of that country approves of the resistance which is offered to the service of Mr. Van Rensselaer's papers, and a feeling of confidence has been infused in the ranks of the insurgents by the fact that Governor Bouck has met to negotiate with them on their own ground."

THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER TAPPED.

The recent great rise in the waters of the Mississippi has forced a passage through the levee or embankment of the river, a little above New Orleans, which threatens to do great damage. The New Orleans Picayune of the 8th instant says:

"Our latest intelligence from the crevasse, we regret to state, is of such a nature as to convince us that no human power can check it. The water flows through it in a perfect torrent, and nothing but a fall of the river can put a stop to the destruction going on. The steamboat Empress, which arrived yesterday, reports that the roaring of the water through the breach can be heard at the distance of two miles. So high and so continued, a stage of the river, it is said, was never before known here. Since writing the above there have been two or three arrivals. The report is that all efforts to stop the breach have ceased. The water has covered the whole of the adjacent country for miles, and on the surrounding plantations, where crops of corn were growing, they were cutting it down in its green state and taking it off in boats. Crowds of people were standing on the remaining levee, looking upon the devastation, unable to render the least assistance. Such are the latest reports from the scene of ruin. So far, we are happy to say, there has been no loss of human life."

The New Orleans Republican of the 9th says that the steamboat Oscar made an excursion to the Crevasse on Wednesday week, returning to the First Municipality Ferry at about midnight. She carried about one hundred citizens, who minutely examined the devastation. For upwards of half a mile below the crevasse, the noise of the waters rushing through the aperture in the levee, may be distinctly heard, resembling that of a whirlpool or a deep cascade. A flat-boat containing the pile-driving apparatus, intended to be used for repairs, was on Wednesday swept through

the crevasse, the cable by which she was anchored in the roaring current, snapping like flax. The whole is now floating somewhere in the vicinity of the woods. The plantations of Messrs. Labrance, Honore Landreaux, &c., are ruined for the season.

From Major Downing's Bunker Hill.

TO UNCLE JOSHUA,

OF DOWNINGVILLE, AWAY DOWN EAST.

New York Aug 22, 1844.

DEAR UNCLE—I dont know what this world is a coming to; the improvements of the age beats all natur. I told you in my letter a week or two ago, how three hundred thousand New Yorkers all drank out of a pond forty miles off; and I told you about the great steam gun over in Brooklyn, half a mile long, that would shoot off five hundred men, women and children, at a single charge, and shoot 'em a hundred miles straight as a hair, and not hurt 'em a mite. But I've got something to tell you now that I think is a little bit stranger than that.

They've got a *talking machine* agoing now, so that folks can stand a hundred miles apart, or a thousand miles apart, and talk to each other jest as easy as they could if they stood so near together that their noses might touch. I expect you'll say that I'm only funning about this, but 'tis true as preachin. They've got one of the machines fixed up now, so as to talk between Washington and Baltimore, about forty miles; and the folks there can talk with each other, forty miles apart, any minute, day or night, fair or foul, blow high or blow low, and know in one place what's agoing on in t'other as quick as a wink. They call the machine an "electro-magnetic telegraph," or some sich kind of a jaw-breakin name. I dont see why they didn't call it a talking machine and done with it, and then folks would know what they meant. But they say this is a scientific age and they must use scientific names. This machine was got up, or found out, or invented, by a Mr. Morse here in New York, or Professor Morse I believe they call him. You remember Morse's geography that we always used to have in our schools when I was a boy; well, that's his father. They say he's a very clever man, too, and a real native American, and no mistake. I guess he's a Yankee, too, or he never would a found out such a cute thing as this talking machine. It goes on wires; they run wires the whole length from Washington to Baltimore, and they touch one end of the wires with somethin they call magnetism, and that sets the wires a moving clear to the other end. So you talk to one end of the wires at Washington, and t'other end of the wires 'll write down at Baltimore jest what you are sayin.

I've hearn a story about his getting up this first machine, that I jest wish you'd tell to aunt Keziah; bein she's a kind of religious way inclined; I think it'll please her. Ye see, it costs a good deal of money to get up one, though it is worth ten times more than it costs when you get it done. Well, when Mr. Morse found out his discovery, and knew it would go, he had n't money enough to build the machine with, and he didn't know what to do. So he thought he'd go and ask Congress to let him have some money to build it with, seein it would be a great use to everybody when he got it going. Well, he went, in the winter of 1843, and asked Congress to let him have thirty thousand dollars to go on with. And Congress talked about it,

and some said they would and some said they would n't. But finally after chawin the matter all over, they thought it was sich a cute thing they didn't care if he took the money. But they had so much politics to do all the session, they never seemed to get time to pass the bill to let him have the money.

Well, Mr. Morse staid there the whole session, and kept trying to coax 'em to pass the bill; but they kept putting it off, and putting it off, and didn't do nothing about it, and it come to the last day of the session, the third of March. Mr. Morse staid by all day and then all the evening till about midnight, and he concluded there was no chance for him, and he gin it up and went home, sayin to himself, he guessed Providence would do what was right about it. But he felt very much down in the mouth about it, and went to bed. He was a boardin at Mr. Ellsworth's, in Washington, that had the care of the patent office; and the family all see that he felt pretty bad when he went to bed. Well, in the morning when he come down, he met one of the waiters that told him a young lady wanted to see him in the parlor. So he went into the parlor, and there was nobody there but Mr. Ellsworth's little daughter, thirteen or fourteen years old.

So says he, where's the lady that wanted to see me?

"'Twas I that wanted to see you, Mr. Morse," said Anna; "I wanted to be the first to tell you that your bill was passed in Congress last night after you went to bed. Father come home and told us about it; and I've been waiting here ever since I got up, to be the first to tell you of it."

Mr. Morse felt so queer at first, and was so kind of choked he couldn't hardly speak. At last says he, "well, Anna, this is great news to me, and good news; and because you've been the first to tell me of it, when I get my talking machine up you shall be the first one to speak on it from Washington to Baltimore."

Well, Mr. Morse went to work and got the machine built, and got it all ready to talk on the 24th day of last May. And then the folks in Washington all flocked round one end of the wires, and the folks in Baltimore flocked round t'other end of the wires to see the machine go. And then Mr. Morse called Anna and told her to get ready to speak to the folks at Baltimore; for she should have the first say, and say jest what she'd a mind to. And, uncle, what do you think that little girl said first on the machine? When they put the magnetism on to the wires, the first words the folks at Baltimore see coming out of their end of the wires, was, "WHAT HATH GOD WROUGHT!" And in less than two minutes the folks at Baltimore spoke it back again to Washington, and the folks there see the same words coming out of their end of the wires—"WHAT HATH GOD WROUGHT!"

"Uncle, this is a great country, and there's great duins in it; but what'll come next I cant guess. My head een a most swims now, thinking of it.

Your lovin nephew,

MAJOR JACK DOWNING,

Editor of the Bunker Hill.

LINSEED AND LARD OILS.—These articles are no longer drawn from the East, for the supplies of the West and South. The Cincinnati Gazette states that there are five Linseed Oil mills in that city, and another in the course of erection. They are capable of

making, in the aggregate, 900 gallons of oil per day. Cincinnati supplies the whole west, including New Orleans and Mobile, with the article. The manufacture of linseed oil for export, is a new business in the West. It is only a few years since it was obtained from the east in large quantities, for western consumption. It may be stated in this connexion that there are twenty-two establishments in Cincinnati which manufacture 600,000 gallons of lard oil per annum, valued at 50 cents per gallon. The product from lard in winter is one-third of elaine and two-thirds stearine; in summer the proportions are exactly the reverse. In the pork season the oil is made directly from the hog, the whole of which is used for the purpose, except the ham and shoulders. Prior to the manufacture of lard oil, sperm oil was sold in Cincinnati at from \$1.25 to \$1.50, according to quality. The corresponding qualities of lard oil now sell there at from 50 to 62 1-2 cents. The article has found great favor in every part of the country, both for light and machinery.—*Sun.*

THE ADVANTAGES OF POETRY.—*By Rev. John Todd.*—There is in the life of almost every man, a period when he reads and loves and quotes poetry. At first all that comes within his reach is food, but as he advances, his taste leads him to select with greater care and admit but little as worthy of his lasting admiration. It is to be regretted that poetry is not read more through life, especially by professional men. Poetry is a child of the skies. *Non tetigit quod non ornavit.* The appropriate quotation is not the only thing that is beautiful. The mind through which poetry passes, like the clear channel in which the mountain brook runs, seems to be beautified by the waters that pass through it. The young then in admitting and cultivating a taste for poetry, are becoming their own benefactors, and they are putting the soul under the guidance of a teacher, whose voice will ever be as sweet as the silver trumpet, and whose robes like those of the angel, will reflect the purity and drop the odors of heaven.

THE ROVER BOOK-TABLE.

"SILENT LOVE;" by James Wilson, of Scotland. This is a little poem remarkable for its ardor and high sentiment, smoothly and forcibly expressed. It has lately been published in a neat and compact form of about thirty pages by Charles H. Brainard, Boston, and is for sale by Leslie, Broadway, New York, corner of Maiden Lane. A preface and brief little sketch of the author's life accompany the work, prepared by A. J. H. Duganne.

WILSON & Co., 162 Nassau street, have published, as the 14th number of the Brother Jonathan Monthly Library, "Woman, as virgin, wife, and mother, an epitome of social duties and domestic enjoyments." By Rev. Josiah Colton, D. D. To which is added ten minutes advice to a lady going to choose a husband.

The same publishers have commenced the publication of a series of cheap works to be called the "New Library of useful knowledge." Three numbers have been issued, viz., "The Mother's Medical Adviser, on the diseases and management of children," by Thomas Wakely, M. D. "Letter-writing simplified by precept and example;" and "The Physiology of Health, being a view of some of the more important functions of the human body."

SONG OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY THOMAS GRAY, JUN.

WE meet but to part, love, we part but to meet,
When our foes shall be trodden like dust at our feet.
No fetters, no tyrants our souls shall enslave,
While the ocean shall roll, or the harvest shall wave.
We go, to return when the strife shall be done,
When the field shall be fought, and the battle be won;
When the sceptre is smitten, and broken the chain,
We come back in freedom, or come not again.

Yon red-robed battalions are plumed for the fray,
And their banners dance high o'er their martial array;
To-morrow still redder in blood shall they lie,
On the spot where they stand we will conquer or die.
Few, faithful and fearless, we bend to the fight,
And England's best legions shall quail at our might;
The rush of our foemen unshaken we stem—
As the rock meets the ocean-wave, so meet we them.

Ours are no hirelings trained to the fight,
With cymbal and clarion all glittering and bright;
No prancing chargers, no martial display,
No war-trump is heard from our silent array.
O'er the proud heads of free men our star-banner waves:
Men firm as their mountains and still as their graves,
To-morrow shall pour out their life-blood like rain—
We come back in triumph, or come not again.

No fearing, no doubting, thy soldier shall know,
When here stands his country and yonder his foe;
One look at the bright sun, one prayer to the sky,
One glance where our banner floats glorious on high—
Then on, as the young lion bounds on his prey;
Let the sword flash on high, fling the scabbard away;
Roll on like the thunderbolt over the plain—
We come back in glory, or come not again.

Sweep them off as the storm sweeps the chaff on its
breath,
When bows the red harvest whose reaper is Death!
Be strong as the earthquake, and swift as the wind—
Carry vengeance before us, and freedom behind;
We heed not vain tears when the warrior is low,
Be his soul to his God, so his breast's to the foe;
Our tears are the red drops, the life-blood that drain,
When we come back with vengeance or come not again!

DEATH OF COLONEL STONE.—Colonel William Leet Stone, for twenty-four years past editor of the New York Commercial Advertiser, died on Thursday, the 15th instant, at Saratoga Springs, at the residence of his father-in-law, the Rev. Mr. Wayland. His age was about fifty-two years. Independently of the editorial labors bestowed upon his paper, which has always been ably conducted, Colonel Stone had been much engaged in literary pursuits for some years past, and it is said, that too close application with too little attention to exercise, seriously impaired his health. He has been failing for nearly a year past. He was removed to Saratoga about two months before his decease, where he was confined to his bed almost the whole time. He dropped away at last suddenly and without a struggle. His departure has left a void in the editorial corps of the country, and in the literary and social circles of New York, not soon to be forgotten nor easily filled.

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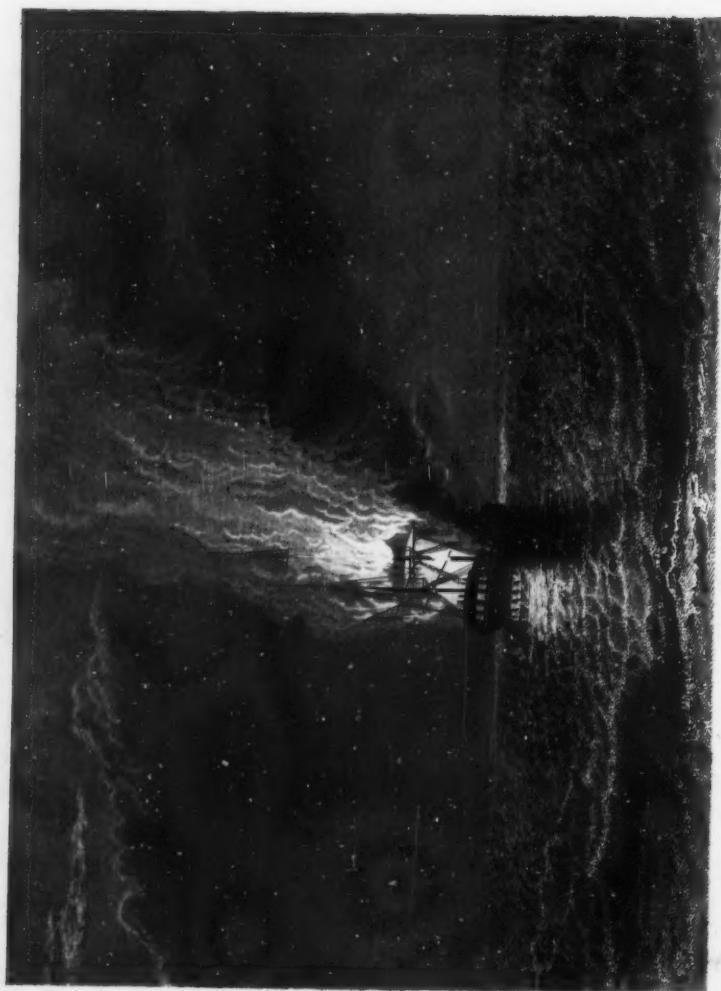
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The Burning Ship!

THE ROVER.

The Burning Ship at Sea.

We are aware that a portion of our numerous readers have before seen the plate which we this week present them. But it is a highly interesting one, and will bear looking at more than once. Few situations can be imagined more appalling, than to be on board a burning ship at sea; "on the wide, wide sea," far away from human succor.

Though the plate is lettered "the Burning Ship," the original engraving was executed to illustrate the loss of a particular ship, the Abeona, of England, which about the year 1821 was burned at sea, and her passengers and crew all perished. For a poem, written on the loss of the Abeona immediately after the news was received in this country, and published anonymously at the time in a Portland paper, the reader is referred to the last page of this number of the Rover. The poem was widely circulated in the papers of the country at the time of its first publication; and soon after the lamentable loss of the steamer Lexington in the winter of 1840 on Long Island Sound, it appears again anonymously in the New World and other papers. It has never till now been published with the author's name. And if any little advantage may perchance be derived from picking up at this late day these wasted crumbs of reputation, he trusts the generous reader will excuse any apparent want of taste in the mode of doing it, and attribute the action to its proper motive.

THE JEWISH CAPTIVE.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

In attempting to illustrate the passage of Scripture, so elegantly conceived by the Psalmist, and expressed in language so full of pathos and beauty, the author cannot hope to have equalled the original. Her only ambition has been, to draw forth the incidents in a somewhat more palpable form; and, in doing this, she has followed less the literal translation, than what she conceived to be the sentiment and spirit of the inspired author. Should she have failed altogether in her attempt, it will not be surprizing, when it is recollected how many have done so before her.

Lo! where Euphrates, in his tranquil bed,
Scarce swells his heaving bosom to the light,
While from the west a thousand hues are shed,
To deck his waters, ere the sombre night
Shall on his gorgeous palaces come down,
And shroud each glory in his darkened frown.

The stately obelisk has caught the ray,
The sunset trembling on its graceful head,
And the light winds come stealing on their way,
To kiss the lily in its liquid bed;
The flexile willow bends unto the stream,
And seems more lovely in the twilight gleam.

A thousand flowers, that, through the scorching ray,
Their sweetness from the sense had treasured up,
Levish their wealth upon the dying day,
And make an offering pure of every cup,—
As if they bowed in worship to the Sun,
And offered incense when the day was done.

VOLUME III.—No 25.

Forth from a marble fount the waters splash,
And twinkle down in many a mimic fall—
That ever in the light like diamonds flash;
And in their melody they seem to call
To old Euphrates, as he wanders by,
And spreads his waters to the golden sky.

A group of maidens by the willows bend,
And weave their tresses by the twilight sky,
While ever on the air glad voices blend,
And many a song and laugh are floating by
To mingle with the sound of chiming waters,
That lave the feet of dark-eyed Syrian daughters.

"Lo! here," cries one, "the captive Mara tends,—
Mara, the Jewess, queen-like in her wo;
Though many a victor to her beauty bends,
The smile no more her gentle lips may know.
Not for her own she weeps, but Judah's wrongs,
And pours her sorrows in their mystic songs.

"Didst ever hear the music strange and high,
The Jewish captives from their harp-strings bring,
While Zion-ward they turn the kindling eye?
Mara, approach; we fain would hear thee sing
A song of Zion—such as once ye sang
When Jordon's waters to the music rang."

The captive flung her tresses from her brow,
And upward raised her dark and tearless eye—
Clasped her pale hands in agony of wo,
And heaved her breast with many a smothered sigh;
Quick thronging visions o'er her spirit passed—
She lived again where childhood's lot was cast.

Lo! sad Judea's vine-clad hills are there
And fruitful Jordon, with its many streams,—
Proud Lebanon, with cedars tall and fair,—
And, midst her desolation, sadly gleams
Lone Zion, widowed, childless, and oppressed,
A Rachel, for her first-born son distressed.

There, 'neath a cottage, where the trailing vine
In many a festoon o'er the lattice clings,
An ancient matron seems alone to pine,
And calls her children, while her arm she flings,
To clasp the shadows that her fancies raise,
The cherished offspring of her happier days.

But what is grief like hers—that matron old,
Who spreads her white locks to the evening sky,
When Zion stands bereft—her altars cold!
And all her exiled children turn their eye
To where the happier swallow builds her nest,
And in the courts of God has found her rest.

O'er Mara's soul the power of music rushed,—
Her harp the maidens from the willows bring:
Forth from her lips high thoughts and feelings gushed,
"How can I Zion's songs, a captive, sing?
How sing of Jordon, here by Babel's strand?
How sing of Judah, in this dark, strange land?"

"Oh Zion! if I cease for thee
My earliest vows to pay—
If for thy sad and ruined walls
I ever cease to pray—
If I no more thy sacred courts

With holy reverence prize,
 Or Zion-ward shall cease to turn
 My ever-longing eyes—
 Or if the splendor round me thrown
 Shall ouch this Jewish heart,
 And make me cease to prize thy joy]
 Above all other art,—
 Oh may this hand no more with skill
 E'er touch this sacred string,
 And may this tongue grow cold in death,
 Ere I shall cease to sing
 And pray for Zion's holy courts,
 Or dare to bow the knee
 To these poor, blind and helpless gods,
 Forgetful, Lord, of thee."

TIME'S DAY-BOOK AND LEDGER.

BY J. K. PAULDING.

I TURNED with fear to my own account in the Ledger—for it was growing late—and began to look over the various items, wondering and absorbed in thought. I observed that no balance was struck. "Pray Heaven," I exclaimed, "that I may get rid of this dun as easily as others." "Well! well! to business! I cannot wait!" exclaimed the figure behind me, though I was not aware of his approach. "No nearer! if you please," said I, as I saw him approaching and shaking his white head almost in my face—"No nearer! It wants a quarter of four by my watch!" "It is four! I alone have the true time!" said the figure. "Come, Mr. Snooks! I have waited long enough; let us wind up our affairs! I must turn over a new leaf for you in my books!" I was not now so completely deprived of all presence of mind as before; but look him straight in the face I dared not. How he moved I know not; but that he was completely in motion, though I could not perceive it, as I thought I could upon his first appearance, I am as certain as of my own existence; for, turn my eyes which way I would, they were certain to light upon his mouldering, unearthly garments, or upon his sallow, bronze-looking countenance. If my glances shifted with the rapidity of thought, they were sure to meet his fixed and settled gaze.

"Millions have been summoned to their last account," said he, in a solemn voice, "since I laid my books before you. I have traveled over the universe since then; and yet, I have not been absent from your chamber. I possess the power of ubiquity. Millions have been summoned away—ay, and millions have sprung into being, whose names are to be written in my books and whose accounts this day begin."

As he spoke, I gazed upon him with an earnestness that, to an observer, would have proved the power which he had over me. Indeed, I felt my interest in the old gentleman increasing each moment, and began to desire our interview might, by some possibility, be prolonged. All fear that my account was to be settled forever, and that his books were to be closed against me forever, had vanished, upon listening to his words and looking into his Ledger. I had not, therefore, at present, that dread and stupor upon me, which I have mentioned as having seized me, when the idea flashed upon my mind, that at four I was to be summoned from time into eternity. Not my thread of life was to be spun on still farther, and not snapped in twain at the very next stroke of time. I, therefore, addressed my visitor, as one with whom I stood well, and whose favor I was desirous of securing.

"At any moment you please," I said, "I will look over your Ledger with you. I am young, though my years are almost as many as are allotted to man—and you, sir, must be old. May I hope that so aged a creditor will not be hard with one whose years are but a point to his?"

"As you are ready, I will not press the matter. Others would have reason to thank God, if they, also, could say they were ready when I call. Old! call you me? Ay! when the Almighty spoke creation into birth, I was there. Then was I born. Mid the bloom and verdure of Paradise, I gazed upon the young world, radiant with celestial smiles. I rose upon the pinions of the first morn, and caught the sweet dew drops as they fell, and sparkled on the bowers of the garden. Ere the foot of man was heard sounding in this wilderness, I gazed out upon its thousand rivers, flashing in light, and reflecting the broad sun, like a thousand jewels, upon their bosoms. The cataracts sent up their anthems in these solitudes, and none was here to listen to the new-born melody but I! The fawns bounded over the hills, and drank at the limpid streams, ages before an arm was raised to injure or make them afraid. For thousands of years the morning star rose in beauty upon these unpeopled shores, and its twin sister of the eve, flamed in the forehead of the sky, with no eye to admire their rays but mine. Ay! call me old? Babylon and Assyria, Palmyra and Thebes rose, flourished and fell—and I beheld them in their glory and their decline. Scarce a melancholy ruin marks the place of their existence; but when their first stones were laid in the earth, I was there! Mid all their glory, splendor and wickedness, I was in their busy streets, and crumbling their magnificent piles and their gorgeous palaces to the earth. My books will show a long and fearful account against them. I control the fate of empires—I give their period of glory and splendor; but, at their birth, I conceal in them the seeds of death and decay. They must go down, and be humbled in the dust—their proud heads bowed down before the rising glories of young nations, to whose prosperity there will also come a date and a day of decline."

"I poise my wing over the earth, and watch the course and doings of its inhabitants. I call up the violets upon the hills, and crumble the gray ruins to the ground. I am the agent of a higher power, to give life and to take it away. I spread silken tresses upon the brow of the young, and plant gray hairs on the head of the aged man. Dimples and smiles, at my bidding, lurk round the lips of the innocent child, and I furrow the brow of age with wrinkles. Old, call you me? ay, but when will my days be numbered? When will Time end, and Eternity begin? When will the earth, and its waters—the universe, be rolled up, and a new world commence its revolutions? Not till He, who first bid me begin my flight, so orders it. When His purposes, who called me into being, are accomplished, then, and not till then—and no one can proclaim the hour—I too shall go to the place of all living."

His manner and voice were so different from anything I had before observed, while speaking, that, for a moment, I gazed upon his venerable form with wonder and admiration. As he finished, he called my thoughts back to myself, by pointing to the open Ledger, and the different items that made up my account. My name was written in startling characters; and,

with all my confidence, I trembled to add up the debt and credit sides, lest the balance should go against me. Who ever had a bill presented, that he did not question its correctness in some part? Not I. I looked over the account, making observations as I proceeded, as I would have done in any case, and asking questions that were promptly answered. There were thousands of items for which I was made debtor to him, of this kind—"Dr. to Time for opportunity," and I was glad to observe that I was, in most cases, credited for improving them.

"What," said I, "here is an item for which I am made debtor, and which has but little credit against it; item, gray hairs."

"Why should you be credited," he replied, "by more than a single mite of true wisdom."

"Have I not learned knowledge of the world?—Have I not learned the uselessness and vanity of all worldly things? What, but these gray hairs, for which I am fairly your debtor, has given me this knowledge and taught me to raise my thoughts from earth to heaven, the only abode of true happiness? Have I not seen the faults and errors of others, and profited by them? Have I not avoided the paths in which they have been lost?—have not their losses proved my gain?—and shall I have no credit therefore? You have given me gray hairs; but you have taken from me the soft locks of innocent youth. If I am gay, I have seen trouble—and is the lesson I have learned to be of no use to me? Have others profited as well by their white locks, as I have by mine? Are not some gray-headed men old in vice?"

"Every gray hair upon your head should have brought you wisdom, instead of only one in a hundred. You have had lessons set before you, but have failed always to draw that improvement and instruction from them, which alone are the foundation of true wisdom. I robbed you of your youthful locks, but it was that you might be matured in mind. Rely upon your own powers, and lean not for support upon the falling bodies of others."

"Ay, but is it no merit in me that I have avoided the errors into which others have fallen? and though my loss is not their gain, individually considered, yet is it not to be accounted the greater merit to have gone right, where so many have gone wrong?"

"True, Man! in that you have shown wisdom, and for that I have given you ample credit, as you observe. Yet wisdom is so costly and precious a jewel, that but a ray sent forth from its outvalues all the concentrated beams of pride and worldly glory. You have passed through troubles, and your spirit has not been broken down, but in the issue has been elevated and exalted. If every opportunity, for which you are my debtor, has not been improved as it might have been—yet you have done better. Some have been lost, and you must have been more than mortal not to have suffered some to pass by unimproved; and fortunate is it for you at this hour that these were in your more juvenile days."

"You took from me the wife of my bosom—O! what can I have gained by that loss?"

"I gave her to thee, and I took her away. So far we are even. But you have been the gainer. Look! have I not passed much to your credit on that score? Were not your thoughts, before I called her away centered on the earth, and did I not raise them to heaven? What possessions of earth, though but little inferior in beauty to angels, will you weigh against an inheritance

in the realms of bliss, where you will again meet your partner? I stole her from your bosom, it is true; but did I not plant principles there, which have since sprung up and imparted a new existence to your soul—principles that will outlive the perishing tabernacle of clay that encloses them? Sorrow, you have known by this bereavement; but you came forth from the trial like gold from the furnace."

"But you might have spared my only boy, just budding into loveliness and beauty?"

"Blame not my actions: I do the will of One higher than us all. He was cut down, ere the temptations of the world lured him astray from the paths of virtue—ere the blast of the world had sullied his pure spirit. You are a gainer by these losses, and I have given you much credit in my Ledger on their account."

"You have temptations innumerable against me; it is like lending me false coin."

"Yes," he replied; "and you may be thankful that you have resisted so many of them—and enabled me to give you so much credit therefor. They are no base coin, but the true touchstones of the soul—the test of its purity. In resisting these, consists true merit—in such curbings of the spirit, in such checking of the weak part of your nature, you have come off conqueror many times and oft; and in this have shown yourself superior to thousands who have borne the names of philosophers and sages. I have given you chances to err, but you turned away from them; and, instead of you being my debtor, I have become yours. Greatness consists as much in avoiding errors, that have been committed by men since the world begun, as in doing great actions."

"You took from me all my fortune—the accumulated earnings of years of toil, labor and sufferings."

"Suffering! Honor not with that name the rubs which you get in the war for riches. You were reduced from affluence to poverty: was not your soul wrapped up in the love of gain? Were not riches your god—your idol? Did you not often take from others that you might enrich yourself?—I gave you an opportunity to learn a lesson of prudence and wisdom; but it passed unimproved. You went on, from day to day, adding to your almost exhausted stock—and had I not taken from you what was dearer even than life, you would tremble now at my account against you."

"I am content," I exclaimed, "you have dealt fairly with me. Strike the balance; if it goes against me, I am undone—the fault be at my own door!"

"It is done!—I thought it not; I am your debtor to a very small amount!"

"I am then the Dun! Pray take your own Time—if you please, pass the balance to my credit on the new page."

"No! I must begin again square. Here is my note, payable in Eternity. When presented, I will be there to take it up. It is for a small sum; but by the time it becomes due, when you, and the nation of which you are a part, are no more, it will be trebled, billion of times, and out-value all the possessions of this world." So saying, he shut up his Day-Book and Ledger, clasp and shouldered them, and vanished like a ghost at twilight.

A MAN of learning; who makes no use of what he knows, is like a cloud which gives no rain.

THE wisest of men, is he who has the most complaisance for others.

THE BELL AT GREENWOOD CEMETERY.

BY ARTHUR MORRELL.

Just within the gateway at the entrance of Greenwood Cemetery, on Long Island, is erected a rustic tower, in which is hung a bell that is always tolled when a funeral procession passes into the inclosure.

A mournful office is thine, old bell,
To ring forth naught but the last sad knell
Of the coffin'd worm as he passeth by—
And thou seemest to say, Ye all must die!

No joyful peal dost thou ever ring;
But ever and aye, as hither they bring
The dead to sleep 'neath the "Greenwood" tree,
Thy voice is heard, pealing mournfully.

No glad occasion dost thou proclaim—
Thy mournful tone is the ever same;
The slow measured peal, that tells of woe,
Such as those who feel it may only know.

Had thy tongue the power of speech, old bell,
Methinks strange stories 'twould often tell—
How some are brought hither with tear and moan,
While others pass by unmourn'd, alone;

How strangers are hither brought to sleep,
Whose home, perchance, was beyond the deep,
Who, seeking our shore, came but to die,
And here in this hallowed spot to lie.

How a wife hath followed a husband's bier,
Whose husband hath followed a wife most dear—
How brother and sister have come in turn
To shed a tear o'er a parent's urn.

How a father and mother, in accents wild,
Have bewailed the loss of a darling child;
How a friend o'er a friend hath shed a tear,
As he laid him down to slumber here.

How the victim of sorrow's ceaseless smart
Hath given up life with a willing heart,
And thought of this spot with a smiling face,
Glad at last to find him a resting place.

I wonder if thou dost ring, old bell,
For the rich man a louder, longer knell,
Than thou dost for the poor who enter here
On the humble and unpretending bier?

And dost thou ring forth a peal less sad
For the pure and the good than for the bad?
Or dost thou toll the same knell for all—
The rich and the poor, the great and small?

Oh, a mournful office is thine, old bell!
To ring forth nought but the last sad knell
Of the coffin'd worm as he passeth by,
And thou seemest to say—Prepare to die!

Columbian Magazine for September.

TAMINA.

FROM THE GERMAN.

"The last time I looked on the full moon," began Colentin, raising his eyes to the luminary now rolling in full-orbed beauty above us—"it was through the grated window of an Italian monastery, where I was seated with an old monk, who was instructing me in some of the mysteries of nature. Our conversation turned on the star of night; and he told me many

wonderful things of it, of which thousands do not even dream; he recalled to my memory a story which I had heard sometime before; I always fancied it very much, and will relate it to you.

"On the summit of one of the highest mountains of the moon, stood one of its inhabitants, just as the earth with its dimmer light was ascending the heavens. The spirit, whose form I will not attempt to describe to you, felt an ardent longing to visit the sister star. He threw himself at the feet of a being more powerful than himself, who stood at his side, and implored permission to wander awhile in the unknown world. It was granted to him, yet not without a solemn warning. Whether, as with us, words are made use of in the moon to express sentiments, or whether some other means of conveying ideas is there employed, I may not tell you; it is enough for you that what fell upon the ear of the spirit, might, in our language, be thus expressed:

"You desire to pass the bonds which separate us from that far distant world—be it so!—Go, assume the form of an inhabitant of the earth; breathe the dense atmosphere which surrounds it; measure its hills with our giant cliffs; mirror thyself in its waters, an element of which thou knowest nothing; mingle in its busy scenes, and share in its pleasures. Before thy home has three times described its circle around thee, painfully wilt thou feel that thou art not in thy native element: an ardent longing for the land of thy birth will seize upon thee, and eagerly wilt thou strive to return to it. However alluring another star may seem to us, yet can we only be happy there where Providence has placed us."

"The spirit immediately descended to the earth, and found himself clothed in a human form, on a mountain peak, from which he looked far down on the country below; here all was new to his eyes. The atmosphere which surrounded him was to him what water would be to us, that bodily frame which he wore alone enabled him to breathe in it. Wondering, he beheld trees and plants, birds and reptiles, the terrific wild beasts and the useful domestic animals; still more was he astonished at the lordly human form which seemed to tell him of a kindred spirit. He saw his own image reflected in the water, and did not know it—and gazed with admiration on the flowing silver, to which there is nothing similar in his world above.

"He commenced his wanderings; he entered into the abodes of men; took part in their occupation, and endeavored to participate in their pleasures, but could not; an invisible barrier appeared ever to separate him from those whom he approached; a stranger he remained to them—strangers were they to him. Their tears and their smiles, their grief and their joy, touched no responsive chord in his heart; and when they would embrace him, their arms encircled only the child of the earth, not the wanderer from another sphere, whose form was but a borrowed robe!

"Alone, amid rocky precipices, he was pursuing his toilsome way, thinking upon the warning of his wiser friend who had granted his desire; when, behold, his home floated above him with its soft gentle light; he would have known it from the quickened pulses of his heart, even had not its silver beams, so different from the ruddy glare of the earth, fallen upon his sight. Low voices seemed to murmur around the solitary being and lull him to repose; his brilliant eyes closed in slumber beneath the protection of the friendly light.

"Look, where the sea there spreads itself glittering before us; at the dark cliffs rising majestically into the clear air, their lofty summits glittering in the moonlight; what a solemn stillness seems to pervade all nature; it was on such a night that the youth fell asleep at the foot of yon towering mountain. No human being then inhabited the wilderness; the chamois and the eagle were lords of these solitary dominions; and the streams that sang the wanderer's lullaby, gazed with astonishment on the unusual apparition. Their song became louder; swiftly they pressed around him, and eagerly summoned their sisters to behold him with them: 'come robed in your waves of silver bright, from the deep sea, sisters, to the clear moonlight; the red-crown wind in your locks of green, and behold what no water-sprite has e'er seen.'

"The sea heaved, the waves rose and fell, and bore the slight forms of the water-spirits to the land. Tall slender beings, with pale lovely countenances and long flowing hair. Their smaller companions danced gaily up to them, and babbling, led them to the spot where the inhabitant of the moon slumbered. The maidens gazed at him with wonder; he was fair as painters represent angels to us; fancy him so, and spare me the description.

"There was one among the nymphs of the sea, who bore your name, charming Tamina. She who was regarded by the others as their queen, stood silent near the stranger, while the rest, especially the noisy brooks, prattled incessantly. Slowly she let fall on his head a wreath of white water lilies, whose delicate perfume brings pleasant dreams, and rejoiced when she saw a smile spread itself over his countenance. Quite lost in the contemplation of him; as her cold heart gradually warmed, she felt as does the frozen stream when the sunbeams kiss it and impart to it a portion of their heat.

"The rivulets now prepared to depart, bidding each other farewell. 'Sisters, will you not remain longer?'

"No, we haste away to the eagle's seat, our place is there in the sultry heat, from the highest peak ourselves we throw, to cool the grass in the land below.'

"The meadows are calling, I hear their warning, for I,' said a nymph, 'am the dew of the morning.'

"And I,' said a brook, 'on the mountain's height, each morn to the sun hold a mirror bright; if his glittering mirror here idling stays, how can Phæbus arrange his crown of rays?'

"I,' murmured another, 'with my fall awake, and bid Echo her obstinate silence break; she would slumber all day in her rocky caves, if she heard not the rushing sound of my waves.'

"So saying, they all separated; their forms appeared to vanish into the mist, and the sound of their voices became fainter. The sleeper moved. One of the nymphs proclaimed that it was time to return to the sea.

"Away, ye daughters of ocean foam, the dawn comes on, swift wears the night; now quickly speed to your watery home, and hide yourselves ere the morning's light. For we have no power but 'neath the waves; far off in the deep our race had birth; we rule at will in our coral caves, but here, might be scorned by a child of earth. To us in the realm of air there's death, our forms dissolve in the morning's breath. In the sea now the moon her broad disk leaves—then away, away to your ocean caves!'

"The sprites obeyed the command; they hastened

to the sea and disappeared beneath the waves. Tamina alone raised her crowned head above the water, and began a low song, soft and mournful as the whispering of the wind among the tall firs. The youth awoke with a confused remembrance of delightful dreams. The crown which he had received from the water-nymph had filled his heart with an ardent love, but the object of it had vanished with his dream, and could not be recalled to his waking senses. A melting sound was yet ringing in his ear like a call from his distant home; he followed it, and it led him to the shore of the sea.

"What is that?' cried he with rapture, as he beheld at his feet the moon floating in the wavy mirror—'art thou so near me beloved home? and are my wanderings in this strange world at an end? My longing has brought back to me my beloved star, which I never should have left; take me again; I return wiser. Providence assigns to every being his proper sphere; all the allurements of strange worlds are too weak to compensate the exile for banishment from his father land.'

"The listening nymphs rose from the water when they heard the step of the wanderer; they saw him spread out his arms and plunge into the sea; they saw their servants, the waves, seize upon him, and hastened to free him from their power. Gently they carried him down through crystal palaces, where, resting on beautiful creeping plants, thousands of little water sprites waited to receive their commands. They were ordered instantly to form a grotto, where the stranger might exist as in the upper air. 'Hasten!' they said! 'let the walls be of shells, and pearl, and coral; and the floor of gold sand; gather the rays of light from the waters above, and prison them within it; spread yourselves then before the door like a veil, and guard the entrance against all prying sprites.'

"When the grotto was completed, the youth awoke from his lethargy, and beheld at his side a being whose ethereal beauty quite drove from his memory all others.

"Tamina now exerted her utmost power to fix the wanderer securely in the snare she had woven around him; deserting altogether her sisters, she never left him; her sweet song charmed his ear; her gentle fingers wove for him garlands of fragrant flowers; she taught him the secrets of the world beneath the waters. Passion had warmed her icy heart; she loved him as might a mortal maiden, fondly and truly; and only prized her power and beauty for his sake. The youth, intoxicated by love and her enchantments, thought no longer of his home, the grotto was his world, her blue eyes the only star he cared to look upon.

"So passed weeks away; the moon had once described its circle, and again silvered the smooth waves over the abode of love. Tamina was at the feet of her beloved, her long green locks floating on the golden floor, when there was a knocking heard without, and two of her attendants, small bubbling springs, entered, and thus spoke—'My sovereign queen, the water-fall, thine ancient liegeman and vassal, last night with more than wonted roar, a fragment from the mountain tore, and in the gap his power had made, to carry off a brook essayed; united now they come before thee, humbly for pardon to implore thee. A modest spring, too, makes request, that thou wouldst issue thy behest, that he with sulphur and iron imbued, with pow-

er to heal human ill be induced. You may float above for the sea is light, like diamonds it gleams in the moonshine bright; and in frolic mood 'neath the silver ray, gaily the tiny waves dance and play.'

"Take me with thee, Tamina," entreated the youth, as she slowly arose. Mournfully she raised her eyes to his, for a sad foreboding seized upon her; yet she could not refuse any of his wishes, and the attendant sprites were commanded to bear him where he desired. Hardly had he lost sight of the nymph and gained the upper surface of the water, when the spell that had so long bound him was broken. In a moment he appeared to know himself again; the love for the being whose nature was so foreign to his own, seemed to him like a wild dream. Over him floated the crystal mirror of the seas; with beams of love the moon again shone on him, and his longing returned anew for his native star. 'Raise me still higher,' he commanded the sprites, and murmuring they obeyed him. He breathed the air; he reached the shore, and in a moment stood on firm ground. The moon went down—the sun rose—he strayed about among rocks and precipices; he wandered the whole day long, and endeavored in vain to escape from a persecution which everywhere checked his steps. Wherever he went, which ever way he moved, there burst forth a bubbling spring, and its gurgling sound seemed ever to say to him, in Tamina's imploring voice—'return!' He hastened his steps and plunged into the forest, but still that trembling tone sounded in his ear—'return!'

"As the sun's last rays disappeared behind the mountains, the water-sprites gained their misty forms, and the rising moon showed him Tamina's pale countenance. 'Return!' she whispered, and the youth turned once more to gaze on her before he departed forever. 'Cease to persecute me, strange maiden,' said he; 'only a sweet delusion kept me in thy power; I cannot live for thee. I belong not to this earth—there, in that brilliant globe, whose light now shines upon us, is my home—to it I return. I do not deceive myself by false hopes; from yon mountain's height I shall be taken up to my father land, and henceforth my wanderings will be but a dream.' He turned and ascended—rather floating than walking—that glacier from which you now see the Tamina flow. The nymph followed him closely, but in vain; and, unable to return to her kingdom that she had left, despairingly she flung herself from the mountain; hating the light of the sun she sought the wildest paths, and rushed into the deepest chasms. Between high precipitous rocks, far below mortal sight, she flowed on; and the shuddering, which at the sound of her voice in those deep shades and in the benumbing air, seizes upon the traveler, is a spell which the sorrows of the nymph has left there. Yet soon her longing to behold the abode of her beloved drew her into the light, and she flowed as tributary to a more powerful stream, to the sea. Here, in serene nights, she looks up to the moon, and endeavors again to draw him toward her, but can never allure him from his home above.

"It is her love which raises the water beneath the moon's beams; when she strives with eager desire to reach her beloved, and then despairingly draws back again, men call it ebb and flood; and Tamina's never-ceasing tears are the pearls which mortals gather from the depths of the ocean."

Avarice is the chastisement of the rich.

STANZAS TO ———.

BY JOHN KEENE.

I FACED the deck at dead of night,
Darkness draped the land and sea;
One star alone shone true and bright,
That star resembled thee.

Like thee, it lit up many a scene
Which else were dark and drear;
Like thee, in majesty serene,
It moved, cold, calm and clear.

A cloud, which o'er its pathway swept,
Look'd bright in strong relief;
And I have felt, when Mary wept,
How beautiful was grief.

It struggled through, and there it shone
With every ray revealed;
I silent gazed, and thought of one
Whose features death had sealed.

It was a "bright peculiar star,"
Like that which lights the pole—
I thought of one dear friend afar,
Whose beauties filled my soul.

Oh, woman's truth, it is a ray,
A star with beauty beaming—
A light to cheer the darkest day—
Of Mary I was dreaming.

And woman's form, it star-like glows,
As if an angel kiss'd her;
And one bright form before me rose,
I thought of thee, my sister!

For the Rover—Brooklyn, L. I., Aug., 1844.

Literary Character of the Times.

"BUT one of the most marked tendencies of intellect in the present day is to occupy itself only with the subject, the news, the knowledge, the literature of the moment. Probably near one hundred times the reading is now done that was done fifty years ago. But, as the circulating sense, like the circulating coin of the world, can vary but little from century to century, unless some great new American mines of thought, as well as of the precious metals, were discovered, this excess of reading, like a vast addition of paper currency, really makes us no wiser; on the contrary, (to pursue our illustration, which must be a good one, so like have the two things been held ever since Solomon's time,) as, by a great issue of paper money, specie itself is brought down to the same value so long as both pass—so of sense; being for the time, under the laws of convertibility, no better than nonsense, a large part of its value is lost. In New York probably about the same quantity of milk is now consumed as was fifty years ago by one fourth of its present population; and though by dint of adulteration, one quart is made into four, it may be doubted whether each inhabitant's proportion of the liquid thus adulterated, can do him one quarter the good that pure milk would do. Nay, were he, with a prodigious distention of stomach, to do as our readers now do, and swallow a quadruple allowance, would that mend the matter?"—*Correspondence Nat. Intelligencer.*

The above paragraph contains the plausible objections to the literature and scholarship of the present

day. It is, that knowledge is *diffused*—literature *current*, but that we have not gained anything; we have only *diluted* it for the accommodation of a greater number. This is very plausible, but it is a great mistake. In the first place, the *illustrations* used are entirely *false*. New York city gets now better, and purer, and cheaper milk than it ever did, in consequence of one of these *diffusible ideas* of this age—a railroad, which brings tens of thousands of quarts daily from the fresh dairies of Orange County. Now, take this single idea of a railroad, and tell us, if you can, what idea in all the Greek philosophy was equal to it? If there had been a hundred Platos, and all merged into one, all their philosophy would not have been worth to the million what a railroad is.

This "excess of reading," says our Solon, "really makes us no wiser." Suppose that we had it not, that we abolished all books, since the middle ages, what ideas would any of us have of things about us? No steamboat—no railroad—no Daguerreotype—no M'Adam road—no Morse's telegraph—no American Revolution—no Napoleon—no Bible Societies—no missionaries—no schools—no anything that is going on around; for these things are all learned in newspapers and current literature. These ideas are all new ideas—ideas that Achimedes and Plato would have given worlds, if they had them, to have known. Call you this living on milk and water? The rules of duty and conduct, it is true, never vary. They are contained in the Ten Commandments and Solomon's Proverbs. But what have they to do, in this connection, with the progress of science and literature?

We have an American mine of thought, and it seems, from the European criticisms and discussions upon it, a very *suggestive* one. Our new system of government is a mine of thought. Our whole national life is a novelty. It is not described or accounted for in any book of ancient or modern philosophy. It is the science of government reduced to practice—the philosophy of liberty illustrated by example.

Is there nothing new in this? If there was really no such thing as a new "circulating sense" now, most hopeless would be the condition of poor mortals on the highway of life now-a-days: a man with the old "circulating sense" would be mobbed at once for differing from the sovereign people, and mashed, like a cow by a railroad car because she did not know it went so fast. What prepares a man, being on his farm, to perceive and understand all these new evolutions on the surface of the earth, as if he was present in every action? A newspaper.—*Cincinnati Chronicle*.

THE LORD OF THE HILLS.

FROM THE GERMAN.

In the deepest recesses of the Silesian mountains, there lived in former days, and yet lives, if the old women in the neighborhood are to be believed, a gnome or mountain-spirit, known by the title of the Lord of the Hills, or more commonly by the familiar nickname of Rubezahl. He dwells in the centre of a huge cliff, and it is given to no mortal eye to detect the entrance to his palace. Here he is surrounded by countless treasures, a part of which sometimes falls to the share of some favored mortal, when he happens to meet the Lord of the Hills in good humor. For be it remarked, our gnome, like many a rich old bachelor among ourselves, is somewhat capricious and humorsome. Most

especially does he dislike the nickname of Rubezahl, and seldom fails to read a sharp lesson of politeness to any one who is ill-bred enough to use it in his hearing. We may hereafter notice some of the tricks played by him in his fits of ill-humor, but our present story is one in which his spiritual lordship will appear in a more favorable light.

A rich old hunk, who lived near the mountains, once deprived his poor neighbor of his only wealth, his house and little farm by legal robbery. The land went to the plaintiff, the stock was taken by the officers of the court to pay their fees, and he had nothing left in the wide world but a sickly wife and half a dozen crying children. It pierced his very heart when he heard them moaning and crying for bread. "If we had only a hundred dollars," said he to his wife, "we should not suffer. We could leave this place and hire a good farm somewhere else. You have more than one wealthy relation the other side of the mountain; I will go to them at once, and tell them our pitiful situation; perhaps some one of them will be kind-hearted enough to lend us the sum we want." His feeble, broken-spirited wife did not share in these hopes, but agreed to her husband's plan, as she had none better to offer. Her husband by break of day girt his loins for the journey, and took the crust of his last loaf to satisfy his hunger on the road. Weary and faint under the heat of the day he crossed the ridge, and at nightfall reached the village where his wife's wealthy kinsmen resided, but not one of them would recognize him or give him shelter for the night. When he complained of his miserable condition, the only consolation he got was, "wifful waste makes woful want," or some proverb equally charitable. He had no money to pay for a bed at the inn, and was forced to spend the night in the fields. Here he lay and watched for the break of day to resume his sad journey.

As he clambered tollsomenly up the mountain, grief and want pressed upon him so sorely, that he was almost desperate. "Two days' wages lost," thought he, "broken down by hunger and travel, and no hope left, none! What wilt thou say to thy wife and helpless little ones, when they stretch out their hands when they see thee coming, and cry, give us bread! Let me die at once rather than meet them empty-handed!" Saying thus, the poor man flung himself down on the grass, and wept as though he never would cease. But as hope is always highest in our greatest extremity, so a ray of light beamed on his darkness of mind. He remembered that he was in the dominions of the Lord of the Hill, and called to mind all the wild stories he had heard of his great wealth and capricious bounty. He knew that the powerful spirit liked not to be called by his nickname, but he knew of no other to give him, so he began to shout at the top of his voice, Rubezahl! Rubezahl!

Soon a figure appeared before him, in shape like a brawny charcoal-burner of the mountains, with a red beard that reached down to his girdle, fixed and fiery eyes, and armed with a club like a weaver's beam, which he poised in the air, as though he meant to crush with it the rash mortal who had dared insult him.

"Pardon me, Sir Rubezahl," said Veit, with the boldness of despair, "excuse me if I did not call you by your right name, only hear what I have to say, and then do as you please with me."

The sadness of the man's address somewhat soothed the anger of the spirit who let his club sink to the ground and asked him—"Worm of the earth, how daarest thou to disturb me? Knowest thou not that thy life must pay the forfeit of thy rashness?"

"Sir," answered Velt, "necessity drove me to you. I have a favor to ask of you, which you can easily grant me. Lend me a hundred dollars, and I will pay thee back in three years, with lawful interest, as true as I'm an honest man."

The spirit exclaimed—"Fool! do you take me for an usurer, that lends out his money at interest? Go to thy fellow-men, and borrow of them what you need."

"Alas!" sighed Velt, "there is no fellow-ship longer among men," and then he told him the whole story of his poverty and troubles, in so moving a manner as to excite the compassion of the spirit, who besides found the man's straight-forward request for a loan so new and strange, that it tickled him. He told Velt to follow him, and led the way through the woods to a perpendicular mass of rock. Here he found a narrow entrance, hidden by the bushes, into which he plunged, not without fear and trembling. As he crept on, the opening enlarged, and finally opened into a spacious cavern, lighted by a self-fed flame that hung unattached in mid air. But what pleased him most was to see a huge iron chest standing against the wall, filled to the brim with silver dollars.

"Take whatever thou needest;" said the spirit, "and give me an acknowledgment of the debt;" Velt counted out his hundred dollars honestly, while Rubezahl brought out writing materials from a corner. He wrote a promise to pay him the money in three years, with interest, in the best form he could, which the gnome deposited in his huge chest.

"And, now, my friend," said he, "go thy ways, and make a good use of thy money. Do not forget that you are my debtor, and take good note of the entrance to the cavern. At the end of the third year I shall expect to be paid principal and interest; I am strict in all my dealings, and if I am not paid, will demand my money roughly." Velt promised to make punctual payment, and went on his way rejoicing.

The heavy weight of silver he carried in his pockets seemed to make him lighter instead of heavier. With a joyful heart he hurried homeward, and reached his hut just at night-fall. His starving little ones moaned when they saw him approach, and cried, bread! bread! and his wife, who sat weeping in a corner, had no heart to go to meet him. He bade her to make a fire and prepare supper, and flung one of the spirit's dollars on the table. Like a prudent husband, he did not judge it fit to share so strange a secret with his wife, but told her that the money came from her relatives, who had received him with the utmost kindness, and lent him enough to begin the world anew with. The good dame felt no little pride in the liberality of her kinsmen, and took good care to make it known to her neighbors. Velt listened in silence, and only thought of making a good use of his unexpected treasure. He hired a little house and garden, and worked early and late. There must have been magic in Rubezahl's money for everything he touched turned to gold. In less than three years he was the owner of a house he hired, and of many a good acre beside, he also rented a large farm in the neighborhood; in a word, he was already looked up to in the village as a man well-to-do in the world.

Meantime the time of payment arrived. Velt had so much cash lying by him, that he could easily spare the amount of the debt. He counted it carefully out, principal and interest, and tied it up in a neat little bag. Next he told his wife to put on her bran new Sunday kirtle, which she had never yet worn, and to dress the children in their best, and get ready for a ride in the wagon. His better half did not understand the meaning of all this preparation, and was curious to know where he meant to take them, so he told her he was going to visit her kinsmen beyond the mountains, and to pay his debts to the kind friend who, three years before, had relieved them in their necessities. She was delighted at the idea of showing off her wealth to the relations who had known her poverty, dressed herself out in all her finery and little ornaments, and a team of stout horses carried them rapidly along the road to the mountains. When they came to an ascending side-path, about half way up, he stopped the horses, descended, and bade his wife and children to do the like, and ordered his servant to drive slowly up the hill, and wait for them at the top. He then plunged into the wood, and seemed to be looking about him for some landmark. He found it at last, and gathering his family around him, told them for the first time that they were indebted for their good fortune not to her hard-hearted and unfeeling kinsmen, but to the spirit of the mountain, who lived in that rock, and who would expect to receive his money that day. The woman trembled when she heard the name of the much-dreaded spirit, and begged her husband with tears not to venture a second time into the cavern. The children, too, wept and hid behind their mother, and begged papa not to let Rubezahl catch them. Velt was, however, a man of his word, and forced his way through the thick underwood to the place where he had entered the cavern. He found the old blasted oak that marked the spot three years before, but no signs of any opening, nothing but a dead wall of rock. He tried to effect an entrance by every means in his power; he took up a stone and knocked heavily against the rock, pulled out the bag of money and rattled the dollars, laughed and shouted at the top of his voice—"Spirit of the hill, here is thy money," but Rubezahl was neither to be seen nor heard. He was uneasy in mind, that he was thus prevented from paying his debt punctually, and sat down on a stone by the roadside, thinking what was best to be done. He remembered his first interview with the spirit, and determined to call on him again by his odious nickname, and shouted Rubezahl! Rubezahl! but all in vain. Nothing remained but to turn to their homes, and father Velt paced the road in perplexity and disappointment. As they trudged along, a gentle breeze came from the woods, which chased the acorns and brown leaves along the road, and raised the dust in little eddies. This delighted the children, and they ran off in pursuit of the leaves and sticks that were blown about by the wind. A piece of paper was wafted out of the woods along with them, to which one of the little ones gave chase, and caught as he would a butterfly, by flinging his hat over it. He handed it to his father, who found that it was the paper he had given Rubezahl! at the bottom of it was written, "Received payment in full." Velt would have given more than the debt for an opportunity to thank his generous benefactor for all his goodness, but as he obstinately persisted in remaining invisible, he could only thank him in

heart. He returned home joyfully, labored and prospered, grew rich and honored, and remained an honest man to the day of his death."

I'LL THINK OF THEE.

TO E. J. T., OF S. C.

I'll think of thee when morning's sun
First glides the eastern sky,
And bids me rise and pay my vow
To Him who rules on high.
I'll think of thee as low before
His throne I bend the knee,
To render thanks for mercies past—
A blessing ask on thee.

I'll think of thee 'mid toil and care
With which this life is fraught;
And turn aside from busy crowd
To some sequester'd spot,
Where spirits pure may wander forth
As evening breezes, free;
And there, unseen, unheard, I'll breathe
A prayer sincere for thee.

I'll think of thee when Sol's last ray
In beauty tints the cloud;
When daylight fades, and dies, enrap'd
In twilight's silvery shroud.
I'll think of thee as now I kneel
Again at evening's shrine,
Another blessing crave from Him
On thee, fair one, and thine.

I'll think of thee as now I close
My eyes in slumber sweet;
Though far away, yet thou art near,
For now in dreams we meet—
In dreams we meet as oft we've met,
In dreams I see thee now,
As when the day we met and seal'd
With holy kiss, our vow.

I'll think of thee. With latest breath
To Him I'll breathe a prayer,
To guard thy heart from error's path,
Thy feet from every snare.
Full well I know thy heart is pure,
Thy love from doubt is free;
And Hope's bright beams shall light my way
To happiness and thee. E.

For the Rover—Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Aug., 1844.

THE PREDECESSORS OF THE HUMAN RACE.

An article in the first number of the North British Review has recently appeared, ascribed to Dr. Pyre Smyth. It brings before us some striking facts and solemn reasoning on the various creations which philosophers supposed to have preceded the formation of man. The doctor refers to the memoir read by Cuvier in 1796, at the first sitting of the National Institute, "on the species of fossil elephants, compared with living species," in which he demonstrates that the fossil elephant differs from all living species, and that it is an extinct species, now lost. He undertook to prove the like with respect to other animals. "May we ask," said he, "why we find so many remains of unknown animals, while we can find none which we

can rank among the species which we know? We may see how probable it is that they have all belonged to the beings of a world anterior to ours—to beings destroyed by revolutions of the earth, and to beings which have been replaced by existing species."

Surrounded by the *auriaz* of former creations, the task assigned to Cuvier, the article goes on to state, was to restore the fragments to their former positions. By great labor, he succeeded in tracing their connection, and re-established 168 vertebral animals, which form fifty distinct generations, of which fifteen are entirely new; and reckoning the additions which has since been made, there is reason to believe that the species of extinct animals are more numerous than the living ones.

But Cuvier, found that the differences of structure between fossil and recent animals increase with the age of the deposit in which the former are found, and that these differences mark the age of the deposits themselves. As the primitive rocks exhibit no traces of plants or animals, he concluded that there was a time when no living being existed upon the earth; and that, before the creation of man, the world was inhabited by at least three different generations of animals, which had been successively created and destroyed.

It is supposed with reason, if the subject be not too grand for our feeble reason, that the creation of vegetable bodies preceded the creation of the animals that were to devour them. The stately pine, the gigantic equisetaceæ, and the lofty palm, waved in the primeval forests, and the sea and the land were inhabited only by a small number of the marine mammalia, and scarcely any of the terrestrial mammalia.

We then arrive at this startling conclusion, that among the earliest inhabitants of the globe were reptiles of enormous magnitude, the Megalosaurus, being upwards of seventy feet long; the Ichthyosaurus, above thirty feet in length; the Plesiosaurus, an animal combining the trunk of an ordinary quadruped, with a neck like the body of a serpent, the head of a lizard, the teeth of a crocodile, and the paddles of a whale; and the Pterodactyle, the most extraordinary of extinct animals, uniting the character of a bird, a reptile and a quadruped!

In the second period the terrestrial mammalia increase in number, and we have along with them numerous Pachydermata, or animals with thick skins, such as the Paleotherium and Anoplotherium, and other genera of aquatic animals which dwelt on the margin of lakes and rivers. In the first of these extinct genera these species vary in size, from the Rhinoceros to the hog. These and other species, nearly fifty in number, were discovered by Cuvier, in the fresh water formations of Montmartre near Paris.

In the third period lived the Mammoth the Mastodon, the Hippopotamus, and those huge Sloths, the Megatherium and the Megalonyx, the giants of the natural world, the grandest and the last specimens of that extraordinary population over which man never swayed the sceptre.

The lion and tiger are supposed to be the successors of the creatures last mentioned. Up to this stage, no traces of man or his labors, can be detected, and this gives the remarkable result that the three periods have been succeeded by a fourth, in which the Almighty placed man upon the earth, and created, as his subjects and his servants, those races of living beings which

occupy the surface of our globe, and inhabit the depths of its oceans.

Referring to the Mosaic record of the creation, the article to which we have referred, comes to this conclusion: "The records of faith now stand on the same level with the records of reason. Truth, brought down from on high, harmonizes with truth from below; and the Christian who refuses to surrender his cherished volume to the taunts of reason, now holds it with a firmer grasp, and scans the series of creation which science has revealed; but as the harbinger of that latest exercise of divine power which gave birth to man, and placed him over a new animal world.

"But the confirmation of the Mosaic account of the creation is not the only, or even the chief result of geological discovery. The commencement of organic life in plants and animals of the first period, and its higher and progressive development in different orders, leads us back to that beginning which was so long veiled from human reason; while the successive destruction of successive creations carries us forward to the terminus of our own period—to that "day of the Lord, when the Heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with a fervent heat, and the earth also, and the works which are therein, shall be burned up."

The Omnipotent may have designs to work out, of which we, and all we behold, are but the preliminary instruments. To us, it is possible commanding beings will succeed, as different from us as the lion is from the megalosaurus, more superior to us than we are to the monkey.

We need say nothing to fix the reader's mind on the reflections which follow:

"Should this, apparently last period of animal life, be one in which man is to exercise his faculties in the investigation of his Maker's works, the fossil geology of the world we now inhabit will exhibit deposits no less interesting than those which embosom the gigantic frame-work of mammoths and mastodons. How interesting will be the excavations in which the buried cities of modern Europe will re-appear in their ruined grandeur; how strange the discovery of submerged navies embalmed in their ocean beds; or the foundered ships with its imprisoned skeletons; or the battle, with its prostrate warriors; or the hallowed cemetery, crowded with the relics of youth and age, and crushed beneath their tablets of marble, and their monuments of bronze!"—*Pittsburg Age*.

ARTIFICIAL FISH PONDS.—A writer in the Albany Cultivator, who has lately visited Mr. Van Buren's farm at Kinderhook, gives a glowing account of the princely improvements on the grounds and gardens. Among the objects which give beauty and interest to the grounds, are two artificial ponds in the garden. They were easily made by constructing dams across a little brook originating from springs on the premises. Soon after they were made, (three years ago,) some fish were put into them, and they are now so well stocked with trout, pickerel and perch, that Mr. Van Buren assures us they will afford an abundant supply for his table. This is a matter well worthy of consideration. There are many situations where such ponds may be made, and with a trifling expense, the luxury of catching and eating a fine trout or pickerel, may be had at any time.

BLENNERHASSET.

The following article, which we copy from the *Louisville Register*, was "written by a gentleman," says that paper, "of high respectability," who had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the facts related in his communication:

Who was Blennerhasset? and what has become of him? Having lately seen in the New York and Philadelphia papers several fictitious notices of this celebrated personage, it is the apology which the writer of this article offers for giving what he believes to be the true history of this man's career, and final exit from the troubles of this world—which will be much easier to do than to write a highly-colored picture of things which never existed except in the fancy of some novel reader. The authority for the facts herein disclosed by the writer is believed to be authentic, and of the highest character.

In the first place, who was Blennerhasset? In answer to this question, our information is, that it was an assumed name by an individual whose true name was Lewis Carr, who was born in Ireland, as has always been stated. His family were highly respectable, and an elder brother filled the station of secretary to the governor of Calcutta, in the East Indies, to which place young Lewis went as an ensign in the engineer department, where he remained about two years, in which time he was engaged in several scrapes and intrigues, which finally compelled him to resign his commission, and seek a place of refuge in the city of Kingston, in the Island of Jamaica, where he read law and commenced the practice, and also engaged in merchandizing, by which means, and a secret connection with the buccaneers and pirates who hovered round the West India Islands and on the coast of Mexico, he amassed a splendid fortune, which he spent with equal profusion.

While employed in this business, he frequently visited Mexico, and became acquainted with many of the leading men who were preparing the way for a revolution, which Carr foresaw must break out in a short time; and being a bold, unprincipled foreigner, he was perpetually engaged in difficulties of one kind or another, until, shortly before he came to the United States an intrigue with the wife of one of the wealthy citizens of Kingston made that place too hot for him, and he sold out his property and came to the United States. He landed at New Orleans, and went thence to Louisville, Kentucky, where, or in the section, he purchased some property, and finally located himself on the celebrated island in the Ohio river, near Marietta. This move took place about the year 1803 or 1804. When he reached New Orleans he assumed the name of Blennerhasset.

The beautiful and accomplished lady who accompanied and lived with him was not his wife. She was young, and had many fascinating accomplishments, which made her more worthy of Blennerhasset than he was of her. Colonel Burr first saw Blennerhasset early in the year 1805, and instead of Burr seducing him, there can be no doubt that Colonel Burr received from him such an account of Mexico, its wealth and disposition for revolution, as seduced him into the project of invading it; and the question as to whom should be the great man was one reserved by Lewis Carr (Blennerhasset) until future events should develop themselves, as Carr always declared to his friends that he intended Colonel Burr as the chief of the mili-

tary which was to advance him to the supreme command in Mexico.

The movements of Colonel Burr and Blennerhasset in the United States, during the year 1805 and 6, are already known, and of course need not be detailed in this statement.

After their projected invasion of Mexico had failed, and Blennerhasset had broken up this Island, he returned to New Orleans, where he left the lady who had been his companion, and he embarked for the Island of New Providence, one of the Bahamas in the West Indies, and settled at Nassau, its capital, and recommenced the practice of law. In a short time he obtained a lucrative practice, and married a lady of one of the most respectable families in that place, and was soon after disturbed by a visit from his Blennerhasset Island companion, who gave him much trouble before he could get her to retire in peace; which she did, and soon after returned to the United States, and is now believed to be a resident of the Southern States.

When settled in Nassau, he resumed his true name of Lewis Carr, and soon acquired a handsome living; but his restless spirit and intriguing disposition kept him constantly involved in difficulties, and his treatment of his wife was cruel in the extreme; yet, by taking sides with the government, he was elected to the assembly of the Bahamas, and was chosen its speaker about 1829. This was his last elevation to notice; by his treatment to his wife and his continual debaucheries and seductions—as no money which he could command ever stopped his progress—during the years 1831 and 2 he became so embarrassed that he was obliged to leave the island, and once more returned to Kingston, Jamaica, from which place in 1833 he once more came to the United States, and landed at Philadelphia under his true name, Lewis Carr, where it is believed that he for the last time visited Colonel Burr, and soon after was taken sick and died in obscurity in the city of Philadelphia. At least, this is the belief of his wife and his friends at Nassau.

Thus ended the life of this bold and restless spirit, which, from his entrance on public life until his death, was one continual scene of adventures. The years he lived at Nassau were filled up with intrigue of a personal character, but from the time he left the United States in 1807 until 1833, he never resided in any other place than the Island of New Providence.

Our informant was the consul of the United States, who lives on one of the Saltkey, Bahamas Islands, who read law with Blennerhasset, and was afterward his partner for near twenty years, where he passed under his true name or Lewis Carr, and often told him this history of his life and connection with Col. Burr—so that the writer of this article, who was at Kingston (Jamaica) and at Saltkey Island last summer, one week, has no doubt of the truth of the foregoing narrative. The facts and circumstances of his connection with Colonel Burr, were fully detailed, so that there was no room to doubt that Mr. Blennerhasset was really and truly Lewis Carr. He is not now in France, neither did he ever live in Montreal.

ANECDOTE OF LIEUT. HUNTER.—Lieut. Hunter, the talented inventor of the Submerged Propeller, was frequently and honorably alluded to at the dinner on Thursday. (A dinner given at Richmond to the officers of the cutter Legare.) An anecdote in his history, too good to be lost, and worthy of a place in our

national annals, was related by Lieut. Porter. Lieut. Hunter had been sent to the West Indies to capture a notorious pirate in those waters, known as the "Little Devil," and who was finally killed by an American officer in single combat. The American force was on the look-out, in ambuscade, we believe; but it so chanced that Hunter was captured by the pirates, while separated from his party. The commander of the cut-throats, "Little Devil," was a man of furious temper, and never falsified any promise of vengeance which he made. Hunter was taken to a secret place, and there informed that unless he betrayed his party, he should be hung on the spot. His answer was, sailor-like, "Hang and be d—d!" No sooner said than done. He was instantly hung up and left. In a few minutes they returned, took him down nearly senseless, and again told him that if he would betray the whereabouts of his party his life should be spared; there was gold which should be his; and, moreover, his return to his men should be so managed that nothing should be suspected of the truth by them. The alternative was instant death by hanging, without hope of reprieve, for it was his last chance. His laconic reply again was "Hang and be d—d!" They hung him again and left him. But by good fortune he was found before life was quite gone, by some of his men, taken down insensible, and happily restored to life. The story reflects the highest honor upon Lieut. Hunter, and we hope the government will show some kindness to so meritorious and gallant an officer, by at least encouraging his recent and important invention. It is the least it could do.—*Richmond Star.*

LEGAL WHISKERS.

As o'er their wine and walnuts sat,
Talking of this thing and of that,
Two wights, well learned in the law,
That is, well skilled to find a flaw—
Said one companion to the other,
"How is it, most respected brother,
That you of late have shaven away
Those whiskers which for many a day
Had ornamented much your cheek?
Sure 'twas an idle, silly freak."
To whom the other answer gave,
With look half merry and half grave—
"Though others be by whiskers graced,
A lawyer can't be too barefaced!"

"Now tell me why," the other cried,
"In whiskers you take so much pride—
Why such a mass of savage hair
Upon your 'face divine' you wear?"
To whom the other answer gave,
With look half merry and half grave—
"For the same reason that you say
Caused you to shave all yours away:
Though some by whiskers are not graced,
A lawyer can't be too Bear-faced!"

The Wonders of Creation.

The following is from the Notes to Simpson's Plea for Religion.

"When I have spoken above in such strong terms of the volume of Revelation, it is by no means intended to cast any slight upon the volume of Nature. While we daily study the former, we shall do well to pay all due attention to the latter, according to our

opportunities of investigation. To an enlightened observer, they both carry indubitable marks of their great Original. "The Heavens declare the glory of God, and the earth is full of his riches." The most perfect catalogue of stars before Herschel appeared, did not contain quite 4000; but by the vast superiority of his glasses, he has discovered 44,000 stars in a few degrees of the heavens; and by the same proportion it is supposed that 75,000,000 are exposed in the expanse to human investigation. Kalande supposes that a glass of Herschel's power may discover 90,000,000 of stars in the whole surface of the heavens, and that even this number is but small, in comparison of what exist. All these stars are of a fiery nature, and conjectured to be so many *suns*, with their systems of planets moving round them. We know the sun to be the centre of our system. It is accompanied with 29 planets, besides about 450 comets.

What an amazing idea does this give us of the works of God! And if such be the work what must the workman be! Every part of nature, with which we are acquainted, is full of living creatures, with stores of every kind to supply their necessities. This little globe of ours is known to contain within its bowels a great variety of valuable minerals, and to be covered with about 20,000 different species of vegetables, 3000 species of worms, 12,000 species of insects, 200 species of amphibious animals, 550 species of birds, 26,000 species of fish, and 200 species of quadrupeds. How immense, then, must be the number of individuals! One fly is found to bring forth 2000 at a time, and a single codfish to produce considerably more than 3,500,000 of young. Over all these creatures preside upward of seven hundred and thirty millions of human beings. Such is the family of the great Father here on earth! And when it is considered that the earth itself, with all its furniture, is no more, when compared with the whole system of things, than a single grain of sand, when compared with a huge mountain, we are lost in the immensity of God's works, and constrained to cry out "Lord, what is man, that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that thou visitest him!" And if to this immensity of the works of creation, we add the admirable structure of the whole, and the exquisite perfection of every part, we shall not fail of being exceedingly affected with the ineffable wisdom of the Divine Architect.

To bring this consideration more within the grasp of human comprehension, let us take to pieces, and examine the several parts of any one creature which God has made; and we shall find a perfection among its several powers, and an adaption of its situation in the grand scale of existence, far surpassing human skill.

Let the most perfect anatomist that ever existed, make his observations upon the human frame: let him examine with the greatest possible attention the *total ensemble* of the structure; then let him proceed to the several parts of which the microcosm is composed; first, the powers of the mind; the understanding, the will, the memory, the conscience and the various affections; next the five senses; the touch, the taste, the smell, the hearing and the sight; afterward let him proceed to the several fluids of the body; and then to the three hundred bones, the forty different sorts of glands, the four hundred and sixty-six muscles, the forty pair of nerves, the fibres, the membranes, the arteries, the veins, the lymphatics, the excretory ves-

sels, the tendons, the ligament, the cartilages; and every part with the greatest degree of accuracy, knowledge and judgement that ever centred in man; and then let him honestly say, whether he could suggest the smallest improvement in any one respect. If he were an atheist before such an investigation, like the celebrated Galen, he would compose a hymn in praise of the Creator of the world, and sing with the great progenitor of mankind:

"These are thy glorious works, Parent of good
Almighty, thine his universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair, thyself how wondrous then?
Unspeakable! Who sittest above these heavens,
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works; yet these declare,
The goodness beyond thought, and power divine."

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS.

If hope be dead, why seek to live,
Or why should we life's cares forego?
Will memory a pleasure give,
Or age bring less of grief or wo?
Each day that passes leaves its sting,
Each pleasure has its three fold pain—
Then why should we so fondly cling
To Earth, when all its joys are vain?
The rich and haughty roll in splendor,
The poor are bowed down to earth,
To wealth the world will homage render,
But none to wisdom and to worth.
It may be madness thus to chide
And murmur at the high behest;
But hearts o'ercharged with nature's pride,
Are here but seldom truly blest;
High and holy thoughts must rise
To wean us from this world of care,
That we may look for brighter skies
Where all shall have an equal share
Of smiles, of sunshine, and of shade,
And happiness without alloy,
Where flowers never bloom to fade,
A home of perfect, endless joy.

A. S. H.

For the *Rover*—*Ellerslie*, N. Y., Aug. 1844.

Interesting Correspondence from Europe.—No. 1.

We are happy at being able to lay before our readers the following letter from a gentleman of talent and distinction now on a visit to Europe. In the series, which we have reason to expect will follow, we can confidently promise a fund of information and amusement of no ordinary interest.

EDINBURGH, July 25, 1844.

YES!—'tis even so! The dream of a long and useless life is at length realized, and in this heart of a land of poetry, I sit me down to tell you that were I "I" the vein," or had not Time's ploughshare turned in upon my soul the blossoms of a once romantic spirit, you are the friend of all my troops of such, to whom I would most readily tender my first impressions of this hallowed region. But, my dear fellow, you must be content with a prosaic account of some of my doings since we arrived. But for impressions, the sear and blight of time is upon heart and pen, and such language as I could give to my feelings would be all unworthy of the objects which should call them forth. Besides, we only reached this city a day or two since,

and we have as yet, had hardly time to do more than gaze with teeming eyes upon the outside of some of the places of interest, which surround us. Everything we see, and every sound we hear calls up some long treasured association, and we begin to realize that we have at length attained "the promised land," the Goshen of our imagination. We shall to-morrow begin to visit in detail the Castle, Carlton Hill, Holyrood, and that dear "old town" which the genius of Scott has made so precious. Thus much of Edinburgh for the present. "Barren, all barren!" I think I hear you say—I have told you why.

We remained but a week in London, and that time just sufficed to deliver some of my letters, and develop sundry very agreeable relations, so that with the exceptions of a partial glimpse of Westminster Abbey, a glance at the exterior of St. Pauls, and a morning visit to Richmond Hill, and Hampton Court, not to omit a night at the Opera, we are still innocent of a tittle of the stereotype lions of London and its neighborhood. I can only promise that in some future letter, I may try to tell you how I felt, when standing in the Poet's Corner, at the Abbey, listening to the service of the Church of England, while every peal of the great organ, found answering echoes in my mind.

The monuments of Milton, Dryden, and Ben Johnson, &c, were within reach of my hand; high over head the "fretted vaults," their rich gilding, unchanged by "time's effacing finger," could be traced until lost in the glimmering perspective, while the setting sunbeams streaming through the tall casements of stained glass flung a rainbow lustre over the whole. Returning from our afternoon's excursion to the Cathedral, we passed the Palace of Whitehall, and at some time or other I will essay to let you know my emotions as I looked upon the very window, through which Charles walked to the fatal block—I may try to describe to you the imaginary scaffold and the "air-drawn arc" which rose to my mind's eye—but for the present I will carry you out of London into Wiltshire, (whither we went to see my relatives,) not for the purpose of inflicting any of them upon you, but to tell you of our visit to Stonehenge and Salisbury Plain.

You know enough of my antiquarian taste, to believe me readily, when I say that Stonehenge, from boyhood had always been the idol of my fancy, the "Mecca" of a resolved pilgrimage. We accordingly, on a fine "cloud and sunshine" morning, set forth from Devizes, and after a ride of 14 or 15 miles (great part of the road passing over a prairie-like plain, without dwellings or enclosures,) we at length descried, looming up in the distance, the dusky forms of long sought Stonehenge.

Scattered over the green surface of the plain for a mile or two in every direction, we observed a number of ancient mounds on barrows resembling those of our aborigines. On a gently rising knoll or swell in the prairie, stands the temple; but I need not give you a detailed description, with which you are doubtless familiar, as prints of it are very common.

We alighted from our carriage, and wandered about the gigantic fragments for a long time—remember, that for miles not a piece of stone is to be found larger than a pebble. There they are, vast, mysterious, sublime—the enigmas of history! I looked in vain for any trace of inscriptions—but no, the wear and tear of ages has swept them into oblivion, if any ever existed. While I gazed in the abandon of astonish-

ment at these enormous masses, a passing cloud threw its chequering gloom upon the group. I could almost fancy them endowed with a kind of spectral vitality—and as the summer wind whispered around their mouldering angles, they seemed to murmur reproachfully, and frown with stony eyes upon our intruding footsteps. After I had made one or two sketches, we left this bewildering piece of antiquity, and returned to Devizes, but not without often turning round to give a parting glance at old Stonehenge, as it flung its Druid shadow over the plain.

From Devizes we went to Yatton, in Somersetshire—more relations, and the kindest hearted in the world. One kinsman lives in a Rectory, once a part of a Monastery, built ages ago—old Church within a few rods. Tombs of knights and dames of the past time in its battered aisles. But enough for the present from your friend,

TINTO.

THE AMERICAN BOY.

A NATIVE AMERICAN SONG.

"FATHER, look up, and see that flag,
How gracefully it flies,
Those pretty stripes—they seem to be
A rainbow in the skies."

"It is your country's flag, my son,
And proudly drinks the light,
O'er Ocean's waves—in foreign climes,
A symbol of our might."

"Father, what fearful noise is that,
Like thundering of the clouds!
Why do the people wave their hats,
And rush along in crowds?"

"It is the noise of canonry,
The glad shouts of the free;
This is the day to memory dear—
'Tis Freedom's Jubilee."

"I wish that I was now a man,
I'd fire my cannon too,
And cheer as loudly as the rest—
But, father, why don't you?"

"I'm getting old and weak—but still
My heart is big with joy:
I've witnessed many a day like this—
Shout you aloud, my boy."

"Hurrah for Freedom's Jubilee!
God bless our native land!
And may I live to hold the sword
Of Freedom in my hand!"

"Well done, my boy—grow up and love
The land that gave you birth;
A home where Freedom loves to dwell,
Is paradise on earth!"

THE ADVANTAGES OF POETRY.—By Rev. John Todd.

—There is in the life of almost every man, a period when he reads and loves and quotes poetry. At first all that comes within his reach is food, but as he advances, his taste leads him to select with greater care and admit but little as worthy of his lasting admiration. It is to be regretted that poetry is not read more through life, especially by professional men. Poetry

is a child of the skies. *Non tetigit quod non ornavit.* The appropriate quotation is not the only thing that is beautiful. The mind through which poetry passes, like the clear channel in which the mountain brook runs, seems to be beautified by the waters that pass through it. The young then in admitting and cultivating a taste for poetry, are becoming their own benefactors, and they are putting the soul under the guidance of a teacher, whose voice will ever be as sweet as the silver trumpet, and whose robes like those of the angel, will reflect the purity and drop the odors of heaven.

REASONS FOR NATIVE AMERICANISM.

THE Native American party is not fighting against moonshine, nor is it waging war upon a wind-mill. If ever there was a political party in this country since the days of the Revolution, based upon principles deeply and vitally connected with the welfare of the country and the perpetuity of its institutions, it is the Native American party of the present day. The questions of state policy, upon which other parties are divided and built up, are comparatively but questions of a day—questions of temporary moment. If the measures adopted by one administration don't work right, the people can change the administration and obtain a new set of measures. These changes of the *inns and outs* and the clashing of parties are attended with very little danger so long as the great body of the people remain intelligent and uncorrupted, and retain their American feeling and attachment to American institutions. While the American people retain their virtue and intelligence, and have the control of government in their own hands, these party conflicts need not be feared. Let the tree of liberty rock before their blast, it will only strike its roots the deeper and stand up with more firmness and vigor. But the foreign population that is flooding the country, and the foreign influence growing up from it, are laying the axe at the root of the tree, and, before we are aware, may prostrate it forever. It is to ward off this danger that the Native American party have banded together, and determined to go forward shoulder to shoulder and save the country, if possible, from threatened ruin.

Washington and Jefferson foresaw this danger, and warned their countrymen against it; but they could have had no conception in their day, that half a century would produce such an alarming increase of foreign influence in the country as is now seen and known to exist. We repeat again a passage from Jefferson:—"They will bring with them the principles of the governments they leave, imbibed in their early youth; principles with their language they will transmit to their children. In proportion to their numbers they will share with us the legislation. They will infuse into it their spirit, warp and bias its directions, and render it a heterogeneous, incoherent, distracted mass." This was said by Jefferson in reference to the amount of foreign immigration and its effect upon the country. But a more fearful aspect of the case is now presented in reference to the character of this immigrant population.

The danger that would accrue to our institutions would be sufficiently great, if the countless hordes of foreigners who come among us were fair representatives of the countries from which they come. But how is that danger magnified when it is known that a very large portion of them are only the representa-

tives of pauperism and crime. And when we learn from undoubted statistics that in those countries from which most of our foreigners come, crime is increasing in a degree which has not been equalled in the history of the world, have not Americans reason to shudder at the consequences? Is it not time that the American people should rise up as a strong man armed, and say to this ocean of iniquity, "thus far shalt thou come and no farther?" Read the following article, and see the proof of the fearful and unprecedented increase of crime in England Ireland and Scotland, and then say if these poisoned dregs of corrupted Europe shall any longer come in and share our political privileges side by side with our own virtuous and industrious population, have the same voice in making our laws, and fill the offices of trust, honor and profit.

Progress of Crime in Great Britain.

The statistics of the criminal courts in Great Britain show a great increase of crime in that country within the present century. It appears from an article in a late number of *Blackwood* that since the year 1805, when regular tables of commitments first began to be kept in England, commitments have increased *six fold*; they have swelled from five to thirty-one thousand annually. During the same period population has advanced about sixty per cent; in other words, detected crime has advanced four times as fast as the numbers of the people.

In Scotland and Ireland the returns of commitments have not been made very accurately until within the last twenty years, but they exhibit an increase of crime still greater than that in England. In Scotland particularly this increase is the more remarkable considering the characteristic steadiness and morality of the people of that country. It is stated that in the year 1805 eighty-nine criminals were brought before the whole tribunals, supreme and interior, in Scotland; but in the year 1842 the commitments for serious offences were nearly four thousand. Here is an increase of serious crime more than *thirty-six fold* within a period of some forty years. The increase of population during the same period was about fifty per cent, viz. from 1,800,000 to 2,66,000—showing that crime had increased twenty-five times as fast as the number of the people.

The cost of the London police 200,000*l.* or a million of dollars annually. Of this amount the government pays 40,000*l.* the city itself raises the balance by taxation. In the provinces the whole cost of every police force fall upon the householders; and as this heavy expense is very unwillingly incurred, the police in many parts of the country is but imperfectly organized. In some of the counties there are voluntary associations for police purposes, independent of any other authority than that of the justices of the peace and borough magistrates.

It is believed that great as is the increase of crime, as shown by the statistics of the courts in Great Britain, the returns exhibit in fact but a partial view of the actual amount of crime. The *Blackwood* writer says: "So weak, feeble, and disjointed are the efforts of our various multimiform and unconnected police establishments over the country generally, that we assert, without fear of contradiction by any person practically acquainted with the subject, that the amount of undetected and unpunished crime is rapidly on the increase, and is now greater than it was in any former period. We would recommend any person who doubts

this statement, to go to any of the criminal establishments in the country, and compare the list of information of serious crimes lodged with those of offenders committed; he will find the latter are scarcely ever so much as a third of the former. These facts do not appear in the criminal returns, because they are not called for; and the police officers are in no hurry to publish facts which proclaim the insufficiency of the means of repressing crime at their disposal."

Some instances are mentioned in which the facts on this point have come to light; and they go to show that the returns of committals do not exhibit one third of the actual number of criminal offences perpetrated. A large class of criminal cases are disposed of in the police courts and do not appear in the returns at all.

We shall not go into the consideration of the views and speculations set forth by Blackwood on this subject of the increase of crime in Great Britain. The facts which he adduces are evidences of a state of society strangely in contrast with what could be expected as the result of high civilization in a christian country. Whether Whigs or Tories hold the government, it makes no difference in the growth of crime which seems to be spreading throughout the whole mass of the population. This alarming spread of vice and depravity is declared to be "hitherto unprecedented in the country—certainly not equalled" says Blackwood—"during the same period in any other European State, and, so far as we know, without an example in the previous history of mankind."

LETTER FROM UNCLE JOSHUA.

To Major Jack Downing, Editor of the Bunker Hill, 123 Fulton street, New York.

DOWNINGVILLE, State of Maine, Aug. 26, 1844.

DEAR NEPHEW.—I got your letters, and am glad to hear you are getting along so well with your Bunker Hill paper. I like your paper very much, and so does your aunt Keziah. Your cousin Nabby thinks you ought to put in some deaths and marriages in it; and Betsy Jones says she can't bear to see a paper without any murders or horrid accidents in it. And Peter Jones, you know, that always goes it so hard on politics, he says he can't find out whether you are for Clay, or Polk, or Tyler, and until he can, he won't take it, nor have nothing to do with the Bunker Hill. But the rest on us, that is, all we Native Americans, and there aint hardly anybody else here, like it better than any paper we've seen afore. I think you've got exactly on the right ground, and I hope you'll stick to it.

I don't know of any nation that has any better right to this country than the Americans have; and its my notion that we better hold on to it, and enjoy the fruits of it, and govern it ourselves, and make our own laws, and take care of our own people: if we dont I'm afraid we shall come off by-and-by as your father and I did when we was boys, about our red sweet apple tree. We talk about havin a tree of liberty planted in this country, and what excellent fruit it bears, and what a large nice tree it has got to be, big enough for us all to set under the shadow of it and our children after us, and eat as much fruit as we want as long as we live. But what'll be the use of all this if we don't take care of the tree. I tell ye, this ere business makes me think of our red sweet apple tree when your father and I was boys. Father had a pretty orchard, plenty of apples, and cider enough to last all winter. There was one tree close to the fence away to the further end

of the orchard that bore large red sweet apples, and a good many of 'em. And bein we'd been pretty good boys, and smart to work, father says to us, says he, "boys, you may have that red sweet apple tree for your own, and all that grows on it." We was tickled enough, and thought we should have a plenty of apples now every winter to eat as many as we wanted to.

So when they was ripe we took our baskets and went out to gather 'em. We got up into the tree, for 'twas easy to climb, the limbs come most down to the ground, and begun to pick the apples. Bime-by along come Bill Johnson, and looked over the fence, and says he, "hullo, Josh, is them apples yours?" Says I, "yes, father giv 'em to us."

"Well, give me some, wont ye?" says Bill.

"Yes," says I, "you may get over and eat as many as you want."

So, over he jumped, and begun to pick and eat, and stuff his pockets full. Then along come Same Rider, and he looked over the fence; both of their houses was all in sight; and Sam, says he, "give me some apples, will ye?"

"Yes," says I, "get over and help yourself." So Sam he jumped over and begun to eat and stuff his pockets full. Arter they'd eat awhile, Bill goes and gets up on the fence and hollers to his brothers, there was three or four of 'em to play out in sight, and says he, "here, come over here all on ye, and get some apples." And then they come tumblin over the fence like a flock of sheep, and the way they picked up the apples was a caution.

"Come now," says Sam Rider, "I guess I've as good a right to do that as you have, Bill Johnson." So he jumps up on the fence and looks off 'other way and calls to his brothers. And over they come, a half a dozen of 'em, and up into the tree in less than three minutes. And they begun to hustle about and knock the apples on to the ground and bruise 'em so it half spoilt 'em.

"Now," says I, "boys, you shant do that. I'm willin you should have some apples to eat, as many as you want; but I aint agoin to have you knock 'em about in that way. Now you go down off the tree, and you may stand under it and eat as long as you are a mind to."

"No I shant, nother," says Bill Johnson; "I should like to know, Josh Downing, who you are; I'm as good as you any day."

"I didn't say you wasn't," says I; "but I wont have you up here shaking my tree, so go down."

"I say, I wont go down," says Bill; "you told me I might come over here and eat apples."

"Well, I didn't tell the rest they might come over," says I, "and I wont have you all up in the tree here, shakin it so and spolling the apples."

"Who cares for you, Josh Downing?" says Bill, and he up and threw an apple at me. Then I threw one at him and hit him in the face. At that they all sung out, "now give it to him, Bill Johnson, now give it to him;" and at it they went peltin me and your father with apples, and every little while giving us a dig with their fists, till they drove us down off the tree. We fit some time first; but they was too many for us, and we had to give it up. In the scramble they tore half the limbs off the tree and about spoilt it. Then they sot up a whoorah, and said now we'll have the apples. And they took our baskets from us and filled 'em up and carried 'em off, basket full after

basket full. And by and by the Johnsons on one side and the Riders on t'other got to quarrelling about which had the most. And they had a real fight, and got up into the tree again to get the rest of the apples, and there they kicked and fit till they tore the tree all to pieces; and it hasn't been worth a fig since.

Now my advice to the Native Americans is, that they shouldn't let any more of the Johnsons or Riders come over here and get up into our tree of liberty, and go to kicking about among the branches. If they are a mind to eat the apples quietly and let the tree alone, it aint so much matter. But if we keep letting so many of 'em, as fast as they come over into our orchard, get up into the tree and pull and haul and kick the limbs about, it's my opinion they'll not only carry off the best part of the fruit, but spoil the tree into the bargain.

I remain your affectionate old uncle.

JOSHUA DOWNING.

Post Master, Downingville.

THE BEAUTY OF LIBERTY.

"In all things that have beauty, there is nothing to man more comely than Liberty."—MILTON.

When the dance of the shadows
At daybreak is done,
And the cheeks of the morning
Are red with the sun—
When he sinks in his glory
At eve from the view,
And calls up the planet
To blaze in the blue—

There is beauty. But where is the beauty to see,
More proud than the sight of a nation when free?

When the beautiful bend
Of the bow is above,
Like a collar of light
On the bosom of love,
When the moon in her mildness
Is floating on high,
Like a banner of silver
Hung out in the sky—

There is beauty. But earth hath no beauty to see,
More proud than the front of a nation when free.

In the depth of the darkness,
Unvaried in hue,
When the shadows are veiling
The breast of the blue—
When the voice of the tempest
At midnight is still,
And the spirit of solitude
Sobs on the hill—

There is beauty. But where is the beauty to see,
Like the broad beaming brow of a nation that's free?

In the breath of the morning,
When Nature's awake,
And calls up the chorus
To chant of the break—
In the voice of the echo
Unbound in the woods—
In the warbling of streams,
And the foaming of floods—

There is beauty. But where is the beauty to see,
Like the thrice hallowed sight of a nation that's free?

When the striving of surges
Is mad on the main,

Like the charge of a column
Of plumes on the plain—
When the thunder is up
From his cloud-cradled sleep,
And the tempest is treading
The path of the deep—

There is beauty. But where is the beauty to see,
Like the sun-brilliant brow of a nation when free?

THE BURNING SHIP AT SEA.

BY SERA SMITH.

WITH AN ENGRAVING.

The night was clear and mild,
And the breeze went softly by,
And the stars of Heaven smil'd
As their lamps lit up the sky;

And there rode a gallant ship on the wave—
But many a hapless wight
Slept the sleep of death that night,
And before the morning light
Found a grave.

All were sunk in soft repose,
Save the watch upon the deck;
Not a boding dream arose
Of the horrors of the wreck,
To the mother, or the child, or the sire;
Till a shriek of woe profound,
Like a death-knell echo'd round,
With a wild and dismal sound,
Crying fire!

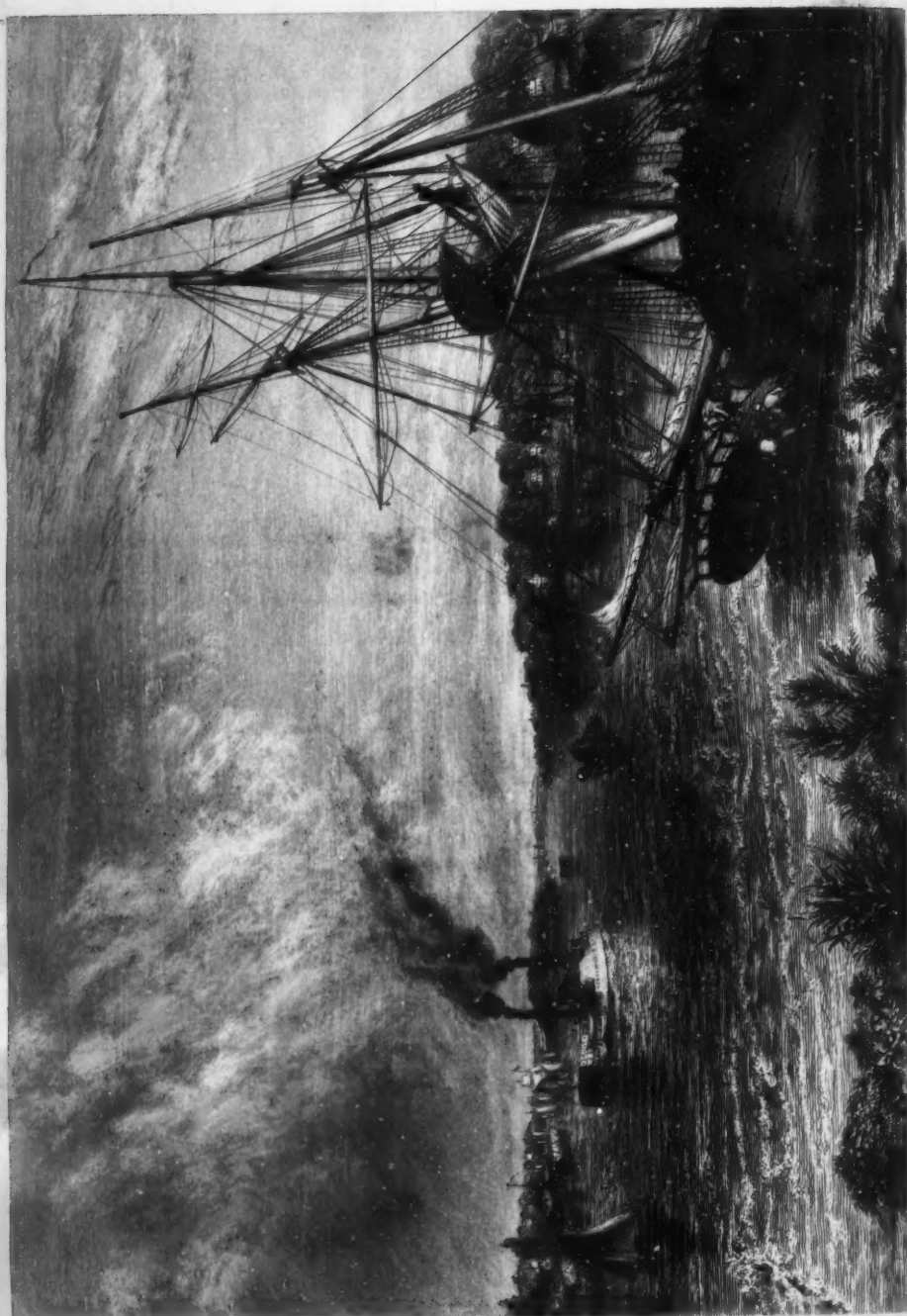
Now the flames are spreading fast—
With restless rage they fly,
Up the shrouds and up the mast,
And are flickering to the sky;
Now the deck is all a blaze; now the rails—
There's no place to rest their feet;
Fore and aft the torches meet,
And a winged lightning sheet
Are the sails.

No one heard the cry of woe
But the sea-bird that flew by;
There was hurrying to and fro,
But no hand to save was nigh;
Still before the burning foe they were driven—
Last farewells were uttered there,
With a wild and frenzied stare,
And a short and broken prayer
Sent to Heaven.

Some leap over in the flood
To the death that waits them there;
Others quench the flames with blood,
And expire in open air;
Some a moment to escape from the grave,
On the bowsprit take a stand;
But their death is near at hand—
Soon they hug the burning brand
On the wave.

From his briny ocean-bed,
When the morning sun awoke,
Lo, that gallant ship had fled!
And a sable cloud of smoke
Was the monumental pyre that remained;
But the sea-gulls round it fly,
With a quick and fearful cry,
And the brands that floated by
Blood had stained.

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THE GREAT EAST INDIA SHIP.
Engraved by J. H. P.

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THE ROVER.

TO JUNIUS.*

We have been friends too long to part,
When those whom we can love are few;
Nor should we sunder heart from heart,
While they who cling to us are true!

Nay, let the storm beat as it will,
One star shall guide us o'er the sea;
For thou wilt fondly seek me still,
And I will turn and smile to thee.

What care we for those fickle streams,
Which bear the rude world swiftly past?
We'll live in our dear land of dreams,
And joy together to the last!

Oh do not let thy heart grow sear,
Still keep those young affections bright,
And let thy smile with gentle cheer,
Cast o'er life's cloud its golden light.

I grasp thy warm, remembered hand—
I ever gaze upon thy brow—
And feel thee like a spirit stand
Before, and with me even now!

Oh may we still be knit as one,
The bond our friendship's guileless chain;
Nor part till life's few sands are run—
Restored to us in Heaven again! RICHARD.

*A correspondent of the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

For the Rover, Aug., 1844.

HELL GATE.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.
WITH AN ENGRAVING.

ABOUT six miles from the renowned city of the Manhattoes, in that sound or arm of the sea which passes between the main land and Naassau, or Long Island, there is a narrow strait, where the current is violently compressed between shouldering promontories, and perplexed by rocks and shoals. Being at the best of times, a very violent, impetuous current, it takes these impediments in mighty dudgeon; boiling in whirlpools; brawling and fretting in ripples; raging and roaring in rapids and breakers; and, in short, indulging in all kinds of wrong-headed paroxysms. At such times, wo to any unlucky vessel that ventures within its clutches.

This termagant humor, however, prevails only at certain times of tide. At low water, for instance, it is as pacific a stream as you would wish to see; but as the tide rises, it begins to fret: at half-tide it roars with might and main, like a bully bellowing for more drink; but when the tide is full it relapses into quiet, and, for a time, sleeps as soundly as an alderman after dinner. In fact, it may be compared to a quarrelsome toper, who is a peaceable fellow enough when he has no liquor at all, or when he has a skinful, but who, when half-seas-over, plays the very devil.

This mighty blustering; bullying, hard-drinking little strait, was a place of great danger and perplexity to the Dutch navigators of ancient days; hectoring their

VOLUME III.—No 26.

tub-built barks in a most unruly style; whirling them about in a manner to make any but a Dutchman giddy, and not unfrequently stranding them upon rocks and reefs, as it did the famous squadron of Oloff the Dreamer, when seeking a place to found the city of the Manhattoes. Whereupon, out of sheer spleen, they denominated it *Helle-gat*, and solemnly gave it over to the devil. This appellation has since been aptly rendered into English by the the name of Hell-gate, and into nonsense by the name of *Hurl-gate*, according to certain foreign intruders, who neither understood Dutch nor English—may St. Nicholas confound them!

This strait of Hell-gate was a place of great awe and perilous enterprize to me in my boyhood; having been much of a navigator on those small seas, and having more than once run the risk of shipwreck and drowning in the course of certain holy-day voyages, to which, in common with other Dutch urchins, I was rather prone. Indeed, partly from the name, and partly from various strange circumstances connected with it, this place had far more terrors in the eyes of my truant companions and myself than had Scylla and Charybdis for the navigators of yore.

In the midst of this strait, and hard by a group of rocks called the Hen and Chickens, there lay the wreck of a vessel which had been entangled in the whirlpools and stranded during a storm. There was a wild story told to us of its being the wreck of a pirate, and some tale of bloody murder which I cannot now recollect, but which made us regard it with great awe, and keep far from it in our cruises. Indeed, the desolate look of the forlorn hulk, and the fearful place where it lay rotting, were enough to awaken strange notions. A row of timber-heads, blackened by time, just peered above the surface at high water; but at low tide a considerable part of the hull was bare, and its great ribs or timbers, partly stripped of their planks and dripping with sea-weeds, looked like the huge skeleton of some sea-monster. There was also the stump of a mast, with a few ropes and blocks swinging about and whistling in the wind, while the sea-gull wheeled and screamed around the melancholy carcass. I have a faint recollection of some hobgoblin tale of sailors' ghosts being seen about this wreck at night, with bare skulls, and blue lights in their sockets instead of eyes, but I have forgotten all the particulars.

In fact, the whole of this neighborhood was like the straits of Pelorus of yore, a region of fable and romance to me. From the strait to the Manhattoes, the borders of the Sound are greatly diversified, being broken and indented by rocky nooks overhung with trees which give them a wild and romantic look. In the time of my boyhood, they abounded with traditions about pirates, ghosts, smugglers, and buried money; which had a wonderful effect upon the young minds of my companions and myself.

As I grew to more mature years, I made diligent research after the truth of these strange traditions; for I have always been a curious investigator of the valuable but obscure branches of the history of my native province. I found infinite difficulty, however, in arriving at any precise information. In seeking to dig up one fact, it is incredible the number of fables I unearthed. I will say nothing of the devil's stepping-

stones, by which the arch fiend made his retreat from Connecticut to Long Island, across the Sound; seeing the subject is likely to be learnedly treated by a worthy friend and contemporary historian, whom I have furnished with particulars thereof. Neither will I say anything of the black man in a three-cornered hat, seated in the stern of a jolly boat, who used to be seen about Hell-gate in stormy weather, and who went by the name of the pirate's *spuke*, (i. e. pirate's ghost,) and whom, it is said, old Governor Stuyvesant once shot with a silver bullet; because I never could meet with any person of staunch credibility who professed to have seen this spectrum, unless it were the widow of Manus Conklien, the blacksmith, of Frogsneck; but then, poor woman, she was a little purblind, and might have been mistaken; though they say she saw further than other folks in the dark.

All this, however, was but little satisfactory in regard to the tales of pirates and their buried money, about which I was most curious; and the following is all that I could for a long time collect that had anything like an air of authenticity.

The Adventure of the Black Fisherman.

EVERYBODY knows Black Sam, the old negro fisherman, or, as he was commonly called, Mud Sam, who has fished about the sound for the last half century. It is now many years since Sam, who was then as active a young negro as any in the province, and worked on the farm of Hillian Suydam on Long Island, having finished his day's work at an early hour, was fishing one still summer evening, just about the neighborhood of Hell-gate.

He was in a light skiff, and being well acquainted with the currents and eddies, he had shifted his station, according to the shifting of the tide, from the Hen and Chicken to the Hog's back, and from the Hog's back to the Pot, and from the Pot to Frying pan; but in the eagerness of his sport he did not see that the tide was rapidly ebbing; until the roaring of the whirlpools and eddies warned him of his danger, and he had some difficulty in shooting his skiff from among the rocks and breakers, and getting to the point of Blackwell's Island. Here he cast anchor for sometime, waiting the turn of the tide to enable him to return homeward. As the night set in, it grew blustering and gusty. Dark clouds came bundling up in the west; and now and then a growl of thunder or a flash of lightning told that a summer storm was at hand. Sam pulled over therefore, under the lee of Manhattan Island, and coasting along, came to a snug nook, just under a steep beetling rock, where he fastened his skiff to the root of a tree that shot out from a cleft in the rock, and spread its broad branches like a canopy over the water. The gust came scouring along; the wind threw up the river in white surges, the rain rattled among the leaves; the thunder bellowed worse than that which is now bellowing; the lightning seemed to lick up the surges of the stream; but Sam, snugly sheltered under rock and tree, lay crouched in his skiff, rocking upon the billows until he fell asleep. When he awoke all was quiet. The gust had passed away, and only now and then a faint gleam of lightning in the east showed which way it had gone. The night was dark and moonless; and from the state of the tide Sam concluded it was near midnight. He was on the point of making loose his skiff to return homeward,

when he saw a light gleaming along the water from a distance, which seemed rapidly approaching.

As it drew near he perceived it came from a lantern in the bow of a boat which was gliding along under the shadow of the land. It pulled up in a small cove, close to where he was. A man jumped on shore, and searching about with the lantern, exclaimed, "this is the place—here's the iron ring." The boat was then made fast, and the man returning on board, assisted his comrades in conveying something heavy on shore. As the light gleamed among them, Sam saw that they were five stout desperate looking fellows, in red wollen caps, with a leader in a three cornered hat, and that some of them were armed with dirks or long knives and pistols. They talked low to one another, and occasionally in some outlandish tongue which he could not understand.

On landing they made their way among the bushes, taking turns to relieve each other in lugging their burden up the rocky bank. Sam's curiosity was now fully aroused; so leaving his skiff he clambered silently up a ridge that overlooked their path. They had stopped to rest for a moment, and the leader was looking about among the bushes with his lantern. "Have you brought the spades?" said one. "They are here," replied another, who had them on his shoulder. "We must dig deep; there will be no risk of discovery," said a third.

A cold chill ran through Sam's veins. He fancied he saw before him a gang of murderers, about to bury their victim. His knees smote together. In his agitation he shook the branch of a tree with which he was supporting himself as he looked over the edge of the cliff.

"What's that?" cried one of the gang; some one stirs among the bushes."

The lantern was held up in the direction of the noise. One of the red caps cocked a pistol, and pointed it toward the very place where Sam was standing. He stood motionless, breathless; expecting the next moment to be his last. Fortunately his dingy complexion was in his favor, and made no glare among the leaves.

"'Tis no one," said the man with the lantern. "What a plague! you would not fire off your pistol and alarm the country."

The pistol was uncocked; the burden was resumed, and the party slowly toiled along the bank. Sam watched them as they went; the light sending back fitful gleams through the dripping bushes, and it was not till they were fairly out of sight that he ventured to drawn breath freely. He now thought of getting back to his boat, and making his escape out of the reach of such dangerous neighbors; but curiosity was all-powerful. He hesitated and lingered and listened. By-and-by he heard the strokes of spades.

"They are digging the grave," said he to himself; and the cold sweat started upon his forehead. Every stroke of a spade, as it sounded through the silent groves, went to his heart. It was evident there was as little noise made as possible; everything had an air of terrible mystery and secrecy. Sam had a great relish for the horrible—a tale of murder was a treat for him, and he was a constant attendant at executions. He could not resist an impulse, in spite of every danger, to steal nearer the scene of mystery, and overlook the midnight fellows at their work. He crawled along cautiously therefore, inch by inch, stepping with the

utmost care among the dry leaves, lest their rustling should betray him. He came at length to where a steep rock intervened between him and the gang; for he saw the light of their lantern shining up against the branches of the trees on the other side. Sam slowly and silently clambered up the surface of the rock, and raising his head above its naked edge, beheld the villains immediately below him, and so near, that though he dreaded discovery, he dared not withdraw, lest the least movement should be heard. In this way he remained, with his round black face peering above the edge of the rock, like the sun just emerging above the edge of the horizon, or the round-cheeked moon on the dial of a clock.

The red caps had nearly finished their work; the grave was filled up, and they were carefully replacing the turf. This done, they scattered dry leaves over the place. "And now," said the leader, "I defy the devil himself to find it out."

"The murderers!" exclaimed Sam, involuntarily. The whole gang started, and looking up beheld the round black head of Sam just above them; his white eyes strained half out of their orbits, his white teeth chattering, and his whole visage shining with cold perspiration.

"We're discovered!" cried one. "Down with him!" cried another. Sam heard the cocking of a pistol, but did not pause for the report. He scrambled over rock and stone, through bush and briar; rolled down banks like a hedge hog; scrambled up others like a catamount. In every direction he heard some one or other of the gang hemming him in. At length he reached the rocky ridge along the river; one of the red caps was hard by him. A steep rock like a wall rose directly in his way; it seemed to cut off all retreat, when fortunately he espied the strong cord-like branch of a grape vine reaching half way down it. He sprang at it with the force of a desperate man, seized it with both hands, and being young and agile, succeeded in swinging himself to the summit of the cliff.

Here he stood in full relief against the sky, when the red cap cocked his pistol and fired. The ball whistled by Sam's head. With the lucky thought of a man in an emergency, he uttered a yell, fell to the ground, and detached at the same time a fragment of a rock, which tumbled with a loud splash into the river.

"I've done his business," said the red cap to one or two of his comrades, as they arrived panting. "He will tell no tales, except to the fishes in the river."

His pursuers now turned off to meet their companions. Sam sliding silently down the surface of the rock, let himself quietly into his skiff, cast loose the fastening, and abandoned himself to the rapid current, which in that place runs like a mill stream, and soon swept him off from the neighborhood. It was not, however, till he had drifted a great distance that he ventured to ply his oars; when he made his skiff dart like an arrow through the strait of Hell-gate, never heeding the danger of Pot, Frying-pan, or Hog's Back itself. Nor did he feel himself thoroughly secure until safely nestled in bed in the cockpit of the ancient farm house of the Suydams.

THINK of those who have gone before you—consider the empires which have passed away—and all of which has ever been, nothing remains but the traces of virtue.

THE OLD SAILOR.

BY HEZEKIAH RINGBOLT.

AN old sailor is a singular being, not only peculiar, but *singular*, in the literal meaning of the word—alone. He has outlived his youthful companions, he has lost relish for everything calculated to make life happy. Novelty has no more charms for him, because to him there can be nothing new, and he plods the downward hill of life, too often hastening his descent by seeking temporary oblivion of his misery in the intoxicating cup.

Poor, solitary Jack Tar! You stand alone like the giant oak of the forest, but not like the tree, strong and vigorous in age; for your decaying trunk and weakened limbs bend more and more to every fitful blast until soon the winds shall indeed pass over you, and you are gone—not even shall an humble tomb stone tell where you lie.

"Peace to the ashes of the dead?"

No peace to his, for o'er his head

The ocean's heaving billows roll,

Their roar the requiem of his soul.

What matters this? At God's command

The ocean as the solid land

Shall bring its tenants forth to view.

Yes, they shall leave her clothed anew

In glorious bodies at the day

When at a word are passed away

The ocean and the firmer earth,

By Him whose mandate gave them birth.

Excuse this humble tribute, to the memory of an old shipmate. But shall such a destiny as I have described always await the old sailor? No, God be thanked for the benevolent age in which we live, and the exertions already made for seamen. Contrast the present time with a few short years by-gone. The spirit of love—of true philanthropy—is abroad, which if not religion itself, is her twin sister and dearest companion. Hand in hand, they are traversing the civilized world, and shedding more of their blessed influence upon our own land than upon any other region of earth. Fondly do we look forward to the time when they shall complete the good work already begun, and make this desert world blossom like the rose, and render it more and more the paradise of God. No one can deny that the efforts now to improve the moral and intellectual condition of sailors have a greater tendency to hasten that happy period than almost any other purpose that can emanate from a benevolent heart, for in vain shall the great societies for the diffusion of the gospel in foreign lands send forth their bibles and missionaries, so long as the vessels that convey them are manned by seamen whose evil examples will counterbalance all their good effects. Until very lately no one cared for the sailors' comfort of body or the peace of his soul. He was regarded as an outcast, and beneath the notice of his more fortunate fellow creatures who dwelt on shore. But humanity has at length been aroused in some bosoms, and chiefly in those of such as are always first in every good work. God bless the ladies, and I am sure the response will come from every sailor's heart—**GOD BLESS THE LADIES!**

But I have run off my course. The old sailor—yes, poor old Bill Merrick, you were such an one as I had begun to describe. Your haggard look, enfeebled strength, and broken constitution, were strong and uncalled for witnesses to prove your claim to the title,

It was a cold and dreary night off the Cape of Good Hope, in July, and the watch had generally sought shelter under the lee of the galley and long boat, excepting old Bill, whose lookout it happened to be. After endeavoring in vain to get warm by means of my pea-jacket, I jumped up shivering, and volunteered to keep the lookout for the old man, and let him *caulk* if he could.

"No—no—Charley," said he, "lie down and forget your misery."

"Why, I'm not particularly miserable, Bill, unless miserably cold," replied I, as he turned away from me. "I should think *you* were, though, for your face has been as long as the main-top-bowline and jib downhaul spliced together, for this week or more. Well, if you won't let me keep the lookout for you, why then good bye—only you are a bit unsociable—that's all."

I had turned away, when the old fellow suddenly stopped in his hurried walk, and said in a kinder voice,—"Charley, my boy, come here—you may keep the lookout *with me*, if you like—and I will tell you of a greater misery than cold or any other pain *you* ever suffered."

"Oh, now for a yarn!" said I, "a regular twister, I suppose."

"Nothing of that kind," said he seriously. "If you live as long as I have done, you may experience much misery, but if you live *as I* have done, you'll have the greatest misery a man can have—an *evil conscience*—for that's my yarn. I once had a home, a happy one, for there was everything to make it so, kind and affectionate parents, brothers and sisters, and many friends—one friend more dear than all. I had received a good education, and was blessed with that, and robust health, and above all, with the love of such a sweet girl as Mary Morton, who was happier or had fairer prospects for life than myself? But unfortunately I had a restless disposition, and felt an irresistible desire to see the world, and could not overcome a fancy for the sea. I must make one voyage. My father opposed—my mother and sisters begged me not to leave my home. And Mary, poor Mary, said—nothing—but the parting kiss, the tears that stood in her sweet eyes, and the last look of love she gave me as I closed the door of her father's house and saw her for the last time, were words such as lips can never utter."

"But I shall see her again, boy," continued the old sailor. "I sometimes think I do see her. I think she is one of those bright stars overhead—and on such a night as this, I love to watch them as they break out from the black passing clouds like rays of hope from the darkness of despair to cheer us on our lonely way. Charley I do believe those stars are angels. I can't help worshipping them sometimes, and then I think they glisten brighter than before, and are the smiles of Heaven upon my desolate soul!"

"Well, I sought a voyage, caring little where the ship might be bound, so that I might gratify my darling desire to 'see the world'; and believe me my boy, I have seen it—and seen the vanity of it too. My first voyage was round Cape Horn, and though at first ship's duty came hard upon me as it does upon us all, yet everything was so new during that voyage that this was soon no longer remembered—and alas! the thoughts of my home and friends, too, began to fade from my mind. I became a slave to bad habits, and in two short years, whatever good feelings my heart might have once possessed, were deadened or benumbed—

and when I returned I was a different being. I had forgotten my parents, brothers and sisters, and even Mary—or if ever thoughts of them crossed my mind, they were chased away like phantoms that disturb our dreams. I had rushed headlong to destruction, and there was no one to stop my besotted career!

"Had there been such institutions as there now are, I might have been reclaimed—but every one seemed willing to help me on to destruction. My dissolute companions made me frequent the resorts of infamy. My landlord stupified my senses with his infernal liquor, and a miserable scoundrel of a lawyer, with whom he was connected in trade, persuaded me to prosecute my captain for some fancied wrong, and thus between them all I was ruined outright. Charley, don't you ever forget your home—don't you go inside such dens as I did—don't you touch rum—don't you trust the landlord that offers it to you—and don't you have anything to do with lawyers. If you mind the first three things you'll keep your happiness, reputation and health—and if you mind the last you'll keep your money into the bargain. Rum, bad women, landlords and lawyers have been the ruin of me, as they have of many a sailor besides. Yes, they are worse than sickness, shipwrecks, scorpions and devils!"

Bill expressed himself strongly—I will not ask "long shore people" if any too strongly—but sailors I put it to you.

"Well," continued the old tar, "I shipped again—or rather I was shipped—for positively I knew nothing of it until I found myself at sea, when I awoke as if from a trance to the wretchedness of my situation. From the first hour I landed in Boston until then I could not call my senses my own. But a few days after leaving port they returned with their full strength and vigor, and showing me my past folly in a glaring light. My wages for a two years voyage were gone, and also those for the first two months of the voyage on which I had just entered, bound I knew not where. But all this was nothing—I gave it scarce a moment's thought. My reputation was lost forever. Oh, the recollection of what I suffered on that dreadful day makes me shudder, even now, after a lapse of more than thirty years. The consciousness of my degraded situation overwhelmed me—the damning thoughts that I had set the seal of ruin upon my own head, and that I had forgotten the ties of nature and of love, came over me with a power that threatened to drive me mad. The tearful countenances of my parents often appeared to my view—and the image of Mary flitted by me, as it were, the image of sorrow! I have since been in the thickness of battle, wounded among the dying and the dead—have lain among sufferers like myself from loathsome diseases in a crowded foreign hospital—have endured every hardship that falls to a sailor's lot, and they are neither few nor small, but the day I suffered more than all other days combined, was the first day that I came to my senses on the second voyage."

"Oh Charley, it was conscience—conscience! Many gay scenes have I witnessed since then, in the midst of which, conscience, by suddenly bringing such recollections to my mind, has dispelled the temporary charms of pleasure which I had gathered around me, but as conscience met me with strenuous resistance, fainter and fainter seemed her rebukes until my soul was deadened by sin."

"Yet once a softer feeling came over my spirit. I had recovered from a severe sickness, and not being able

to go to sea immediately, resolved to visit my home. Twenty years had elapsed since I left it; yet I dared not assume my own name—but under false colors I arrived at my native town. Oh the change that had passed over it was great—but not so great as the change that had passed over myself. I recognized many things and many faces, but none recognized me. I made inquiries about the inhabitants, of the landlord of the village tavern, in such a manner as not to excite suspicion. My parents were dead—they had died in the far West, and for aught that was known, my brothers and sisters still dwelt there, or were buried by their side. But there was one I dared not inquire for, though I hoped that she had forgotten me, and was happier with another than she ever could have been with such a wretch as myself; but I could not find courage to mention her name, lest I should be betrayed—and I would not have been discovered for worlds.

"A wanderer in my own home, I sauntered about the streets seeking familiar objects dear to my youth, and at length strolled into the burial ground. I found there names of my early associates, and I sadly gazed upon these, the only mementos that were left of them to me—but suddenly I stopped—for a white tombstone met my gaze, and on it was inscribed *her* name! She had died three years after I received her farewell kiss of affection, and promised in return the truest and most constant love. I asked no more questions of any one—and here I needed to ask none. She died—she must have died of a broken heart!—and so perhaps died my beloved parents! I gathered a handful of tall rank grass from her grave, and departed never again to return.

"My life then became wretched indeed. My youth and health were gone, and I could no longer enjoy pleasures, which long before, by repetition had lost their power to please. But latterly a thought comes over me at times that I may yet be forgiven—and thus may meet again in heaven, those I shall never more behold on earth. Yes, Charley, I'm a shattered old hulk, and have been long adrift—but, thank God, I hope the sighs of repentance have at last wafted me to good holding ground, and I have an anchor left—It is Hope. When that takes hold upon Mercy, we can't go ashore."

Such was the story of old Bill—if not his precise words, as near as my recollection for ten years serves me.

We became intimate friends. His sad history had conveyed a moral. His was, too, the best advice one sailor ever gave another. Let it not be sneered at because he chose to include one of the learned professions in his enumeration of sailors' enemies. He meant "*sailor lawyers*," and experience has since proved to me that he was not wrong in adding them to his list, nor very far out of the way in the comparison with which he honored them.

It is a fact, too notorious to be disputed, that in some places certain of these gentry are leagued with landlords, and make it their business to stir up ill feelings among sailors toward their officers, bringing cases into courts which might not, perhaps, have been dreamed of, and, as is usual, getting a very good oyster, and in most every instance leaving the two shells to be digested between plaintiff and defendant! One of the members of the Suffolk bar once had the frankness to tell the writer, whom he was prosecuting for an alleg-

ed cruel assault and battery, that he had no doubt of his innocence, but that the sailor having come off from a long voyage had plenty of money, and as long as that lasted he was determined to carry on the suit. Rather than be at numerous law expenses, this gentleman received a clever sum to settle, for which he gave his own receipt as Attorney for the sailor, who might have received it or might not—but the probability seemed that he had been the loser rather than the gainer, as he went to sea again in a few days, the landlord taking his advance wages for money which he owed! I do not bring forward this example to gratify my own spleen, though I must own I was indifferently pleased with the affair, but I mention it as one of the numerous instances of the depredations of this class of land-sharks which happening to, in part, myself, affords me at least strong grounds for belief in its truth. And I trust the honest gentlemen of Court street, will have no more objection to its exposure than an honest landlord would like the exposure of a rogue—a pious man of a hypocrite—or the temperance society to hear the downfall of rum. I am writing just now, as I humbly hope, for the benefit of sailors. I wish to point out all their enemies to them, and beg them as they value their happiness, reputation, health, and property to remember old Bill's advice, the whole of it, from clue to earing.

We at length arrived at our port of destination. The good resolutions Bill had formed were not abandoned. He withstood every temptation that was thrown in his way, and won the esteem and respect of his officers and shipmates, as the consistent conduct of a good seaman invariably will. Unquestionably there are sometimes brutes who creep into stations of authority and trust on board of American vessels—but they are never allowed to continue long, and I cannot but believe that their cruelty is almost always greatly exaggerated, for their own self interest would prevent its execution. I can truly say that during a period of ten years on board of many different vessels, I have never yet seen a good sailor, who knew and did his duty, maltreated or abused; nor from credible and impartial testimony did I ever hear of an instance.

After visiting several ports, the old *Emilius'* head was pointed for home, at first everything promised a speedy voyage. But such was not to be our lot. After experiencing gale after gale we at length weathered the Cape, but the passage was prolonged almost beyond precedent, and that dreadful scourge, the scurvy, appeared among us. It is a consolation to know that this fell disease is every day becoming more and more rare, as greater attention has latterly been paid to the comfort of seamen, and more regard is had to their diet and cleanliness, but formerly its ravages were dreadful, and even now, we sometimes hear of its melancholy effects upon entire crews. Let ship-owners be persuaded to supply their vessels plentifully with flour and vegetables and some live stock, and it will soon entirely disappear. It is really astonishing that this precaution has not been heretofore more extensive, for putting motives of humanity aside, salt beef and bread alone have been found to be the most expensive articles in the victualling of a ship. One barrel of beef, and one of flour, will last one third longer than two barrels of beef, and cost one fourth less. Flour once, or at most twice a week, is considered in many vessels as very liberal—but I have found that by far the cheapest way is to give it to the crew every day.

As is usually the case—from what cause does not appear—this disease fell first and heaviest upon the oldest men on board, and by the time we were within ten days' sail of home, the chief officer who was an elderly man, had fallen a victim to its power, and half the crew were off duty. My old shipmate suffered more than any other, and the death of the mate made him despair of recovery.

On the day of the officer's burial, he called me to the side of his bunk—"Charley," said he, "so Mr. Williams is gone? Well, my turn comes next."

"Oh, no, Bill," said I, "I hope not. We have got a fair wind now, and shall be on soundings in a few days and then you'll be all right again."

"NEVER!" said the old man solemnly. "No I shall never land in Boston alive. If not before, I shall die the moment we strike soundings. I hope I may hold out till then, and perhaps the Captain will keep my poor old hulk aboard till the ship gets in."

I endeavored to console him, and assured him that should it be so, we would all beg the Captain to grant his request if it could be done.

"But," said he, pressing my hand, "I have one request to make to you—I would do it for any one and I am sure you will do it for me!"

The tears started in my eyes as I promised to obey his wish before it was expressed. He then asked for pen and paper, which being furnished, he wrote a draft upon the owners, made payable to myself, for all the wages due him to the time of his death. He put the paper in my hand, and held that in his own, while he told me to draw the money, and expend it in having his body transported to —, and he added, in a faltering voice, "have it buried by her side."

I repeated the promise already made, and pledged my word to see it done myself.

"I knew you would, Charley," said he, squeezing my hand, "I knew you would"—and he then continued, "if there is anything left, put it into Father Taylor's box."

But this consolation was denied him. Our favorable wind soon failed. He became more and more exhausted, and it was evident to himself, as well as to others that his end was at hand. Sailors may be supposed to be rough nurses, but we did everything in our power to soothe his dying moments.

On Saturday he had been fast drooping, and every hour we had expected would be his last, but as evening drew on he revived a little, and asked me how was the weather. I told him it was fine.

"Are the stars out?" he inquired.

He was told that they were.

"Then, oh, take me on deck, and let me look at them once more!"

His request was complied with. He was carefully lifted out of the fore scuttle, and placed on the weather side of the fore-castle. We were off Bermuda, and it was indeed a beautiful evening. It might almost be said with truth,

"The winds were all hushed, and the waves were at rest;"

For only a slight ripple under the bows broke the stillness of the hour, and its dirge-like music seemed tuned by nature for the parting soul, while the gentle breeze was ready to waft it to the mansions of the blessed. As the eyes of the sufferer gazed on the bright firmament over his head, they gathered an unearthly lustre, and a triumphant smile irradiated his pallid fea-

tures, as he clasped his hands across his bosom and exclaimed, "THANK GOD, I AM FORGIVEN!"

These were his last words, and uttered almost with his last breath. He was dead—but his countenance seemed to grow brighter after life had fled, as if his purified spirit had returned from heaven to share its happiness with the frail body, which had been its companion so long upon earth.—*Boston Mercantile Journal.*

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THE POETRY OF GREENWOOD CEMETERY.—The beautiful grounds and the hallowed associations of Greenwood are destined to afford much material for poetry in time to come, and our local bards are already commencing to work the ore. Last week we published a clever poetic address to the cemetery bell by Arthur Morrell. It seems this bell has something poet-stirring about it; for another of our contributors has been simultaneously inspired by its pensive tones, and has brought out from the cemetery ore his portion of the fine gold, as follows:

#### THE BELL AT GREENWOOD CEMETERY.

BY LAWRENCE LABREE.

Oh, sad and lonely is thy task, thou melancholy bell,  
No joyous tones of gladness from thy brazen bosom  
swell—

No gay parade—no festival thou ushest in, I ween,  
But ever sorrowful thy voice amid the forest green.

Why have they doom'd thee thus for aye thy cheerless  
watch to keep

In yonder gloomy tower, round which the ivy fears to  
creep—

Where crickets' merry chirp ne'er sounds, where bird  
doth never light,

Unless at times the solemn owl doth perch him there  
at night.

For maiden fair who pass'd away in youth's delicious  
prime,

'Twas thy sad office to perform her doleful funeral  
chime—

To pay a passing tribute to her virtues and her worth,  
As breaking hearts and tearful eyes consign'd her to  
the earth.

The bride but newly wedded—thou hast seen her pass  
along,

Up the embower'd avenue, amid the weeping throng;  
And thy sad tones fell heavily on one afflicted heart—  
Alas! that Heaven should ever cause the wedded twain  
to part!

To-day a train with measured tread doth slowly pass  
thee by,

While, mingling with thy chant, is heard a wailing  
mother's cry;—

Her infant that she doated on—for whom her grief is  
given—

Too pure and fair for earthly care, is smiling now in  
Heaven!—

To-morrow comes that sable hearse—grief's accents  
speak aloud;

The mother, broken-hearted, lieth pale within her  
shroud;

While thy bewailing requiem doth ever seem to say—  
Behold how Time the Mower sweeps the good and fair  
away!



As Autumn's leaves are falling, thy pealing knell is heard,  
And gloomy Echo frights away the solitary bird;  
While feeble steps, and trembling hands, and faces  
clothed in gloom,  
Bear onward, with a weary pace, an old man to his tomb.

For young and spotless maiden, and for newly wedded bride,  
For infant and for mother, and for boastful manhood's pride,  
Thy mournful voice hath spoken oft, and ever seem'd to say—

Behold how Time the Mower sweeps the good and fair away!

*For the Rover—New York, Sept., 1, 1844.*

#### NAPOLEON AND THE POET DE LILLE.

NAPOLEON'S enmity to a free press was limited to the discussion of politics. He encouraged, rewarded and honored authors whose labors were bestowed upon arts and sciences, and whatever else could contribute to the material good of society. He was a lover of poetry, but did nothing for the lovers of the muses. He disliked Voltaire; often declared that De Lille was the only French poet worth reading since the days of Racine and Boileau; and always spoke with tenderness of the author of the poem on the Immortality of the Soul. Had De Lille lived long enough, Napoleon would have given him some signal mark of distinction: but he returned from a long exile, and died before the hero of Marengo had time to pay much attention to other than military merit.

Napoleon was right in his judgment of this admirable imitator of Virgil, whose return to France was hailed with transport by all that was elegant and refined, after the revolutionary storm had blown over. A proof of the attention paid to Lille will be found in the following anecdote.

There is a *Traiteur* on the Boulevard du Temple, well known by the sign of the Cadran Bleu. It was there that, for the first time, he received that applause which the literary world has since ratified by its suffrage in favor of that fine episode in which he paints the artist lost in the catacombs of Rome.

The recollection of this early triumph always revived in the soul of the poet the most pleasing emotions, and rendered the Cadran Bleu so dear to him, that on the anniversary of his youthful triumph he ordered a dinner, and invited his select friends to join him in the great room, to which he accorded so much local affection. When he lost his sight, this annual recreation was more dear to him, as his pleasures were more circumscribed. Although he could not see kind faces, he could listen to the various conversations, and enjoy the bustle of a large room, where there were some dozen sets at dinner.

During the dark tempest in which his country had been tossed under the reign of the cannibals of the Revolution, De Lille retired to Switzerland, and then to London, where one of his most painful privations was that of the annual feast at the Cadran Bleu. When peace was for a moment restored, he returned to Paris, and his first desire associated with recollections of times long past was to dine there with a small party. He did not reflect on his vast renown, and the inconvenience of appearing in public, where, instead

of listening unnoticed, he must necessarily be the object of general attention. No man, perhaps, ever received from the contemplation of nature stronger or more lively inspiration; no man ever delighted more than De Lille to look upon the world, enjoy its beauties, and convert them into poetical images; the noise and bustle of the crowd, the tumult and din of large cities, were so many agreeable pictures to his ardent and inquiring mind. He suffered in solitude, and his friends sought to fill the blank that blindness had formed around him, with everything that could amuse or solace him. "If Providence will no longer permit me," said he, "to behold the light of heaven, where I found millions of dithyrambs on the immortality of soul; if I can no longer enjoy the aspect of Nature, I can at least listen to the accents of friendship, mix in active scenes of life, and hearken to the voice of that people who love my lyre, and, for a moment, thus forget my infirmity. Oh! my friends, let us go once more to the Cadran Bleu!"

In vain his friends represented the inconvenience to him, at his age, blind and infirm as he was, to be surrounded by a crowd, importuned, questioned, and fatigued; but he would go, and solicited with such earnestness to be accompanied, that there was no resisting his entreaties. At length one of his most intimate friends conceived of a mode of satisfying his wishes, without exposing him to any inconvenience. This friend inhabited a spacious house in the Faubourg St. Germain, and resolved to arrange everything in such a manner as to imitate the great room of the Cadran Bleu, and make De Lille believe that he was dining in his favorite house, and in the saloon rendered so dear to him. All was prepared in consequence of this kind and happy conception; and, to the great joy of the poet, the day was fixed. His heart beat high as he heard the carriage roll over the pavement of the court-yard. He trembled with joy as he placed himself with Madame De Lille and two friends in the carriage, which, instead of going to the Boulevard du Temple, went to the hotel of the kind friend, where every one had his part to play, even the porter at the gate, who cried out in a loud voice, in imitation of the oyster-women, who sit at the door of all the *traiteurs* in Paris. "Will you eat oysters? they are all fresh and good! Will you have fresh oysters?" "Yes, yes, good woman," answered the delighted poet, "up stairs with them!" Several members of the academy, men of letters and distinguished artists, were placed at small tables, and making a noise with knives and plates, and discussing all the common-place topics of the day, in order, to render the illusion complete, and make the old bard believe he was really in the great dining-room of the Cadran Bleu. He pressed the arm of the friend who conducted him, and whispered, "There is the movement, the noise, the clatter I love so much. That is life! time flies here on the wings of electric fluid. Let us get a table, in a good place where I may hear all they say. Ho! waiter, give me a chair!"

He had scarcely spoken, when one of the best comic actors of the French theatre was at his side.

"What can I do to be agreeable to you, sir?"

"A table, a chair, a place for four, my good lad, in a snug corner; but so as I may hear everything that is said in the room."

"Here, sir, is a place vacant that will suit you perfectly."

"That is a good lad. But tell me your name."

"Paul, sir; head waiter of the 'Cadran Bleu.'"

"Good—good! Now Paul, let us be well served, and you shall not be forgotten. Bring us the bill of fare, and a bottle of good sauterne, old and natural; no mixed stuff, friend Paul."

"You shall have the best, sir; make yourself easy on that point."

Oysters were served while the first dishes were preparing, in conformity with the choice he had made from the list his friend had read to him. During these moments of delay, a dispute arose at a table near him: the price of the funds, the rate of exchange, the last sales of colonial produce, the speculations that had been made in wine and brandy, to send abroad, in consequence of the peace of Amiens. The conversation was loud and animated, and several persons spoke at the same time. De Lille was attentive.

"I thought as much from their first words," said he in a low voice; "these are brokers and merchants who have come to dine, and wash down their bargains with the good wine of the Cadran Bleu. These fellows know where prime living is to be had. I am glad to find that the house preserves its ancient reputation."

At another table sat three ladies, representing three dealers in furniture and second-hand drapery. They laughed immoderately at each other's language, and made such a noise, that the poet could but indistinctly catch the subject of their mirth.

"I would lay a wager," said he, "that these three gossips are the wives of wood and charcoal merchants, in the Isle Souviers, who are amusing themselves while their husbands have gone to some sale at a distant forest. Only think, if I were a young man, how I would scrape an acquaintance with them, and crack jokes during the hour of dinner. How diverting it would be!"

When the service was removed, the mimic "Paul, the waiter," came gently toward the table, and expressed his hope that everything was good.

"Excellent, Paul, my good lad! I call you lad; but perhaps you have been a long time in the house."

"A long time, sir?" said the actor, giving his voice rather a graver tone; "long enough to remember having had the honor to wait upon M. De Lille."

"Not so loud, not so loud, Paul; if you are overheard by the company, I shall be obliged to retire."

"Retire!" said Paul with an air of surprise; "why every one loves M. De Lille."

Scarcely had Paul pronounced his name a second time, when an academician, in a dialect that announced him to be an inhabitant of the banks of the Garonne, came forward and said, "M. De Lille, if I heard aright; the great wine-merchant of the Rue des Marmousets, at the sign of the good woman without a head?"

"No, sir, no; I am not a wine-merchant. Am I, my dear?" addressing himself to Madame De Lille, and smiling.

"Ah! ah! you smile; you think I don't know you; me, traveling clerk to the first house in Bordeaux. I cannot forget the good old musty cahor you tried to make me swallow for the aubrilant of my employers, the Bertrand brothers. Now, as my place is taken in the diligence, and I set off in two hours, if M. De Lille would favor us with an order, I promise my word of honor to see it executed myself."

"I thank you a thousand times," said the poet; "but I really have no occasion for your services."

"I am sorry for it, good master; sorry for both of us; your house would lose nothing by trying a sample of the brothers Bertrand's stock, and I should be proud to have gained them so good a customer."

"Thanks, many thanks, for your kind offer, good sir; but I have retired from business," said De Lille squeezing the hand of his wife in sign of delight. He looked radiant, called for coffee, and the bill.

The bill was laid on the table.

"How much, how much, my dear?" said he, to Madame De Lille. "Pay it, without saying a word; the dinner was so good I would not make an observation; besides, Paul knows me."

Madame De Lille opened the paper, and read as follows:—

"The honor to receive in my house the favorite poet of France is the only recompense I can consent to accept. I entreat him to accept my dinner as a homage paid to his genius by the restaurateur."

HENNEVEN."

"What means this?" said the old man, rising. "I cannot accept a dinner where I have not the least title to the generosity of the master of the house."

"No title!" said a literary friend, who played the part of the restaurateur. "You have a title not to be treated like an ordinary customer; and any man, in whose bosom a true French heart beats, would be but too happy to have such an opportunity of testifying his admiration."

"The man," said a lady, who personified Madame Henneven, "who has been so happy as to possess, even for an hour, in his saloon, the author of such splendid poems, cannot but feel that he is the poet's debtor." So, taking the piece of paper off the table, she retired.

"My dear," said Madame de Lille, "you ought not to offend these good people by a refusal."

"Well," said the poet, "be it so, on condition that this kind man and his wife come and dine at our house."

He did not, however, forget his promise to Paul. He told his wife to slip a piece of six francs into his hand; and, as he was afraid of being further importuned by the company, he begged to be conducted to the gardens of the Cafe Turc, near the hotel of the Cadran Bleu.

He was conducted about the streets in the environs of his friend's house, until he had walked about the distance that separates the Turk's Coffee-house from the Cadran Bleu, and then into the garden, where a new scene was prepared, presenting the gardens of that celebrated point of reunion for the inhabitants of the Marais, who hasten thither, after dinner, to regale their wives and children with iced cream and cakes. Several of the actors his friend had assembled were ready, waiting to play their parts, and make De Lille believe that he was really in one of the bowers of the public garden. He was led to a seat, near which flowerpots and boxes, with shrubs and odoriferous plants, had been placed.

The poet took off his hat, raised his sightless eyeballs toward Heaven, and seemed to be returning thanks to the Creator for the pleasure he felt; then, heaving a sigh, he said—

"It is here that one can breathe the fresh air of

spring, while inhaling the fragrance of the plants and flowers around his seat."

A new waiter presented himself.

"Do these gentlemen wish for iced-cream?"

"I do not think they would be good for you," said his wife.

"Good! the most excellent and agreeable tonic imaginable!" replied the poet. "Tell me, boy, what ices have you?"

"All kinds you can desire, sir; vanilla, pistache, strawberry, citron, and *creme a la Jacques De Lille*."

"How, how!—*a la Jacques De Lille*?" said poet, with emotion.

"It is, sir, a mixture of preserved fruit of the rarest and richest kind. It is what we sell most of at present although the price be greater than that of other creams. All the young poets, and young literary gentlemen, sir, like it above all things; they pretend that it gives them more brilliant ideas, and inspires them with a more refined taste. If you would taste it, sir, you would find it delicious."

"Be it so—be it so, my good boy," said the poet; and turning to his wife, "that is true Parisian, my dear, the *mode*, the *mode*, and the *mode*, like every thing they do, with passion."

A cream was soon brought to him, highly scented with essence of pine-apple. The poet declared that in his long life he had never tasted anything so exquisite.

Then came two musicians from the Opera Comique and began to touch their harps.

"What! Savoyards—Italians in the garden?"

"No my dear," said *Dadame De Lille*, "they are two brothers from Languedoc, who go about the streets and public places; they play so well, that all Paris is delighted with them."

"Well—well, let us hear them; this is a pleasant day indeed. Oh! Paris, where else can so many delightful things be found, and for so little cost?"

While one was preluding a new air, the other cried, with a loud voice, and with the rough pronunciation of the south:—

"Gentlemen and ladies, we are going to have the honor to play before you the new song, or canticle of 'St. Jacques.' It is not, ladies and gentlemen, either Jacques the hermit, nor Jacques of Compostella, nor Jacques the major, nor Jacques the minor; but Jacques De Lille, the Homer, the Virgil of French poesy."

The harps struck up an air that had been composed by Gretry, the poetry being by one of the company, in which the condensed history of the poet's life was sketched, from his birth at Limarque, to his last arrival at Paris. With such voices, and such brilliant execution, it may readily be conceived, the poet was enchanted. But he now began to suspect that *Madame De Lille* had arranged this music, and employed the musicians on purpose. He pressed her arm. "Let us go, my dear," said he, with emotion. "I cannot consent to be thus exhibited in public, like a wild beast. I thought myself with a select party of friends; in a few minutes I shall have all the people in the gardens about me. Let us depart."

"So you are in the midst of a select party of friends, my dear De Lille," said the master of the house; "and none but intimate friends, and admirers are in your presence—all happy and honored in a common effort to please and amuse you."

"Then we have not dined at the *Cadran Bleu*?" said the poet, astonished.

"You have dined in the house of your old friend, and those who have represented the *habitudes* of the *Cadran Bleu* and the *Jardin Turc* are here present to answer for them."

"It is not possible—it is not possible! Another farce! but this I cannot swallow."

Here M. de B——, of the academy, taking the poet by the hand, said in the same provincial dialect, "What! will you not allow that I played the part of the traveling clerk who offered to the wine-merchant of the Rue des Marmaussets the services of the house of Bertrand brothers?"

"And I," said F——, of the French theatre, "am your most humble servant Paul, to whom you gave six francs."

"And we," said other voices, "are the brokers and merchants who talked of the rise in stocks this morning."

"And we," said three ladies, "are the gossips who amuse themselves when their husbands are absent."

When every one had claimed his or her share in this entertainment, and the lord and lady of the mansion renewed their expressions of satisfaction in the name of M. et Madame Henneven of the *Cadran Bleu*, the poet took out his handkerchief, wiped his forehead, and when his emotion permitted him to express his gratitude without a faltering voice, he exclaimed. "O France! in thy gay and happy society alone could such amiable deception be so admirably employed to amuse and solace an old man. O, my kind and affectionate friends! may you feel for your recompense the half of that delight which this moment communicates itself to my heart. When my dust shall be mingled with that of my fathers, each of you may say, 'I, too, contributed to shed a moment of light on the path of the blind poet; it was with me and my friends that he passed the happiest day of his life.'"

It was thus that literature and talents were honored in France when admiration of either was no longer held to be a crime against the state.

Before De Lille emigrated he was very near being immolated by the disgust that the atrociously sentimental Saint Just felt for men of letters; but he was saved by a person he had never seen.

Two members of the section of the Pantheon were charged to make domiciliary visits and arrest those whom they might deem *suspicious* of entertaining aristocratical opinions. The College of France was denounced *en masse*. Before making his visit, the elder of the two members, a working mason, called upon an ancient secretary of the section and asked him what he thought of a citizen De Lille who made no better use of his time than writing verses.

"I know who he is," replied the secretary.

"An aristocrat, no doubt," "No, a poet."

"Well, it is pretty much the same."

"He may be an aristocrat among poets; but nowhere else. He regrets, probably, the loss of his revenue, but he has not courage enough to complain; he is the most timid creature I have ever seen. The other day, in the narrow passage of Cloître St. Benoit, a poor man asked him for a charity, De Lille felt all his pockets, and found there half-a-crown, all the money he possessed, and trembling like a leaf, he gave it to the beggar, whom he mistook for an assassin."

"If he trembled, he is guilty."

"No; his imagination is disordered; he does nothing to trouble the government. To arrest him would

be an act of injustice without utility; to destroy him, a loss for the Republic—for who will sing the praises of our armies, if we kill all the poets?"

"Right, citizen; let him be kept to sing our victories over tyrants."

De Lille was soon afterward arrested and brought before the committee of the section. The mason took his part and saved him. He even obtained for him a passport, on his promise to join the army and sing the exploits of the soldiers. De Lille so far kept his word, that, being in the neighborhood of Hunningen when it was bombarded, he ventured to the borders of the Rhine to witness the effect of the artillery, which he describes in his poem on Imagination. Timid as he was, his virtue triumphed over his weakness during the fatal year of 1793. Two days before the festival that had been voted in honor of the *Supreme Being*, Robespierre, dissatisfied with the hymns that had been sent to the Committee of Public Safety for the occasion, and anxious to add to the celebrity of the ceremony a name well known to literature, ordered De Lille to prepare his lyre. The poet refused. He was menaced with a walk to the guillotine. "*It will spare me the trouble of walking home*," replied the poet. The committee laughed at the singularity of the remark, and forgot him for the moment.—*Frazer's Magazine*.

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SONNET.—To Melissa.

MILD as the zephyr o'er the troubled waters,
Steals thy sweet voice upon my stricken breast;
Enchanted by its tone, my spirit lingers,
And fain would lay all earthly cares to rest,
Like the tired pilgrim when his journey's over,
Prostrate at last before his long sought shrine,
I bow before thy feet—a wayward rover—
And offer up this wounded heart of mine.
Such strains as thine methinks in Eden sounded,
Ere serpent-sin our mother Eve had stung;
Such fairy forms in Paradise abounded,
While new creations, angels, all were young:
And yet there is somewhat of earth about thee—
Alas! how could we mortals do without thee? D. T.
For the Rover—New York, Aug., 1844.

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The Bible Friendly to Civil Liberty.

EVERY considerate friend of civil liberty, in order to be consistent with himself, must be the friend of the Bible. I have yet to learn, that tyrants have ever effectually conquered and subjugated a people, whose liberties and public virtues were founded upon the word of God. The American people, I am confident, owe much in this respect to the influence of this great charter of human freedom. I need scarcely solicit the favorable regard of my audience, therefore, when I say to them, that the topic of the present lecture is the influence which the Holy Scriptures have exerted, and are adapted to exert upon civil liberty.

Civil liberty is not freedom from restraint. Men may be wisely and benevolently checked and controlled, and yet be free. No man has a right to act as he thinks fit, irrespective of the wishes and interests of others. This were exemption from the restraints of all law, and from all the wholesome influence of social institutions. Heaven itself were not free, if this were freedom. No created being holds any such liberty as this, by a divine warrant. The spirit of subordination,

so far from being inconsistent with liberty, is inseparable from it. It is essential to liberty that men should be subjected to the restraints of law; and where this restraint is limited by a wise regard to the best interests of the state, there men are free. Every restraint of natural liberty that is arbitrary and needless; that is imposed on one class of society, merely for the sake of aggrandizing, and augmenting the influence of another; every restraint that is not called for, for the purpose of securing to men of every rank and condition their just rights, and of diffusing the spirit of industry, virtue and peace, is in its own nature tyranny and oppression. The highest degree of civil liberty is enjoyed where natural liberty is so far only abridged and restrained, as is necessary and expedient for the safety and interest of the society or state. A community may be free, for example, without extending to persons of all ages and both sexes the right of suffrage; without making all eligible to office; without abolishing the distinction of rank; without annihilating the correlative and reciprocal right and duties of master and servant; without destroying filial subordination and parental claims; without abolishing the punishment of crime; without adjuring the restraints of sanative and maritime law; and without giving up the right of those compulsory services of its subjects which the common weal demands. The civil liberty of men "depends not so much on the removal of all restraints from them, as in the due restraint of the natural liberty of others." There are a few leading principles on which all free governments must forever rest. They are such as the following:—That government is instituted for the good of the people—that it is the right and duty of the people to become acquainted with their public interests—that all laws constitutionally enacted, should be faithfully and conscientiously obeyed—that the people, by their representatives, should have a voice in the enactment of these laws—that mild and moderate laws should be invested with energy—that the life, liberty, and property of no man shall be infringed upon, except by process of law—that every man who respects and obeys the laws has a right to protection and support—and that all that is valuable in civil institutions rests on the intelligence and virtue of the people. Such, as far as I am acquainted with them, are the great principles of civil liberty and a free government, let the form of that government be what it may. It may be monarchical, or republican; its constitution may be written, or unwritten, but wherever the duties of magistrates and subjects are prescribed and defined, and their rights protected by the preceding principles, a people may be said to be free.

There never has been any such thing as true freedom among those who were ignorant of the word of God. The great mass of men from the more early ages of the world to the present time have been controlled by mere arbitrary power. They have known very little of exemption from the arbitrary will of others. In many countries, this exemption has indeed been secured by established laws, and has had the semblance of salutary restraint; while the laws themselves have been lawless and arbitrary; at one time extravagantly severe, and at another extravagantly indulgent, and the mere expression of individual fickleness and authority.

The Bible is the great protector and guardian of the liberties of men. It is the true basis, and the only basis of the temple of freedom. It is the necessary result



of an acquaintance with the word of God that a people should be restive under a tyrant's yoke, and sooner or later break from their chains. It is a maxim in the Romish Church, that "ignorance is the mother of devotion;" but the true origin of this aphorism is, that ignorance rivets the chains of civil as well as ecclesiastical power. It were impossible for a people to be ignorant of their own rights, or the responsibilities of their rulers, who are deeply and honestly imbued with the principles of the Bible. Where the Bible forms public opinion a nation must be free. Who does not see that such a tyrant as Nero, or Caligula; or such a wretch as Henry VIII., of England, or Charles IX., of France, or Julius II., or Alexander IV., would not be tolerated in Protestant Christendom for an hour? The reason is, men read and understand the Bible. Moral and religious knowledge is everywhere circulated, and men can no more submit to chains in a Christian land, than they can be suffocated, while they live and breathe a vital atmosphere.—*Dr. Spring.*

#### A Heroine Indeed.

HERE is a story of one of the American women of the Revolution that is worth telling. Her name should be placed on the page of history by the side of the Maid of Saragoza.

Colonel John McDonald, of Ross county, Ohio, at a recent public dinner, related the following touching incident:

In 1773, Wheeling was besieged by a large army of British and Indians. So suddenly was the attack made that no time was afforded for preparation. The fort, at the time of the assault, was commanded by Colonel Silas Zane; and Colonel Ebenezer Zane, the senior officer, was in a block-house some 50 or 100 yards outside the wall. The enemy made several desperate assaults to break into the fort, but on every onset they were driven back. The ammunition for the defence of the fort was deposited in the block-house, and the attack was made so suddenly and unexpectedly that there was no time to remove it. On the afternoon of the second day of the siege the powder in the fort was nearly exhausted, and no alternative remained but that some one must pass through the enemy's fire to the block house for powder. When Silas Zane made the proposition to the men to see if any one would take the hazardous enterprise, at first all were silent. After looking at each other for some time, a youth stepped forward and said he would run the chance. Immediately half a dozen offered their services in the dangerous enterprise.

While they were disputing about who should go, Elizabeth, the sister of the Zanes, came forward and declared she would go for the powder. Her brother thought she would flinch from the enterprise, but he was mistaken. She had the intrepidity to dare, and the fortitude to bear her up in the heroic risk of her life. Her brother then tried to dissuade her from the attempt, by saying a man would be more fleet, and consequently would run less risk of losing his life. She replied that they had not a man to spare from the defence of the fort, and if she should fall she would scarcely be missed. She then divested herself of such of her clothing as would impede her speed, and ran till she arrived at the door of the block-house, where her brother Col. Zane, hastened to receive his intrepid sister. The Indians, when they saw her bound forth

did not fire a gun, but called aloud "Squaw, squaw, squaw." When she told her brother the errand on which she came, he took a table-cloth and poured into it a keg of powder. She then sallied back to the fort with all the buoyancy of hope. The moment she was outside of the block-house the whole enemy poured a leaden storm at her, but the balls went whistling by without doing her any injury.

AN AMUSING FINANCIAL EXPEDIENT.—The toll gate on the National Road, about two miles west of our city, says the *Wheeling Gazette*, was recently abolished, and the tenement at the gate evacuated by the old collector. A day or two afterward, an eccentric genius, distinguished in the neighborhood for his roguishness and apparent simplicity, though generally esteemed to be "more knave than fool," established himself in the vacated premises, with pen and ink and a pocket full of *rocks*, and entered upon his self-imposed duties of toll collector, with true official gravity and decorum. As it was not generally known that the gate had been abolished by the proper authorities, he met with no opposition from any one but some few persons in the immediate neighborhood of the gate, who had been apprized of the fact, and those he soon brought to terms by closing the gate and threatening them with the formidable missiles which he had provided for the purpose. The fellow was doing a flourishing business—no rent to pay and all his receipts clear profit, when some gentlemen from Bridgeport, who had been informed of his proceedings, repaired to the scene of his financiering operations, and forcibly ejected him from the premises.

#### The Berkshire Jubilee.

THERE was one of the most interesting social gatherings in old Berkshire county, Massachusetts, week before last that has ever occurred in this country. That county has produced an unusually large number of distinguished men, who are settled in different parts of the country, many of them in this state, who were called home to this jubilee to have a social sit down together. The gathering lasted two or three days, during which time they had orations, poems, speeches, dinners, toasts, &c. in the highest style of excellence, which were listened to and enjoyed by many thousands of people. From the proceedings we copy the following poem recited on the occasion by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, the best humorous poet in the country.

COME back to your mother, ye children, for shame,  
Who have wandered like truants, for riches or fame!  
With a smile on her face and a sprig on her cap,  
She calls you to feast from her bountiful lap.

Come out from your alleys, your courts and your lanes,  
And breathe, like young eagles, the air of the plains;  
Take a whiff from our fields, and your excellent wives  
Will declare it's all nonsense insuring your lives.

Come you of the Law, who can talk if you please,  
Till the man in the moon will allow it's a cheese,  
And leave "the old lady that never tells lies,"  
To sleep with her handkerchief over her eyes.

Ye Healers of men, for a moment decline  
Your seats in the rhubarb and ipecac line;

While you shut up your turnpike, your neighbors can  
 go  
 The old roundabout road to the regions below.

You Clerk, on whose ears are a couple of pens,  
 And whose head is an ant-hill of units and tens;  
 Though Plato denies you, we welcome you still  
 As a featherless biped, in spite of your quill.

Poor drudge of the City! how happy he feels  
 With the burrs on his legs, and the grass at his heels;  
 No *dodger* behind his bandannas to share,  
 No constable grumbling, "You mustn't walk there!"

In yonder green meadow, to Memory dear,  
 He slaps a musketoe and brushes a tear;  
 The dew-drops hang round him, on blossoms and  
 shoots,  
 He breathes but one sigh for his youth and his boots.

There stands the old school-house, hard by the old  
 church;  
 That tree at its side had the flavor of birch,  
 Oh sweet were the days of his juvenile tricks,  
 Though the prairie of life had so many "big licks."

By the side of yon river he weeps and he slumps,  
 The boots filled with water, as if they were pumps;  
 Till sated with rapture, he steals to his bed  
 With a glow in his heart and a cold in his head,

'Tis past—he is dreaming—I see him again;  
 His ledger returns as by legerdemain;  
 His neckcloth is damp, with an easterly flaw,  
 And he holds in his fingers an omnibus straw.

He dreams the shrill gust is a blossomy gale,  
 That the straw is a rose from his dear native vale;  
 And murmurs, unconscious of space and of time,  
 "A. I. Extra-super—ah, isn't it prime!"

Oh what are the prizes we perish to win,  
 To the first little "shiner" we caught with a pin!  
 No soil upon earth is so dear to our eyes  
 As the soil we first stirr'd in terrestrial pies!

Then come from all parties, and parts, to our feast,  
 Though not at the "Astor," we'll give you at least  
 A bite of an apple, a seat on the grass,  
 And the best of old—water, at nothing a glass.

#### ROVER OMNIBUS.

Close of the Volume.

THE present number closes the third volume of the Rover. The first number of the fourth volume will be issued at the usual time next week. The work has now lived to an age to give it in some degree a character to speak for itself, and to warrant confidence in its stability. We prefer not to sound our own praises, but to let our works, if they will, praise us. We have labored hard to make a magazine for the great reading mass of the community, that should be the best that could possibly be offered for the price, combining amusement with instruction, disseminating a taste for the arts, and encouraging a wholesome and elevated literature.

How far we have been successful in the attainment of these objects does not become us to say. That the Rover has been sustained by the public through its

infancy and up to the present time, although left to make its own way in the world without any extraneous aid or influence, is a recommendation of its character and an evidence of public sentiment in its favor, which make us both gratified and grateful. Without any material change in the plan of the work we shall enter upon the fourth volume with a steady purpose to sustain its interest and usefulness, and to embrace every opportunity to increase the value of the work.

The Rover.

FOURTH VOLUME, commencing on the 21st of September 1844. A Weekly Magazine of Tales, Poetry, Legends, Wit, Romance and Art, edited by SERA SMITH, and published by S. B. DEAN & Co., at 123 Fulton street, New York.

Without intending or wishing to disparage other works, the publishers plead guilty to the charge of attempting to make the Rover the best, and cheapest for the price, among the various periodicals of the country. Each weekly number contains sixteen large pages of beautifully printed choice literary matter, with a beautiful steel engraving, and is done up in a highly embellished illuminated cover; making two volumes a year, comprising 832 pages and 52 steel plates.

TERMS. Single copies three dollars a year, two copies for five dollars, and five copies for ten dollars. Post Masters are authorized by law to forward subscription money to publishers free of postage.

Publishers of papers who will give this notice a few in sections in their columns, and occasionally call attention to the work editorially, will be entitled to an exchange through the volume.

BACK NUMBERS.—A few complete sets of the Rover from the commencement of the work can still be obtained of the publishers, in single numbers or bound volumes. Single copies of any number will also be supplied to make up volumes. As some of the numbers in the current volume are nearly exhausted, those who are desirous of having complete sets will have to make an early application.

We learn that Mrs. Anna Cora Mowatt has just completed a novel entitled "Evelyn, or a Heart Unmasked": It is to be brought out under the auspices of a London publisher, and will be republished in this country from the proof sheets. Mrs. M. is the author of the popular sketches that appeared under the nom-de-plume of Helen Berkley, some of which have been translated and published in Germany with high eulogiums.

LAKE SUPERIOR is four hundred and ninety miles in length, and seven hundred in circumference, being the largest body of fresh water known. It contains many islands, one of them, the Isle Royale, is one hundred miles in length, and forty in breadth. Upwards of thirty rivers empty themselves into the lake. The country, however, about the whole region is said to be poor and not very inviting to the emigrant. The emigration and improvements now in progress on the borders of the great inland sea, will at all events lead to the establishment of a few towns and villages on its borders. The land is not so good, it is true, as that on the other lakes, but it can be had cheap, and made to yield fair crops.—Sun.

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